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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

"My dear Sir Arthur I wish very much you would go."

THE

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VOL. XLVII.

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1883.

The Siege of London.*

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

I.

THAT solemn piece of upholstery, the curtain of the Comédie Française, had fallen upon the first act of the piece, and our two Americans had taken advantage of the interval to pass out of the huge, hot theatre, in company with the other occupants of the stalls. But they were among the first to return, and they beguiled the rest of the intermission with looking at the house, which had lately been cleansed of its historic cobwebs and ornamented with frescoes illustrative of the classic drama. In the month of September the audience at the Théâtre Français is comparatively thin, and on this occasion the

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drama—*L'Aventurière* of Emile Augier—had no pretensions to novelty. Many of the boxes were empty, others were occupied by persons of provincial or nomadic appearance. The boxes are far from the stage, near which our spectators were placed; but even at a distance Rupert Waterville was able to appreciate certain details. He was fond of appreciating details, and when he went to the theatre he looked about him a good deal, making use of a dainty but remarkably powerful glass. He knew that such a course was wanting in true distinction, and that it was indelicate to level at a lady an instrument which was often only less injurious in effect than a double-barrelled pistol; but he was always very curious, and he was sure, in any case, that at that moment, at that antiquated play—so he was pleased to qualify the masterpiece of an Academician—he would not be observed by any one he knew. Standing up therefore with his back to the stage, he made the circuit of the boxes, while several other persons, near him, performed the same operation with even greater coolness.

"Not a single pretty woman," he remarked at last to his friend; an observation which Littlemore, sitting in his place and staring with a bored expression at the new-looking curtain, received in perfect silence. He rarely indulged in these optical excursions; he had been a great deal in Paris and had ceased to care about it, or wonder about it, much; he fancied that the French capital could have no more surprises for him, though it had had a good many in former days. Waterville was still in the stage of surprise; he suddenly expressed this emotion. "By Jove!" he exclaimed; "I beg your pardon—I beg *her* pardon—there is, after all, a woman that may be called"—he paused a little, inspecting her—"a kind of beauty!"

"What kind?" Littlemore asked, vaguely.

"An unusual kind—an indescribable kind." Littlemore was not heeding his answer, but he presently heard himself appealed to. "I say, I wish very much you would do me a favour."

"I did you a favour in coming here," said Littlemore. "It's insufferably hot, and the play is like a dinner that has been dressed by the kitchen-maid. The actors are all *doublures*."

"It's simply to answer me this: is *she* respectable, now?" Waterville rejoined, inattentive to his friend's epigram.

Littlemore gave a groan, without turning his head. "You are always wanting to know if they are respectable. What on earth can it matter?"

"I have made such mistakes—I have lost all confidence," said poor Waterville, to whom European civilisation had not ceased to be a novelty, and who during the last six months had found himself confronted with problems long unsuspected. Whenever he encountered a very nice-looking woman, he was sure to discover that she belonged to the class represented by the heroine of M. Augier's drama; and whenever his attention rested upon a person of a florid style of attraction, there was the strongest probability that she would turn out to be a countess.

The countesses looked so superficial and the others looked so exclusive. Now Littlemore distinguished at a glance; he never made mistakes.

"Simply for looking at them, it doesn't matter, I suppose," said Waterville, ingenuously, answering his companion's rather cynical inquiry.

"You stare at them all alike," Littlemore went on, still without moving; "except indeed when I tell you that they are not respectable—then your attention acquires a fixedness!"

"If your judgment is against this lady, I promise never to look at her again. I mean the one in the third box from the passage, in white, with the red flowers," he added, as Littlemore slowly rose and stood beside him. "The young man is leaning forward. It is the young man that makes me doubt of her. Will you have the glass?"

Littlemore looked about him without concentration. "No, I thank you, my eyes are good enough. The young man's a very good young man," he added in a moment.

"Very indeed; but he's several years younger than she. Wait till she turns her head."

She turned it very soon—she apparently had been speaking to the *ouvreuse*, at the door of the box—and presented her face to the public—a fair, well-drawn face, with smiling eyes, smiling lips, ornamented over the brow with delicate rings of black hair and, in each ear, with the sparkle of a diamond sufficiently large to be seen across the Théâtre Français. Littlemore looked at her; then, abruptly, he gave an exclamation. "Give me the glass!"

"Do you know her?" his companion asked, as he directed the little instrument.

Littlemore made no answer; he only looked in silence; then he handed back the glass. "No, she's not respectable," he said. And he dropped into his seat again. As Waterville remained standing, he added, "Please sit down; I think she saw me."

"Don't you want her to see you?" asked Waterville the interrogator, taking his seat.

Littlemore hesitated. "I don't want to spoil her game." By this time the *entr'acte* was at an end; the curtain rose again.

It had been Waterville's idea that they should go to the theatre. Littlemore, who was always for not doing a thing, had recommended that, the evening being lovely, they should simply sit and smoke at the door of the Grand Café, in a decent part of the Boulevard. Nevertheless Rupert Waterville enjoyed the second act even less than he had done the first, which he thought heavy. He began to wonder whether his companion would wish to stay to the end; a useless line of speculation, for now that he had got to the theatre, Littlemore's objection to doing things would certainly keep him from going. Waterville also wondered what he knew about the lady in the box. Once or twice he glanced at his friend, and then he saw that Littlemore was not following

the play. He was thinking of something else; he was thinking of that woman. When the curtain fell again he sat in his place, making way for his neighbours, as usual, to edge past him, grinding his knees—his legs were long—with their own protuberances. When the two men were alone in the stalls, Littlemore said: "I think I should like to see her again, after all." He spoke as if Waterville might have known all about her. Waterville was conscious of not doing so, but as there was evidently a good deal to know, he felt that he should lose nothing by being a little discreet. So, for the moment, he asked no questions; he only said—

"Well, here's the glass."

Littlemore gave him a glance of good-natured compassion. "I don't mean that I want to stare at her with that beastly thing. I mean—to see her—as I used to see her."

"How did you use to see her?" asked Waterville, bidding farewell to discretion.

"On the back piazza, at San Diego." And as his interlocutor, in receipt of this information, only stared, he went on—"Come out where we can breathe, and I'll tell you more."

They made their way to the low and narrow door, more worthy of a rabbit-hutch than of a great theatre, by which you pass from the stalls of the Comédie to the lobby, and as Littlemore went first, his ingenuous friend, behind him, could see that he glanced up at the box in the occupants of which they were interested. The more interesting of these had her back to the house; she was apparently just leaving the box, after her companion; but as she had not put on her mantle it was evident that they were not quitting the theatre. Littlemore's pursuit of fresh air did not lead him into the street; he had passed his arm into Waterville's, and when they reached that fine frigid staircase which ascends to the *foyer*, he began silently to mount it. Littlemore was averse to active pleasures, but his friend reflected that now at least he had launched himself—he was going to look for the lady whom, with a monosyllable, he appeared to have classified. The young man resigned himself for the moment to asking no questions, and the two strolled together into the shining saloon where Houdon's admirable statue of Voltaire, reflected in a dozen mirrors, is gaped at by visitors obviously less acute than the genius expressed in those living features. Waterville knew that Voltaire was very witty; he had read *Candide*, and had already had several opportunities of appreciating the statue. The *foyer* was not crowded; only a dozen groups were scattered over the polished floor, several others having passed out to the balcony which overhangs the square of the Palais Royal. The windows were open, the brilliant lights of Paris made the dull summer evening look like an anniversary or a revolution; a murmur of voices seemed to come up from the streets, and even in the *foyer* one heard the slow click of the horses and the rumble of the crookedly-driven fiacres on the hard, smooth asphalte.

A lady and a gentleman, with their backs to our friends, stood before the image of Voltaire; the lady was dressed in white, including a white bonnet. Littlemore felt, as so many persons feel in that spot, that the scene was conspicuously Parisian, and he gave a mysterious laugh.

"It seems comical to see her here! The last time was in New Mexico."

"In New Mexico?"

"At San Diego."

"Oh, on the back piazza," said Waterville, putting things together. He had not been aware of the position of San Diego, for if, on the occasion of his lately being appointed to a subordinate diplomatic post in London, he had been paying a good deal of attention to European geography, he had rather neglected that of his own country.

They had not spoken loud, and they were not standing near her; but suddenly, as if she had heard them, the lady in white turned round. Her eye caught Waterville's first, and in that glance he saw that if she had heard them it was not because they were audible but because she had extraordinary quickness of ear. There was no recognition in it—there was none, at first, even when it rested lightly upon George Littlemore. But recognition flashed out a moment later, accompanied with a delicate increase of colour and a quick extension of her apparently constant smile. She had turned completely round; she stood there in sudden friendliness, with parted lips, with a hand, gloved to the elbow, almost imperiously offered. She was even prettier than at a distance. "Well, I declare!" she exclaimed; so loud that every one in the room appeared to feel personally addressed. Waterville was surprised; he had not been prepared, even after the mention of the back piazza, to find her an American. Her companion turned round as she spoke; he was a fresh, lean young man, in evening dress; he kept his hands in his pockets; Waterville imagined that he at any rate was not an American. He looked very grave—for such a fair, festive young man—and gave Waterville and Littlemore, though his height was not superior to theirs, a narrow, vertical glance. Then he turned back to the statue of Voltaire, as if it had been, after all, among his premonitions that the lady he was attending would recognise people he didn't know, and didn't even, perhaps, care to know. This possibly confirmed slightly Littlemore's assertion that she was not respectable. The young man was, at least; consummately so. "Where in the world did you drop from?" the lady inquired.

"I have been here some time," Littlemore said, going forward, rather deliberately, to shake hands with her. He smiled a little, but he was more serious than she; he kept his eye on her own as if she had been just a trifle dangerous; it was the manner in which a duly discreet person would have approached some glossy, graceful animal which had an occasional trick of biting.

"Here in Paris, do you mean "

"No; here and there—in Europe generally."

"Well, it's queer I haven't met you."

"Better late than never!" said Littlemore. His smile was a little fixed.

"Well, you look very natural," the lady went on.

"So do you—or very charming—it's the same thing," Littlemore answered, laughing, and evidently wishing to be easy. It was as if, face to face, and after a considerable lapse of time, he had found her more imposing than he expected when, in the stalls below, he determined to come and meet her. As he spoke, the young man who was with her gave up his inspection of Voltaire and faced about, listlessly, without looking either at Littlemore or at Waterville.

"I want to introduce you to my friend," she went on. "Sir Arthur Demesne—Mr. Littlemore. Mr. Littlemore—Sir Arthur Demesne. Sir Arthur Demesne is an Englishman—Mr. Littlemore is a countryman of mine, an old friend. I haven't seen him for years. For how long? Don't let's count!—I wonder you knew me," she continued, addressing Littlemore. "I'm fearfully changed." All this was said in a clear, gay tone, which was the more audible as she spoke with a kind of caressing slowness. The two men, to do honour to her introduction, silently exchanged a glance; the Englishman, perhaps, coloured a little. He was very conscious of his companion. "I haven't introduced you to many people yet," she remarked.

"Oh, I don't mind," said Sir Arthur Demesne.

"Well, it's queer to see you!" she exclaimed, looking still at Littlemore. "You have changed, too—I can see that."

"Not where you are concerned."

"That's what I want to find out. Why don't you introduce your friend? I see he's dying to know me!"

Littlemore proceeded to this ceremony; but he reduced it to its simplest elements, merely glancing at Rupert Waterville, and murmuring his name.

"You didn't tell him *my* name," the lady cried, while Waterville made her a formal salutation. "I hope you haven't forgotten it!"

Littlemore gave her a glance which was intended to be more penetrating than what he had hitherto permitted himself; if it had been put into words it would have said, "Ah, but *which* name?"

She answered the unspoken question, putting out her hand, as she had done to Littlemore: "Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Waterville. I'm Mrs. Headway—perhaps you've heard of me. If you've ever been in America, you must have heard of me. Not so much in New York, but in the Western cities. You *are* an American? Well, then, we are all compatriots—except Sir Arthur Demesne. Let me introduce you to Sir Arthur. Sir Arthur Demesne, Mr. Waterville—Mr. Waterville, Sir Arthur Demesne. Sir Arthur Demesne is a member of Parliament; don't he look young?" She waited for no

answer to this question, but suddenly asked another, as she moved her bracelets back over her long, loose gloves. "Well, Mr. Littlemore, what are you thinking of?"

He was thinking that he must indeed have forgotten her name, for the one that she had pronounced awakened no association. But he could hardly tell her that.

"I'm thinking of San Diego."

"The back piazza, at my sister's? Oh, don't; it was too horrid. She has left now. I believe every one has left."

Sir Arthur Demesne drew out his watch with the air of a man who could take no part in these domestic reminiscences; he appeared to combine a generic self-possession with a degree of individual shyness. He said something about its being time they should go back to their seats, but Mrs. Headway paid no attention to the remark. Waterville wished her to linger; he felt in looking at her as if he had been looking at a charming picture. Her low-growing hair, with its fine dense undulations, was of a shade of blackness that has now become rare; her complexion had the bloom of a white flower; her profile, when she turned her head, was as pure and fine as the outline of a cameo.

"You know this is the first theatre," she said to Waterville, as if she wished to be sociable. "And this is Voltaire, the celebrated writer."

"I'm devoted to the Comédie Française," Waterville answered, smiling.

"Dreadfully bad house; we didn't hear a word," said Sir Arthur.

"Ah, yes, the boxes!" murmured Waterville.

"I'm rather disappointed," Mrs. Headway went on. "But I want to see what becomes of that woman."

"Doña Clorinda? Oh, I suppose they'll shoot her; they generally shoot the women, in French plays," Littlemore said.

"It will remind me of San Diego!" cried Mrs. Headway.

"Ah, at San Diego the women did the shooting."

"They don't seem to have killed you!" Mrs. Headway rejoined, archly.

"No, but I am riddled with wounds."

"Well, this is very remarkable," the lady went on, turning to Houdon's statue. "It's beautifully modelled."

"You are perhaps reading M. de Voltaire," Littlemore suggested.

"No; but I've purchased his works."

"They are not proper reading for ladies," said the young Englishman, severely, offering his arm to Mrs. Headway.

"Ah, you might have told me before I had bought them!" she exclaimed, in exaggerated dismay.

"I couldn't imagine you would buy a hundred and fifty volumes."

"A hundred and fifty? I have only bought two."

"Perhaps two won't hurt you?" said Littlemore with a smile.

She darted him a reproachful ray. "I know what you mean—that

I'm too bad already! Well, bad as I am, you must come and see me." And she threw him the name of her hotel as she walked away with her Englishman. Waterville looked after the latter with a certain interest; he had heard of him in London, and had seen his portrait in *Vanity Fair*.

It was not yet time to go down, in spite of this gentleman's saying so, and Littlemore and his friend passed out on the balcony of the *foyer*. "Headway—Headway? Where the deuce did she get that name?" Littlemore asked, as they looked down into the animated dusk.

"From her husband, I suppose," Waterville suggested.

"From her husband? From which? The last was named Beck."

"How many has she had?" Waterville inquired, anxious to hear how it was that Mrs. Headway was not respectable.

"I haven't the least idea. But it wouldn't be difficult to find out, as I believe they are all living. She was Mrs. Beck—Nancy Beck—when I knew her."

"Nancy Beck!" cried Waterville, aghast. He was thinking of her delicate profile, like that of a pretty Roman empress. There was a great deal to be explained.

Littlemore explained it in a few words before they returned to their places, admitting indeed that he was not yet able to elucidate her present situation. She was a memory of his Western days; he had seen her last some six years before. He had known her very well and in several places; the circle of her activity was chiefly the Southwest. This activity was of a vague character, except in the sense that it was exclusively social. She was supposed to have a husband, one Philadelphus Beck, the editor of a Democratic newspaper, the *Dakotah Sentinel*; but Littlemore had never seen him—the pair were living apart—and it was the impression at San Diego that matrimony, for Mr. and Mrs. Beck, was about played out. He remembered now to have heard afterwards that she was getting a divorce. She got divorces very easily, she was so taking in court. She had got one or two before from a man whose name he had forgotten, and there was a legend that even these were not the first. She had been exceedingly divorced! When he first met her in California, she called herself Mrs. Grenville, which he had been given to understand was not an appellation acquired in matrimony, but her parental name, resumed after the dissolution of an unfortunate union. She had had these episodes—her unions were all unfortunate—and had borne half a dozen names. She was a charming woman, especially for New Mexico; but she had been divorced too often—it was a tax on one's credulity; she must have repudiated more husbands than she had married.

At San Diego she was staying with her sister, whose actual spouse (she, too, had been divorced), the principal man of the place, kept a bank (with the aid of a six-shooter), and who had never suffered Nancy to want for a home during her unattached periods. Nancy had begun very young; she must be about thirty-seven to-day. That was all he

meant by her not being respectable. The chronology was rather mixed; her sister at least had once told him that there was one winter when she didn't know herself *who* was Nancy's husband. She had gone in mainly for editors—she esteemed the journalistic profession. They must all have been dreadful ruffians, for her own amiability was manifest. It was well known that whatever she had done she had done in self-defence. In fine, she had done things; that was the main point now! She was very pretty, good-natured and clever, and quite the best company in those parts. She was a genuine product of the far West—a flower of the Pacific slope; ignorant, audacious, crude, but full of pluck and spirit, of natural intelligence, and of a certain intermittent, haphazard good taste. She used to say that she only wanted a chance—apparently she had found it now. At one time, without her, he didn't see how he could have put up with the life. He had started a cattle-ranch, to which San Diego was the nearest town, and he used to ride over to see her. Sometimes he stayed there for a week; then he went to see her every evening. It was horribly hot; they used to sit on the back piazza. She was always as attractive, and very nearly as well-dressed, as they had just beheld her. As far as appearance went, she might have been transplanted at an hour's notice from that dusty old settlement to the city by the Seine.

"Some of those Western women are wonderful," Littlemore said. "Like her, they only want a chance."

He had not been in love with her—there never was anything of that sort between them. There might have been of course; but as it happened there was not. Headway apparently was the successor of Beck; perhaps there had been others between. She was in no sort of "society;" she only had a local reputation ("the elegant and accomplished Mrs. Beck," the newspapers called her—the other editors, to whom she wasn't married), though, indeed, in that spacious civilisation the locality was large. She knew nothing of the East, and to the best of his belief at that period had never seen New York. Various things might have happened in those six years, however; no doubt she had "come up." The West was sending us everything (Littlemore spoke as a New Yorker); no doubt it would send us at last our brilliant women. This little woman used to look quite over the head of New York; even in those days she thought and talked of Paris, which there was no prospect of her knowing; that was the way she had got on in New Mexico. She had had her ambition, her presentiments; she had known she was meant for better things. Even at San Diego she had prefigured her little Sir Arthur; every now and then a wandering Englishman came within her range. They were not all baronets and M.P.'s, but they were usually a change from the editors. What she was doing with her present acquisition he was curious to see. She was certainly—if he had any capacity for that state of mind, which was not too apparent—making him happy. She looked very splendid; Headway had pro-

bably made a "pile," an achievement not to be imputed to any of the others. She didn't accept money—he was sure she didn't accept money.

On their way back to their seats Littlemore, whose tone had been humorous, but with that strain of the pensive which is inseparable from retrospect, suddenly broke into audible laughter.

"The modelling of a statue and the works of Voltaire!" he exclaimed, recurring to two or three things she had said. "It's comical to hear her attempt those flights, for in New Mexico she knew nothing about modelling."

"She didn't strike me as affected," Waterville rejoined, feeling a vague impulse to take a considerate view of her.

"Oh, no; she's only—as she says—fearfully changed."

They were in their places before the play went on again, and they both gave another glance at Mrs. Headway's box. She leaned back, slowly fanning herself, and evidently watching Littlemore, as if she had been waiting to see him come in. Sir Arthur Demesne sat beside her, rather gloomily, resting a round pink chin upon a high stiff collar; neither of them seemed to speak.

"Are you sure she makes him happy?" Waterville asked.

"Yes—that's the way those people show it."

"But does she go about alone with him that way? Where's her husband?"

"I suppose she has divorced him."

"And does she want to marry the baronet?" Waterville asked, as if his companion were omniscient.

It amused Littlemore for the moment to appear so. "He wants to marry her, I guess."

"And be divorced, like the others?"

"Oh, no; this time she has got what she wants," said Littlemore, as the curtain rose.

He suffered three days to elapse before he called at the Hôtel Meurice, which she had designated, and we may occupy this interval in adding a few words to the story we have taken from his lips. George Littlemore's residence in the far West had been of the usual tentative sort—he had gone there to replenish a pocket depleted by youthful extravagance. His first attempts had failed; the days were passing away when a fortune was to be picked up even by a young man who might be supposed to have inherited from an honourable father, lately removed, some of those fine abilities, mainly dedicated to the importation of tea, to which the elder Mr. Littlemore was indebted for the power of leaving his son well off. Littlemore had dissipated his patrimony, and he was not quick to discover his talents, which, consisting chiefly of an unlimited faculty for smoking and horse-breaking, appeared to lie in the direction of none of the professions called liberal. He had been sent to Harvard to have his aptitudes cultivated, but here they took such a form that repression had been found more necessary than stimulus—repression embodied in an occasional sojourn in one of the lovely

villages of the Connecticut valley. Rustication saved him, perhaps, in the sense that it detached him; it destroyed his ambitions, which had been foolish. At the age of thirty, Littlemore had mastered none of the useful arts, unless we include in the number the great art of indifference. He was roused from his indifference by a stroke of good luck. To oblige a friend who was even in more pressing need of cash than himself, he had purchased for a moderate sum (the proceeds of a successful game of poker) a share in a silver-mine which the disposer, with unusual candour, admitted to be destitute of metal. Littlemore looked into his mine and recognised the truth of the contention, which, however, was demolished some two years later by a sudden revival of curiosity on the part of one of the other shareholders. This gentleman, convinced that a silver-mine without silver is as rare as an effect without a cause, discovered the sparkle of the precious element deep down in the reasons of things. The discovery was agreeable to Littlemore, and was the beginning of a fortune which, through several dull years and in many rough places, he had repeatedly despaired of, and which a man whose purpose was never very keen did not perhaps altogether deserve. It was before he saw himself successful that he had made the acquaintance of the lady now established at the Hôtel Meurice. To-day he owned the largest share in his mine, which remained perversely productive, and which enabled him to buy, among other things, in Montana, a cattle-ranch of much finer proportions than the dry acres near San Diego. Ranches and mines encourage security, and the consciousness of not having to watch the sources of his income too anxiously (an obligation which for a man of his disposition spoils everything) now added itself to his usual coolness. It was not that this same coolness had not been considerably tried. To take only one—the principal—instance: he had lost his wife after only a twelvemonth of marriage, some three years before the date at which we meet him. He was more than forty when he encountered and wooed a young girl of twenty-three, who, like himself, had consulted all the probabilities in expecting a succession of happy years. She left him a small daughter, now entrusted to the care of his only sister, the wife of an English squire and mistress of a dull park in Hampshire. This lady, Mrs. Dolphin by name, had captivated her landowner during a journey in which Mr. Dolphin had promised himself to examine the institutions of the United States. The institution on which he reported most favourably was the pretty girls of the larger towns, and he returned to New York a year or two later to marry Miss Littlemore, who, unlike her brother, had not wasted her patrimony. Her sister-in-law, married many years later, and coming to Europe on this occasion, had died in London—where she flattered herself the doctors were infallible—a week after the birth of her little girl; and poor Littlemore, though relinquishing his child for the moment, remained in these disappointing countries, to be within call of the Hampshire nursery. He was rather a noticeable man, especially since his hair and moustache had turned white. Tall and strong, with a good figure and a bad carriage, he

looked capable but indolent, and was usually supposed to have an importance of which he was far from being conscious. His eye was at once keen and quiet, his smile dim and dilatory, but exceedingly genuine. His principal occupation to-day was doing nothing, and he did it with a sort of artistic perfection. This faculty excited real envy on the part of Rupert Waterville, who was ten years younger than he, and who had too many ambitions and anxieties—none of them very important, but making collectively a considerable incubus—to be able to wait for inspiration. He thought it a great accomplishment, he hoped some day to arrive at it; it made a man so independent; he had his resources within his own breast. Littlemore could sit for a whole evening, without utterance or movement, smoking cigars and looking absently at his finger-nails. As every one knew that he was a good fellow and had made his fortune, this dull behaviour could not well be attributed to stupidity or to moroseness. It seemed to imply a fund of reminiscence, an experience of life which had left him hundreds of things to think about. Waterville felt that if he could make a good use of these present years, and keep a sharp look-out for experience, he too, at forty-five, might have time to look at his finger-nails. He had an idea that such contemplations—not of course in their literal, but in their symbolic intensity—were a sign of a man of the world. Waterville, reckoning possibly without an ungrateful Department of State, had also an idea that he had embraced the diplomatic career. He was the junior of the two Secretaries who render the *personnel* of the United States Legation in London exceptionally numerous, and was at present enjoying his annual leave of absence. It became a diplomatist to be inscrutable, and though he had by no means, as a whole, taken Littlemore as his model—there were much better ones in the diplomatic body in London—he thought he looked inscrutable when of an evening, in Paris, after he had been asked what he would like to do, he replied that he should like to do nothing, and simply sat for an interminable time in front of the Grand Café, on the Boulevard de la Madeleine (he was very fond of cafés), ordering a succession of *demi-tasses*. It was very rarely that Littlemore cared even to go to the theatre, and the visit to the Comédie Française, which we have described, had been undertaken at Waterville's instance. He had seen *Le Demi-Monde* a few nights before, and had been told that *L'Aventurière* would show him a particular treatment of the same subject—the justice to be meted out to unscrupulous women who attempt to thrust themselves into honourable families. It seemed to him that in both of these cases the ladies had deserved their fate, but he wished it might have been brought about by a little less lying on the part of the representatives of honour. Littlemore and he, without being intimate, were very good friends, and spent much of their time together. As it turned out, Littlemore was very glad he had gone to the theatre, for he found himself much interested in this new incarnation of Nancy Beck.

II.

His delay in going to see her was nevertheless calculated; there were more reasons for it than it is necessary to mention. But when he went, Mrs. Headway was at home, and Littlemore was not surprised to see Sir Arthur Demesne in her sitting-room. There was something in the air which seemed to indicate that this gentleman's visit had already lasted a certain time. Littlemore thought it probable that, given the circumstances, he would now bring it to a close; he must have learned from their hostess that Littlemore was an old and familiar friend. He might of course have definite rights—he had every appearance of it; but the more definite they were the more gracefully he could afford to waive them. Littlemore made these reflections while Sir Arthur Demesne sat there looking at him without giving any sign of departure. Mrs. Headway was very gracious—she had the manner of having known you a hundred years; she scolded Littlemore extravagantly for not having been to see her sooner, but this was only a form of the gracious. By daylight she looked a little faded; but she had an expression which could never fade. She had the best rooms in the hotel, and an air of extreme opulence and prosperity; her courier sat outside, in the ante-chamber, and she evidently knew how to live. She attempted to include Sir Arthur in the conversation, but though the young man remained in his place, he declined to be included. He smiled, in silence; but he was evidently uncomfortable. The conversation, therefore, remained superficial—a quality that, of old, had by no means belonged to Mrs. Headway's interviews with her friends. The Englishman looked at Littlemore with a strange, perverse expression which Littlemore, at first, with a good deal of private amusement, simply attributed to jealousy.

"My dear Sir Arthur, I wish very much you would go," Mrs. Headway remarked, at the end of a quarter of an hour.

Sir Arthur got up and took his hat. "I thought I should oblige you by staying."

"To defend me against Mr. Littlemore? I've known him since I was a baby—I know the worst he can do." She fixed her charming smile for a moment on her retreating visitor, and she added, with much unexpectedness—"I want to talk to him about my past!"

"That's just what I want to hear," said Sir Arthur, with his hand on the door.

"We are going to talk American; you wouldn't understand us!—He speaks in the English style," she explained, in her little sufficient way, as the baronet, who announced that at all events he would come back in the evening, let himself out.

"He doesn't know about your past?" Littlemore inquired, trying not to make the question sound impertinent.

"Oh, yes; I've told him everything; but he doesn't understand. The English are so peculiar; I think they are rather stupid. He has never heard of a woman being——" But here Mrs. Headway checked herself, while Littlemore filled out the blank. "What are you laughing at? It doesn't matter," she went on; "there are more things in the world than those people have heard of. However, I like them very much; at least I like him. He's such a gentleman; do you know what I mean? Only, he stays too long, and he isn't amusing. I'm very glad to see you, for a change."

"Do you mean I'm not a gentleman?" Littlemore asked.

"No indeed; you used to be, in New Mexico. I think you were the only one—and I hope you are still. That's why I recognised you the other night; I might have cut you, you know."

"You can still, if you like. It's not too late."

"Oh, no; that's not what I want. I want you to help me."

"To help you?"

Mrs. Headway fixed her eyes for a moment on the door. "Do you suppose that man is there still?"

"That young man—your poor Englishman?"

"No; I mean Max. Max is my courier," said Mrs. Headway, with a certain impressiveness.

"I haven't the least idea. I'll see, if you like."

"No; in that case I should have to give him an order, and I don't know what in the world to ask him to do. He sits there for hours; with my simple habits I afford him no employment. I am afraid I have no imagination."

"The burden of grandeur," said Littlemore.

"Oh yes, I'm very grand. But on the whole I like it. I'm only afraid he'll hear. I talk so very loud; that's another thing I'm trying to get over."

"Why do you want to be different?"

"Well, because everything else is different," Mrs. Headway rejoined, with a little sigh. "Did you hear that I'd lost my husband?" she went on, abruptly.

"Do you mean—a—Mr.——?" and Littlemore paused, with an effect that did not seem to come home to her.

"I mean Mr. Headway," she said, with dignity. "I've been through a good deal since you saw me last: marriage, and death, and trouble, and all sorts of things."

"You had been through a good deal of marriage before that," Littlemore ventured to observe.

She rested her eyes on him with soft brightness and without a change of colour. "Not so much—not so much——"

"Not so much as might have been thought."

"Not so much as was reported. I forget whether I was married when I saw you last."

"It was one of the reports," said Littlemore. "But I never saw Mr. Beck."

"You didn't lose much; he was a simple *wretch*! I have done certain things in my life which I have never understood; no wonder others can't understand them. But that's all over! Are you sure Max doesn't hear?" she asked, quickly.

"Not at all sure. But if you suspect him of listening at the keyhole, I would send him away."

"I don't think he does that. I am always rushing to the door."

"Then he doesn't hear. I had no idea you had so many secrets. When I parted with you, Mr. Headway was in the future."

"Well, now he's in the past. He was a pleasant man—I can understand my doing that. But he only lived a year. He had neuralgia of the heart; he left me very well off." She mentioned these various facts as if they were quite of the same order.

"I'm glad to hear it; you used to have expensive tastes."

"I have plenty of money," said Mrs. Headway. "Mr. Headway had property at Denver, which has increased immensely in value. After his death I tried New York. But I don't like New York." Littlemore's hostess uttered this last sentence in a tone which was the *résumé* of a social episode. "I mean to live in Europe—I like Europe," she announced; and the manner of the announcement had a touch of prophecy, as the other words had had a reverberation of history.

Littlemore was very much struck with all this, and he was greatly entertained with Mrs. Headway. "Are you travelling with that young man?" he inquired, with the coolness of a person who wishes to make his entertainment go as far as possible.

She folded her arms as she leaned back in her chair. "Look here, Mr. Littlemore," she said; "I'm about as good-natured as I used to be in America, but I know a great deal more. Of course I ain't travelling with that young man; he's only a friend."

"He isn't a lover?" asked Littlemore, rather cruelly.

"Do people travel with their lovers? I don't want you to laugh at me—I want you to help me." She fixed her eyes on him with an air of tender remonstrance that might have touched him; she looked so gentle and reasonable. "As I tell you, I have taken a great fancy to this old Europe; I feel as if I should never go back. But I want to see something of the life. I think it would suit me—if I could get started a little. Mr. Littlemore," she added, in a moment—"I may as well be frank, for I ain't at all ashamed. I want to get into society. That's what I'm after!"

Littlemore settled himself in his chair, with the feeling of a man who, knowing that he will have to pull, seeks to obtain a certain leverage. It was in a tone of light jocosity, almost of encouragement, however, that he repeated: "Into society? It seems to me you are in it already, with baronets for your adorers."

"That's just what I want to know!" she said, with a certain eagerness. "Is a baronet much?"

"So they are apt to think. But I know very little about it."

"Ain't you in society yourself?"

"I? Never in the world! Where did you get that idea? I care no more about society than about that copy of the *Figaro*."

Mrs. Headway's countenance assumed for a moment a look of extreme disappointment, and Littlemore could see that, having heard of his silver mine and his cattle-ranch, and knowing that he was living in Europe, she had hoped to find him immersed in the world of fashion. But she speedily recovered herself. "I don't believe a word of it. You know you're a gentleman—you can't help yourself."

"I may be a gentleman, but I have none of the habits of one." Littlemore hesitated a moment, and then he added—"I lived too long in the great South-west."

She flushed quickly; she instantly understood—understood even more than he had meant to say. But she wished to make use of him, and it was of more importance that she should appear forgiving—especially as she had the happy consciousness of being so—than that she should punish a cruel speech. She could afford, however, to be lightly ironical. "That makes no difference—a gentleman is always a gentleman."

"Not always," said Littlemore, laughing.

"It's impossible that, through your sister, you shouldn't know something about European society," said Mrs. Headway.

At the mention of his sister, made with a studied lightness of reference which he caught as it passed, Littlemore was unable to repress a start. "What in the world have you got to do with my sister?" he would have liked to say. The introduction of this lady was disagreeable to him; she belonged to quite another order of ideas, and it was out of the question that Mrs. Headway should ever make her acquaintance—if this was what, as that lady would have said, she was "after." But he took advantage of a side issue. "What do you mean by European society? One can't talk about that. It's a very vague phrase."

"Well, I mean English society—I mean the society your sister lives in—that's what I mean," said Mrs. Headway, who was quite prepared to be definite. "I mean the people I saw in London last May—the people I saw at the opera and in the park, the people who go to the Queen's drawing-rooms. When I was in London I stayed at that hotel on the corner of Piccadilly—that looking straight down St. James's Street—and I spent hours together at the window looking at the people in the carriages. I had a carriage of my own, and when I was not at my window I was driving all round. I was all alone; I saw every one, but I knew no one—I had no one to tell me. I didn't know Sir Arthur then—I only met him a month ago at Homburg. He followed me to Paris—that's how he came to be my guest." Serenely, prosaically, without any of the inflation of vanity, Mrs. Headway made this last assertion; it

was as if she were used to being followed, or as if a gentleman one met at Homburg would inevitably follow. In the same tone she went on: "I attracted a good deal of attention in London—I could easily see that."

"You'll do that wherever you go," Littlemore said, insufficiently enough, as he felt.

"I don't want to attract so much; I think it's vulgar," Mrs. Headway rejoined, with a certain soft sweetness which seemed to denote the enjoyment of a new idea. She was evidently open to new ideas.

"Every one was looking at you the other night at the theatre," Littlemore continued. "How can you hope to escape notice?"

"I don't want to escape notice—people have always looked at me, and I suppose they always will. But there are different ways of being looked at, and I know the way I want. I mean to have it, too!" Mrs. Headway exclaimed. Yes, she was very definite.

Littlemore sat there, face to face with her, and for some time he said nothing. He had a mixture of feelings, and the memory of other places, other hours, was stealing over him. There had been of old a very considerable absence of interposing surfaces between these two—he had known her as one knew people only in the great South-west. He had liked her extremely, in a town where it would have been ridiculous to be difficult to please. But his sense of this fact was somehow connected with South-western conditions; his liking for Nancy Beck was an emotion of which the proper setting was a back piazza. She presented herself here on a new basis—she appeared to desire to be classified afresh. Littlemore said to himself that this was too much trouble; he had taken her in that way—he couldn't begin at this time of day to take her in another way. He asked himself whether she were going to be a bore. It was not easy to suppose Mrs. Headway capable of this offence; but she might become tiresome if she were bent upon being different. It made him rather afraid when she began to talk about European society, about his sister, about things being vulgar. Littlemore was a very good fellow, and he had at least the average human love of justice; but there was in his composition an element of the indolent, the sceptical, perhaps even the brutal, which made him desire to preserve the simplicity of their former terms of intercourse. He had no particular desire to see a woman rise again, as the mystic process was called; he didn't believe in women's rising again. He believed in their not going down; thought it perfectly possible and eminently desirable, but held it was much better for society that they should not endeavour, as the French say, to *mêler les genres*. In general, he didn't pretend to say what was good for society—society seemed to him in rather a bad way; but he had a conviction on this particular point. Nancy Beck going in for the great prizes, that spectacle might be entertaining for a simple spectator; but it would be a nuisance, an embarrassment, from the moment anything more than contemplation should be expected of him. He had no wish to be rough, but it might be well to show her that he was not to be humbugged.

"Oh, if there's anything you want you'll have it," he said in answer to her last remark. "You have always had what you want."

"Well, I want something new this time. Does your sister reside in London?"

"My dear lady, what do you know about my sister?" Littlemore asked. "She's not a woman you would care for."

Mrs. Headway was silent a moment. "You don't respect me!" she exclaimed suddenly in a loud, almost gay tone of voice. If Littlemore wished, as I say, to preserve the simplicity of their old terms of intercourse, she was apparently willing to humour him.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Beck . . . .!" he cried, vaguely, protestingly, and using her former name quite by accident. At San Diego he had never thought whether he respected her or not; that never came up.

"That's a proof of it—calling me by that hateful name! Don't you believe I'm married? I haven't been fortunate in my names," she added, pensively.

"You make it very awkward when you say such mad things. My sister lives most of the year in the country; she is very simple, rather dull, perhaps a trifle narrow-minded. You are very clever, very lively, and as wide as all creation. That's why I think you wouldn't like her."

"You ought to be ashamed to run down your sister!" cried Mrs. Headway. "You told me once—at San Diego—that she was the nicest woman you knew. I made a note of that, you see. And you told me she was just my age. So that makes it rather uncomfortable for you, if you won't introduce me!" And Littlemore's hostess gave a pitiless laugh. "I'm not in the least afraid of her being dull. It's very distinguished to be dull. I'm ever so much too lively."

"You are indeed, ever so much! But nothing is more easy than to know my sister," said Littlemore, who knew perfectly that what he said was untrue. And then, as a diversion from this delicate topic, he suddenly asked, "Are you going to marry Sir Arthur?"

"Don't you think I've been married about enough?"

"Possibly; but this is a new line, it would be different. An Englishman—that's a new sensation."

"If I should marry, it would be a European," said Mrs. Headway calmly.

"Your chance is very good; they are all marrying Americans."

"He would have to be some one fine, the man I should marry now. I have a good deal to make up for! That's what I want to know about Sir Arthur; all this time you haven't told me."

"I have nothing in the world to tell—I have never heard of him. Hasn't he told you himself?"

"Nothing at all; he is very modest. He doesn't brag, nor make himself out anything great. That's what I like him for: I think it's in such good taste. I like good taste!" exclaimed Mrs. Headway. "But all this time," she added, "you haven't told me you would help me."

"How can I help you? I'm no one, I have no power."

"You can help me by not preventing me. I want you to promise not to prevent me." She gave him her fixed, bright gaze again; her eyes seemed to look far into his.

"Good Lord, how could I prevent you?"

"I'm not sure that you could. But you might try."

"I'm too indolent, and too stupid," said Littlemore jocosely.

"Yes," she replied, musing as she still looked at him. "I think you are too stupid. But I think you are also too kind," she added more graciously. She was almost irresistible when she said such a thing as that.

They talked for a quarter of an hour longer, and at last—as if she had had scruples—she spoke to him of his own marriage, of the death of his wife, matters to which she alluded more felicitously (as he thought) than to some other points. "If you have a little girl you ought to be very happy; that's what I should like to have. Lord, I should make her a nice woman! Not like me—in another style!" When he rose to leave her, she told him that he must come and see her very often; she was to be some weeks longer in Paris; he must bring Mr. Waterville.

"Your English friend won't like that—our coming very often," Littlemore said, as he stood with his hand on the door.

"I don't know what he has got to do with it," she answered, staring.

"Neither do I. Only he must be in love with you."

"That doesn't give him any right. Mercy, if I had had to put myself out for all the men that have been in love with me!"

"Of course you would have had a terrible life! Even doing as you please, you have had rather an agitated one. But your young Englishman's sentiments appear to give him the right to sit there, after one comes in, looking blighted and bored. That might become very tiresome."

"The moment he becomes tiresome I send him away. You can trust me for that."

"Oh," said Littlemore, "it doesn't matter, after all." He remembered that it would be very inconvenient to him to have undisturbed possession of Mrs. Headway.

She came out with him into the antechamber. Mr. Max, the courier, was fortunately not there. She lingered a little; she appeared to have more to say.

"On the contrary, he likes you to come," she remarked in a moment; "he wants to study my friends."

"To study them!"

"He wants to find out about me, and he thinks they may tell him something. Some day he will ask you right out, 'What sort of a woman is she, any way?'"

"Hasn't he found out yet?"

"He doesn't understand me," said Mrs. Headway, surveying the front of her dress. "He has never seen any one like me."

"I should imagine not!"

"So he will ask you, as I say."

"I will tell him you are the most charming woman in Europe."

"That ain't a description! Besides, he knows it. He wants to know if I'm respectable."

"He's very curious!" Littlemore cried, with a laugh.

She grew a little pale; she seemed to be watching his lips. "Mind you tell him," she went on with a smile that brought none of her colour back.

"Respectable? I'll tell him you're adorable!"

Mrs. Headway stood a moment longer. "Ah, you're no use!" she murmured. And she suddenly turned away and passed back into her sitting-room, slowly drawing her far-trailing skirts.

III.

"*Elle ne se doute de rien!*" Littlemore said to himself as he walked away from the hotel; and he repeated the phrase in talking about her to Waterville. "She wants to be right," he added; "but she will never really succeed; she has begun too late, she will never be more than half-right. However, she won't know when she's wrong, so it doesn't signify!" And then he proceeded to assert that in some respects she would remain incurable; she had no delicacy; no discretion, no shading; she was a woman who suddenly said to you, "You don't respect me!" As if that were a thing for a woman to say!

"It depends upon what she meant by it." Waterville liked to see the meanings of things.

"The more she meant by it the less she ought to say it!" Littlemore declared.

But he returned to the Hôtel Meurice, and on the next occasion he took Waterville with him. The Secretary of Legation, who had not often been in close quarters with a lady of this ambiguous quality, was prepared to regard Mrs. Headway as a very curious type. He was afraid she might be dangerous; but, on the whole, he felt secure. The object of his devotion at present was his country, or at least the Department of State; he had no intention of being diverted from that allegiance. Besides, he had his ideal of the attractive woman—a person pitched in a very much lower key than this shining, smiling, rustling, chattering daughter of the Territories. The woman he should care for would have repose, a certain love of privacy—she would sometimes let one alone. Mrs. Headway was personal, familiar, intimate; she was always appealing or accusing, demanding explanations and pledges, saying things one had to answer. All this was accompanied with a hundred smiles and radiations and other natural graces, but the general effect of it was slightly fatiguing. She had certainly a great deal of charm, an immense desire to please, and a wonderful collection of dresses and trinkets; but she was eager and pre-occupied, and it was impossible

that other people should share her eagerness. If she wished to get into society, there was no reason why her bachelor visitors should wish to see her there; for it was the absence of the usual social encumbrances which made her drawing-room attractive. There was no doubt whatever that she was several women in one, and she ought to content herself with that sort of numerical triumph. Littlemore said to Waterville that it was stupid of her to wish to scale the heights; she ought to know how much more she was in her place down below. She appeared vaguely to irritate him; even her fluttering attempts at self-culture—she had become a great critic, and handled many of the productions of the age with a bold, free touch—constituted a vague invocation, an appeal for sympathy which was naturally annoying to a man who disliked the trouble of revising old decisions, consecrated by a certain amount of reminiscence that might be called tender. She had, however, one palpable charm; she was full of surprises. Even Waterville was obliged to confess that an element of the unexpected was not to be excluded from his conception of the woman who should have an ideal repose. Of course there were two kinds of surprises, and only one of them was thoroughly pleasant, though Mrs. Headway dealt impartially in both. She had the sudden delights, the odd exclamations, the queer curiosities of a person who has grown up in a country where everything is new and many things ugly, and who, with a natural turn for the arts and amenities of life, makes a tardy acquaintance with some of the finer usages, the higher pleasures. She was provincial—it was easy to see that she was provincial; that took no great cleverness. But what was Parisian enough—if to be Parisian was the measure of success—was the way she picked up ideas and took a hint from every circumstance. "Only give me time, and I shall know all I have need of," she said to Littlemore, who watched her progress with a mixture of admiration and sadness. She delighted to speak of herself as a poor little barbarian who was trying to pick up a few crumbs of knowledge, and this habit took great effect from her delicate face, her perfect dress, and the brilliancy of her manners.

One of her surprises was that after that first visit she said no more to Littlemore about Mrs. Dolphin. He did her perhaps the grossest injustice; but he had quite expected her to bring up this lady whenever they met. "If she will only leave Agnes alone, she may do what she will," he said to Waterville, expressing his relief. "My sister would never look at her, and it would be very awkward to have to tell her so." She expected assistance; she made him feel that simply by the way she looked at him; but for the moment she demanded no definite service. She held her tongue, but she waited, and her patience itself was a kind of admonition. In the way of society, it must be confessed, her privileges were meagre, Sir Arthur Demesne and her two compatriots being, so far as the latter could discover, her only visitors. She might have had other friends, but she held her head very high, and liked better to

see no one than not to see the best company. It was evident that she flattered herself that she produced the effect of being, not neglected, but fastidious. There were plenty of Americans in Paris, but in this direction she failed to extend her acquaintance; the nice people wouldn't come and see her, and nothing would have induced her to receive the others. She had the most exact conception of the people she wished to see and to avoid. Littlemore expected every day that she would ask him why he didn't bring some of his friends, and he had his answer ready. It was a very poor one, for it consisted simply of a conventional assurance that he wished to keep her for himself. She would be sure to retort that this was very "thin," as, indeed, it was; but the days went by without her calling him to account. The little American colony in Paris is rich in amiable women, but there were none to whom Littlemore could make up his mind to say that it would be a favour to him to call on Mrs. Headway. He shouldn't like them the better for doing so, and he wished to like those of whom he might ask a favour. Except, therefore, that he occasionally spoke of her as a little Western woman, very pretty and rather queer, who had formerly been a great chum of his, she remained unknown in the *salons* of the Avenue Gabriel and the streets that encircle the Arch of Triumph. To ask the men to go and see her, without asking the ladies, would only accentuate the fact that he didn't ask the ladies; so he asked no one at all. Besides, it was true—just a little—that he wished to keep her to himself, and he was fatuous enough to believe that she cared much more for him than for her Englishman. Of course, however, he would never dream of marrying her, whereas the Englishman apparently was immersed in that vision. She hated her past; she used to announce that very often, talking of it as if it were an appendage of the same order as a dishonest courier, or even an inconvenient protrusion of drapery. Therefore, as Littlemore was part of her past, it might have been supposed that she would hate him too, and wish to banish him, with all the images he recalled, from her sight. But she made an exception in his favour, and if she disliked their old relations as a chapter of her own history, she seemed still to like them as a chapter of his. He felt that she clung to him, that she believed he could help her and in the long run would. It was to the long run that she appeared little by little to have attuned herself.

She succeeded perfectly in maintaining harmony between Sir Arthur Demesne and her American visitors, who spent much less time in her drawing-room. She had easily persuaded him that there were no grounds for jealousy, and that they had no wish, as she said, to crowd him out; for it was ridiculous to be jealous of two persons at once, and Rupert Waterville, after he had learned the way to her hospitable apartment, appeared there as often as his friend Littlemore. The two, indeed, usually came together, and they ended by relieving their competitor of a certain sense of responsibility. This amiable and excellent but somewhat limited and slightly pretentious young man, who had not yet made

up his mind, was sometimes rather oppressed with the magnitude of his undertaking, and when he was alone with Mrs. Headway the tension of his thoughts occasionally became quite painful. He was very slim and straight, and looked taller than his height; he had the prettiest, silkiest hair, which waved away from a large white forehead, and he was endowed with a nose of the so-called Roman model. He looked younger than his years (in spite of those last two attributes), partly on account of the delicacy of his complexion and the almost childlike candour of his round blue eye. He was diffident and self-conscious; there were certain letters he could not pronounce. At the same time he had the manners of a young man who had been brought up to fill a considerable place in the world, with whom a certain correctness had become a habit, and who, though he might occasionally be a little awkward about small things, would be sure to acquit himself honourably in great ones. He was very simple, and he believed himself very serious; he had the blood of a score of Warwickshire squires in his veins; mingled in the last instance with the somewhat paler fluid which animated the long-necked daughter of a banker who had expected an earl for his son-in-law, but who had consented to regard Sir Baldwin Demesne as the least insufficient of baronets. The boy, the only one, had come into his title at five years of age; his mother, who disappointed her auriferous sire a second time when poor Sir Baldwin broke his neck in the hunting-field, watched over him with a tenderness that burned as steadily as a candle shaded by a transparent hand. She never admitted, even to herself, that he was not the cleverest of men; but it took all her own cleverness, which was much greater than his, to maintain this appearance. Fortunately he was not wild, so that he would never marry an actress or a governess, like two or three of the young men who had been at Eton with him. With this ground of nervousness the less, Lady Demesne awaited with an air of confidence his promotion to some high office. He represented in Parliament the Conservative instincts and vote of a red-roofed market town, and sent regularly to his bookseller for all the new publications on economical subjects, for he was determined that his political attitude should have a firm statistical basis. He was not conceited; he was only misinformed—misinformed, I mean, about himself. He thought himself indispensable in the scheme of things—not as an individual, but as an institution. This conviction, however, was too sacred to betray itself by vulgar assumptions. If he was a little man in a big place, he never strutted nor talked loud; he merely felt it as a kind of luxury that he had a large social circumference. It was like sleeping in a big bed; one didn't toss about the more, but one felt a greater freshness.

He had never seen anything like Mrs Headway; he hardly knew by what standard to measure her. She was not like an English lady—not like those at least with whom he had been accustomed to converse; and yet it was impossible not to see that she had a standard of her own.

He suspected that she was provincial, but as he was very much under the charm he compromised matters by saying to himself that she was only foreign. It was of course provincial to be foreign; but this was, after all, a peculiarity which she shared with a great many nice people. He was not wild, and his mother had flattered herself that in this all-important matter he would not be perverse; but it was all the same most unexpected that he should have taken a fancy to an American widow, five years older than himself, who knew no one and who sometimes didn't appear to understand exactly who he was. Though he disapproved of it, it was precisely her foreignness that pleased him; she seemed to be as little as possible of his own race and creed; there was not a touch of Warwickshire in her composition. She was like an Hungarian or a Pole, with the difference that he could almost understand her language. The unfortunate young man was fascinated, though he had not yet admitted to himself that he was in love. He would be very slow and deliberate in such a position, for he was deeply conscious of its importance. He was a young man who had arranged his life; he had determined to marry at thirty-two. A long line of ancestors was watching him; he hardly knew what they would think of Mrs. Headway. He hardly knew what he thought himself; the only thing he was absolutely sure of was that she made the time pass as it passed in no other pursuit. He was vaguely uneasy; he was by no means sure it was right the time should pass like that. There was nothing to show for it but the fragments of Mrs. Headway's conversation, the peculiarities of her accent, the sallies of her wit, the audacities of her fancy, her mysterious allusions to her past. Of course he knew that she had a past; she was not a young girl, she was a widow—and widows are essentially an expression of an accomplished fact. He was not jealous of her antecedents, but he wished to understand them, and it was here that the difficulty occurred. The subject was illumined with fitful flashes, but it never placed itself before him as a general picture. He asked her a good many questions, but her answers were so startling that, like sudden luminous points, they seemed to intensify the darkness round their edges. She had apparently spent her life in an inferior province of an inferior country; but it didn't follow from this that she herself had been low. She had been a lily among thistles; and there was something romantic in a man in his position taking an interest in such a woman. It pleased Sir Arthur to believe he was romantic; that had been the case with several of his ancestors, who supplied a precedent without which he would perhaps not have ventured to trust himself. He was the victim of perplexities from which a single spark of direct perception would have saved him. He took everything in the literal sense; he had not a grain of humour. He sat there vaguely waiting for something to happen, and not committing himself by rash declarations. If he was in love, it was in his own way, reflectively, inexpressively, obstinately. He was waiting for the formula which would justify

his conduct and Mrs. Headway's peculiarities. He hardly knew where it would come from; you might have thought from his manner that he would discover it in one of the elaborate *entrées* that were served to the pair when Mrs. Headway consented to dine with him at Bignon's or the Café Anglais; or in one of the numerous bandboxes that arrived from the Rue de la Paix, and from which she often lifted the lid in the presence of her admirer. There were moments when he got weary of waiting in vain, and at these moments the arrival of her American friends (he often wondered that she had so few) seemed to lift the mystery from his shoulders and give him a chance to rest. This formula—she herself was not yet able to give it, for she was not aware how much ground it was expected to cover. She talked about her past, because she thought it the best thing to do; she had a shrewd conviction that it was better to make a good use of it than to attempt to efface it. To efface it was impossible, though that was what she would have preferred. She had no objection to telling fibs, but now that she was taking a new departure, she wished to tell only those that were necessary. She would have been delighted if it had been possible to tell none at all. A few, however, were indispensable, and we need not attempt to estimate more closely the ingenious re-arrangements of fact with which she entertained and mystified Sir Arthur. She knew of course that as a product of fashionable circles she was nowhere, but she might have great success as a child of nature.

IV.

Rupert Waterville, in the midst of intercourse in which every one perhaps had a good many mental reservations, never forgot that he was in a representative position, that he was responsible, official; and he asked himself more than once how far it was permitted to him to countenance Mrs. Headway's pretensions to being an American lady typical even of the newer phases. In his own way he was as puzzled as poor Sir Arthur, and indeed he flattered himself that he was as particular as any Englishman could be. Suppose that after all this free association Mrs. Headway should come over to London and ask at the Legation to be presented to the Queen? It would be so awkward to refuse her—of course they would have to refuse her—that he was very careful about making tacit promises. She might construe anything as a tacit promise—he knew how the smallest gestures of diplomatists were studied and interpreted. It was his effort therefore to be really the diplomatist in his relations with this attractive but dangerous woman. The party of four used often to dine together—Sir Arthur pushed his confidence so far—and on these occasions Mrs. Headway, availing herself of one of the privileges of a lady, even at the most expensive restaurant, used to wipe her glasses with her napkin. One evening, when after polishing a goblet she held it up to the light, giving it, with her head on one side, the

least glimmer of a wink, he said to himself as he watched her that she looked like a modern bacchante. He noticed at this moment that the baronet was gazing at her too, and he wondered if the same idea had come to him. He often wondered what the baronet thought; he had devoted first and last a good deal of speculation to the baronial class. Littlemore, alone, at this moment, was not observing Mrs. Headway; he never appeared to observe her, though she often observed him. Waterville asked himself among other things why Sir Arthur had not brought his own friends to see her, for Paris during the several weeks that now elapsed was rich in English visitors. He wondered whether she had asked him and he had refused; he would have liked very much to know whether she had asked him. He explained his curiosity to Littlemore, who, however, took very little interest in it. Littlemore said, nevertheless, that he had no doubt she had asked him; she never would be deterred by false delicacy.

"She has been very delicate with you," Waterville replied. "She hasn't been at all pressing of late."

"It is only because she has given me up; she thinks I'm a brute."

"I wonder what she thinks of me," Waterville said, pensively.

"Oh, she counts upon you to introduce her to the Minister. It's lucky for you that our representative here is absent."

"Well," Waterville rejoined, "the Minister has settled two or three difficult questions, and I suppose he can settle this one. I shall do nothing but by the orders of my chief." He was very fond of talking about his chief.

"She does me injustice," Littlemore added in a moment. "I have spoken to several people about her."

"Ah! but what have you told them?"

"That she lives at the Hôtel Meurice, and that she wants to know nice people."

"They are flattered, I suppose, at your thinking them nice, but they don't go," said Waterville.

"I spoke of her to Mrs. Bagshaw, and Mrs. Bagshaw has promised to go."

"Ah!" Waterville murmured; "you don't call Mrs. Bagshaw nice? Mrs. Headway won't see her."

"That's exactly what she wants—to be able to cut some one!"

Waterville had a theory that Sir Arthur was keeping Mrs. Headway as a surprise—he meant perhaps to produce her during the next London season. He presently, however, learned as much about the matter as he could have desired to know. He had once offered to accompany his beautiful compatriot to the Museum of the Luxembourg and tell her a little about the modern French school. She had not examined this collection, in spite of her determination to see everything remarkable (she carried her *Murray* in her lap even when she went to see the great tailor in the Rue de la Paix, to whom, as she said, she had given no end of

points); for she usually went to such places with Sir Arthur, and Sir Arthur was indifferent to the modern painters of France. "He says there are much better men in England. I must wait for the Royal Academy, next year. He seems to think one can wait for anything, but I'm not so good at waiting as he. I can't afford to wait—I've waited long enough." So much as this Mrs. Headway said on the occasion of her arranging with Rupert Waterville that they should some day visit the Luxembourg together. She alluded to the Englishman as if he were her husband or her brother, her natural protector and companion.

"I wonder if she knows how that sounds?" Waterville said to himself. "I don't believe she would do it if she knew how it sounds." And he made the further reflection that when one arrived from San Diego there was no end to the things one had to learn: it took so many things to make a well-bred woman. Clever as she was, Mrs. Headway was right in saying that she couldn't afford to wait. She must learn quickly. She wrote to Waterville one day to propose that they should go to the Museum on the morrow; Sir Arthur's mother was in Paris, on her way to Cannes, where she was to spend the winter. She was only passing through, but she would be there three days, and he would naturally give himself up to her. She appeared to have the proprest ideas as to what a gentleman would propose to do for his mother. She herself, therefore, would be free, and she named the hour at which she should expect him to call for her. He was punctual to the appointment, and they drove across the river in the large high-hung barouche in which she constantly rolled about Paris. With Mr. Max on the box—the courier was ornamented with enormous whiskers—this vehicle had an appearance of great respectability, though Sir Arthur assured her—she repeated this to her other friends—that in London, next year, they would do the thing much better for her. It struck her other friends, of course, that the baronet was prepared to be very consistent, and this on the whole was what Waterville would have expected of him. Littlemore simply remarked that at San Diego she drove herself about in a rickety buggy, with muddy wheels, and with a mule very often in the shafts. Waterville felt something like excitement as he asked himself whether the baronet's mother would now consent to know her. She must of course be aware that it was a woman who was keeping her son in Paris at a season when English gentlemen were most naturally employed in shooting partridges.

"She is staying at the Hôtel du Rhin, and I have made him feel that he mustn't leave her while she is here," Mrs. Headway said, as they drove up the narrow Rue de Seine. "Her name is Lady Demesne, but her full title is the Honourable Lady Demesne, as she's a Baron's daughter. Her father used to be a banker, but he did something or other for the Government—the Tories, you know, they call them—and so he was raised to the peerage. So you see one *can* be raised! She has a lady with her as a companion." Waterville's neighbour gave him this

information with a seriousness that made him smile; he wondered whether she thought he didn't know how a Baron's daughter was addressed. In that she was very provincial; she had a way of exaggerating the value of her intellectual acquisitions and of assuming that others had been as ignorant as she. He noted, too, that she had ended by suppressing poor Sir Arthur's name altogether, and designating him only by a sort of conjugal pronoun. She had been so much, and so easily, married, that she was full of these misleading references to gentlemen.

V.

They walked through the gallery of the Luxembourg, and except that Mrs. Headway looked at everything at once and at nothing long enough, talked, as usual, rather too loud, and bestowed too much attention on the bad copies that were being made of several indifferent pictures, she was a very agreeable companion and a grateful recipient of knowledge. She was very quick to understand, and Waterville was sure that before she left the gallery she knew something about the French school. She was quite prepared to compare it critically with London exhibitions of the following year. As Littlemore and he had remarked more than once, she was a very odd mixture. Her conversation, her personality, were full of little joints and seams, all of them very visible, where the old and the new had been pieced together. When they had passed through the different rooms of the palace, Mrs. Headway proposed that instead of returning directly they should take a stroll in the adjoining gardens, which she wished very much to see and was sure she should like. She had quite seized the difference between the old Paris and the new, and felt the force of the romantic associations of the Latin quarter as perfectly as if she had enjoyed all the benefits of modern culture. The autumn sun was warm in the alleys and terraces of the Luxembourg; the masses of foliage above them, clipped and squared, rusty with ruddy patches, shed a thick lacework over the white sky, which was streaked with the palest blue. The beds of flowers near the palace were of the vividest yellow and red, and the sunlight rested on the smooth grey walls of those parts of its basement that looked south; in front of which, on the long green benches, a row of brown-cheeked nurses, in white caps and white aprons, sat offering nutrition to as many bundles of white drapery. There were other white caps wandering in the broad paths, attended by little brown French children; the small, straw-seated chairs were piled and stacked in some places and disseminated in others. An old lady in black, with white hair fastened over each of her temples by a large black comb, sat on the edge of a stone bench (too high for her delicate length), motionless, staring straight before her and holding a large doorkey; under a tree a priest was reading—you could see his lips move at a distance; a young soldier, dwarfish and red-legged, strolled past with his hands in his pockets,

which were very much distended. Waterville sat down with Mrs. Headway on the straw-bottomed chairs, and she presently said, "I like this; it's even better than the pictures in the gallery. It's more of a picture."

"Everything in France is a picture—even things that are ugly," Waterville replied. "Everything makes a subject."

"Well, I like France!" Mrs. Headway went on, with a little incongruous sigh. Then, suddenly, from an impulse even more inconsequent than her sigh, she added, "He asked me to go and see her, but I told him I wouldn't. She may come and see me if she likes." This was so abrupt that Waterville was slightly confounded; but he speedily perceived that she had returned by a short cut to Sir Arthur Demesne and his honourable mother. Waterville liked to know about other people's affairs, but he did not like this taste to be imputed to him; and therefore, though he was curious to see how the old lady, as he called her, would treat his companion, he was rather displeased with the latter for being so confidential. He had never imagined he was so intimate with her as that. Mrs. Headway, however, had a manner of taking intimacy for granted; a manner which Sir Arthur's mother at least would be sure not to like. He pretended to wonder a little what she was talking about, but she scarcely explained. She only went on, through untraceable transitions: "The least she can do is to come. I have been very kind to her son. That's not a reason for my going to her—it's a reason for her coming to me. Besides, if she doesn't like what I've done, she can leave me alone. I want to get into European society, but I want to get in in my own way. I don't want to run after people; I want them to run after me. I guess they will, some day!" Waterville listened to this with his eyes on the ground; he felt himself blushing a little. There was something in Mrs. Headway that shocked and mortified him, and Littlemore had been right in saying that she had a deficiency of shading. She was terribly distinct; her motives, her impulses, her desires were absolutely glaring. She needed to see, to hear, her own thoughts. Vehement thought, with Mrs. Headway, was inevitably speech, though speech was not always thought, and now she had suddenly become vehement. "If she does once come—then, ah, then, I shall be too perfect with her; I shan't let her go! But she must take the first step. I confess, I hope she'll be nice."

"Perhaps she won't," said Waterville perversely.

"Well, I don't care if she isn't. He has never told me anything about her; never a word about any of his own belongings. If I wished, I might believe he's ashamed of them."

"I don't think it's that."

"I know it isn't. I know what it is. It's just modesty. He doesn't want to brag—he's too much of a gentleman. He doesn't want to dazzle me—he wants me to like him for himself. Well, I do like him," she added in a moment. "*But I shall* like him still better if he brings his *mother. They shall know that in* America."

"Do you think it will make an impression in America?" Waterville asked, smiling.

"It will show them that I am visited by the British aristocracy. They won't like that."

"Surely they grudge you no innocent pleasure," Waterville murmured, smiling still.

"They grudged me common politeness—when I was in New York! Did you ever hear how they treated me, when I came on from the West?"

Waterville stared; this episode was quite new to him. His companion had turned towards him; her pretty head was tossed back like a flower in the wind; there was a flush in her cheek, a sharper light in her eye. "Ah! my dear New Yorkers, they're incapable of rudeness!" cried the young man.

"You're one of them, I see. But I don't speak of the men. The men were well enough—though they did allow it."

"Allow what, Mrs. Headway?" Waterville was quite in the dark.

She wouldn't answer at once; her eyes, glittering a little, were fixed upon absent images. "What did you hear about me over there? Don't pretend you heard nothing."

He had heard nothing at all; there had not been a word about Mrs. Headway in New York. He couldn't pretend, and he was obliged to tell her this. "But I have been away," he added, "and in America I didn't go out. There's nothing to go out for in New York—only little boys and girls."

"There are plenty of old women! They decided I was improper. I'm very well known in the West—I'm known from Chicago to San Francisco—if not personally (in all cases), at least by reputation. People can tell you out there. In New York they decided I wasn't good enough. Not good enough for New York! What do you say to that?" And she gave a sweet little laugh. Whether she had struggled with her pride before making this avowal, Waterville never knew. The crudity of the avowal seemed to indicate that she had no pride, and yet there was a spot in her heart which, as he now perceived, was intensely sore and had suddenly begun to throb. "I took a house for the winter—one of the handsomest houses in the place—but I sat there all alone. They didn't think me proper. Such as you see me here, I wasn't a success! I tell you the truth, at whatever cost. Not a decent woman came to see me!"

Waterville was embarrassed; diplomatist as he was, he hardly knew what line to take. He could see what need there was of her telling him the truth, though the incident appeared to have been most curious, and he was glad to know the facts on the best authority. It was the first he knew of this remarkable woman's having spent a winter in his native city—which was virtually a proof of her having come and gone in complete obscurity. It was vain for him to pretend that he had been a

good deal away, for he had been appointed to his post in London only six months before, and Mrs. Headway's social failure preceded that event. In the midst of these reflections he had an inspiration. He attempted neither to explain, to minimise, nor to apologise; he ventured simply to lay his hand for an instant on her own and to exclaim, as tenderly as possible, "I wish *I* had known you were there!"

"I had plenty of men—but men don't count. If they are not a positive help, they're a hindrance, and the more you have, the worse it looks. The women simply turned their backs."

"They were afraid of you—they were jealous," Waterville said.

"It's very good of you to try and explain it away; all I know is, not one of them crossed my threshold. You needn't try and tone it down; I know perfectly how the case stands. In New York, if you please, I was a failure!"

"So much the worse for New York!" cried Waterville, who, as he afterwards said to Littlemore, had got quite worked up.

"And now you know why I want to get into society over here?" She jumped up and stood before him; with a dry, hard smile she looked down at him. Her smile itself was an answer to her question; it expressed an urgent desire for revenge. There was an abruptness in her movements which left Waterville quite behind; but as he still sat there, returning her glance, he felt that he at last, in the light of that smile, the flash of that almost fierce question, understood Mrs. Headway.

She turned away, to walk to the gate of the garden, and he went with her, laughing vaguely, uneasily, at her tragic tone. Of course she expected him to help her to her revenge; but his female relations, his mother and his sisters, his innumerable cousins, had been a party to the slight she suffered, and he reflected as he walked along that after all they had been right. They had been right in not going to see a woman who could chatter that way about her social wrongs; whether Mrs. Headway were respectable or not, they had a correct instinct, for at any rate she was vulgar. European society might let her in, but European society would be wrong. New York, Waterville said to himself with a glow of civic pride, was quite capable of taking a higher stand in such a matter than London. They went some distance without speaking; at last he said, expressing honestly the thought which at that moment was uppermost in his mind, "I hate that phrase, 'getting into society.' I don't think one ought to attribute to one's self that sort of ambition. One ought to assume that one is in society—that one *is* society—and to hold that if one has good manners, one has, from the social point of view achieved the great thing. The rest regards others."

For a moment she appeared not to understand; then she broke out: "Well, I suppose I haven't good manners; at any rate, I'm not satisfied! Of course, I don't talk right—I know that very well. But let me get where I want to first—then I'll look after my expressions. If I once get there, I shall be perfect!" she cried with a tremor of passion. They

reached the gate of the garden and stood a moment outside, opposite to the low arcade of the Odéon, lined with bookstalls at which Waterville cast a slightly wistful glance, waiting for Mrs. Headway's carriage, which had drawn up at a short distance. The whiskered Max had seated himself within, and on the tense, elastic cushions had fallen into a doze. The carriage got into motion without his awaking; he came to his senses only as it stopped again. He started up, staring; then, without confusion, he proceeded to descend.

"I have learned it in Italy—they say the *siesta*," he remarked with an agreeable smile, holding the door open to Mrs. Headway.

"Well, I should think you had!" this lady replied, laughing amicably as she got into the vehicle, whither Waterville followed her. It was not a surprise to him to perceive that she spoiled her courier; she naturally would spoil her courier. But civilisation begins at home, said Waterville; and the incident threw an ironical light upon her desire to get into society. It failed, however, to divert her thoughts from the subject she was discussing with Waterville, for as Max ascended the box and the carriage went on its way, she threw out another little note of defiance. "If once I'm all right over here, I can snap my fingers at New York! You'll see the faces those women will make."

Waterville was sure his mother and sisters would make no faces; but he felt afresh, as the carriage rolled back to the Hôtel Meurice, that now he understood Mrs. Headway. As they were about to enter the court of the hotel, a closed carriage passed before them, and while a few moments later he helped his companion to alight, he saw that Sir Arthur Demesne had descended from the other vehicle. Sir Arthur perceived Mrs. Headway, and instantly gave his hand to a lady seated in the *coupé*. This lady emerged with a certain slow impressiveness, and as she stood before the door of the hotel—a woman still young and fair, with a good deal of height, gentle, tranquil, plainly dressed, yet distinctly imposing—Waterville saw that the baronet had brought his mother to call upon Nancy Beck. Mrs. Headway's triumph had begun; the Dowager Lady Demesne had taken the first step. Waterville wondered whether the ladies in New York, notified by some magnetic wave, were distorting their features. Mrs. Headway, quickly conscious of what had happened, was neither too prompt to appropriate the visit, nor too slow to acknowledge it. She just paused, smiling at Sir Arthur.

"I wish to introduce my mother—she wants very much to know you." He approached Mrs. Headway; the lady had taken his arm. She was at once simple and circumspect; she had all the resources of an English matron.

Mrs. Headway, without advancing a step, put out her hands as if to draw her visitor quickly closer. "I declare, you're too sweet!" Waterville heard her say.

He was turning away, as his own business was over; but the young Englishman, who had surrendered his mother to the embrace, as it

might now almost be called, of their hostess, just checked him with a friendly gesture. "I dare say I shan't see you again—I'm going away."

"Good-bye, then," said Waterville. "You return to England?"

"No; I go to Cannes with my mother."

"You remain at Cannes?"

"Till Christmas very likely."

The ladies, escorted by Mr. Max, had passed into the hotel, and Waterville presently quitted his interlocutor. He smiled as he walked away, reflecting that this personage had obtained a concession from his mother only at the price of a concession.

The next morning he went to see Littlemore, from whom he had a standing invitation to breakfast, and who, as usual, was smoking a cigar and looking through a dozen newspapers. Littlemore had a large apartment and an accomplished cook; he got up late and wandered about his room all the morning, stopping from time to time to look out of his windows which overhung the Place de la Madeleine. They had not been seated many minutes at breakfast when Waterville announced that Mrs. Headway was about to be abandoned by Sir Arthur, who was going to Cannes.

"That's no news to me," Littlemore said. "He came last night to bid me good-bye."

"To bid you good-bye? He was very civil all of a sudden."

"He didn't come from civility—he came from curiosity. Having dined here, he had a pretext for calling."

"I hope his curiosity was satisfied," Waterville remarked in the manner of a person who could enter into such a sentiment.

Littlemore hesitated. "Well, I suspect not. He sat here some time, but we talked about everything but what he wanted to know."

"And what did he want to know?"

"Whether I know anything against Nancy Beck."

Waterville stared. "Did he call her Nancy Beck?"

"We never mentioned her; but I saw what he wanted, and that he wanted me to lead up to her—only I wouldn't do it."

"Ah, poor man!" Waterville murmured.

"I don't see why you pity him," said Littlemore. "Mrs. Beck's admirers were never pitied."

"Well, of course he wants to marry her."

"Let him do it, then. I have nothing to say to it."

"He believes there's something in her past that's hard to swallow."

"Let him leave it alone, then."

"How can he, if he's in love with her?" Waterville asked, in the tone of a man who could enter into that sentiment too.

"Ah, my dear fellow, he must settle it himself. He has no right, at any rate, to ask me such a question. There was a moment, just as he was going, when he had it on his tongue's end. He stood there in the doorway, he couldn't leave *me—he was going* to plump out with it.

He looked at me straight, and I looked straight at him; we remained that way for almost a minute. Then he decided to hold his tongue, and took himself off."

Waterville listened to this little description with intense interest. "And if he had asked you, what would you have said?"

"What do you think?"

"Well, I suppose you would have said that his question wasn't fair?"

"That would have been tantamount to admitting the worst."

"Yes," said Waterville, thoughtfully, "you couldn't do that. On the other hand, if he had put it to you on your honour whether she were a woman to marry, it would have been very awkward."

"Awkward enough. Fortunately, he has no business to put things to me on my honour. Moreover, nothing has passed between us to give him the right to ask me questions about Mrs. Headway. As she is a great friend of mine, he can't pretend to expect me to give confidential information about her."

"You don't think she's a woman to marry, all the same," Waterville declared. "And if a man were to ask you that, you might knock him down, but it wouldn't be an answer."

"It would have to serve," said Littlemore. He added in a moment, "There are certain cases where it's a man's duty to commit perjury."

Waterville looked grave. "Certain cases?"

"Where a woman's honour is at stake."

"I see what you mean. That's of course if he has been himself concerned——"

"Himself or another. It doesn't matter."

"I think it does matter. I don't like perjury," said Waterville. "It's a delicate question."

They were interrupted by the arrival of the servant with a second course, and Littlemore gave a laugh as he helped himself. "It would be a joke to see her married to that superior being!"

"It would be a great responsibility."

"Responsibility or not, it would be very amusing."

"Do you mean to assist her, then?"

"Heaven forbid! But I mean to bet on her."

Waterville gave his companion a serious glance; he thought him strangely superficial. The situation, however, was difficult, and he laid down his fork with a little sigh.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

Le Ming's Marriage.

It was about six weeks after Le Ming * had achieved success in his examination halls that he was sitting one sultry evening in his garden study composing couplets. Not a breath of wind stirred the lotus leaves which covered the pond in front of his windows. The air was laden with the scent of a hundred flowers, which grew in profusion in pots and eccentrically shaped borders on all sides of the pavilion. For the moment he had put aside his tobacco pipe, and, yielding to the influences of a weary brain and the heat of the weather, was just dropping off into a state of dreamy drowsiness, when he was aroused by the sound of a footstep crossing the quaintly devised bridge which spanned the pond. Looking up, he saw his father's old body-servant approaching.

"Young sir," said the attendant, "the old master requests your presence in the reception hall."

Uncertain as to what the business could be on which he was summoned, Le Ming followed the man to the hall, where he found his father and mother sitting in state, evidently prepared for the discussion of some important family matter. Having made his obeisances, and having seated himself on a chair especially placed for him on his mother's right hand, his father thus addressed him :—

"Having now taken your degree, and having thus a prospect of soon gaining office and enjoying emolument, it is right and fitting that you should think of marrying. Remember a man is accounted able to govern a district only when he has shown himself capable of ruling well a household; and how can you show that you can rule a household until you have one on which to try your hand? Besides, who knows what fate may be in store for you? Were you to visit the 'yellow springs' † before I depart from this life, who would offer the yearly sacrifices at my tomb? or if you were to remain a barren pole, ‡ who, in course of years, would there be to perform the same offices at your grave? On all accounts, then, it is your duty to marry, and your mother will therefore, without loss of time, communicate with a Go-between."

"To hear is to obey, as it always has been with me," replied Ming, "but, at the same time, I should like to know something about the lady you may select as my wife before you exchange the wedding presents. I have heard it said that in some western countries youths and maidens associate together, and choose their wives and husbands for themselves,

* See Cornhill Magazine for May 1880. † Hades. ‡ A bachelor.

and that even within the eighteen provinces of China there exist barbarians who exercise a similar freedom of choice. Now I have no wish, as you may imagine, so to outrage the rules of propriety laid down by the Master * as to follow the example of such people; but I should like to know what my future wife is like—whether she is as beautiful as Kin-leen, or as hideous as the old vegetable-seller at the corner of the street—whether she is good-tempered or a shrew—whether she is of a complacent disposition, or jealous and revengeful."

"Marriages, my son," said his mother, "are made in heaven, and you can no more break the heavenly cords which, unfelt, but surely, bind your ankles to those of your future bride than you can upset any other decree of the gods. The family with which I purpose to desire the Go-between to communicate in the first instance is that of the ex-Prefect Yang. I have already spoken to you about his daughter Tsai-yen, the 'Variegated Swallow,' who is, as I myself know—having seen her—extremely pretty, with a beautiful complexion and a willow-like waist. Besides, a good daughter makes a good wife; and remember last year, when her mother was so ill, what she did—how she cut a slice out of her leg to mix with the broth which the doctor ordered for her mother's recovery. No! depend upon it, my son, if the Variegated Swallow enters your household she will make an excellent wife, and in educating your children will not fall far short of the wisdom of the mother of Mencius."

"As I said just now," replied Ming, upon whom this description had a marked effect, "my only wish is to obey you, and I am therefore ready to be led by you whithersoever you desire."

"That is spoken like a true son of mine!" said Mrs. Le, smiling on the youth. "I will now at once write to my old friend Mrs. Sew, who has the best practice as a Go-between in the district, and who knows more about the youths and maidens than a great many of their own parents do."

When Ming returned to his study after this interview, he fell into a reverie in which he pictured to himself the delights of being constantly in the society of a beauty such as one of those of whom he had occasionally caught glimpses through the blinds of their sedan-chairs; and, if such a one could only write verses, he felt that his cup would be full.

Meanwhile Mrs. Le retired to her room, and, taking pencil in hand, addressed the following note to the redoubtable match-maker Mrs. Sew:—

"My unworthy son, though grown up, has not as yet achieved wedded harmony. I know, most respected lady, that you delight in pairing the youths and the maids of the harems, and in thus dissipating the coldness of their existences. If you could establish an alliance firm as a tripod, and ally our house with that of the ex-Prefect Yang, your

* Confucius.

old companion would be grateful to you for ever. Begging you to help in this matter, I wish you boundless prosperity and continual joy."

Early the next morning, before Mrs. Le had quite completed her usual housekeeping arrangements, a messenger announced that Mrs. Sew was already on her way to pay her respects. Scarcely had the warning been given, when a sedan-chair bearing the expected guest stopped at the side-door leading to the ladies' apartments. Without a moment's delay, Mrs. Sew was conducted to the presence of Mrs. Le, who greeted her cordially. The match-maker was stout and comely, with laughing, bright eyes, and though her nose was, judged by a European standard, rather too flat, and her mouth too wide to be considered really pretty, yet taken as a whole she was a good-looking woman. Her manner, too, was cheery and confident, and she had a power of inspiring her clients with a profound belief in her skill and sincerity.

"For some time," she said, when the first greetings were over, "I have been expecting to receive from you some such pearl-like epistle as that which reached me last night; and, curiously enough, I had scarcely put down your letter when a servant brought me in a note from Mrs. Yang on the same subject. As I thought you would like to see what she says, I brought it with me. Between our two selves, Mrs. Yang is not a very wise woman, and her note, as you will see, is no more to be compared with the flowings of *your* pencil than anything I could write would be to the latest composition of your talented son. But read it for yourself."

Nothing loth, Mrs. Le took the note, and read as follows:—

"My daughter, though still young, is, let me tell you in confidence, anxious to have her feet tied with the red silk with which heaven connects the feet of brides and bridegrooms. Let me beseech you to act as a Go-between for me, and I shall eagerly await the result. He! he!"

"Well," said Mrs. Le, returning the note, "it is at all events fortunate that her daughter should be this way of thinking just now. But do tell me all you know of the Variegated Swallow; for though I have seen her, I have no very distinct recollection of her. But wait; I will send for my son, and you shall describe her to us both. Before he comes, however, let me ask you whether there is any reason, physical or otherwise, which might make the marriage objectionable."

"None whatever," replied Mrs. Sew; and the two ladies had scarcely finished a conversation carried on for a minute or two in an undertone when Le Ming entered. As the young man bowed his acknowledgment of the presence of the two ladies, Mrs. Sew cast upon him a scrutinising glance, which ended in a look of that kind of contemptuous amusement with which women of experience regard pedantic young men. After a few words leading up to the subject in hand, she said, addressing Ming, "And now let me tell you, young sir, something about the Variegated Swallow. I have known her all her life, and so can speak confidently about her. Her filial piety is renowned throughout the Prefecture; she

attends upon her parents in complete fulfilment of the *Book of Rites*; and though so learned a scholar as yourself might not consider her deeply versed in literature, she is yet well read, and has an art of striking off a copy of verses which is wonderful. Only last week I was remarking on the beauty of the view of the distant hills from their garden, and, quick as thought, she composed this couplet:—

> See, floating clouds enshroud the distant hills,
> Adown whose sides pour countless dazzling rills.

Then her appearance is perfect. Her eyebrows are arched like the rainbow; her complexion is as the mingled white and pink of the apple blossom; her lips are red as roses; her feet are veritable golden lilies; and she sways as she walks like a willow branch swinging in the wind. In a word, she is perfection; and a marriage between so ripe a scholar as yourself and so accomplished a maiden would, in truth, be as the marriage of a pair of phœnixes."

It was impossible that Ming could be otherwise than moved by the description of such excellences, and the interview ended with a cordially expressed wish on his part that Mrs. Sew might be successful in her negotiations. Thus far all was well, and the match-maker started in prosecution of her mission to the Variegated Swallow's parents in high spirits, which were by no means lessened when, on arriving, she found Mrs. Yang was already a keen partisan of young Le Ming. The Variegated Swallow also, who joined in their deliberations, and who seen by the light of nature, and not through Mrs. Sew's rose-coloured spectacles, or through the medium of Mrs. Le's doubtful recollection, appeared as a very ordinary-looking young woman, with a heavy expression of face, and a somewhat stout unwieldy figure, assented with alacrity to endow the young graduate with her abundant person. The only other member of the family concerned—the ex-Prefect—after some inquiries as to the probability of young Ming obtaining employment in the Mandarinate, and as to the provision which Mr. Le was willing to make for the young couple, on both of which points Mrs. Sew satisfied him by drawing on her sanguine imagination, solemnly gave his consent to the proposed alliance, and finally arranged with Mrs. Sew that on receiving notice from her at any time during the next few days, he would be ready to receive the messenger who, according to custom, should be the bearer of a formal proposal from Mr. Le.

With this favourable response Mrs. Sew hurried back to Mrs. Le, not altogether without some misgivings as to what Ming would think of his bride when he should lift her veil on the wedding-day. "If she had only cut a slice or two off her waist to mix with her mother's broth, instead of from her thigh, she would have come nearer my description of her," she said to herself, as she was carried through the streets in her sedan. But, after all, she consoled herself with the reflection that bridegrooms are not over particular, and that Ming did not appear likely to

be very observant. Mrs. Le was, she found, awaiting her return in full dress. Her hair was stiffened out with bandoline, and gay with bright-headed hairpins and gaudy flowers. Her face was thickly covered with cosmetics, and her lips were painted a ruddy red. She wore a handsomely embroidered dress, which only half concealed a many-coloured plaited petticoat, beneath which her crippled, bandaged feet appeared, as she tottered rather than walked forward to receive her guest. Mrs. Sew's complacent expression of face as she returned Mrs. Le's greeting at once assured that lady that she was the bearer of good news. Eagerly Mrs. Le listened to all that had passed at the interview, and nothing that had been said which was complimentary lost anything in Mrs. Sew's recital. After communicating the news to Mr. Le, it was determined that he should send a formal proposal on the following day at noon, and that Mrs. Sew should take a message to the ex-Prefect to that effect.

As soon as Mrs. Sew had taken her leave, a family council was held, to which Ming was summoned. The proceedings of the last two days had added considerably to his sense of self-importance, which had already been sufficiently developed by his success as a scholar, and he entered the family hall with a swagger and a conceited air which fairly reflected the condition of his mind. He listened with an expression of approval to his father's account of the negotiations, and then replied: "My gratitude is boundless for the infinite trouble you are taking on behalf of your unworthy son, and I can assure you that it will be the endeavour of this little one to insist on my future wife paying every respect to you, my exalted parents. But let me remind you that, being now a Sew-tsai,* more is expected of me in the matter of ceremonial than from one who has not conquered in the examination halls"—Mr. Le here rather winced as he thought of the three ineffectual attempts he had made years ago to win a bachelor's robe—"and I would therefore pray you that in every respect the marriage rites as laid down in the Ritual of the Great Pure Dynasty may be followed on this occasion. I have just been looking over the chapters relating to the subject, and I find that the next step will be for you, honourable sir, to send a messenger with a letter of proposal to the lady's father."

"I am quite aware of the fact," said the old man testily; "and you may be sure that nothing will be done which could by any possibility be considered derogatory to your position as a Sew-tsai. I have already requested your cousin Chang Kin, 'the Golden,' to act as my ambassador, and, if you like, you may be present when I give him directions to-morrow at noon."

Of this permission Ming availed himself, partly out of a desire to see that the prescribed etiquette was really carried out, and partly out of a wish to display again his uniform as a graduate. On entering the hall at the appointed hour, he found that careful preparations had been made

* A holder of a bachelor's degree.

for the ceremony. The room had been swept and garnished, and the r
hangings which adorned the divan and the chairs were new and brillia
He had scarcely time to notice these particulars when his cousin w
ushered in, dressed like himself in the full canonicals of a Sew-tsai, a
with whom he exchanged ceremonial greetings. Almost immediate
afterwards, Mr. Le entered, attired in robes of the finest silks, b
lacking those insignia of scholarship or of office which are so dear to t
hearts of Chinamen. Having bowed to the young men, he advanced
slow, Confucian steps to the east side of the hall, while young Cha
who had evidently been drilled for the occasion, took up a position
the west side, facing him. They then both advanced, and Mr. Le, wi
an obeisance, gave the letter to his nephew, at the same time describi
to him its contents and requesting him to hand it to the ex-Prefect Ya
together with the presents which he confided to his care. With ma
bows, Chang the Golden retired from the hall, and, entering his sed
was borne swiftly to his destination.

Not so swiftly, however, but that a messenger had preceded him
announce his approach to the ex-Prefect's aide-de-camp, who was awaiti
his arrival in the outer courtyard. The instant the messenger can
word was sent in to the ex-Prefect, who reached the front door just
Chang the Golden's sedan arrived in front of it. "*Lai lo!*" (he h
come!) shouted the porters, as they threw open the central doors; a
at the same time the ex-Prefect stepped outside to receive the welco
guest. A small knot of spectators, who, attracted by the evident p
parations which had been made, had collected to see who the expect
stranger could be, were greatly edified at the low bows which we
exchanged by the host and his guest, and by the glimpse they caught
the easy courtesy with which Mr. Yang ushered young Chang throu
the outer courtyard, before the heavy doors were again swung back
their faces.

The house had been in the possession of the head of the Yang cl
for many generations, and was of considerable pretensions. In the ou
courtyard, on the east and west sides of which were servants' roo
stood a number of ornamental shrubs in immense wooden tubs, while
the middle there splashed a fountain. A passage through a hall at t
northern end of this courtyard led into another which was gay wi
flowers, and at the northern end of which was the hall to which M
Yang conducted his guest, followed by the aide-de-camp and two or th
servants in full official livery. On reaching the middle of the ha
Chang the Golden, who had entered on the left of his host, faced ea
wards and handed to him Le's letter, at the same time briefly describi
its contents, while the servants spread the ceremonial gifts on a ta
especially prepared for the occasion. Mr. Yang, having made an ob
sance northwards towards the family altar, took the letter with a de
reverence from Chang, who bowed and made as though he would reti
saying, "I will trouble you no further, but beg to be allowed to depar

The aide-de-camp, however, here stepped forward, and invited him to a room at the side of the courtyard, where he besought him to stay his footsteps for a few minutes. The young men were acquaintances of long standing, and the half-hour they now spent in each other's company passed quickly enough in conversation over the coming event, accompanied by sips of tea and whiffs of their tobacco-pipes.

Meanwhile Mr. Yang, having first laid the letter upon a table before the family altar, again raised it, and, opening the envelope, read as follows:—

"My unworthy son's name is Ming, and, bowing his head, he pays his respects to you.

"Respectfully I beg that your Excellency may deign to be kind, and not reject these cold and mean advances, but may listen to the proposal of the Go-between, and be pleased to bestow your beloved daughter in marriage on the son of your servant. Let us, I beseech you, fulfil the ritual to the letter, and respectfully cast the horoscopes of your honourable daughter and my unworthy son, that by faithful attention to the wedding ceremonies we may weld together a compact which shall unite our families for a century to come. I send herewith a few paltry presents, in accordance with usage, and I pray your Excellency to cast the light of your countenance upon them. I will say no more, but merely append the date of my son's birth, which was at the hour of the Rat (between 11 P.M. and 1 A.M.), on the 7th day of the 9th month of the 10th year of the reign of Heen-fung (1860)."

In a short invocation Mr. Yang informed the spirits of his deceased ancestors of the contents of the letter, and of his intention to accept the proposal for his daughter's hand; and with a prayer for their blessing on the union, and a prostration before the altar, he returned to his study, where, taking pencil in hand, he wrote this reply:—

"Humbly I rejoice that you have listened to the words of the Go-between, and have selected the daughter of your slave to be the bride of your honourable heir. I quite agree with you that we should proceed in accordance with the rites, and thus cement an alliance which shall last for all time. I am perfectly ashamed to offer in exchange for your lustrous presents the paltry turnip-like things which I now venture to send, and upon which I beg that you will deign to cast a glance. My daughter was born at the hour of the Dragon (between 7 A.M. and 9 A.M.), on the 21st day of the 3rd month of the 4th year of the reign of Tung-che (1865)."

This epistle, which was written on delicately-tinted sheets of paper on which were stamped sprays of plum-blossom, the emblems of marriage, having been enfolded in a handsome envelope to match, was carried by Mr. Yang to the hall, whither the aide-de-camp had already reconducted Chang the Golden. Here the principals took up the same positions as before, and, with a profound bow, the ex-Prefect handed the document to Chang, who received it with every expression of respect, and, having

given it into the charge of a servant, begged leave to retire. This he well knew Mr. Yang would not allow, and was prepared with an acceptance when his host invited him to a repast in the outer hall. As a matter of course, though not until he had protested vehemently, Chang the Golden occupied the seat of honour on the left of his host. The sweetmeats and viands were all good, and the wine was excellent; so that, although Mr. Yang was not a man after the Golden One's heart, that worthy succeeded in enjoying himself. Love for the Confucian classics was the only bond of union between the two men. The one was by nature cold and austere, and, having spent many years in official life, his natural reserve had grown upon him until he had become as uncommunicative a man as it was possible to meet with. Chang, on the other hand, was of a rollicking nature, and found an even greater delight in a convivial supper than in a chapter of the *Confucian Analects*. After a few vain attempts to break the ice, Chang determined to devote his attention to his plate and cup, and so gratifying were their contents to his taste that it was with some unwillingness that, when the wine had been passed round thrice, he rose to take his leave. With much formality Mr. Yang conducted him to the door, and bade him adieu, with many bows, at the side of his sedan-chair.

Mr. Le was delighted with the account brought back by Chang of the reception he had met with from Mr. Yang, and having read that gentleman's answer he spread it on the family altar for the information of those unseen but ever present members of his household who, though dead, yet spake, and who were as real and living personages in the imagination of the worshipper as when they walked the halls of the family dwelling in corporeal form. An inward consciousness assured him that these guardians of his household approved of the proposed alliance, and he therefore at once sent for a Taouist priest to cast the horoscope of the youthful couple from their nativities. Mr. Yang followed also exactly the same course, and, as it happened, sent for another priest of Taou from the same temple. By a private understanding these worthies, having extracted the largest possible amounts from their patrons by means of threatened difficulties, agreed to a favourable report on the destinies of the young people. They further earned an additional fee by choosing a lucky day for the interchange of a formal engagement. At one moment there was a danger that this might never be entered upon, for on the very day after the horoscopes had been cast, Mrs. Le, in dusting her china ornaments, dropped from her hands one of her most cherished bowls, and broke it into a thousand pieces. Horror-stricken at the ill omen, she was at first inclined to forbid the banns, but in talking the matter over with her less superstitious husband, it was agreed between them that the marriage offered so many positive advantages that it would be a pity to break it off for an idea; so the incident was suppressed, and Mr. Le set about preparing the presents which were to be the seal of the engagement.

With great care he chose with the help of his wife six silken dresses befitting the Variegated Swallow's future rank as wife of a Sew-tsai, six ornaments consisting of bangles and earrings, and eight boxes of cakes. Having carefully packed these in red lacquer boxes, each inscribed with a complex character meaning "double happiness," he despatched them, borne by servants dressed in red tunics, together with a pair of engagement cards, adorned with a dragon and a phœnix, and a complimentary letter addressed to the ex-Prefect, all of which he again entrusted to the care of Chang the Golden. After another formal interview and silent meal the ambassador was glad to hurry back, bearing a suitable reply to the more congenial household of his principal, where a place was kept for him at the dinner which was spread to celebrate the engagement.

A few days later another procession left the Le mansion. This time Chang the Golden's sedan-chair was followed by another, and a larger band of red-tunicked men bearing on bamboo poles red lacquer boxes containing ladies' ornaments and nick-nacks, a couple of wild geese, a sheep and jars of wine. On his arrival at Mr. Yang's house he was met by that gentleman as at other times at the doorway, and was conducted to the hall, where, after a few complimentary remarks, Mr. Yang begged that he would name a day for the marriage. In answer to this cue Chang produced from the folds of a red cloth a letter which Mr. Yang, having first laid on the family altar, opened and read as follows:—

"Humbly and joyfully I congratulate myself that your Excellency has given your consent to the marriage of your beloved daughter to my unworthy son, who is now longing to go forth to meet her. Let me, therefore, beseech your Excellency to choose a fortunate day for their nuptials. Should you not already have determined upon one, I venture to suggest the 15th day of the 9th month of the present year. I beg to hand you herewith a few trifling presents, and trust that they may not be utterly beneath your notice."

Exactly the same formalities were observed in the delivery of this letter as on the former occasion, and after a similar delay in the aide-de-camp's room and a repetition of the same ceremonious repast, Chang the Golden returned to Mr. Le bearing this reply:—

"Prostrate I received your felicitous commands. The emblematic geese* are in my cold hall. But I long for a respite, for the thought of the separation from my daughter is more than I can bear. I pray you to overlook my shame, and to receive kindly my contemptible presents. As to the time you name for the marriage, I should not dare to oppose your decision, but listen reverently for your orders to assist as may be necessary. On my knees I beseech you to look down on this epistle."

As the eighth month was already far advanced, not much time was left to the parents of the young people for the completion of

* Emblems of *conjugal fidelity*.

all the necessary arrangements; and while the Variegated Swallow, her sisters, female cousins, and servants daily wept with loud lamentations at the prospect of her removal from her old home, Le Ming was entertaining his friends in a series of banquets. On the day immediately preceding the wedding, a procession of porters arrived at Mr. Le's door, bearing on open trays the trousseau of the bride, together with a basket, a broom, curtains, cushions, a mattress, and other things for domestic use. These objects were both numerous and handsome, and as the procession had paraded the principal streets on its route, the people in the neighbourhood had ample opportunities of admiring the liberality of Mr. Yang.

Just as the evening was closing in, a letter was brought to Ming by a travelling merchant who said he had been strictly enjoined to give it into the hands of Ming by a gentleman whose name he had forgotten, at a town he had stopped at for the night two days before. He added that he should be starting on his return by the same road the next morning, and that if Ming would send an answer to his inn, it should be faithfully delivered. Ming recognised the handwriting as that of his former companion, and competitor in the examination halls, Wang, who, having failed to take his degree, had entered his uncle's bank in a neighbouring prefecture as accountant. Glad to find that his friend had not forgotten him, Ming opened the envelope and read as follows:—

"I rejoice that the male and female phœnixes sing in harmony, and that you are within reach of the feathery verdure of the matrimonial peach, and within sight of the river's banks. May every joy attend you. Let not any coldness or backwardness on your part mar your joys, and may heaven and earth combine to give you progeny. And now I pray that the heavenly chanticleer * may delay his crowing, and that the river drum † may not break in upon your slumbers."

Ming, who was in high good humour, was delighted at receiving the good wishes of his friend, and without loss of time he retired to his study and thus wrote in reply:—

"It is true that I have now harmoniously arranged a well-assorted marriage, and that the silken threads which entwined our feet have done their work. It now, therefore, only remains for me to hope that, as the ode says, 'the dawn may be darkened.' I was overcome with gratitude when I read your letter, the words of which are engraved on my heart. I thank you for the wish it contains that the heavenly chanticleer may forget to crow, and that the river drum may leave me undisturbed. Did these wishes originate from a recollection of a similar period in your own existence? Hah, hah!"

It was late before the last light was put out at Le's house, while at Yang's the friends of the bride wailed without ceasing throughout the

* This is an allusion to the belief that the cocks are set crowing each morning by a heavenly chanticleer, who crows at earliest dawn.

† *The morning star.*

night. As to the bride herself, she was sent off to bed early in preparation for the morrow. But at early dawn the servants and workpeople in both houses were astir. Mr. Le had portioned off two courtyards, which adjoined the principal buildings of his mansion, for his son's use, and to these rooms the carpenters and upholsterers had given their final touches on the previous evening. On the wedding morning the servants took possession and devoted their first care to the preparation of the wedding feast. In the private apartment they set out two tables, one facing east and the other west, on which they placed fruit, vegetables, a jar of wine, four cups, and the wedding goblet. The legs of the two tables they bound together with threads of red silk, and on the threads they hung two silver bells to tinkle sweet harmony.

All these and other preparations occupied the greater part of the day, and as the evening advanced, Ming, who was already dressed in full canonicals, was summoned to the family hall, where he found his father awaiting him. Having graciously received the homage of his son, Mr. Le handed him, while yet on his knees, "the parting cup," filled with the choicest wine of Soochow. This Ming drained to the dregs, and returned empty to the ever present Chang the Golden, who stood by ready to take it. "And now, my son," said his father, "as you wish to go in person to receive your bride, go forth, and may every blessing attend you. As soon as you have crossed the threshold I shall betake myself to the family altar, there to inform the spirits of my ancestors of the events of this day." "I obey," replied Ming, and rising from his knees he went out, followed by Chang Kin carrying a pair of live wild geese under his arms, for Ming was determined to have the real thing, and none of the artificial symbols common on such occasions. Before the front door the wedding procession had already been duly marshalled. In front were twelve drummers and musicians, behind these stood two servants carrying lighted candles, for by this time it was dusk, next came Ming's and Chang's horses, followed by servants and banner-men, and last of all came the bride's sedan-chair, richly carved, adorned with many colours and bright with gay fringes. As Ming mounted his steed and the procession started, the musicians struck up a sonorous and appropriate air, which attracted a crowd of sightseers along the route.

Meanwhile the Variegated Swallow had been going through the formalities proper to the occasion. After having been attired in her wedding garments by the professional Instructress of matrimony, who had been engaged for the occasion, she also went to receive a parting cup at the hand of her father; but, less fortunate than Ming, she was doomed to listen on her knees to a long lecture on the duties of her new position, in which implicit obedience to the orders of her husband and dutiful attention to her father and mother-in-law were duly insisted upon. This exhortation ended, her mother had scarcely time to say a few words of supplementary wisdom when a servant came to say that the bridegroom's procession was approaching. Instantly the ex-Prefect hurried to the front

door, while the bride betook herself again to her bedroom to add the last finishing touches to her dress. The meeting between Mr. Yang and Ming, as the latter dismounted from his horse, was ceremonious and cordial, and the ex-Prefect lavished most unusual compliments on his guest, who, with a wild-goose under each arm, had some difficulty in performing the necessary bows as he accompanied his host to the hall of audience. The scene at this moment was bustling and bright. The courtyard was full of the male friends of the Yang family, all dressed in their most brilliant robes, while those among them who were or had been holders of office wore on their caps the coloured buttons of their ranks, to which, in the cases of some who had distinguished themselves, were attached peacocks' feathers of one, two, or three "eyes," according as the wearers had earned a greater or less amount of the Emperor's approval. Inside the hall, under the glazed tiles and upturned corners of the roof, were visible the rich red hangings of the furniture, the delicate tracery and exquisite carving of the doorway and numerous priceless curiosities arranged artistically about the room, while countless servants moved to and fro bearing the nuptial gifts bought by the guests and attending to the wants of all.

Through this throng the ex-Prefect led Ming up the steps into the hall. All eyes were now turned to the two men as they walked with measured pace to the centre of the hall and stopped. The ex-Prefect, with a slight inclination of his head, then turned towards Ming, who still kept his face northwards, while Chang the Golden, taking the geese from Ming's arms, quickly tied their legs together with red silk, and placed them in position on the ground. Mr. Yang's aide-de-camp now stepped forward, and with a bow presented a goblet of wine to Ming, who poured from it a libation to the bound birds, accompanying the action with a kow-tow towards the family altar.

At this moment from behind the screen which concealed the doorway at the northern end of the hall, entered the Variegated Swallow, whose features and even form were completely hidden under a red silken veil which at the last moment the Instructress had thrown over her head. This veil made Ming as invisible to her as she was to him, and it was only, therefore, by the guidance of her two attendants, who supported her one on each side, that she was able to advance and bow in the direction of the spot where her future husband stood. While Ming was gazing with eager curiosity on the figure before him, the attendants cried in chorus, "Bridegroom, bow; your bride departs." Thus recalled to a sense of his duties, Ming returned the poor Variegated Swallow's reverence, and, inviting her to accompany him, left the hall, followed by his bride. On reaching the doorway the bride's two attendants, who had been particularly selected for the office as being "women of luck" with husbands and children living, lifted the helpless Variegated Swallow into the chair and carefully shut the door. Again the chorus chanted, "Bridegroom, mount your horse and go before the

chair;" and, again obedient to the cue, Ming did as he was bidden. At the same moment the procession started on its return journey, the musicians in front performing an air of triumph. Only one addition was made to the cavalcade, and that was the sedan-chair of the bride's youngest brother, which followed immediately behind his sister's more gorgeous conveyance.

On arriving at the door of his house Ming dismounted and stood ready to receive his bride, whose sedan was carried to the door between the lines of musicians and bannermen, who on halting had formed up on either side of the road. As the chair was deposited, Ming stepped forward rather nervously and tapped the door of the chair with his fan. The summons was answered by the Instructress, who opened the door and handed out the trembling Variegated Swallow, who was still enshrouded in her impenetrable veil. With the help of an attendant the Instructress lifted her bodily over a pan of lighted charcoal which stood on the threshold, while at the same time a servant went through the form of offering her some rice and preserved fruits. At one time Ming had intended to receive the homage of his bride on entering the house, as was the custom of the neighbourhood, but not finding any sanction for the practice in the *Rituals*, he determined to dispense with it; and he, therefore, at once conducted his bride to the ancestral hall where already the attendants had spread two prayer mats on the floor. As Ming took up his position on the eastern mat, the Instructress led the Variegated Swallow to the western mat, and at a signal from the master of the ceremonies the pair fell on their knees before the ancestral altar, while Ming repeated the following invocation:—

"The relation of man and wife is that of the highest importance, and of all the rites marriage is the most estimable, since from it flow successive generations. Acting on my father's command I have married Yang-Tsai-yen, and in obedience to the lots cast before the altars of our respective ancestors we have on this day completed the ceremony. We now offer up this information to you, beseeching you, at the same time, to help, and bestow your gifts upon, this well-ordered house and harmonious family."

At a word from the master of the ceremonies the pair now rose to their feet, and again at another word of command prostrated themselves in humble adoration to heaven and earth. Again they rose, and once more knelt to call down the blessings of the household gods on their union. This concluded the religious part of the ceremony, and as the day had been a long one and the formalities endless, even Ming, ritualist as he was, was glad to think that they had nearly performed their task. As for the poor Variegated Swallow, whose cramped feet made every movement wearisome, and whose long silken veil effectually excluded every breath of air, she was well nigh ready to sink down from heat and fatigue. Gladly, therefore, they retired to their private apartment, where, though servants were constantly bustling in and out guided by

the orders of the Instructress, they were to be allowed a few minutes' respite. An additional interest also attached to the adjournment in Ming's eyes, as now for the first time he was to see the face of his bride.

The apartment was a large one. In the centre were placed the two tables which had already been prepared facing one another, while against the back wall stood the mat-covered bedstead which, denuded as it was of all bed furniture with the exception of the curtains, looked less like a bedstead than a divan, the purpose of which it was now intended to serve, and for which it might have been mistaken had it not been for various mottoes hung about it, such as "May a hundred sons and a thousand grandsons be your portion." Slowly, too slowly for Ming's impatience, the Instructress led the Variegated Swallow to the back of the tables and slowly lifted the veil from her head, when she stood revealed before her husband. The moment was a trying one. Custom had forbidden her to paint or adorn her face in any way. No henna gave lustre to her eyes, or relieved the black rims which fatigue had imprinted around them. No rouge added colour to her pale cheeks, nor was there a trace of powder to conceal the somewhat yellow tinge which the heat of the day and the natural bilious hue of her complexion had together produced. Conscious of the disadvantages under which she appeared, and naturally nervous at having to face Ming's inspection, the poor Variegated Swallow looked shy and awkward, and was once or twice on the point of bursting into tears. Ming on his part was certainly disillusioned, but he was not much accustomed to the presence of young ladies. His two sisters were the only maidens of his own rank with whom he had ever been brought into contact, and nature had not endowed them bountifully. It was true that he had occasionally caught glimpses in the streets and temples of ladies very unlike his sisters in appearance; but they had always seemed to him as something visionary, whereas here was his bride standing before him in very substance, and being a young man of a kindly disposition he felt compassion for the nervous shyness of the poor trembling maiden. He spoke to her encouragingly and cordially, therefore, and seated her on the bedstead divan. The Instructress watched this process with superstitious eyes, and remarked with inward satisfaction that the Variegated Swallow had seated herself on the lappet of Ming's robe.

"Dull as she undoubtedly is," said the Instructress to herself, "it is plain that she has sense enough to rule in *this* house."

At this moment the servants announced that the feast was ready, and Ming sat down at the eastern table opposite his bride. In the courtyard, outside the open doors of the apartment, tables were spread for the guests, who had no sooner taken their places than there broke forth a continual clatter of chopsticks, wine cups, and conversation, after the manner of wedding feasts. The appearance and conduct of the bride were freely observed and criticised, and as etiquette forbade her to eat anything, she had to go through the trial of sitting motionless,

to endure the gaze of her husband opposite and of the guests in the courtyard. As soon as Ming's appetite was appeased, the Instructress presented him with the wedding goblet in which to pledge his bride, who in her turn received the same goblet, replenished, from the hands of Chang the Golden, and timidly returned the pledge of her husband. With this ceremony the feast came to an end and the newly married pair rose from the table. The Variegated Swallow betook herself to the divan, and Ming, after exchanging a few words with her, went out to join the revellers in the courtyard. As he passed out of the door it was shut behind him by the Instructress, who remained in full possession to make such alterations as were necessary to fit the room for its original purpose.

The presence of Ming added zest to the revel in the courtyard, which was by this time becoming rather tame. To have the bridegroom in person at whom to launch their jokes and sallies was the vinegar to the salad of their wit, while his somewhat clumsy attempts to answer their attacks served only to stimulate their mirth. Altogether this part of the entertainment was not, in Ming's opinion, a success, and he was by no means sorry to bid adieu to the last guest. Tired though he was, however, his countenance brightened and his spirits rose as he turned towards his bride's apartment. As he entered the room the Instructress was in the act of bidding good-night to the Variegated Swallow, who seemed unwilling to part from her only remaining link with her old home.

"You won't be far off?" she whispered.

"No," replied the Instructress; "I shall sleep on your doormat, so as to be at hand if you want me."

The faithful and weary woman was true to her word, and in five minutes the rays of the full moon shone through the lattice of the window on her sleeping form coiled up at the door of the bridal chamber.

R. K. D.

Bacchus in Graubünden.

I.

Some years' residence in the Canton of the Grisons made me familiar with all sorts of Valtelline wine: with masculine but rough *Inferno*, generous *Forzato*, delicate *Sassella*, harsher *Montagner*, the raspberry flavour of *Grumello*, the sharp invigorating twang of *Villa*. The colour, ranging from garnet to almandine or ruby, told me the age and quality of wine; and I could judge from the crust it forms upon the bottle whether it had been left long enough in wood to ripen. I had furthermore arrived at the conclusion that the best Valtelline can only be tasted in cellars of the Engadine or Davos, where this vintage matures slowly in the mountain air, and takes a flavour unknown at lower levels.

In a word, it had amused my leisure to make or think myself a connoisseur. My literary taste was tickled by the praise bestowed in the Augustan age on Rhætic grapes by Virgil:

> Et quo te carmine dicam,
> Rhætica? nec cellis ideo contende Falernis.

I piqued myself on thinking that could the poet but have drunk one bottle at Samaden—where Stilicho, by the way, in his famous recruiting expedition, may perhaps have drunk it—he would have been less chary in his panegyric. For the point of inferiority on which he seems to insist—namely, that Valtelline wine does not keep well in cellar—is only proper to this vintage in the lower and inferior air of Lombardy.

Such meditations led my fancy on the path of history. Is there truth, then, in the dim tradition that this mountain land was colonised by Etruscans? Is Ras the root of Rhætia? The Etruscans were accomplished wine-growers, we know. It was their Montepulciano which drew the Gauls to Rome, if Livy can be trusted. Perhaps they first planted the vine in Valtelline. Perhaps its superior culture in that district may be due to ancient use surviving in a secluded Alpine valley. One thing is certain, that the peasants of Sondrio and Tirano understand viticulture better than the Italians of Lombardy.

Then my thoughts ran on to the period of modern history when the Grisons seized the Valtelline in lieu of war-pay from the Dukes of Milan. For some three centuries they held it as a subject province. From the Rath-Haus at Davos or Chur they sent their nobles—Von Salis and Buol, Planta and Sprecher von Bernegg—across the hills, as governors or podestàs to Poschiavo, Sondrio, Tirano, and Morbegno. In those old

days the Valtelline wines came duly every winter over snow-deep passes, to fill the cellars of the Signori Grigioni. That quaint traveller, Tom Coryat, in his so-called *Crudities*, notes the custom early in the seventeenth century. And as that custom then obtained, it still subsists with little alteration. The wine-carriers—*wein-führer*, as they are called—first scaled the Bernina pass, halting then, as now perhaps, at Poschiavo and Pontresina. Afterwards, in order to reach Davos, the pass of the Scaletta rose before them—a wilderness of untracked snow-drifts. The country-folk still point to narrow light hand-sledges, on which the casks were charged before the last pitch of the pass. Some of the wine came, no doubt, on pack-saddles. A meadow in front of the Dischma-Thal, where the pass ends, still bears the name of the Ross-Weid, or horse-pasture. It was here that the beasts of burden used for this wine-service rested after their long labours. In favourable weather the whole journey from Tirano would have occupied at least four days, with scanty halts at night.

The Valtelline slipped from the hands of the Grisons early in this century. It is rumoured that one of the Von Salis family negotiated matters with Napoleon, more for his private benefit than for the interests of the State. However this may have been, when the Graubünden became a Swiss canton after four centuries of sovereign independence, the whole Valtelline passed to Austria, and so eventually to Italy. According to modern and just notions of nationality, this was right. In their period of power, the Grisons masters had treated their Italian dependencies with harshness. The Valtelline is an Italian valley, connected with the rest of the peninsula by ties of race and language. It is, moreover, geographically linked to Italy by the great stream of the Adda, which takes its rise upon the Stelvio, and, after passing through the Lake of Como, swells the valley of the Po.

But, though politically severed from the Valtelline, the Engadiners and Davosers have not dropped their old habit of importing its best produce. What they formerly levied as masters, they now acquire by purchase. The Italian revenue derives a large profit from the frontier dues paid at the gate between Tirano and Poschiavo, on the Bernina road. Much of the same wine enters Switzerland by another route, travelling from Sondrio to Chiavenna, and across the Splügen. Until quite recently the wine itself could scarcely be found outside the canton. It was indeed quoted upon Lombard wine-lists, yet no one drank it; and when I tasted it at Milan, I found it quite unrecognisable. The fact seems to be that the Graubündeners alone know how to deal with it; and, as I have hinted, the wine requires a mountain climate for its full development.

II.

The district where the wine of Valtelline is grown extends, roughly speaking, from Tirano to Morbegno, a distance of some fifty-four miles. The best sorts come from the middle of this region. High up in the

valley, soil and climate are alike less favourable. Low down, a coarser earthier quality springs from fat land where the valley broadens. The northern hill-sides to a very considerable height above the river are covered with vineyards. The southern slopes, on the left bank of the Adda, lying more in shade, yield but little. Inferno, Grumello, and Perla di Sassella are the names of famous vineyards. Sassella is the general name for a large tract. Buying an Inferno, Grumello, or Perla di Sassella wine, it would be absurd to suppose that one obtained it precisely from the eponymous estate. But as each of these vineyards yields a marked quality, which is taken as standard-giving, the produce of the whole district may be broadly classified as approaching more or less nearly to one of these accepted types. The Inferno, Grumello, and Perla di Sassella of commerce are therefore three sorts of good Valtelline, ticketed with famous names to indicate certain differences of quality. Montagner, as the name implies, is a somewhat lighter wine, grown higher up, in the hill-vineyards. And of this class there are many species, some approximating to Sassella in delicacy of flavour, others approaching the tart lightness of the Villa vintage. This last takes its title from a village in the neighbourhood of Tirano, where a table-wine is chiefly grown.

Forzato is the strongest, dearest, longest-lived of this whole family of wines. It is manufactured chiefly at Tirano; and, as will be understood from its name, does not profess to belong to any one of the famous localities. Forzato, or Sforzato, "forced" or "enforced," is in fact a wine which has undergone a more artificial process. In German the people call it Stroh-wein, which also points to the method of its preparation. The finest grapes are selected and dried in the sun (hence the Stroh) for a period of eight or nine weeks. When they have almost become raisins, they are pressed. The must is heavily charged with sugar, and ferments powerfully. Wine thus made requires several years to ripen. Sweet at first, it takes at last a very fine quality and flavour, and is rough, almost acid, on the tongue. Its colour, too, turns from a deep rich crimson to the tone of tawny port, which indeed it much resembles.

Old Forzato, which has been long in cask, and then perhaps three years in bottle, will fetch at least six francs, or may rise to even ten francs, a flask. The best Sassella rarely reaches more than five francs. Good Montagner and Grumello can be had perhaps for four francs; and Inferno of a special quality for six francs. Thus the average price of old Valtelline wine may be taken as five francs a bottle. These, I should observe, are hotel prices.

Valtelline wines, bought in the wood, vary of course according to their age and year of vintage. I have found that from 2.50 fr. to 3.50 fr. per litre is a fair price for sorts fit to bottle. The new wine of 1881 sold in the following winter at prices varying from 1.05 fr. to 1.80 fr. per litre.

It is customary for the Graubünden wine-merchants to buy up tl

whole produce of a vineyard from the peasants at the end of the vintage. They go in person, or depute their agents to inspect the wine, make their bargains, and seal the cellars where the wine is stored. Then, when the snow has fallen, their own horses, with sleighs and trusted servants, go across the passes to bring it home. Generally they have some local man of confidence at Tirano, the starting-point for the homeward journey, who takes the casks up to that place, and sees them duly charged. Merchants of old standing maintain relations with the same peasants, taking their wine regularly, so that from Lorenz Gredig at Pontresina, or Andreas Gredig at Davos Dörfli, from Fanconi at Samaden, or from Giacomi at Chiavenna, special qualities of wine, the produce of certain vineyards, are to be obtained. Up to the present time this wine trade has been conducted with simplicity and honesty by both the dealers and the growers. One chief merit of Valtelline wine is that it is pure. How long so desirable a state of things will survive the slow but steady development of an export business, may be questioned.

III.

With so much practical and theoretical interest in the produce of the Valtelline to stimulate my curiosity, I determined to visit that district at the season when the wine was leaving it. It was the winter of 1881–2, a winter of unparalleled beauty in the high Alps. Day succeeded day without a cloud. Night followed night with steady stars gliding across clear mountain ranges, and forests of dark pines unstirred by wind. I could not hope for a more prosperous season; and indeed I made such use of it, that between the months of January and March I crossed six passes of the Alps in open sleighs—the Fluela, Bernina, Splügen, Julier, Maloja, and Albula—with less difficulty and discomfort in mid-winter than the traveller may often find on them in June.

At the end of January my friend Christian and I left Davos before the sun was up, and ascended for four hours through the interminable snow-drifts of the Fluela in a cold grey shadow. The sun's light seemed to elude us. It ran along the ravine through which we toiled; dipped down to touch the topmost pines above our heads; rested in golden calm upon the Schiahorn at our back; capriciously played here and there across the Weisshorn on our left, and made the precipices of the Schwartzhorn glitter on our right. But athwart our path it never fell until we reached the very summit of the pass. Then we passed quietly into the full glory of the winter morning: a tranquil flood of sunbeams piercing and penetrating air of crystal purity, frozen and motionless. White peaks and dark brown rocks soared up, cutting a sky of almost purple blueness. A stillness that might be felt brooded over the whole world; but in that stillness there was nothing sad, no suggestion of suspended vitality. It was the stillness rather of untroubled health, of strength omnipotent but unexerted.

From the Hochspitz of the Fluela the track plunges at one bound into the valley of the Inn, following a narrow cornice carved from the smooth bank of snow, and hung, without break or barrier, a thousand feet or more above the torrent. The summer road is lost in snowdrifts. The galleries built as a protection from avalanches, which sweep in rivers from those grim bare fells above, are blocked with snow. Their useless arches yawn as we glide over or outside them, by paths which instinct in our horse and driver traces. As a fly may creep along a house-roof, slanting downwards, we descend. One whisk from the swinged tail of an avalanche would hurl us, like a fly, into the ruin of the gaping gorge. But, this season, little snow has fallen on the higher hills, and what still lies there is hard frozen. Therefore we have no fear as we whirl fast and faster from the snow-fields into the black forests of gnarled cembras and wind-wearied pines. Then Süss is reached, where the Inn hurries its shallow waters clogged with ice-floes through a sleepy hamlet. The stream is pure and green; for the fountains of the glaciers are locked by winter frosts; and only clear rills from perennial sources swell its tide. At Süss we lost the sun, and toiled in garish gloom and silence, nipped by the ever-deepening cold of evening, upwards for four hours to Samaden.

The next day was spent in visiting the winter colony at San Moritz, where the Kulm Hotel, tenanted by some twenty guests, presented in its vastness the appearance of a noble country house. One of the prettiest spots in the world is the ice-rink fashioned by the skill of Herr Caspar Badrutt on a high-raised terrace commanding the valley of the Inn and the ponderous bulwarks of Bernina. The silhouettes of skaters, defined against that landscape of pure white, passed to and fro beneath a cloudless sky. Ladies sat and worked or read on seats upon the ice. Not a breath of wind was astir, and warm beneficent sunlight flooded the immeasurable air. Only, as the day declined, some iridescent films overspread the west; and just above Maloja the apparition of a mock sun—a well-defined circle of opaline light, broken at regular intervals by four globes—seemed to portend a change of weather. This forecast, fortunately, proved delusive. We drove back to Samaden across the silent snow, enjoying those delicate tints of rose and violet and saffron which shed enchantment for one hour over the white monotony of Alpine winter.

At half-past eight the next morning the sun was rising from behind Pitz Languard, as we crossed the Inn and drove through Pontresina in the glorious light, with all its huge hotels quite empty, and none but a few country folk abroad. Those who only know the Engadine in summer have little conception of its beauty. Winter softens the hard details of bare rock, and rounds the melancholy grassless mountain flanks, suspending icicles to every ledge and spangling the curved surfaces of snow with crystals. The landscape gains in purity, and, what sounds unbelievable, in tenderness. Nor does it lose in grandeur. Looking up the

valley of the Morteratsch that morning, the glaciers were distinguishable in hues of green and sapphire through their veil of snow; and the highest peaks soared in a transparency of amethystine light beneath a blue sky traced with filaments of windy cloud. Some storm must have disturbed the atmosphere in Italy; for fan-shaped mists frothed out around the sun and curled themselves about the mountains in fine feathery wreaths, melting imperceptibly into air, until, when we had risen above the cembras, the sky was one deep solid blue.

All that upland wilderness is lovelier now than in the summer; and on the morning of which I write, the air itself was far more summery than I have ever known it in the Engadine in August. We could scarcely bear to place our hands upon the woodwork of the sleigh, because of the fierce sun's heat. And yet the atmosphere was crystalline with windless frost. As though to increase the strangeness of these contrasts, the pavement of beaten snow was stained with red drops spilt from the wine-casks which pass over it.

The chief feature of the Bernina—what makes it a dreary pass enough in summer, but infinitely beautiful in winter—is its breadth; illimitable undulations of snowdrifts; immensity of open sky; unbroken lines of white descending in smooth curves from glittering ice-peaks. A glacier hangs in air above the frozen lakes, with all its green-blue ice-cliffs glistening in intensest light. Pitz Palu shoots aloft like sculptured marble, delicately veined with soft aërial shadows of translucent blue. At the summit of the pass all Italy seems to burst upon the eyes in those steep serried ranges, with their craggy crests violet-hued in noonday sunshine, as though a bloom of plum or grape had been shed over them, enamelling their jagged precipices.

The top of the Bernina is not always thus in winter. It has a bad reputation for the fury of invading storms, when falling snow hurtles together with sifted snow scooped from the drifts in eddies, and the welter-ing white sea shifts at the will of whirlwinds. The Hospice then may be tenanted for days together by weather-bound wayfarers; and a line, drawn close beneath its roof, shows how two years ago the whole building was buried in one snow-shroud. This morning we lounged about the door while our horses rested, and postilions and carters pledged one another in cups of new Veltiner.

The road takes an awful and sudden dive downwards, quite irrespective of the carefully engineered post-track. At this season the way is badly broken into juts and chasms by the wine traffic. In some places it was indubitably perilous: a narrow ledge of mere ice skirting thinly-clad hard-frozen banks of snow, which fell precipitately sideways for hundreds of sheer feet. We did not slip over this parapet, though we were often within an inch of doing so. Had our horse stumbled, it is not probable that I should have been writing this.

When we came to the galleries which defend the road from avalanches, we saw ahead of us a train of over forty sledges ascending, all

charged with Valtelline wine. Our postilions drew up at the inner side of the gallery, between massive columns of the purest ice dependent from the rough-hewn roof and walls of rock. A sort of open loggia carved from the cliff upon the further side, framed vignettes of the Valtelline mountains in their hard cerulean shadows and keen sunlight. Between us and the view defiled the wine-sledges; and as each went by, the men made us drink out of their *trinkotti*. These are oblong hexagonal wooden kegs, holding about fourteen litres, which the carter fills with wine before he leaves the Valtelline, to cheer him on the homeward journey. You raise it in both hands, and, when the bung has been removed, allow the liquor to flow streamwise down your throat. It was a most extraordinary Bacchic procession—a pomp which, though undreamed of on the banks of the Ilissus, proclaimed the deity of Dionysos in authentic fashion. Struggling horses, grappling at the iebound floor with sharp spiked shoes; huge, hoarse drivers, some clad in sheepskins from Italian valleys, some brown as bears in rough Graubünden homespun; casks, dropping their spilth of red wine on the snow; greetings, embracings, patois of Bergamo, Romansch and German roaring around the low-browed vaults and tingling ice-pillars; pourings forth of libations of the new strong Valtelline on breasts and beards;—the whole made up a scene of stalwart jollity and manful labour such as I have nowhere else in such wild circumstances witnessed. Many Davosers were there: the men of Andreas Gredig, Valär, and so forth. And all of these, on greeting Christian, forced us to drain a *schluck* from their unmanageable cruses. Then on they went, crying, creaking, struggling, straining through the corridor, which echoed deafeningly—the gleaming crystals of those hard Italian mountains in their winter raiment building a background of still beauty to the savage Bacchanalian riot of the team.

How little the visitors who make wry faces over Valtelline wine at S. Moritz or Davos, reflect by what strange ways it reaches them! A sledge can scarcely be laden with more than one cask of 300 litres on the ascent; and this cask, according to the state of the road, has many times to be shifted from wheels to runners and back again before the journey is accomplished. One carter will take charge of two horses, and consequently of two sledges and two casks, driving them both by voice and gesture rather than by rein. When they leave the Valtelline the carters endeavour, as far as possible, to take the pass in gangs, lest bad weather or an accident upon the road should overtake them singly. At night they hardly rest three hours, and rarely think of sleeping, but spend the time in drink and conversation. The horses are fed and littered; but for them too, the night-halt is little better than a baiting-time. In fair weather the passage of the mountain is not difficult, though trying. But woe to men and beasts alike if they encounter storms! Not a few perish in the passes; and it frequently happens that their only chance is to unyoke the horses and leave the sledges in a snow-wreath, seeking for themselves such shelter as may possibly be gained, frost-bitten, after

hours of battling with impermeable drifts. The wine is often frozen into one solid mass of rosy ice before it reaches Pontresina. This does not hurt the young vintage; but it is highly injurious to wine of some years' standing. The perils of the journey are aggravated by the savage temper of the drivers. Jealousies between the natives of rival districts spring up; and there are men alive who have fought the whole way down from Fluela Hospice to Davos Platz with knives and stones, hammers and hatchets, wooden staves and splintered cart-wheels, staining the snow with blood, and bringing broken pates, bruised limbs, and senseless comrades home to their women to be tended.

Bacchus Alpinus shepherded his train away from us to northward, and we passed forth into noonday from the gallery. It then seemed clear that both conductor and postilion were sufficiently merry. The plunge they took us down those frozen parapets, with shriek and *jauchzen* and cracked whips, was more than ever dangerous. Yet we reached La Rosa safely. This is a lovely solitary spot, beside a rushing stream, among grey granite boulders grown with spruce and rhododendron; a veritable Rose of Sharon blooming in the desert. The wastes of the Bernina stretch above; and round about are leaguered some of the most forbidding, sharp-toothed peaks I ever saw. Onwards, across the silent snow, we glided in immitigable sunshine, through opening valleys and pine-woods, past the robber huts of Pisciadella, until at evenfall we rested in the roadside inn at Poschiavo.

IV.

The snow-path ended at Poschiavo; and when, as usual, we started on our journey next day at sunrise, it was in a carriage upon wheels. Yet even here we were in full midwinter. Beyond Le Prese, the lake presented one sheet of smooth, black ice, reflecting every peak and chasm of the mountains, and showing the rocks and water-weeds in the clear, green depths below. The glittering floor stretched away for acres of untenanted expanse, with not a skater to explore those dark, mysterious caves, or strike across the slanting sunlight poured from clefts in the impendent hills. Inshore, the substance of the ice sparkled here and there with iridescence (like the plumelets of a butterfly's wing under the microscope) wherever light happened to catch the jagged or oblique flaws that veined its solid crystal. From the lake, the road descends suddenly for a considerable distance through a narrow gorge, following a torrent which rushes among granite boulders. Chestnut trees begin to replace the pines. The sunnier terraces are planted with tobacco; and at a lower level, vines appear at intervals in patches. One comes at length to a great red gate across the road, which separates Switzerland from Italy, and where the export dues on wine are paid. The Italian Custom-house is romantically perched above the torrent. Two courteous and elegant *finanzieri*, mere boys, were sitting wrapped in their military cloaks and reading novels in the sun, as we drove up.

Though they made some pretence of examining the luggage, they excused themselves with sweet smiles and apologetic eyes—it was a disagreeable duty!

A short time brought us to the first village in the Valtelline, where the road bifurcates northward to Bormio and the Stelvio pass, southward to Sondrio and Lombardy. It is a little hamlet, known by the name of La Madonna di Tirano, having grown up round a pilgrimage church of great beauty—tall Lombard bell-tower, pierced with many tiers of pilastered windows, ending in a whimsical spire, and dominating a fantastic cupola-building of the earlier Renaissance. Taken altogether, this is a charming bit of architecture, picturesquely set beneath the granite snow-peaks of the Valtelline. The church, they say, was raised at Madonna's own command to stay the tide of heresy descending from the Engadine; and in the year 1620 the bronze statue of St. Michael, which still spreads wide its wings above the cupola, looked down upon the massacre of six hundred Protestants and foreigners, commanded by the patriot Jacopo Robustelli.

From Madonna the road leads up the valley through a narrow avenue of poplar-trees to the town of Tirano. We were now in the district where Fornato is made; and every vineyard had a name and history. In Tirano we betook ourself to the house of an old acquaintance of the Buol family, Bernardo da Campo, or, as the Graubündeners call him, Bernard Campbèll. We found him at dinner with his son and grandchildren, in a vast, dark, bare Italian chamber. It would be difficult to find a more typical old Scotchman of the Lowlands than he looked, with his clean, close-shaven face, bright brown eyes, and snow-white hair escaping from a broad-brimmed hat. He might have sat to a painter for some Covenanter's portrait, except that there was nothing dour about him, or for an illustration to Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night." The air of probity and canniness combined, with a twinkle of dry humour, was completely Scotch; and when he tapped his snuff-box, telling stories of old days, I could not refrain from asking him about his pedigree. It should be said that there is a considerable family of Campells or Campbèlls in the Graubünden, who are fabled to deduce their stock from a Scotch Protestant of Zwingli's time; and this made it irresistible to imagine that in our friend Bernardo I had chanced upon a notable specimen of atavism. All he knew, however, was that his first ancestor had been a foreigner, who came across the mountains to Tirano two centuries ago.*

This old gentleman is a considerable wine-dealer. He sent us with his son, Giacomo, on a long journey underground through his cellars, where we tasted several sorts of Valtelline—especially the new Fornato, made a few weeks since, which singularly combines sweetness with

* The Grisons surname Campbèll may possibly derive from the Romansch Campo Bello. The founder of the house was one Kaspar Campell, who in the first half of the sixteenth century preached the Reformed religion in the Engadine.

strength and both with a slight effervescence. It is certainly the sort of wine wherewith to tempt a Polyphemus, and not unapt to turn a giant's head! Leaving Tirano, and once more passing through the poplars of Madonna, we descended the valley, all along the vineyards of Villa, and the vast district of Sassella. Here and there, at wayside inns, we stopped to drink a glass of some particular vintage; and everywhere it seemed as though God Bacchus were at home. The whole valley on the right side of the Adda is one gigantic vineyard, climbing the hills in tiers and terraces, which justifies its Italian epithet of *teatro di Bacco*. The rock is a greyish granite, assuming sullen brown and orange tints where exposed to sun and weather. The vines are grown on stakes, not trellised over trees or carried across boulders, as is the fashion at Chiavenna or Terlan. Yet every advantage of the mountain is adroitly used; nooks and crannies being specially preferred, where the sun's rays are deflected from hanging cliffs. The soil seems deep, and is of a dull yellow tone. When the vines end, brushwood takes up the growth, which expires at last in crag and snow. Some alps and châlets, dimly traced against the sky, are evidences that a pastoral life prevails above the vineyards. Pan there stretches the pine-thyrsus down to vine-garlanded Dionysos.

The Adda flows majestically among willows in the midst, and the valley is nearly straight. The prettiest spot, perhaps, is at Tresenda or S. Giacomo, where a pass from Edolo and Brescia descends from the southern hills. But the Valtelline has no great claim to beauty of scenery. Its chief town, Sondrio, where we supped and drank some special wine called *il vino de' Signori Grigioni*, has been modernised in dull Italian fashion.

V.

The hotel at Sondrio, La Maddalena, was in Carnival uproar of masquers, topers, and musicians, all night through. It was as much as we could do to rouse the sleepy servants and get a cup of coffee, ere we started in the frozen dawn. Long experience only confirms the first impression that of all cold, the cold of an Italian winter is most penetrating. As we lumbered out of Sondrio in a heavy diligence, I could have fancied myself back once again at Radicofani or among the Ciminian hills. The frost was penetrating. Fur-coats would not keep it out; and we longed to be once more in open sledges on Bernina rather than enclosed in that cold *coupé*. Now we passed Grumello, the second largest of the renowned vine-districts; and always keeping the white mass of Monte di Disgrazia in sight, rolled at last into Morbegno. Here the Valtelline vintage properly ends, though much of the ordinary wine is probably supplied from the inferior produce of these fields.

It was past noon when we reached Colico, and saw the Lake of Como glittering in sunlight—dazzling cloaks of snow on all the mountains, which look as dry and brown as dead beech-leaves at this season. Our Bacchic

journey had reached its close; and it boots not here to tell in detail how we made our way across the Splügen, piercing its avalanches, by low-arched galleries scooped from the solid snow, and careering in our sledges down perpendicular snow-fields, which no one who has crossed that pass from the Italian side in winter, will forget. We left the refuge-station at the top together with a train of wine-sledges, and passed them in the midst of the wild descent. Looking back, I saw two of their horses stumble in the plunge, and roll headlong over. Unluckily, in one of those somersaults a man was injured. Flung ahead into the snow by the first lurch, the sledge and wine-cask crossed him like a garden-roller. Had his bed been not of snow, he must have been crushed to death; and as it was, he presented a woeful appearance when he afterwards arrived at Splügen.

VI.

Though not strictly connected with the subject of this paper, I shall conclude these notes of winter wanderings in the High Alps with an episode which illustrates their curious vicissitudes.

It was late in the month of March; and nearly all the mountain roads were open for wheeled vehicles. A carriage and four horses came to meet us, at the termination of a railway journey, in Ragatz. We spent one day in visiting old houses of the Grisons aristocracy at Mayenfeld and Zizers, rejoicing in the early sunshine which had spread the fields with spring-flowers: primroses and oxlips, violets, anemones, and bright blue squills. At Chur we slept, and early next morning started for our homeward drive to Davos. Bad weather had declared itself in the night. It blew violently, and the rain soon changed to snow, frozen by a bitter north-blast. Crossing the dreary heath of Lenz was both magnificent and dreadful. By the time we reached Wiesen, all the forests were laden with snow, the roads deep in snow-drifts, the whole scene wintrier than it had been the winter through.

At Wiesen we should have stayed; for evening was fast setting in. But in ordinary weather it is only a two hours' drive from Wiesen to Davos. Our coachman made no objections to resuming the journey, and our four horses had but a light load to drag. So we telegraphed for supper to be prepared, and started between five and six.

A deep gorge has to be traversed, where the torrent cleaves its way between jaws of limestone precipices. The road is carried along ledges and through tunnels in the rock. Avalanches, which sweep this passage annually from the hills above, give it the name of Züge, or the Snow-Paths. As we entered the gorge, darkness fell, the horses dragged more heavily, and it soon became evident that our Tyrolese driver was hopelessly drunk. He nearly upset us twice by taking sharp turns in the road, banged the carriage against telegraph posts and jutting rocks, shaved the very verge of the torrent in places where there was no parapet, and, what was worst of all, refused to leave his box without a fight. The

darkness by this time was all but total, and a blinding snowstorm swept howling through the ravine. At length we got the carriage to a dead-stop, and floundered out in deep wet snow towards some wooden huts where miners in old days made their habitation. The place, by a curious, perhaps unconscious irony, is called Hoffnungsau, or the Meadow of Hope. Indeed it is not ill-named; for many wanderers, escaping, as we did, from the dreadful Gorge of Avalanches on a stormy night, may have felt, as we now felt, their hope reviving when they reached this shelter.

There was no light; nothing above, beneath, around, on any side, but tearing tempest and snow whirled through the ravine. The horses were taken out of the carriage; on their way to the stable (which fortunately in these mountain regions will be always found beside the poorest habitation) one of them fell back across a wall and nearly broke his spine. Hoffnungsau is inhabited all through the year. In its dismal, dark kitchen we found a knot of workmen gathered together, and heard there were two horses on the premises besides our own. It then occurred to us that we might accomplish the rest of the journey with such sledges as they bring the wood on from the hills in winter, if coal-boxes or boxes of any sort could be provided. These should be lashed to the sledges and filled with hay. We were only four persons; my wife and a friend should go in one, myself and my little girl in the other. No sooner thought of, than put in practice. These original conveyances were improvised; and after two hours' halt at the Meadow of Hope, we all set forth again at half-past eight.

I have rarely felt anything more piercing than the grim cold of that journey. We crawled at a foot's pace through changeful snow-drifts. The road was obliterated, and it was my duty to keep a petroleum stable-lamp swinging to illuminate the untracked wilderness. My little girl was snugly nested in the hay, and sound asleep with a deep white covering of snow above her. Meanwhile, the drift clave in frozen masses to our faces, lashed by a wind so fierce and keen that it was difficult to breathe it. My forehead-bone ached, as though with neuralgia, from the mere mask of icy snow upon it, plastered on with frost. Nothing could be seen but millions of white specks, whirled at us in eddying concentric circles. Not far from the entrance to the village, we met our house-folk out with lanterns to look for us. Their bewildered anxious faces, as they flashed the lanterns on our supine snow-piled bodies, taking us for dead or direly wounded, were a sight to see. It was past eleven at night, when at last we entered warm rooms, and refreshed ourselves for the tiring day with a jovial champagne supper. Horses, carriage, and drunken driver reached home next morning.

J. A. S.

The Clergy of the Eighteenth Century.

A LITTLE book has just been published by Mr. Murray, which affords us a very interesting glimpse into the manners and occupations of the country clergy during the eighteenth century. The popular conception of the Church and the clergy of that much-maligned epoch has not been materially impaired even by George Eliot's pleasant portraits of them. It is true that the Adamses and Trullibers are usually understood to have belonged to the earlier half of the century, before the Wesleyan revival had introduced a somewhat higher standard of clerical conduct, and when the very hatred of Methodism which prevailed among the rural aristocracy had caused the clergy of the Established Church to be treated with greater consideration. But still there is a prevailing idea that the country clergyman of the period was, generally speaking, a secular character, who farmed, hunted, and shot, and gave up to his horses, his pointers, and his pigs the greater part of the time which ought to have been devoted to his parish. Nor indeed is the tradition without its element of truth. Such probably was the life of the majority of the beneficed rural clergy down nearly to the death of George IV. But they were far from being all alike: they were not all sportsmen and "good fellows." Miss Austen, who died in 1817, has drawn several clergymen for our instruction, whose manners are confessedly taken from those whom she had known in her youth. Her own father was an excellent specimen of the class, a clerical country gentleman better educated and more refined than the smaller squires round about him, but otherwise very much the same. The mistake that has been made is in supposing that such men were necessarily bad clergymen. Sydney Smith libelled his own order by saying that when he was a young man, if you met a clergyman, the chances were that he was a bad one. We do not believe this, and within the last quarter of a century two writers of pre-eminent genius and exceptional claims upon our confidence have given us a very different description—we mean the authoress already named, George Eliot, and Mr. J. A. Froude. The former had abundant opportunities in her youth of observing the lives and manners of the clergymen of the Midland Counties, among whom fifty years ago must have been many survivors of the eighteenth century; men who might have dined with Dr. Johnson at the rectory at Ashbourne, or have stared at the queer figure of Dr. Parr when he first made his appearance at Hatton. The originals of Mr. Gilfil, Mr. Irwine, and Mr. Crackenthorpe might all have been found within five-and-

twenty miles of Griffe. Mr. Froude is the son of a Devonshire clergyman, and it is needless to say that his account of the clergy whom he remembers in his boyhood is implicitly to be trusted. They both bear witness to the influence then exercised by clergymen of the type we have described, and utterly deride the theory which the saying of Sydney Smith has done so much to countenance. It is impossible to read the description of Mr. Irwine in *Adam Bede* without seeing that the writer must have been deeply impressed with the practical efficiency of the clergyman who liked Sophocles and Æschylus better than Isaiah and Amos; who "felt no serious alarms about the souls of his parishioners," but who exercised "a more wholesome influence in his parish than the zealous Mr. Ryde, who came there twenty years afterwards when Mr. Irwine was gathered to his fathers." Language of a similar character may be found in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*. And it is clear that from these highly finished portraits, which betray in every line the affection and sympathy of the artist, she means us to learn the same lesson which Mr. Froude teaches in his essays.

We have dwelt on these sketches of clergymen because we feel that in Mr. Twining, the Essex clergyman of a hundred years ago, whose journals and correspondence are contained in the volume we have mentioned, we have in some respects the very counterpart of the Rector of Hayslope. He was born in London in 1735, the son of Mr. Daniel Twining, tea dealer, and, having no turn for the business, was sent to the University of Cambridge when he was in his twenty-first year. He was a scholar and fellow of Sidney, and highly distinguished in the examination for the Chancellor's medal. In 1764 he married and settled down on the curacy of Fordham, near Colchester, to which was shortly afterwards added the small living of White Notley. Here he lived a pleasant leisurely literary life, reading the classics and *belles-lettres*, translating Aristotle's "Poetry," and corresponding with Dr. Burney on questions of literature, politics, and, above all, music, in which he was a great proficient. His parsonage house "was old and irregular, but sufficiently convenient, and his study—the room in which he spent the most part of his time—was extremely cheerful and pleasant, looking into a garden of sweets." Who cannot see both the man and his abode at once? The old rambling house, all corners and chimneys, covered with moss and lichen, and shrouded among sycamores and horse-chestnuts, the long low wainscoted room with its well-filled bookshelves, its casement window, and a pear tree most likely trained against the wall outside; for of course it had a southern aspect. And then the kitchen garden and flower garden all in one; the long grass paths between rows of gooseberries and currants and espaliers, the *copia narium* in the shape of roses, stocks, wallflowers, and sweet peas which filled up every vacant nook, and the old brick wall at the end, dividing it from the orchard, where the flycatcher and the redbreast built their nests from year to year in fearless familiarity and security. Who cannot see it all—and the

curate in charge himself sauntering up and down the grass on a fine summer morning, his hands in the pockets of his black or drab "small clothes," his feet encased in broad-toed shoes, his white neck-cloth voluminous and starchless, his low-crowned hat a little on one side of his powdered head, and his eye wandering about from tree to flower and from bird to bush, as he chews the cud of some puzzling construction in Pindar, or casts and recasts some favourite passage in his translation of Aristotle. Men kept early hours in those days, and the curate's breakfast was usually finished by eight; after which he made a point, he tells us, of reading some Greek author "for about an hour." His time seems to have been divided between reading Greek and Latin and English and French literature, playing on the fiddle, and writing to his numerous correspondents; but what was the order of rotation in which these favourites followed each other we are left to conjecture. He would probably dine about three; tea would require him at six, and supper again at nine or ten. But he had no regular occupation. He was not a professed author like Cowper or Crabbe. He published nothing all his life but the *Poetics*. He was not a sportsman; he was not a naturalist; he was not an antiquarian. He was a great lover of natural scenery; but he often complains (most unjustly, however) that there was none in Essex worth looking at. We hear nothing of his parishioners, and next to nothing of his duties. He was not deeply interested in any of the philosophical or religious questions of that epoch. We hear nothing of Voltaire or Rousseau; nothing of Wesley or Whitfield. But Mr. Twining contrasts Phædrus with La Fontaine greatly to the advantage of the French author, in whom he finds a grace, a beauty, and a *naïveté* that are totally wanting in the Latin one. When he hears of the Gordon riots he congratulates himself on his safety at Fordham in the verses of Lucretius. The war of 1793 suggests to him a quotation from Isocrates. Amid the horrors of the French Revolution, as he is lamenting the pitiable condition of the Queen of France, he hopes Dr. Burney may be able to alleviate his grief by pursuing his translation of Metastasio. Happy the man, it may be said, who can seclude himself in his library from the turmoil and struggles of the world, and hear them only as he hears the wind outside, impressing him at times with a slight and rather pleasant sense of awe, but never for a moment disturbing his comfort or repose.

> Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
> Flexit.

The philosopher of this description is not agitated very much by either patriotism or philanthropy, and it would be unjust to Twining to say that he was exactly that kind of man; for his letters contain some tolerably strong denunciations of the French Revolution, and he was so frightened in 1803 at the prospect of an invasion, that he fled from Colchester to Cambridge, and there spent the winter. But still he always conveys the impression that in his eyes the world of books was the real one, and the world of action the phenomenal. We have no doub-

that to a man of kindred tastes he was an excellent companion, and that as he passed through life he both experienced and diffused a great deal of happiness and enjoyment. But then comes the question, what was he as a clergyman? And we dare say that if we could follow him into those hours of his life of which he kept no account we should find that he was far from inattentive to his duties. We dare say he was just the kind of man to have sent Dame Fripp a piece of bacon or Silas Marner a dish of pettitoes. He was fond of good eating himself, and was very likely a genial and welcome visitor in the cottages of the poor. We find him dining with his farmers at a tithe dinner at White Notley, and riding home afterwards with a hundred pounds in his pocket. In the journal which he kept of his travels he everywhere appears in the light of an amiable and sociable man, with nothing of the bookworm about him; and such men, we venture to believe, must have been common enough even among the rural clergy in the last century. They were not, at all events, mere farmers and fox-hunters. They were scholars and men of letters who might have appeared at the Literary Club with credit. And if their sermons were not very awakening or "spiritual," they recommended that simple course of duty of which, though it is in everybody's power to pursue it, everybody requires to be reminded.

But perhaps one of the most characteristic traits of our great-grandfathers which this volume presents is the observant curiosity with which they travelled about their own country, making remarks on the most commonplace market towns at which they stopped to dine, as if it had been a Spanish or a German one. A country clergyman's "outing" then very often consisted of a tour through two or three counties, taken comfortably and leisurely in his own carriage if he had one, on horseback if he had not. And we find here little sketches of this modest amusement as it was practised to within living memory. Three tours of the kind are recorded by one Essex clergyman. In 1776 he drove his own horse, Poppet, from Colchester into Yorkshire, *viâ* Huntingdon, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Tuxford, and Doncaster, following the same line as the Great Northern Railway takes at the present day. He and his wife went together, generally driving a few miles before breakfast, and finding good accommodation at many small places which now probably boast of nothing better than a public house. If any one is tempted by the antique roomy appearance of one of these decayed hostelries to enter and ask for anything beyond bread and cheese, he will be lucky if he gets it, as also if he gets any reasonably good beer, instead of the vile decoction now sold by many country brewers under that name. Our clergyman, however, never grumbles, and it is easy to see that when people travelled so much in their carriages or on their own horses as they did then, it was necessary that there should be at least one "gentlemanlike comfortable house," as Twining calls it, in almost every considerable village. Hence a class of landlords, who are now almost extinct, equally removed from the

portly well-to-do Boniface, who kept the posting-inn in the country town, or the common publican who deals in little but liquor. They are gone from our gaze, and we will not deplore them; but our travelling clergyman occasionally reminds us of their existence, as he will any one who has even a boyish recollection of the præ-railway period. He writes to his brother minute descriptions of all he sees; compares Newark and Grantham with each other as carefully as if they were Venice and Genoa, and exhibits an interest in every place he passes through totally unknown to the railway traveller. It is curious to see an ordinary English county "done" in the style of a modern tourist in Italy or Spain, and to note the old-fashioned habits which the entries in the Diary record. Wherever the traveller might be, the dinner hour is some time in the afternoon, and "drinking tea" is almost always entered as a separate and important meal. In Twining's Welsh tour we are on familiar ground. He describes picturesque scenery as others have described it since. But there is something at once antique and yet novel in his postchaise journey from Fordham to Bitteswell, near Lutterworth in Leicestershire. "We breakfasted at Northampton; we dined at Welford, we lay at Hitchin," &c. Northampton is "one of the neatest and handsomest towns he ever saw." Welford is now a mere village; but fifty years ago it was a flourishing little town, where the principal innkeeper drove a thriving trade in posting and coaching, and where a good dinner could always be obtained at the shortest notice, and doubtless a hundred years ago it was much the same.

At Bitteswell there was another country clergyman, Mr. Powell, who takes his friend Twining out to tea with him at Cotesbach, Twining taking his fiddle, and spending a very pleasant afternoon with some musical ladies, one of whom gave them a great treat on the harpsichord. One morning Mr. Powell went over to Rugby to invite Dr. James—then Head Master—to dinner. People seem to have been asked to tea in those days as they are to luncheon now. It avoided the formality and expense of a regular dinner party, and enabled the whole company to stroll about afterwards out of doors, which was an easy way of entertaining them. These tea parties were specially in vogue among the clergy, neighbouring families often walking as much as two or three miles out to tea, and home again through the pleasant hayfields and under the soft summer moon.

There is not even a single chance allusion in the pages of Mr. Twining to any less reputable class of clergy. Playing the fiddle, reading the classics, and attendance at musical tea-parties do not constitute altogether the life of an ideal country clergyman; but they point to the existence of a class quite different from the port-drinking, fox-hunting set to which it is thought there were no exceptions, unless it might be among the Evangelicals. And the country life of the clergy is here taken from the very part of England where such types of secular sinecurists were likely to be most abundant, Northamptonshire,

Leicestershire, Yorkshire, the great sporting counties. But the work now before us is not the only evidence we have that alongside of the more familiar type which greets us in Thomson, Goldsmith, Cowper, and others, there existed a class of men who carried into their country parsonages all the literary tastes they had acquired at the Universities, and if, as many would have called them, "little better than pagans," were at least cultivated, and refined, and intellectual pagans, who continued to be students through life from choice, not necessity, and who set an example in their respective spheres which was perhaps little less needed than one of more devotion and asceticism.

There were of course infinite varieties of country clergy. There were the men like Twining, who, without being of the "squarson" type, had no loftier conception of their spiritual duties than the Rev. Pitt Crawley, who belonged as much to the eighteenth century as the nineteenth, the only difference being that the one postponed them to field sports and the pleasures of the table, the other to books, music, and the fine arts. But these two classes were split again into numerous subdivisions. There was the fox-hunter, who was a good clergyman, and all the better able to counsel his parishioners in their troubles, and compose their quarrels, that he joined in their amusements, had a thorough knowledge of their characters, and was trusted by them in proportion. These men could not hunt every day, and the time that was not occupied in sport, instead of being devoted to Euripides, was given up to visiting their parishioners. They had a word for young and old, and were always welcome to the cottager's wife at that hour of the afternoon when she had made herself tidy, swept up the hearth, and was sitting down by the fire with the stockings of the family before her. He would chat with her about the news of the village, give her a friendly hint about her husband's absence from church, and perhaps before going would be taken out to look at the pig, on whose condition we may be sure he would have some valuable suggestions to bestow. The sermons which he preached at church would be robbed of none of their effect by the example of his own life, which, according to the standard of those days, would be blameless; and that there could be anything intrinsically wrong in his following the hounds, if it did not lead him to neglect other matters, it would never have entered into the heads of his parishioners to conceive. Vice and virtue were divided from each other in those days by very broad lines. If a man committed any of the sins enumerated in the Decalogue, he was a bad man; if not, he was a good one. There might be a line of debateable land between obedience and disobedience in which the majority of mankind dwelt, and whom we were not to judge harshly, for were we not all "poor frail creatures"?—a reflection that on the whole was rather comforting to the ordinary mind. But unless a man was a thief or murderer, an open blasphemer, or notoriously covetous, unjust, or immoral, mere "worldliness" went for nothing in their eyes—no more in the case of a clergyman than in *that of* any other man. They

did not know what it meant. Then of course there was the country parson who was a bad clergyman, and brought the whole class into discredit—the man who was in the saddle four days a week, passed his evenings in drinking and card-playing, and left the dead who were interred during the week to wait for the burial-service till Sunday. Crabbe bears witness to this. But he shows, on the other hand, that among the country clergy even of that time there were those who did not fear to do their duty by rebuking the vices of the rich both privately and in the pulpit. And the present writer has often heard of a clergyman in the Eastern Counties who flourished *circa* Mr. Pitt, who must have been in some respects the counterpart of Crabbe's "stern old rector" in the *Squire and the Priest*. This remarkable man was in the habit of making very pointed references to an old naval officer who never missed church morning or afternoon, but whose union with the lady who sat at the head of his table had not been sanctified by the Church; upon which, so runs the story, an inquisitive old maid who occupied the adjoining pew invariably rose from her seat and peeped over the top of the partition at the white head of the delinquent just below. Among the more elegant and scholarly of the clergy, like our friend Twining, there were also numerous varieties. Cowper is equally severe upon both kinds,

> The cassocked huntsman and the fiddling priest.

So we fear the curate of Fordham must have been included in his censures too. Cowper specially finds fault with concerts on Sunday afternoons, and to these we know that Twining was addicted, seeing no wrong in refreshing himself after the fatigues of the day with the strains of his "sweet Straduarius." The fiddling priest, however, was Cowper's special aversion, and there are some touches in his character of "Occiduus" so like Thomas Twining that one might fancy he had sat for the portrait. Fiddling seems to have been particularly fashionable about this period, and Cowper seems to have seen in it only one out of many traits by which the clergyman might be detected who aspired to be a man of fashion. There were many such in those days, though the breed is now entirely extinct. We see some traces of it in Miss Austen, who, in one of the best of her characters, Mr. Tilney, namely in *Northanger Abbey*, has given us a clergyman who attends watering-places, goes to balls and assemblies, dances, plays cards, and, in short, lives like other men of the world without the slightest idea that he is other than a model young man. Mr. Tilney, however, shows the character on its favourable side, but there were clergymen of the same genus, and who, to our minds, were far more unclerical and far less agreeable than the out-and-out clerical squire who farmed his glebe, shot his partridges, and took his turn with the hounds like an honest man without in any way losing the respect and affection of his parishioners.

Another interesting illustration of the country clerical life may be

seen in the recently published autobiography of Sir Archibald Alison. His father was vicar of Kenley, in Shropshire, from 1792 to 1801. He was not, as far as we can make out, one of the sporting tribe; but he was a great naturalist, and took the Rev. Gilbert White as his model. "Botany, zoology, and ornithology" were his favourite pursuits, and he was one of the first to adopt the allotment system; that, at all events, is one boon for which the poor are largely indebted to the clergy of the eighteenth century. He lived in a quiet but hospitable style; was a man of letters and a scholar, and the author of a work which long enjoyed a high reputation—an essay, namely, on the Principles of Taste. Sir Archibald recalls but little of the theological or purely pastoral side of his father's life. But he was the idol of his parishioners, and when he left Kenley "was followed for several miles by the whole parish, most of whom were in tears."

Clergymen of this description still survive in the Church of England. But they are, comparatively speaking, few and far between, and, where they still exist, are perhaps to some extent oppressed by the consciousness that their lives do not come up to the standard which modern theories exact. In fact, the kind of influence which they formerly exercised is not exactly the kind of influence which is now regarded with admiration. It was of the paternal and patriarchal character; and paternal and patriarchal principles are supposed to be obsolete. In days like our own, when "so many grave problems of humanity" are waiting for solution, and when the fundamental principles of Christianity are discussed in village newspapers, that simple conception of the clerical office which sufficed a bygone generation is no longer adequate to our wants; and the pleasant, genial old gentleman in knee-breeches, and sometimes top-boots, who fed his poultry and went into the stable to scratch the ears of his favourite cob, and round by the pigstyes to the kitchen-garden, where he took a turn for an hour or two with his spade or his pruning-knife, or sauntered, with his hands in his pockets, in the direction of the cucumbers, and lifted up the frames to see how they were getting on; coming in to an early dinner, and going out again to visit the old women and the farmers' wives till tea time; then reading an old newspaper till supper, smoking his pipe, and going to bed at ten—is sadly behind the age, and is fast disappearing from view. Demands are now made upon the clergyman's intellect incompatible with this easy mode of life; but whether the people have gained by the change—a change which removes their clergyman so much further from themselves and their own occupations and amusements—is possibly open to doubt. But I fear I am verging on the political, and feel that I had better stop before I warm with the subject and write more than can be published.

Alcwine.

THE earliest beginnings of our common life as Englishmen can hardly fail of a perennial interest for us. And to return to the fountain-head of English history, to the period when England was in the making, and to the study of one among these great and early Englishmen, is no unprofitable nor uncongenial task. Among the illustrious of that early period the name of Alcwine stands high. Coming, as he did, between the father of English learning, the venerable Bede, and Aelfred, the first great English king, his historical position makes him interesting from two points of view. He is the outcome of that earliest period of English intellectual development which was the work of Northumbria, before internal discords completed its ruin and compelled it to submit to Mercia under Offa. And he is an Englishman of an England whose political capital was not London but York, whose religious centre was Lindisfarne not Canterbury, whose fathers of the Church were Aidan and St. Cuthbert, not Theodore or St. Dunstan. Alcwine belongs to the Northumbrian epoch of English evolution. And it is important to bear this in mind, for his character and the colour of his imagination were essentially northern. But Alcwine differs from the great scholar who preceded him and the great king who followed him in this. He is the first Englishman who directly affected the movement of the continent, and whose influence has remained a permanent factor in European history. Bede never left his convent of Jarrow, by the mouth of the Wear; Aelfred's days were employed in repelling the Danes and in making Wessex supreme in England. But the active period of Alcwine's life was passed chiefly in France. His fame is bound up with the court and the work of Charlemagne, or Karl, as we must call him. To that work he brought an English temper and a Northumbrian training. These are his spiritual pedigree; the conditions which formed the man, and gave to his life the colour which it wears. To understand that life we must consider what this English temper and Northumbrian training meant.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence of their parent-land in the formation of the English character. The grim and sombre plains, at that time unreclaimed, which border on the northern ocean; the hopeless grey sky, swept by a wrack of clouds scudding before the north; the illimitable monotony of the marshy levels; the "truculentia cæli," the "vis turbinum," which struck the Roman mind with such a terror, these were the characteristics of the Englishman's first home. On the shores of Northumbria, when conquest had led them thus far, they found

the same forbidding glance of Nature—the long stretches of down, grey beneath an east wind, the longer reaches of the grey ocean tumbling or rolling on the rocks of Farne, or on the sandy ridge that joins the holy island to the mainland. Such a stern dwelling-place could not fail to grave a gloomy imagination deep into the nature of this people. Their visionaries saw the blinding snow-drifts of Niflheim, the home of the hostile powers of Ice, falling in endless swirls, stifling and thick as wool. The fires of Muspel, the nether region of flame, are not yellow or orange with any natural heat, but black globes, for ever thrown up and for ever falling back into a bottomless pit. Alcwine paints among the terrors of hell the "frigoris immanitas," the "infinita miseriæ spatia," the endless halls of doom. All that the imagination conjures up is vast, dim, and undefined. If a limit be found, the fancy is ever ready to overfly the fact. The outlines of the vision are lost and confounded in the mists which hide the undiscovered horror beyond; just as the driving sea-fog shrouds and blurs the landscape that surrounded these men. How different from the imagination of a southern people; of the Italians Dante, Orcagna, or Angelico, dealing with almost identical fancies. With them all is dry, hard, and defined; as clear and perspicuous as the sunlight in which they daily lived.

Denied the brightness and the laughter of Nature, the human spirit in these northern men was rejected upon itself to find its sustenance. It sought its relief in intoxicating emotions; in the triumph of endurance and fervid determination, of teeth set and will resolved in the face of pain, failure, and death. And this temper ran through the whole fibre of the race. In contemplative natures the severity of discipline in which they sought their joy, this tightening of the spiritual muscles, fitted them admirably for accepting the sterner qualities of Christianity. The unknown end, the undefined reward, the injunction to look beyond, the endless conflict here, the victory achievable through endurance and denial alone, were components of a religious idea which these men might accept with passionate earnestness. The men of active temper, on the other hand, sought their sustenance in the fierce excitement of battle, in the grim delight of victory, the inebriation of blood and wounds and lacking steel. Odin, the war god, is their chief. Their battle-songs throb with the madness of fight. Each verse, in its violent spasm, shoots like a jet of blood thrust from the beating heart, and tingles to the very hands that clutch the sword. The rhythm is broken by the gasp and the sob of over-mastering sensations. This is a deep-rooted quality in the English, and lives all down our literature; in the border ballads, in Drayton's rollicking trooper's chaunt of victory for Agincourt; even in Burns it survives; and the battle fury, its delight and glory, find expression as he tells us how the Scottish went "red-wet-shod" through the carnage and the gore.

But whether this fierce and sombre temper of the English manifested itself in a life of contemplation or a life of action, its characteristic of

strife and endeavour remains. For the warriors their bards sang of war or of battle with monstrous forms, dragons and loathsome snakes, vague, unformed, and terrible, haunting misty meres, gorged with human blood, poisonous and rank. While for the men of reflective bias Beowulf's dragon, by no violent or difficult change of fancy, became transformed into some perilous and besetting vice, gorged with lost souls. For one and for the other the fight remains; the quality of fierce and hot endurance is required if victory is to be achieved. And through the glory of the spiritual as of the physical victory there ever runs the same unvarying undertone of sadness. It is singular how little of confident hope and outlook Christianity brought to Alcwine. His mind dwells chiefly on the "volatilis umbra," the fleeting shadow of all earthly things; "sic transit" is written across the face of all he sees; and of the end whither all is hastening he has no knowledge, "per vallem lachrymabilem ad incertum properamus finem." From the very first the grimness of the English temper had fastened upon this point of transitoriness. The mythology of the English spared not even its own gods; their heroes may be victorious, but they must die. Neither Beowulf, their paladin, nor Balder, their god, the loveliest and the best, escape the spite of Loki and the dark realm of Hela, where all lost things must lie. Nothing brave or fair may last against the hatred of the older gods of chaos, the monstrous and malignant powers. So Asgard, the golden glorious home, and all its gods, fail and perish, and are lost in the ocean whence they sprang. Yggdrasil, the ash-tree of existence, has its roots deep down in Hel, the region of Death, whither its leaves and branches shall fall. And nothing remains but endless strife, for which is required undying endurance.

With this tragic conception of life as the heritage of their birth, the English settled down in the country they had conquered. But constant warfare among themselves kept the fighting spirit alive and graved its characteristics deeper into the nature of the people. No conversion to Christianity, no imposition of monasticism, could alter the temper of the English, however much they might modify its exhibition. The spirit of the fighting men was in St. Cuthbert as he wandered over the lonely Lammermoor. It urged him to seek the solitudes of the rock of Farne; "a place," as Bede has it, "without water, corn, or trees; infested by evil spirits, and very ill-suited for human habitation." But for Cuthbert there was nature to struggle with and to subdue; the devils to be fought, and the long, grey, infinite ocean with its unknown shores for constant company. Heroism was required no less in the conflict with the powers of darkness, than against the visible foe in the field. The spasm of the war-song became converted to the spasm of prayer; the wild tunes of the one served equally well for the other. The mystery of existence, the question of the beyond, still fascinated the English imagination. The beautiful allegory of the sparrow, preserved to us by Bede, shows us the northern temper approaching the problem of life

from the new point of view, and endeavouring to arrive at the Christian attitude. It was in these words that an Earl of Eadwine's court urged his king to consider the new religion. "The life of man, O king, seems to be as the flight of a sparrow through the hall where you sit at meat with your soldiers and your ministers, and a warm fire burning in the midst, while outside are driven the storms of rain and snow. The sparrow flies in at one door and finds shelter from the wintery storm without. For a while it tarries in the warmth and light, and then flies out again to the darkness whence it came. So is the life of man. But what went before or what cometh after we know not. If this new doctrine tells us aught certain thereof, let us follow it." And it was in the hope of this knowledge that Northumbria turned to Christianity.

But the new religion, taught by foreigners, by Paulinus and the followers of St. Augustine, did not bite thoroughly into the tough Northumbrian nature. With the English the tie of blood had always been deeply binding. And their conversion could be worked out by men of their own stock only; speaking the same language and knowing the chords to touch if they would reach the heart and make it respond. Aidan, Cuthbert, Herebert of Derwentwater, and Hilda of Streaneshalch are the real apostles of Northumbrian conversion. But when the country had once been impregnated with the ideas of the new faith the whole fiery and mystic ardour of the people was poured into the new mould. Bands of wandering missionaries or solitary preachers crossed the land in all directions. Monasteries began to rise. Hilda built her famous Abbey of Whitby; Boisil founded Melrose; Benedict Biscop his twin convents of Wearmouth and Jarrow. From Rome he brought the designs for his church, pictures for the screens, singers for his choir, books, too, for the convent library. Each of his five journeys added some wealth of art or literature to his store. Through the life of the monasteries the closest intimacy was established between Northumbria and Rome. The fervour of religious zeal burst beyond the bounds of England. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, set sail to convert the countries newly conquered by the Franks, and his mission stations spread the name of Britain abroad. A spirit of cosmopolitanism, of common brotherhood for all who were inside of the Church, was created, and this rendered it possible for Alcwine to pass, as he did, from his cathedral school at York to the intellectual government of Karl and his empire.

And this fervour of the religious life led to a quickening of the intellectual life. It was impossible for the English to study the language and the spirit of the Old Testament without responding to a temper so similar to their own. They could answer to the Hebrew battle-cry, "Jehovah, Lord of Hosts." They could sympathise with the endless strifes of Israel. The mystery of the valley of dry bones was not unintelligible to them. The pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night appealed to their own mythologic instinct, which made them fashion their ancient gods out of the forces of nature, the summer thunder, the

power of ice and the power of fire. And so the first burst of English song was inspired by the Old Testament story. Caedmon, the cowherd at Hilda's Abbey, fastened upon the history of Israel and chanted it in the English tongue. The convent libraries also produced their sure result. The brothers became students first, and then turned themselves to the business of writing. Bede, in the convent of Jarrow, wrote the earliest history of England with a freshness and vigour of colour that makes it still delightful to read. Northumbria had thus passed from paganism through religion to literature. But the national temper still remained as the common ground upon which this literature was planted, and which gave its colour to the work. This was the condition of the world into which Alcwine was born; and we have now reached the opening of his life.

Alcwine was born near York—it is said, of noble parents—in the year 735, the year of Bede's death, though on that point there rests some doubt. Archbishop Ecgberht had founded a school in connection with his church of York; and here, too, he was collecting, after the manner of Benedict Biscop, the first great English library. Alcwine was sent by his parents to the cathedral school. He was a delicate, sensitive boy, given to seeing visions and falling into trances. One day, as his class was studying the Gospels, when they came to the passage where St. John is sitting at the Last Supper, Alcwine's eyes closed and he fell into a trance. He said, afterwards, that he had been carried up on high, and had seen the whole world lying at his feet, revolving in a sea of blood. Such visions were by no means uncommon; and only a short time before, a brother of Melrose had journeyed through Heaven and Hell in a trance. Alcwine remained at York, studying in the library, reading the Greek and Latin authors that he found there, and chiefly Virgil, who fascinated him by the beauty and finish of his style, as he had fascinated Bede at Jarrow. In later life Alcwine dreaded this attraction for his pupils. He feared that they would forsake sacred studies to follow the Roman. Two of his scholars, whom he found secretly reading the poet, received a severe reprimand; and to Rigbod, Bishop of Treves, he wrote, "I wish you would study the four Evangelists and not the twelve Æneids." But the dread of the "luxuriosa sermonis Virgilii facundia" was not the result of an illiberal mind so much as of a desire to keep in check the excessive passion for the classics which his own teaching had done so much to awaken. For himself, his devotion to pagan poets did not interfere with an earnest pursuit of the Old Testament authors. His writing bears the marks of these early studies, and he owes the richness of his epistolary style chiefly to his acquaintance with the Bible. His imagery is inspired by or copied from the books of Job and Ecclesiastes; or, in its more florid passages, by the Song of Songs. Jerome was his model; and the exquisite flavour of the monkish Latin had as much attraction for his literary sense as the grim theology of the Old Testament had for his national instinct.

When the office of librarian and head of the school at York fell vacant in 766, the appointment was conferred upon Alcwine; and he began that apprenticeship as a teacher which was to serve him in such good stead at the Frankish court, and which fitted him to exercise the influence he did upon the course of European learning. For fourteen years he laboured quietly at his post; mastering the contents of the library, and laying in those stores of learning from which he was to satisfy the exorbitant appetite and curiosity of Karl. In these studious occupations the years went by till Archbishop Ecgberht died, and Alcwine's contemporary and fellow-student, Eanbald, was elected to the see. The new archbishop sent Alcwine as his delegate to Rome, to ask the Pallium from the Pope. It is uncertain whether Alcwine had made a previous journey to the holy city in the company of his old patron, Ecgberht. However that may be, this journey of 780–781 forms the turning point in Alcwine's life; for on his way back to England he met Karl at Parma, and received an invitation to attach himself to the Emperor's court.

Alcwine was forty-five years of age, in the very prime of his vigour, and fully matured by his training at York. His fame as the head of a great ecclesiastical school had already spread beyond Britain. And circumstances were so happily arranged that, in this meeting of the greatest conqueror and the greatest teacher of the age, there was something dramatically opportune. It was the union of two "noble barbarians" to put an end to barbarism, to arrest the long declension of Europe, and to set the nations once more upon the upward path. Karl was in the middle of his meteoric course across the world's history. Impelled by great appetites, intellectual no less than physical, and a desire for universal sovereignty, he was steadily pursuing the two branches of his career. On the one hand, the whole of Europe seemed a field not too vast for his military enterprise. He did succeed in conquering the larger part of it, and strove to stamp it with the impress of his own organisation. But all his elaborate system of centralisation was doomed to fail and disappear with Karl himself. It was cast off, as a serpent casts its slough, leaving Europe fashioned upon its modern lines of development. The Emperor's work served merely for a shelter from chaos; and behind this shelter Europe gathered force to follow a course very different from that intended by Karl. No less ambitious was the Emperor's attempt to conquer the world of barbarism and ignorance, and to assert his sovereignty over the human spirit. It was a task sufficiently vast to stimulate his appetite for domination, and he applied himself with his wonted fervour to the work. He summoned to his aid the learned of every nation: Theodulf, the Goth; Leidrad from Gaul; Paul Warnefrid and Peter of Pisa from Italy. But his scheme of intellectual regeneration for Europe was still incomplete. The Emperor himself could not attend to every detail of the educational system. It was only by a division of labour and a subordination of duties that the work

could be carried to a successful issue. And Karl was still in search of a first minister of education when he met Alcwine at Parma in 781.

Alcwine accepted the proposal then made to him, that he should undertake the direction of Karl's educational scheme. The two men agreed in loyalty to their object, but the difference of their temperaments compelled them to regard their prospects of success in different lights. Karl, as a man of action and a great conqueror, had unbounded confidence in his own ability. The vision of a vast empire, secure from foes outside, based on a perfect legislative system within, and intellectually supreme and universal, intoxicated his imagination, and seemed hardly beyond his powers. But the Emperor was a child in his perception of what was required to make an age of intellectual giants. On this point Alcwine, the student, the solitary, contemplative man, had a juster view. "It rests not with you or me," he said to Karl, "to make of France a Christian Athens." Karl, however, believed that it did rest with him, provided that he could find the fitting instruments, and he had the whole of Europe from whence to draw his teachers, his poets, his philosophers; but it was an ignorant and a barbarous Europe. "Oh, had I but twelve clerks as wise as Jerome and Augustine!" he cried; and Alcwine answered him, "The Lord of Heaven and Earth has not another like to them, and do you call for twelve?" Karl, the conqueror, had not the word "impossible" in his vocabulary; Alcwine, the student, knew how rare and how divine a bird a wise man was. But Alcwine, with his English temper, was loyal though diffident; willing to do all and expect little. And, by one of those curious pieces of irony which history sometimes displays, the work which especially belongs to Karl, his conquests and his legislation, which he believed to be so permanent, fell away almost immediately after his death. While the work which especially belongs to Alcwine, the restoration of the classics and the salvation of learning, that work undertaken in diffidence almost amounting to despair, endured and became the chiefest glory of his master the Emperor.

The difficulty of the task which Alcwine had undertaken justified his doubts of absolute success. Learning was at its lowest ebb. The few students who read the classics read them in copies that were corrupt; the Latin of the sacred office had, in the mouth of ignorant priests, become an unintelligible gibberish. Nor was there any apparatus ready to Alcwine's hand to enable him to affront the problem. He was obliged to begin from the very beginning. One circumstance alone he had in his favour, but that was a circumstance of great moment. An ardent desire for knowledge pervaded the atmosphere in which he was called to work. Karl himself concentrated the spirit of his time, and showed it at its highest power. And the robust intellectual appetite, the insatiable curiosity, which drove him pell-mell through all the range of science that was open to him, found expression among his subjects. The age exhibited a fore-glow of that passion

which characterised the later revival of learning. It was a kind of "aube du jour;" a first attempt of the spirit in that direction which it afterwards pursued so vigorously in the fifteenth century.

Relying upon this universal temper, upon the impetuous determination of the Emperor, and also on his own resolute power of labour, Alcwine applied himself to the various departments of his work. And certainly no man ever found a better master to work under than Karl, for he was now a fellow-labourer with his minister; now, where need was, a patient pupil; and now a powerful sovereign on whose authority his servant might rely for support. Karl's political connection with Rome directed his first attention to the restoration of the church and its services. The Latin of the Liturgy was corrected, and the Emperor and Alcwine together undertook a revision of the sacred books. Side by side with this restoration of the Bible, a restoration of the classics was begun, in which Alcwine took his share by editing the plays of Terence. An imperial decree ordained the foundation of public schools on the model of York, attached to the great cathedrals or abbeys, and under the superintendence of the bishop or abbot. And the Emperor, with his keen desire to centre in himself all the threads of his vast designs, required from these bishops or abbots a letter of stewardship and an account of the work done. In one of these reports, Alcwine himself gives an account of his work at Tours. The letter is written in his own peculiar vein of florid imagery, and proves the width of his scheme as a teacher. "Some of my scholars," he says, "I strive to inebriate with the old wine of ancient disciplines; and some I passionately desire to illumine on the order of the stars that stud the heavens, as it were the ceiling of some mighty house. But I miss the more exquisite books of scholarship. Let me, therefore, I pray you, send some of my boys to bring to France the flowers of Britain, that the west wind may come and may blow on the gardens of Loire, and all their balmy odours may flow out. . . . In the morning of my days I sowed good seed in Britain. And now my blood runs chill, and evening draws on apace, yet I cease not to labour in France." In these public schools, besides the Bible and the classics, the boys studied singing and the art of illumination. And through the schools of miniaturists the practice of design was handed down to the workers in glass; and from these flowed one of the principal streams that went to feed the great flood of Italian painting.

But Karl did not trust to reports only. He sometimes made a personal inspection of his schools. The monk of San Gallen has preserved a vivid picture of one of these imperial visits. At the close of a long journey Karl came to a school which he had established under a certain master named Clement. At this school, as at all the others throughout the empire, the sons of nobles and of commoners alike were required to attend, and no distinction of birth was allowed to interfere with the discipline of the pupils. The Emperor called all the boys to him and made them read their exercises. The sons of poor parents had done

excellent work, but the young nobles had nothing at all to show. Thereupon the Emperor divided the boys into two groups, placing the industrious on his right and the idle on his left. Then turning to the former he said: "I give you thanks, my children, that ye have so well answered to my desire, and I will reward you." Then he turned to the young nobles and spoke in anger: "You pampered darlings, you have relied upon your birth and your possessions, and have neglected your studies to delight yourselves in luxury, and sport, and idleness, or useless games." Then, shaking his hand on high, "your nobility and birth shall be as naught to me. Unless you mend your ways, look for no favours from Karl." The story, whether true or not in its details, bears witness to the thoroughness of Karl's determination to make every one learned. He had seen his aim, and resolved to achieve it. With such a temper in his master Alcwine could never have had to complain of coldness or want of support. But whether Karl's great nobles, his fighting men and generals, relished having their lads turned into clerks is perhaps doubtful.

Whether they relished it or not, they were obliged to feign acquiescence, not for their sons alone, but for themselves as well. For not only did the Emperor establish public schools throughout the empire, but inside his own palace the fever of instruction raged more than elsewhere. It was a part of Alcwine's duty to give daily lessons to the court, to the Emperor himself, to his sons, his sisters, and his nobles. It must have been a strange sight to see those amazons, the Emperor's daughters, fresh from the hunting-field, attended each by her lover; the Emperor's sons and his mistresses; all the crowd of a free and warlike court gathered round the desk where the master sat, answering questions on every conceivable subject—on the eclipses of the moon; on the principles of rhetoric; on the gender of "rubus," on the distinction between eternal and immortal: and Karl himself, grimly in earnest, stimulating all with his superabundant vitality; insisting that this work of learning, as well as the other of war, of the chase, or of love, shall be serious and genuine work. Consider for a moment the position of this teacher, called upon alone and from the wells of his own knowledge to satisfy a vast spiritual craving, a knowledge-hunger that seemed insatiable—for this quickening of the curiosity was perfectly genuine in Karl himself, and he imposed his will on all who came within his reach—and the master himself in their midst, a wiser but a sadder man than any of these his vigorous and ravenous pupils; with eyes that looked far out over a sea of time in which this great empire, so vital around him, seemed but a speck growing ever less and less upon the ocean.

In this palace school they pleased their fancy by taking fictitious names, chosen from the Bible or the classics, as the men of the later Renaissance were wont to do. Alcwine called himself Flaccus, Karl was named David; others bore the names of Pindar, Homer, Eulalia, Damœtas. Several instances of Alcwine's method in giving his lessons, "disputes" as they were called, remain to us preserved among his works.

One is of special interest. The interlocutors in the dialogue are Alcwine himself and Pipin, son of Karl. Alcwine asks the questions and Pipin answers as he had been taught; thus: "A. What begets a word?—P. The tongue. What is the tongue?—A scourge of brass. What is life?—The joy of the happy, the misery of the wretched; a waiting for death. What is death?—An inevitable issue; a doubtful voyage; the fear of the living; the thief of men. What is the brain?—The storehouse of memory. What is the blood?—The humour of the veins. What are the veins?—The fountains of the flesh. What is cold?—The tormentor of plants, the destroyer of leaves. What is man?—The slave of death; a passing wayfarer; a guest of his home. How is he placed?—As a lamp in a wind. What is the earth?—The universal devourer. What is the sea?—The pathway of the brave; the home of rivers; a refuge in danger; a delight among pleasures. What is as sleep to a waking man?—Hope." And so on, question and answer go, running over all branches of human interest. This is the early struggling of the spirit to grasp and understand its surroundings, the human intelligence commencing to walk, setting out on its endless voyage of discovery impelled by curiosity. And, as in all early efforts of the spirit, a quaint mingling of poetry and science runs through the dialogue. The poetry of the world has not yet become myth; the science has not yet become fact; the borders of the two are not yet distinguished. And the vagueness, vastness, the sadness of some of these answers—Earth, the universal devourer, not the universal mother; Death, the uncertain voyage—these were to be expected from Alcwine. They are the outcome of his northern nature. Their note is a common note in English poetry.

In these labours, scholastic and literary, Alcwine passed the larger part of his days in France. On his first arrival there the Emperor had given him the charge of three abbeys, Ferrieres, S. Loup, and S. Josse. The task of reforming and governing these monasteries proved no easy one. They were corrupt, "woody brakes of luxury," as Alcwine calls them; and the brothers were given to the pleasures of the table and extravagance in dress. They were too wealthy to remain simple. Alcwine himself, as Abbot of Tours, had twenty thousand serfs attached to his abbey lands. But Karl attacked the vices of the monks as vigorously as he attacked their ignorance. And Alcwine acted as his principal minister in framing and enforcing the "Capitularies." No one who served the Emperor could look for much leisure. And in addition to this work in France, Alcwine was also employed in important foreign affairs. In 790 he returned to England, as Karl's ambassador to Offa, the Mercian King. It was a sad journey for Alcwine, for he found his old home broken up and the lordship of Northumbria rapidly passing away for ever. His efforts to pacify his own countrymen failed, but through his exertions a war between Karl and Offa was avoided, and England negotiated her first commercial treaty. Six years later the Emperor presented Alcwine with the Abbey of St. Martin at Tours; and

thither he retired to pass the rest of his life in directing his monastery school and in composing his commentaries on the Bible, his exposition of the Song of Songs, his liturgic and controversial works, his treatises on rhetoric, grammar, and astronomy.

Through all this mass of erudition it is needless to follow Alcwine. Most of it is dead now, and devoid of interest. It is rather our object to see what manner of man this courtly life and contact with the great world had left him, how far it had destroyed or modified his English character. And here, almost for the first time, Alcwine speaks for himself in his letters, written chiefly after he had retired to Tours. "Le style c'est l'homme," says M. Renan, and it is as much in the style as in the matter of a writer that we catch those indications of character which enable us to portray a man. Alcwine himself, when apologising for the imperfections of his writing, gives us a glimpse of his inner nature which reveals the fervour and passion of his temper. "It is the 'velocitas animi,' the swift flight of the mind," he says, "that makes my pen run wrong." But it is just this "velocitas animi" which gives his style its peculiar charm, its richness and strength of phrase, and its variety of imagery. When he is deeply moved, his words run and burn like fire. Yet it is when he is writing prose, not when he is engaged on verse, that his mind moves most freely and attains its greatest swiftness. While working in verse he is working in fetters; the chains of Latin tradition are upon him; the lyrism of the English spirit finds itself hampered and confined. In Alcwine's hands Latin had not attained its mediæval fluidity, as of molten gold, which altered its ancient character and made it such a splendid vehicle for lyrical outbursts as it became in the hands of the wandering students. The language was still too rigid, iron, and Roman. But so strong was this English instinct of lyrism in Bede, Alcwine, and their contemporaries, that, though caged, they do attempt to sing. And in spite of frequent failure these efforts are interesting to us, for they belong to the earliest movement of the English spirit of song. Perhaps the happiest among the many attempts, and best, because his mind was moving most swiftly, is Alcwine's lament over his friend and pupil Oswulf, nicknamed Cuculus. Spring and Winter, contending for the lad, sing an amœbean ode; and the poet cries—

> Non pereat Cuculus, veniet sub tempore veris;
> Et nobis veniens carmina læta ciet.

The note of "Lycidas" runs through the poem; it is an elegiac outburst between Theocritus and Milton.

The fervid spirit of Alcwine attached him warmly to his friends. His letters run over with affection. He turns to friendship as a relief from the native gloom of his temper. "This age," he writes, "is racked with many miseries; and there is no refuge to be found in it, save through the pity of God and the loyalty of friends." Over his pupil Oswulf, who left him to follow a vicious life, he utters two passionate cries in two successive letters, entreating, adjuring, imploring

him to return. Then in a third and briefer letter he closes his heart and steels it to endure: "If you will go, go!" And this fervour of emotion finds frequent expression in his poetry. Some lines of his, a veritable sonnet on friendship, called "Ad amicum absentem suspiria," are too long to quote here, and it is almost impossible to preserve the delicate flavour of this mediæval Latin in the process of translation.

Mingling with the sombre fervour of his English temper, the note of sadness also runs through Alcwine's character. He dwells on nothing else in nature with so much love as on the stars. He and Karl spent nights together watching the movement of the planets; and the "delicias poli, semperque manantia regna" had an endless attraction for him. He warned his monks against the injuries wrought by excessive sleep in lines written above their dormitory door; and among those injuries is this, that "sleep will close the eyes, and they will never see the splendours of the star-illumined sky." With this habit of contemplation came the inevitable questioning of the unknown beyond. The curiosity of his intellect attacked its confines, broke through its bounds, and shrank before the illimitable void which, by its own act it had discovered, and which, in self-defence, it was compelled to conquer and inform. And Alcwine, not through his temper only, but also by force of circumstances, was peculiarly susceptible to this sadness of the pioneering spirit. For all around him there was a widening of the human horizon, and to this result he more than any man was contributing. Such epochs of expansion must always be charged with melancholy for the contemplative man. The human spirit in its growth has burst its cover and abandoned its shelter. It feels the unwonted airs chill about it. Out of those strange airs and changed conditions it will build itself a larger home. But that is for the eye of faith to discern, and for hope to believe. Alcwine, living at the very heart of this movement, was perplexed at the change. He could not grasp the mighty order of the things to be, nor confidently base his hopes upon the future.

Alcwine was still English in temper, fervid and sombre. But over all this, the groundwork of his character, we see an accumulation of wisdom and knowledge of the world, the outcome of his long and active life. He was aware of the dangers attending his besetting sadness and himself attacks it in words of warning that are as true now as then for those whom Dante saw in the fourth circle of Inferno. The words are addressed to Count Guy, who wished to take with him to the wars an "Enchiridion" on the Virtues and Vices. "Melancholy," says Alcwine, "is of two sorts. The one healthy, the other poisonous. That melancholy is healthy whereby we repent of sin and turn to God. The other sort is the melancholy of this world, which opens the door of the soul to death; which sets its hand to no good work; which terrifies the soul and often drives it into desperation, and robs it of all hope of future good. From this is begotten malice, spite, a coward heart, sourness, and *despair*." And speaking of this

same melancholy, Alcwine offers a diagnosis of its cause drawn from the observation of himself. "There is this difference," he says, "between the eternal and the temporal state: that in this life we love and desire what we have not; in the next we shall love what we have because we have it." This is, for him, the blessing of heaven. What Alcwine suffered from, what all people must suffer from who live at a period of intellectual growth and are alive to its impulse, was the desire of the unattainable, which is the very growing pain of the spirit, without which it would not move. "Blessed is he who converts necessity into a ready will." This is Alcwine's remedy; his statement of true freedom, as it was Dante's after him. "In la sua volontade è nostra pace."

This was the delicate instrument that Karl employed to perfect his scheme of intellectual regeneration. But with the remorseless egotism of a great genius, who sacrifices all to the object he has in view, the Emperor wore out his servant. Soon after reaching Tours, Alcwine began to complain of failing health, and begged to be relieved of his duties. But Karl would not consent. He wished to take Alcwine with him to Rome to be present at his coronation in 801. In spite of all the Emperor's insistence, however, his minister refused to leave the "smoky roofs of Tours for all the golden palaces of Rome." Alcwine still hoped to return to England, and to be buried at York. "Never forget me as I shall not forget you, be it in life or death," he wrote to the brothers there. "And it may be that God will have pity on me; so that in his old age you may bury him whose youth you fostered. And should another resting-place be ordained for this my body, yet, through God's grace, I trust my soul may be granted rest with you." But it was not to be. He never saw England again. The end of his life's labour had come; he was to embark on a voyage not for England but for that more distant country to whose bourn his eyes had been so often turned. He died at Tours on the day of Pentecost, May 19, 804, after a few days fever.

Our chief interest in Alcwine has lain in the consideration of him as one of the first great Englishmen; in observing the strong character given to him by the circumstances of his birth, and how that character remained permanent. But Alcwine was more than a great Englishman; his name belongs to European history. It is singular that of all the peerage of warriors who surrounded Karl, that peerage which inspired so deep a sentiment of romance, hardly one name except the name of Roland survives in any authentic contemporary record. The peerage of letters has fared better; the Fontarabbia of Time has dealt more tenderly with them. Alcwine and Theodulf, and Leidrad and Eginhard, still stand out in comparative clearness through the dim, half-light of that early dawn. Of these figures, by far the most distinguished is that of Alcwine; and it is not too much to say of him that "he was the finest and most active intellect of the eighth century after Karl himself."

H. F. B.

The Divining Rod.

There is something remarkable, and not flattering to human sagacity, in the periodical resurrection of superstitions. Houses, for example, go on being "haunted" in country districts, and no educated man notices the circumstance. Then comes a case like that of the Drummer of Tedworth, or the Cock Lane Ghost, and society is deeply moved, philosophers plunge into controversy, and he who grubs among the dusty tracts of the past finds a world of fugitive literature on forgotten bogies. Chairs move untouched by human hands, and tables walk about in lonely castles of Savoy, and no one marks them, till a day comes when the furniture of some American cottage is similarly afflicted, and then a shoddy new religion is based on the phenomenon. The latest revival among old beliefs is that in the divining rod. "Our liberal shepherds give it a *shorter* name," and so do our conservative peasants, calling the "rod of Jacob" the "twig." To "work the twig" is rural English for the craft of Dousterswivel in the *Antiquary*, and perhaps from this comes our slang expression to "twig," or divine, the hidden meaning of another. Recent correspondence in the newspapers has proved that, whatever may be the truth about the "twig," belief in its powers is still very prevalent. Respectable people are not ashamed to bear signed witness to its miraculous powers of detecting springs of water and secret mines. It is habitually used by the miners in the Mendips, as Mr. Woodward found ten years ago; and forked hazel divining rods from the Mendips are a recognised part of ethnological collections. There are two ways of investigating the facts or fancies about the rod. One is to examine it in its actual operation—a task of considerable labour, which will doubtless be undertaken by the Society for Psychical Research; the other, and easier, way is to study the appearances of the divining wand in history, and that is what we propose to do in this article.

When a superstition or belief is widely spread in Europe, as the faith in the divining rod certainly is (in Germany rods are hidden under babies' clothes when they are baptised), we naturally expect to find traces of it in ancient times and among savages all over the modern world. Let us take what seems a very similar example. There is a magical instrument—a small fish-shaped piece of thin, flat wood tied to a thong—which, when whirled in the air, produces a strange noise, a compound of roar and hum. This instrument is sacred among the natives of Australia, where it is used to call together the men, and to frighten away the women from the religious mysteries of the males. The same instrument is used for similar purposes in New Mexico, *and in South* Africa and New Zealand

—parts of the world very widely distant from each other, and inhabited by very diverse races. It has also been lately discovered that the Greeks used this toy, which they called ῥόμβος, in the Mysteries of Dionysus, and possibly it may be identical with the *mystica vannus Iacchi* (Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 166). The conclusion drawn by the ethnologist is that this object, called *Turndun* by the Australians, is a very early savage invention, probably discovered and applied to religious purposes in various separate centres, and retained from the age of savagery in the mystic rites of Greeks and perhaps of Romans. Well, do we find anything analogous in the case of the divining rod?

Future researches may increase our knowledge, but at present little or nothing is known of the divining rod in classical ages, and not very much (though that little is significant) among uncivilised races. It is true that in all countries rods or wands, the Latin *virga*, have a magical power. Virgil obtained his mediæval repute as a wizard because his name was erroneously connected with *virgula*, the magic wand. But we do not actually know that the ancient wand of the enchantress Circe, in Homer, or the wand of Hermes, was used, like the divining rod, to indicate the whereabouts of hidden wealth or water. In the Homeric hymn to Hermes (line 529), Apollo thus describes the *caduceus*, or wand of Hermes: "Thereafter will I give thee a lovely wand of wealth and riches, a golden wand with three leaves, which shall keep thee ever unharmed." In later art this wand, or *caduceus*, is usually entwined with serpents; but on one vase, at least, the wand of Hermes is simply the forked twig of our rustic miners and water-finders. The same form is found on an engraved Etruscan mirror.* Now, was a wand of this form used in classical times to discover hidden objects of value? That wands were used by Scythians and Germans in various methods of casting lots is certain; but that is not the same thing as the working of the twig. Cicero speaks of a fabled wand by which wealth can be procured; but he says nothing of the method of its use, and possibly was only thinking of the rod of Hermes, as described in the Homeric hymn already quoted. There was a Roman play, by Varro, called *Virgula Divina*; but it is lost, and throws no light on the subject. A passage usually quoted from Seneca has no more to do with the divining rod than with the telephone. Pliny is a writer extremely fond of marvels; yet when he describes the various modes of finding wells of water, he says nothing about the divining wand. The isolated texts from Scripture which are usually referred to clearly indicate wands of a different sort, if we except Hosea iv. 12, the passage used as motto by the author of *Lettres qui découvrent l'Illusion des Philosophes sur la Baguette* (1696). This text is translated in our Bible, "My people ask counsel at their stocks, *and their staff declareth unto them*." Now, we have here no reference to the search for wells and minerals, but to a form of divination for which the modern twig has ceased to be app

* Preller, *Ausgewählte Aufsätze*, p. 154.

In rural England people use the wand to find water, but not to give advice, or to indicate thieves or murderers; but, as we shall see, the rod has been very much used for these purposes within the last three centuries. This brings us to the moral powers of the twig; and here we find some assistance in our inquiry from the practices of uncivilised races. In 1719 John Bell was travelling across Asia; he fell in with a Russian merchant, who told him of a custom common among the Mongols. The Russian had lost certain pieces of cloth, which were stolen out of his tent. The Kutuchtu Lama ordered the proper steps to be taken to find out the thief. "One of the Lamas took a bench with four feet, and after turning it in several directions, at last it pointed directly to the tent where the stolen goods were concealed. The Lama now mounted across the bench, and soon carried it, or, as was commonly believed, it carried him, to the very tent, where he ordered the damask to be produced. The demand was directly complied with; for it is vain in such cases to offer any excuse." * Here we have not a wand, indeed, but a wooden object which turned in the direction, not of water or minerals, but of human guilt. A better instance is given by the Rev. H. Rowley, in his account of the Mauganja. † A thief had stolen some corn. The medicine-man, or sorcerer, produced two sticks, which he gave to four young men, two holding each stick. The medicine-man danced and sang a magical incantation, while a zebra-tail and a rattle were shaken over the holders of the sticks. "After a while, the men with the sticks had spasmodic twitchings of the arms and legs; these increased nearly to convulsions. . . . According to the native idea, *it was the sticks which were possessed primarily*, and through them the men, *who could hardly hold them*. The sticks whirled and dragged the men round and round like mad, through bush and thorny shrub, and over every obstacle; nothing stopped them; their bodies were torn and bleeding. At last they came back to the assembly, whirled round again, and rushed down the path to fall panting and exhausted in the hut of one of a chief's wives. The sticks, rolling to her very feet, denounced her as a thief. She denied it; but the medicine-man answered, 'The spirit has declared her guilty; the spirit never lies.'" The woman, however, was acquitted, after a proxy trial by ordeal: a cock, used as her proxy, threw up the *muavi*, or ordeal-poison.

Here the points to be noted are, first, the violent movement of the sticks, which the men could hardly hold; next, the physical agitation of the men. The former point is illustrated by the confession of a civil engineer writing in the *Times*. This gentleman had seen the rod successfully used for water; he was asked to try it himself, and he determined that it should not twist in his hands "if an ocean rolled under his feet." Twist it did, however, in spite of all his efforts to hold it, when he came above a concealed spring. Another example is quoted in

* Tylor, *Prim. Cult.* ii. 156. Pinkerton, vii. 357.

† *Universities Mission to Central Africa, p. 217. Prim. Cult.* ii. 156, 157.

the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxii. p. 374. A narrator, in whom the editor had "implicit confidence," mentions how, when a lady held the twig just over a hidden well, "the twig turned so quick as to snap, breaking near her fingers." There seems to be no indiscretion in saying, as the statement has often been printed before, that the lady spoken of in the *Quarterly Review* was Lady Milbanke, mother of the wife of Byron. Dr. Hutton, the geologist, is quoted as a witness of her success in the search for water with the divining rod. He says that, in an experiment at Woolwich, "the twigs twisted themselves off below her fingers, which were considerably indented by so forcibly holding the rods between them.* Next, the violent excitement of the four young men of the Mauganja is paralleled by the physical experience of the lady quoted in the *Quarterly Review*. "A degree of agitation was visible in her face when she first made the experiment; she says this agitation was great" when she first began to practise the art, or whatever we are to call it. Again, in *Lettres qui découvrent l'illusion* (p. 63), we read that Jacques Aymar (who discovered the Lyons murderer in 1692) *se sent tout ému*—feels greatly agitated—when he comes on that of which he is in search. On page 97 of the same volume, the body of the man who holds the divining rod is described as "violently agitated." When Aymar entered the room where the murder, to be described later, was committed, "his pulse rose as if he were in a burning fever, and the wand turned rapidly in his hands" (*Lettres*, p. 107). But the most singular parallel to the performance of the African wizard must be quoted from a curious pamphlet already referred to, a translation of the old French *Verge de Jacob*, written, annotated, and published by a Mr. Thomas Welton. Mr. Welton seems to have been a believer in mesmerism, animal magnetism, and similar doctrines, but the coincidence of his story with that of the African sorcerer is none the less remarkable. It is a coincidence which must almost certainly be "undesigned." Mr. Welton's wife was what modern occult philosophers call a "Sensitive." In 1851, he wished her to try an experiment with the rod in a garden, and sent a maidservant to bring "a certain stick that stood behind the parlour door. In great terror she brought it to the garden, her hand firmly clutched on the stick, nor could she let it go. . . ." The stick was given to Mrs. Welton, "and it drew her with very considerable force to nearly the centre of the garden, to a bed of poppies, where she stopped." Here water was found, and the gardener, who had given up his lease as there was no well in the garden, had the lease renewed.

We have thus evidence to show (and much more might be adduced) that the belief in the divining rod, or in analogous instruments, is not confined to the European races. The superstition, or whatever we are to call it, produces the same effects of physical agitation, and the use of

* Quoted in "Jacob's Rod": London, n.d., a translation of *La Verge de Jacob*, Lyon, 1693.

the rod is accompanied with similar phenomena among Mongols, English people, Frenchmen, and the natives of Central Africa. The same coincidences are found in almost all superstitious practices, and in the effects of these practices on believers. The Chinese use a form of *planchette*, which is half a divining rod—a branch of the peach tree; and "spiritualism" is more than three-quarters of the religion of most savage tribes, a Maori *séance* being more impressive than anything the civilised Sludge can offer his credulous patrons. From these facts different people draw different inferences. Believers say that the wide distribution of their favourite mysteries is a proof that "there is something in them." The incredulous look on our modern "twigs," and turning-tables, and ghost stories as mere "survivals" from the stage of savage culture, or want of culture, when the fancy of half-starved man was active and his reason uncritical.

The great authority for the modern history of the divining rod is a work published by M. Chevreuil, in Paris, in 1854. M. Chevreuil, probably with truth, regarded the wand as much on a par with the turning-tables, which, in 1854, attracted a good deal of attention. He studied the topic historically, and his book, with a few accessible French tracts and letters of the seventeenth century, must here be our guide. A good deal of M. Chevreuil's learning, it should be said, is reproduced in Mr. Baring Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, but the French author is much more exhaustive in his treatment of the topic. M. Chevreuil could find no earlier book on the twig than the *Testament du Frère Basil Valentin*, a holy man who flourished (the twig) about 1413; but whose treatise is possibly apocryphal. According to Basil Valentin, the twig was regarded with awe by ignorant labouring men, which is still true. Paracelsus, though he has a reputation for magical daring, thought the use of the twig "uncertain and unlawful;" and Agricola, in his *De Re Metallica* (1546) expresses a good deal of scepticism about the use of the rod in mining. A traveller of 1554 found that the wand was *not* used—and this seems to have surprised him—in the mines of Macedonia. Most of the writers of the sixteenth century accounted for the turning of the rod by "sympathy," which was then as favourite an explanation of everything as evolution is to-day. In 1630 the Baron de Beau Soleil of Bohemia (his name sounds rather Bohemian) came to France with his wife, and made much use of the rod in the search for water and minerals. The Baroness wrote a little volume on the subject, afterwards reprinted in a great storehouse of this lore, *La Physique Occulte*, of Vallemont. Kircher, a Jesuit, made experiments which came to nothing; but Gaspard Schott, a learned writer, cautiously declined to say that the Devil was always "at the bottom of it" when the rod turned successfully. The problem of the rod was placed before our own Royal Society by Boyle, in 1666, but the Society was not more successful here than in dealing with the philosophical difficulty proposed by Charles II. In 1679 De Saint Romain, deserting the old hypothesis of secret "sympa-

thies," explained the motion of the rod (supposing it to move) by the action of *corpuscules*. From this time the question became the playing ground of the Cartesian and other philosophers. The struggle was between theories of "atoms," magnetism, "corpuscules," electric effluvia, and so forth, on one side, and the immediate action of devils, or of conscious imposture, on the other. The controversy, comparatively simple as long as the rod only indicated hidden water or minerals, was complicated by the revival of the savage discovery that the wand could "smell out" moral offences. As long as the twig turned over material objects, you could imagine sympathies and "effluvia" at pleasure. But when the wand twirled over the scene of a murder, or dragged the expert after the traces of the culprit, fresh explanations were wanted. Le Brun wrote to Malebranche on July 8, 1689, to tell him that the wand only turned over what the holder had the *intention* of discovering.* If he were following a murderer, the wand good-naturedly refused to distract him by turning over hidden water. On the other hand, Vallemont says that when a peasant was using the wand to find water, it turned over a spot in a wood where a murdered woman was buried, and it conducted the peasant to the murderer's house. These events seem inconsistent with Le Brun's theory of *intention*. Malebranche replied, in effect, that he had only heard of the turning of the wand over water and minerals; that it then turned (if turn it did) by virtue of some such force as electricity; that, if such force existed, the wand would turn over open water. But it does not so turn; and, as physical causes are constant, it follows that the turning of the rod cannot be the result of a physical cause. The only other explanation is an intelligent cause—either the will of an impostor, or the action of a spirit. Good spirits would not meddle with such matters; therefore either the Devil or an impostor causes the motion of the rod, if it *does* move at all. This logic is not agreeable to believers in the twig; but there the controversy stood, till, in 1692, Jacques Aymar, a peasant of Dauphiné, by the use of the twig discovered one of the Lyons murderers.

The story of this singular event has recently been told, but inaccurately, and on the authority of a second-hand compilation, in the *St. James's Gazette*. Though the anecdote is pretty well known, it must here be briefly repeated. No affair can be better authenticated, and our version is abridged from the *Relations* of "Monsieur le Procureur du Roi, Monsieur l'Abbé de la Garde, Monsieur Panthot, Doyen des Médecins de Lyon, and Monsieur Aubert, Avocat célèbre."

On July 5, 1692, a vintner and his wife were found dead in the cellar of their shop at Lyons. They had been killed by blows from a hedging-knife, and their money had been stolen. The culprits could not be discovered, and a neighbour took upon him to bring to Lyons a peasant out of Dauphiné, named Jacques Aymar, a man noted for his skill with the divining rod. The Lieutenant-Criminel and the Procureur

* *Lettres sur la Baguette*, pp. 106–112.

du Roi took Aymar into the cellar, furnishing him with a rod of the first wood that came to hand. According to the Procureur du Roi, the rod did not move till Aymar reached the very spot where the crime had been committed. His pulse then rose, and the wand twisted rapidly. "Guided by the wand or by some internal sensation," Aymar now followed the track of the assassins, entered the court of the Archbishop's palace, left the town by the bridge over the Rhone, and followed the right bank of the river. He reached a gardener's house, which he declared the men had entered, and some children confessed that three men (*whom they described*) had come into the house one Sunday morning. Aymar followed the track up the river, pointed out all the places where the men had landed, and, to make a long story short, stopped at last at the door of the prison of Beaucaire. He was admitted, looked at the prisoners, and picked out as the murderer a little hunchback (had the children described a hunchback?) who had just been brought in for a small theft. The hunchback was taken to Lyons, and he was recognised, on the way, by the people at all the stages where he had stopped. At Lyons he was examined in the usual manner, and confessed that he had been an accomplice in the crime, and had guarded the door. Aymar pursued the other culprits to the coast, followed them by sea, landed where they had landed, and only desisted from his search when they crossed the frontier. As for the hunchback, he was broken on the wheel, being condemned on his own confession. It does not appear that he was put to the torture to make him confess. If this had been done his admissions would, of course, have been as valueless as those of the victims in trials for witchcraft.

This is, in brief, the history of the famous Lyons murders. It must be added that many experiments were made with Aymar in Paris, and that they were all failures. He fell into every trap that was set for him; detected thieves who were innocent, failed to detect the guilty, and invented absurd excuses; alleging, for example, that the rod would not indicate a murderer who had confessed, or who was drunk when he committed his crime. These excuses seem to annihilate the wild contemporary theory of Chauvin and others, that the body of a murderer naturally exhales an invisible *matière meurtrière*—peculiar indestructible atoms, which may be detected by the expert with the rod. Something like the same theory, we believe, has been used to explain the pretended phenomena of haunted houses. But the wildest philosophical credulity is staggered by a *matière meurtrière* which is disengaged by the body of a sober, but not by that of an intoxicated, murderer, which survives tempests in the air, and endures for many years, but is dissipated the moment the murderer confesses. Believers in Aymar have conjectured that his real powers were destroyed by the excitements of Paris, and that he took to imposture; but this is an effort of too easy good-nature. When Vallemont defended Aymar (1693) in the book called *La Physique Occulte*, he declared that Aymar was physically affected to

an unpleasant extent by *matière meurtrière*, but was not thus agitate when he used the rod to discover minerals. We have seen that, modern evidence can be trusted, holders of the rod are occasionall much agitated even when they are only in search of wells. The sto gave rise to a prolonged controversy, and the case remains a judici puzzle, but little elucidated by the confession of the hunchback, wh may have been insane, or morbid, or wearied by constant questionin till he was tired of his life. He was only nineteen years of age.

The next use of the rod was very much like that of "tipping" an turning tables. Experts held it (as did Le Père Ménestrier, 1694 questions were asked, and the wand answered by turning in variou directions. By way of showing the inconsistency of all philosophies the wand, it may be said that one girl found it turned over concealed gol if she held gold in her hand, while another found that it indicated th metals so long as she did *not* carry gold with her in the quest. In th search for water, ecclesiastics were particularly fond of using the rod. Th Maréchal de Boufflers dug many wells, and found no water, on the ind cations of a rod in the hands of the Prieur de Dorenic, near Guise. I 1700 a Curé, near Toulouse, used the wand to answer questions, whicl like *planchette*, it often answered wrong. The great *sourcier*, or wate finder of the eighteenth century, was one Bleton. He declared that th rod was a mere index, and that physical sensations of the searcher com municated themselves to the wand. This is the reverse of the Africa theory, that the stick is inspired, while the men who held it are onl influenced by the stick. On the whole, Bleton's idea seems the les absurd, but Bleton himself often failed when watched with scientifi care by the incredulous. Paramelle, who wrote on methods of discoverin wells, in 1856, came to the conclusion that the wand turns in th hands of certain individuals of peculiar temperament, and that it is ver much a matter of chance whether there are, or are not, wells in the place where it turns.

On the whole, the evidence for the turning of the wand is a shad better than that for the magical turning of tables. If there are n phenomena of this sort at all, it is remarkable that the belief in ther is so widely diffused. But if the phenomena are purely subjectiv owing to the conscious or unconscious action of nervous patients then they are precisely of the sort which the cunning medicine-ma observes, and makes his profit out of, even in the earliest stages c society. Once introduced, these practices never die out among the conser vative and unprogressive class of peasants; and, every now and ther they attract the curiosity of philosophers, or win the belief of the credu lous among the educated classes. Then comes, as we have lately seen, revival of ancient superstition. For it were as easy to pluck the comet ou of the sky by the tail, as to eradicate superstition from the mind of man

Perhaps one good word may be said for the divining rod. Con sidering the chances it has enjoyed, the rod has done less mischief tha

might have been expected. It might very well have become in Europe, a kind of ordeal, or method of searching for and trying malefactors. Men like Jacques Aymar might have played, on a larger scale, the part of Hopkins, the witch-finder. Aymar was, indeed, employed by some young men to point out, by help of the wand, the houses of ladies who had been more frail than faithful. But at the end of the seventeenth century in France, this research was not regarded with favour, and put the final touch on the discomfiture of Aymar. So far as we know, the hunchback of Lyons was the only victim of the "twig" who ever suffered in civilised society. It is true that, in rural England, the movements of a Bible, suspended like a pendulum, have been thought to point out the guilty. But even that evidence is not held good enough to go to a jury.

A. L.

Faust as a Puppet-hero.

Few legendary heroes have been more fortunate as to the artistic hands into which they have fallen than the famous wizard of the sixteenth century. Painting, poetry, and music have put forth their highest powers to immortalise his weird, mystic figure, which lives for ever on the canvas of Rembrandt and in the dramatic and lyrical masterpieces of Goethe and Gounod. But while these supreme artists have not disdained to idealise the ancient legend, neither have humbler caterers for the amusement of the vulgar neglected so striking a subject; and the *saga*, developed to fullest blossom of perfection by the stimulating atmosphere of genius, while rooted deep in the popular heart, thus fulfils an essential condition of artistic vitality, by drawing its sympathetic elements of life from the widest stratum of humanity. For that impersonal, many-voiced poet—the people—is the true creator, bringing to the mint the native bullion, the virgin ore, which takes the stamp of all subsequent recoinages of art.

The personality of Faust, as it has come down to us, is woven of three separate strands of identity, which, however closely twined together, may be easily parted and discriminated—the historical Faust, the mythical Faust, and the dramatic Faust. Of these, the first, though the actual individual, is the one of the trio of whom we have the least vivid conception; for truth is here far less complete and minute in detail than fable. Yet of authentic fact, and even of suggestive touches of character, enough has been recorded to enable us to understand pretty accurately what manner of man was he whose life gave the kernel of reality to so many and various husks of fiction. Indeed, since imposture may change its fashion, but not its essence, there will be no lack, in any age, of the type of character represented by this German Cagliostro, half mountebank, half sage, whole knave and braggart, who, with real ability and acquirements sufficient to have secured him a front place in any honourable career, preferred to exercise his talents in trading on the credulity and cupidity of the world.

The earliest mention of him occurs in a letter of August 20, 1507, addressed to the mathematician Johann Wirdung, of Hasfurt, by the learned Tritheim von Sponheim, not himself altogether free from the suspicion of dealing in the black art. In a tone of acrimony, perhaps intensified by a touch of professional jealousy, he speaks of the rival magician, under his self-assumed name of *Georgius Sabellicus, Faustus Junior*, as a pretentious impostor, who claimed proficiency in all the occult sciences—astrology, magic, necromancy, pyromancy, agromancy, *and chiromancy*—who vaunted the power of working miracles, and

declared himself capable, if all the extant works of Plato and Aristotle were destroyed, of restoring them with elegance surpassing that of the original text. The writer adds that, when accident had on one occasion brought him into close quarters with this adventurer, the latter had shrewdly taken care to avoid an interview, leaving a card on which his various self-bestowed titles of cabalistic honour were inscribed. In the use of pompous appellations, indeed, the gentleman in question seems to have been anything but chary, calling himself, on different occasions, "Prince of Necromancers," "Philosopher of Philosophers," and the "Demigod of Heidelberg," *Hemitheus Hedebergensis.*

From various contemporary documents, which it would be wearisome to recount *seriatim*, the outlines of his career can be gathered with tolerable clearness. Born of obscure parentage, in or near Knittlingen, in Wurtemburg, in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, he early showed remarkable talents, and was probably educated for the Church, as history and fable are agreed in representing him as a proficient in theology. He soon, however, abandoned the study of divinity for that of magic, in which he perfected himself at the University of Cracow, Poland being at that time the great seat of necromantic lore. He then adopted the career of a wandering student—a class of disreputable vagrants, whose mendicancy, originally justified by their supposed thirst for learning, was often associated with still more questionable pretexts for living on the public. While they sometimes lawfully earned a night's hospitality, or a few coins to help them on their way, by the innocuous exercise of their wits, in teaching, choir singing, preaching, or story-telling, they practised the still more lucrative arts of treasure-hunting, fortune-telling, charm-compounding, and other thaumaturgic operations. The class is described in the *Liber Vagatorum*, published early in the sixteenth century, and attributed to Thomas Murner or Sebastian Brant, in a passage quoted by M. Ristelhuber * :—

> This chapter treats of the vagabonds: that is to say, of the beggars, the adventurers, who wear a yellow net, and come from the mountain of Venus; they know magic, and are called travelling students. When they arrive at a house they begin to proclaim: "Here is a travelling student, a master of the liberal arts (master of the art of duping the rustics), who can conjure up the devil, guarantee against hail, thunder, and other accidents." Then he pronounces some words, crosses himself two or three times, and says: "When these words are uttered no one can be killed, no one can meet with misfortune, either here or elsewhere," and other fine phrases. The peasants take it all for Gospel, and are rejoiced at the visit of the student, for they have never seen him before, and they say to him: "This or that has befallen me; if you help me I will give you a florin or two." The student consents, and cheats the clown at his discretion.

Of this learned profession Dr. Faust soon became the most illustrious ornament, rising to the head of it by such supreme pre-eminence in mendicity as must have been the envy and admiration of all more bashful or

* *Faust dans l'Histoire et la Légende.* P. Ristelhuber.

less inventive knights errant of philosophy. There is, indeed, an amount of effrontery that constitutes genius, and with this enviable quality the demigod of Heidelberg was gifted in the highest degree.

His success was in proportion to his assurance. Princes were his dupes, instead of peasants; and, if banished from one State, he found a not less ready field for his talents in another. Monks were deputed to convert, and gendarmes to imprison him, equally in vain; he slipped through the snares of law and logic with the same supple adroitness, and was alike proof against argument and arrest. His learning was quite untinctured with asceticism, since he was as devout a worshipper of Bacchus as of Beelzebub, and the villany of his career is half redeemed by the spirit of rollicking adventure that pervades it. Many of his reputed sorceries are indeed rather of the nature of supernatural practical jokes than of solemn necromantic performances.

Of this character is the feat commemorated in the most familiarly known representation of him, the painting on the wall of the Auerbach cellar in Leipzig, bearing the date 1525. Here he is portrayed astride upon the great barrel of wine which, according to the legend, after it had defied the efforts of a gang of men to move it, he mounted and rode triumphantly out of the cellar. The occurrence is described in the following doggerel lines at the foot of the picture :—

> Dr. Faustus, this time about,
> From Auerbach's wine cellar rode out,
> Borne by a swiftly moving tun,
> In sight of many a mother's son,
> By magic art this wonder he achieved,
> For which the devil's wage he hath received.
> 1525.

The date is, however, more probably that of the event itself than of the record of it, as it is doubtful whether Faust's death had taken place so early.

As glib with the classics as with the Cabala, he received, about the year 1513, from the University of Erfurt, a licence to lecture on Homer. On one occasion he illustrated his discourse by invoking the shades of the Homeric heroes, perhaps by no more diabolical machinery than a magic lantern. The series closed with Polyphemus, whose terrific aspect, as he was seen gnawing a human leg, weaned the audience of all further desire to make acquaintance with classical ghosts. In this optical exhibition we have the original germ of the legend of Helen. His vaunting offer to restore the lost comedies of Plautus and Terence was rejected by the authorities on the ground that it could only be done by diabolical intervention. However entertaining as a professor, his teaching was found anything but improving to the youthful mind at Erfurt, and, after a short residence there, he was finally dismissed and banished.

The chronicles of the town narrate seriously, as an incident of his stay *how he* one day, to the admiration of a gaping crowd, drove a great ca

laden with hay, and drawn by a pair of oxen, through a street so narrow as scarcely to admit of two people passing abreast. The spectacle was interrupted by the arrival of an Augustinian monk from a neighbouring convent, who, sternly rebuking all present for their toleration of such infernal witchcraft, uttered a solemn exorcism with instantaneous effect: cart and oxen disappeared, and in their place was seen a pair of cocks drawing a straw, while the wizard vanished in the crowd. The successful exorcist was Martin Luther, himself, as all the world knows, a firm believer in diabolical apparitions. A narrow lane in Erfurt still bears the name of *Dr. Faustgässchen* in memory of this exploit.

The victories of the Imperial arms in Italy were ascribed by the bragging doctor to his own interest with the powers of darkness. This pretension was quite incontrovertible; but, unfortunately, he did not always confine his boasts to matters admitting of no practical test, and in Venice he narrowly escaped drowning in an attempt to fly.

His death, the date of which is uncertain, was of so mysterious and sudden a nature as naturally to suggest the agency of the foul fiend. It occurred at midnight, when a loud noise shook the inn in which he lodged, and his body was found in the morning much disfigured. Herr Engel * suggests the plausible explanation that as he had been for some time previous engaged in the pursuit of alchemy, a *Faust-Küche* or laboratory being one of the spots still traditionally associated with his name, the catastrophe was produced by a chemical explosion during some of his nocturnal experiments.

However that may be, it was doubtless this violent end that impressed the popular imagination, and laid the foundation of a structure of fable reared on the basis of truth outlined above. Round the name of Faust were thenceforward grouped all the tales of diablerie and witchcraft afloat in earlier tradition, and the individuality of the elder heroes of necromancy has since been merged in his single personality. In his story was incorporated the much more ancient legend of Theophilus, which formed the subject of two mediæval Mystery Plays—one by Rutebeuf, the celebrated troubadour of the thirteenth century; and another in Old Saxon, the text of which, still extant, has been edited and published by a modern German writer.† This Eastern prototype of Faust, who lived about 538, so far resembled his German successor as that, disgusted at being unjustly deposed from the ecclesiastical dignity of Archdeacon of Adana, in Cilicia, he made himself over to the fiend, on condition of being restored to wealth and dignity. Repentance, however, in his case followed immediately, and the impious contract signed by him was recovered from the nether world by the interposition of the Madonna. This legend, first narrated in Greek by Eutychianus, a disciple of the penitent Theophilus, has obviously influenced some versions

* *Die Deutschen Puppen-Comödien.* Carl Engel.
† *Theophilus, der Faust des Mittelalters.* Ludwig Ettmüller.

of the *Faust* drama; for in one of the puppet-plays on the subject the hero is represented as kneeling, in a moment of contrition, before a "wayside shrine," and only forfeiting the intercession of his patroness by a subsequent relapse. His permanent conversion was obviously inconsistent with the main motive of the later legend, the violent death which wreaked poetical justice on the sinner.

The earliest *Faust-Buch* was printed at Frankfurt, in 1587, by Johann Spies, who only professed to edit a MS. of unknown authorship. It attained to universal and immediate popularity; second and third editions were soon exhausted, and it was translated within a few years into Danish, Dutch, French, and English. A new and enlarged version, with additional episodes, was published by Widmann, in Hamburg, in 1599; but in its main outlines it is essentially the same as the older narrative. Other variations on the original text have appeared at various dates, but these two are the principal embodiments of the *Faust* myth. We have it here in all its *naïve* simplicity, evidently narrated in perfect good faith, and with its superstructure of the marvellous grafted on the life of a man whose actual existence was at that date a matter of as little doubt as that of Napoleon Bonaparte at the present day. It is consequently a composition in which shrewdness and credulity, fact and falsehood, dovetail into one another in a strange mosaic. We have the invocation scene in a forest, when the fiend, after many terrific manifestations, finally places himself at the disposal of his neophyte, wearing the garb of a Franciscan monk, and under the familiar name of Mephistophiles. Then follows the signing of the infernal contract in the usual sanguinary form, and the various uses to which Faust puts his supernatural powers. A dragon-borne car is at his disposal, in which he takes a drive through the constellations; and when he journeys in more earthly fashion, the fiends, in anticipation of Macadam, smooth a level road before his carriage wheels, which disappears again behind them.

At the Court of Charles V. he calls up the ghosts of Alexander the Great and his consort, and the latter politely remains until the Emperor establishes her identity by examining a mole on the back of her neck. A young nobleman of the Court gives offence to the magician, and, while he is asleep on a balcony, a pair of stag's antlers attach themselves to his forehead, and are only charmed off again when he has been sufficiently punished. The Pope at Rome and the Sultan at Constantinople were equally mystified by the tricksy wizard, who approached the first in the garb of a cardinal, and the second in the character of the shade of Mahomet.

The legendary Faust figures as the hero of many Bacchanalian adventures. Like Goethe's fiend, he supplies each of his boon companions with his favourite liquor by drilling holes in the table, from which the vintages selected gush forth. Again, like the modern Mephistopheles in the same scene, he bewitches the company into each preparing to cut off his neighbour's nose, until they wake from the delusion to find themselves mutually grasping each other by that feature.

Such elfish tricks as turning a priest's breviary into a pack of cards, selling a man a horse which, as he is riding across a ford, turns into a wisp of straw, and leaves him struggling in the water, alternate with theological discussions between the wizard and his familiar, in which the Prince of Darkness occasionally delivers himself of sufficiently edifying sentiments. Speculative matrons will rejoice to learn that holy matrimony was so specially obnoxious to him that an express stipulation against it formed part of the bond between him and his disciple. In one version the latter is desirous of marrying a grocer's daughter—a noteworthy episode, as containing the only anterior suggestion of Goethe's Gretchen. His demoniacal counsellor dissuades him effectually from so fatal a step, and the timely appearance of the shade of Helen finally weans him from all less classical attachments. Mediæval diablerie is strangely blended throughout with that of older mythologies, and the dog-headed Anubis, the Egyptian Cerberus, appears among the *posse* of demons in some of the invocation scenes.

In the midst of more supernatural feats, a chapter is devoted to recounting, what was doubtless historical fact, how Faust published an almanack, "not," says the narrator, in all good faith, "like those of some ignorant astrologers, who prophesy for winter cold, and ice, and snow, and for the dog-days heat, thunder, and storms," but containing predictions of events which really came to pass, such as wars and famines. The death of Faust, to which the date 1540 is given in some books, is narrated with great circumstantiality, and its details bear the stamp of probability. The midnight noise, the concussion of the house, the shattered and dismembered condition of the remains, while they lent themselves to the popular theory of demoniacal retribution, all admit, as we have seen, of a natural explanation, and there is then no reason to reject them as fictitious. The martyr of occult science was, by an easy metamorphosis, transformed into the victim of diabolical malignity, and the catastrophe was doubly welcome to myth-retailers and marvel-mongers for the obvious moral it conveyed.

One error which has in later times crept into the popular idea of Faust, identifying him with Johann Fust, one of the inventors of printing, has been completely eliminated by modern research. No such confusion occurs in any of the early narratives, and the modern black art was never in its infancy associated with ancient magic, whose wonder-working power it so far transcends. The name of Faust was in all probability no more the patronymic of the charlatan who bore it, than Zadkiel is of the modern soothsayer. In all ancient documents it appears as *Faustus*, and was doubtless adopted by him in this form, from its Latin signification, as peculiarly appropriate to an astrologer. Nay, from his using it with the qualification *Junior*, we are perhaps justified in concluding that it was a stock appellation for those who pretended to predict the future, intended to encourage their clients by its sound of cheerful augury.

The *Faust* legend was not likely to be long neglected by early dramatists, as it furnished those elements of diabolical drollery always interpolated on the mediæval stage as a relaxation from the solemn subjects treated. The grotesque, then so incongruously blent with the sacred in all forms of art, had full scope in the history of the wizard and his dealings with his infernal allies, while the invocation scenes were rich in material for optical effect. Accordingly we find a German comedy of *Faust* mentioned as early as 1588, but of this no text survives. Only a year later, according to a recent writer, Marlow's *Faust* is thought to have appeared,* and this English version is thus the oldest extant dramatic rendering of the subject. It adheres closely to the text of the *Faust-Buch*, and embodies all its principal episodes, while it contains none that are not in it. In the judgment of the writer last quoted—a very competent critic—this tragedy contains some of the finest dramatic poetry in the English language. The versification is certainly very spirited, as the following passage spoken by Faust may show :—

> Had I as many souls as there be stars,
> I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
> By him I'll be great emperor of the world
> And make a bridge thorough the moving air
> To pass the ocean with a band of men ;
> I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
> And make that country continent to Spain,
> And both contributory to my crown ;
> The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
> Nor any potentate of Germany.

Of the famous apostrophe to Helen, the opening lines—

> Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?—

are by far the best.

Many critics have conjectured Marlow's drama, carried into Germany by English strolling players, to have been the original model on which the existing puppet-plays in that country were based ; but this conjecture is unnecessary, as these little pieces follow very closely the outlines of a German play now lost, but of a performance of which, at the fair of Dantzic in 1688, a description by an eye-witness still remains. Many old German dramas have only been preserved in the repertory of the puppet-theatre, as, during the protracted miseries inflicted on the country by the Thirty Years' War, all other theatrical performances were suspended. A yawning gap in the national artistic history is thus bridged over by these obscure waifs of past culture, and it is by them that the traditions of the earlier stage have been handed down to our own day. Links between the present and the past, connecting the sixteenth with the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, they unite the *Faust* of Marlow with the *Faust* of Goethe, and the music of Gounod with the colour

* *Faustus*, by R. Garnett. *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Ninth Edition.

harmonies of Rembrandt. In them alone the ancient myth still retains some of its earlier vitality, since they appeal to an audience which even yet can accept it with credulity.

It was not without some difficulty that German inquirers into popular literature succeeded in procuring manuscript copies of the puppet-play of *Faust*, since these dramas are generally handed down by oral tradition. It has, however, been done by two authors,* who have edited and published sundry versions of it, in substantial agreement as to their main features. It opens with a Prologue in Tartarus, which, perhaps, suggested Goethe's Prologue in Heaven as an introduction to the supernatural machinery, though he has worked into it an idea obviously inspired by the Book of Job. In the puppet-drama the action is opened by Charon, who thus laments the falling off in the traffic receipts of the Tartarean ferry :—

> On Acheron and Styx I'll cease to ply afloat,
> Since troops of souls condemned no longer crowd my boat;
> Then Tartarus ope wide, great Lord of Shades arise!
> From thine infernal gates thy faithful Charon cries.

Pluto is roused by his lamentations, and summons the Furies, whom he sends on earth to assail mankind. To Mephistophiles he gives a special commission to secure the soul of Dr. Faust, whom he describes as a man discontented with himself and the world, and long brooding over an alliance with the powers of darkness. He desires that a book of magic may be caused to fall into his hands, "for the fool thinks that only in this way can he approach us, though he is already ours through his own inclinations." Charon is satisfied, and retreats jubilant.

> Now can I banish care and be alert and merry,
> By Pluto's grace full soon a load will cross the ferry.
> Hark, Cerberus gives tongue! ghosts flit upon the shore,
> Hi! merrily on board to ply the infernal oar!

The first act of the drama opens, like that of Goethe, with Faust soliloquising in his study, surrounded by the paraphernalia of alchemy and astrology. He reads from a book, moralising as he goes along.

Nemo sua sorte contentus est.—No one is satisfied with his position; the despised beggar aspires to be a peasant, the peasant a shopkeeper, the shopkeeper a nobleman, the nobleman a prince, the prince a king, the king an emperor. And even he would aim at a higher rank, if the world afforded it.

Variatio delectat.—Change in everything is supposed to give man pleasure and satisfaction. This is a fine saying, but it no way suffices to content my desires. One man finds pleasure in this, another in that; but we all carry within us the impulse to aim at a higher position than our own. *Sistite, mortales! concurrite vos, et attendite meam veritatem!* Stand still, ye mortals, and contemplate with me a truth clear as day—that nothing living under the sun has reached the goal of satisfaction, and the fulfilment of its desires. Thou too, Faust, art discontented with thy condition; all faculties and sciences imaginable have I studied; all Germany knows the name of

* *Die Deutschen Puppen-Comödien*. Carl Engel. *Die Deutschen Volksbücher*. Carl Simrock.

Faust; but what does this profit me? Now that I have carried the *studium theologicum* so far as to have accepted here in Wittenberg a *gradum doctoratus*, I find in it no such satisfaction as my wishes demand, and in *theologia* I can go no further. I have then firmly resolved to study necromancy. Here, then, away with this trash (*He knocks a pile of books off the table*); thou alone, oh dear necromancy, shalt henceforth be welcome to me!

GOOD GENIUS (*behind the scenes, in a thin treble*). Fauste!

FAUST (*terrified*). Ha! who calls?

GOOD GENIUS. Attempt not the *studium nigromanticum*, but continue in the *studium theologicum*, and you will be the happiest of men.

BAD GENIUS (*likewise behind the scenes, in a deep bass*). Fauste!

FAUST (*terrified, looking to the left*). Ha! who calls there?

BAD GENIUS. Fauste! choose the *studium nigromanticum*, and you will be the most learned and the happiest of men."

The bad genius, who declares himself a messenger from the realm of Pluto, remains, of course, master of the field; the good genius disappears, lamenting over the lost theologian, and a chorus of exulting laughter is heard from unseen spirits of evil. At that moment Wagner, the professor's *famulus* or apprentice, appears to announce that two unknown students have called and left a book, which proves to be a magical volume, the *Clavis Astarte de Magia*, filled with the desired necromantic lore.

Some farcical scenes follow during which Wagner engages Casperle, the Punch or Harlequin, the licensed jester of the German puppet-stage, to assist in the service of his master; and then Faust, with the help of the newly-acquired volume, begins his incantations in due form.

In the strength of the triple sign
I shake the powers of Hell;
In the name of the mighty nine
Swift spirits I compel.
Up, Prince of Darkness! Come, give my desires full measure.
Furies! by Styx appear, to do Faust's will and pleasure.

Thunders and mutterings of many voices are heard.

"In dread Astarti's name by Styx and Acheron,
Approach Faust's circle here, forsake the infernal throne.
In the book's name ye're bound to hear me in a trice,
And by its power I now invoke ye twice and thrice.
Cito, Spiritus, cito! linkischee o Pluto!

At this tremendous invocation, amid lightning, tempest, and thunder, appear in terrible forms the fiends Asmodi, Auerhahn, Fitzliputzli, and Astaroth.

FAUST. Who are ye, frightful apparitions?

DEVILS. We are Princes of Hell, come at thy desire, and ready to serve thee.

FAUST. Well, then, I will test your efficiency. Thou, the first on my right, what is thy name and how swift art thou?

ASMODI. My name is Asmodi, and I am as swift as the snail upon the hedge.

FAUST. Away from me, thou prince of laziness! Fly hence! *Apage, male spiritus!* (*Asmodi buzzes slowly away.*)

FAUST. Thou on my left, what is thy name?

AUERHAHN. My name is Auerhahn.

FAUST. And how swift art thou, Auerhahn?
AUERHAHN. I am as swift as the arrow shot from the bow.
FAUST. Not enough for me. *Apage, male spiritus!* Vanish!

The remaining spirits are subjected to a similar cross-examination; and, though Fitzliputzli declares himself as swift as a bird, and Astaroth defies the hurricane to outspeed him, the result is the same. The magician is still unsatisfied; and when he asks if there be no spirit swifter still, and they answer "Mephistophiles," he dismisses them, and proceeds to invoke this new ally. Mephistophiles, who appears in a red costume, declares himself swift as human thought, and Faust is at last suited in a familiar. He makes an appointment with Mephistophiles for the following midnight, when the final contract is to be signed, sealed, and delivered.

Casperle next comes on the scene, picks up the mystic volume, and, standing all unconsciously within the charmed circle, proceeds to spell slowly over the contents of the strange book. As he enunciates, letter by letter, the word *Perlicke*, a number of imps appear round the circle, vanishing with equal rapidity on the utterance of the succeeding syllables, *Perlocke*. Casperle, absorbed in his studies, remains for some time unaware of the effect he is producing, while the spirits come and go with a whirring noise, as he recites the two mystic words by turns. He at last perceives them, holds a conversation with them, and, gradually and experimentally learning his power over them, amuses himself by alternating the talismanic syllables with increasing rapidity while they vanish and reappear, until the curtain falls on the close of the first act.

In the next act we have the hero of the piece in colloquy with a septett of voices, impersonating the seven deadly sins, and each proffering him its peculiar form of gratification. Mephistophiles interrupts this dialogue, and with him Faust concludes the infernal compact, according to which the services of the fiend were to be at his disposal for twenty-four years, reckoning 365 days each, while his soul was to be the forfeit at the end.

The third act transports the spectator to the Court of the Duke of Parma, where Mephistophiles and his client arrive in time for the festive celebration of the sovereign's marriage. Casperle, whose doings throughout are a sort of parody on his master's, also turns up here, having come to a private understanding, on his own account, with Auerhahn, a minor spirit, and chartered a flying dragon as his conveyance. Faust gives the Court a specimen of his powers by conjuring up a series of scriptural scenes—David and Goliath, Judith with the head of Holofernes, and similar episodes—but excites the jealousy of the Duke by gallant speeches to his bride, and is warned by his familiar that he is about to be poisoned at the State banquet. Faust and Mephistophiles accordingly disappear as they came, leaving Casperle to shift for himself, and bargain with Auerhahn for his return journey.

Twelve years elapse *before the curtain rises* next, to show Faust, at

the opening of the fourth and last act, *blasé*, contrite, and kneeling before a shine to implore mercy. From Mephistophiles, who is pledged to tell him the truth, he extracts by cross-examination the avowal that repentance is still possible to him if he can resist temptation till the following midnight. Nothing seems easier to the jaded *roué*, but the fiend has a trump card in reserve, and he plays it. Summoning up the shade of Helen he calls the Doctor, who by all accounts had a great eye for beauty, to look on this marvel of classical loveliness. The bait is eagerly swallowed by the quondam penitent, and he rushes after the fair spectre, to find her turn, on his approach, into a hideous Fury. Doubly duped, he now learns from Mephistophiles that, as the nights during which he has been at his service were not included with the days in the original bargain between them, the years have counted double, and the forfeit due for them will be claimed at midnight. Then follows the despair of the deluded victim, who now tries in vain to pray, as the mild face of the Madonna is blotted out by the vision of Helen. Casperle, in the capacity of a watchman, comes on the scene, chanting as he goes his round—

> Hear, good sirs, and mark me well,
> Nine o'clock has tolled the bell;
> Lights and fire extinguish all,
> Lest some mischance the town befall.

Each hour, as it arrives, is announced by a similar stave, while its passage is enlivened by the wit of Casperle, relieving the audience from the too prolonged contemplation of Faust's despair. At each stroke of the clock a warning voice is heard from the skies, *Fauste, accusatus es! Fauste, judicatus es!* and at the knell of midnight, the fatal sentence is proclaimed, *Fauste, Fauste, in æternum damnatus es!* Then, while all the scenic resources of red flames, fiends, and hobgoblins are liberally displayed, Faust is dragged off, after a concluding soliloquy.

> Now, Faust, art thou condemned to thy sins' expiation,
> The sentence dread I hear of death and reprobation;
> Ye Furies! then come forth from the dark realms infernal,
> And bear the abandoned soul to sufferings eternal.
> Tear from the bones the flesh, rend every limb asunder,
> The dim abyss of air fling the trunk through and under.
> Quick to the work! lead on, through nether gulfs of terror,
> Unto the dread abode of souls condemned for error.
> Yes, yes, he comes! he flies! in hideous fury roaring,
> His hellish rage to glut in my heart's blood outpouring.
> Gone is all hope, and thus I pay sin's bitter cost,
> Woe to my hapless soul, now and for ever lost!

The dialogue of this little piece, which is in some places left to be improvised at the discretion of the player, is everywhere spontaneous and lively, but the reader will have perceived that it is wanting in dramatic cohesion. The events at the Court of Parma are disconnected from the *rest of the action*, which is resumed in an episodical fashion after a

lapse of twelve years. The opening scenes are a very close reproduction of those of Marlow's *Faust*; but the later ones differ considerably from those of the English drama, which is a far more literal rendering of the original *saga*.

The interest of the puppet-play is, however, due, not so much to its intrinsic merits, as to the influence it exercised in keeping alive the legend, and handing it down to modern drama. Lessing was first among later writers to design a new version of the piece; and, having seen it acted by puppets in 1753, he sketched the outlines of two different tragedies on the subject—one closely following the play he had actually seen, the other omitting entirely the supernatural element. The manuscript was lost in a trunk with a quantity of other papers, and only one scene, transcribed in a letter, survives. It is that in which Faust questions the various spirits as to their degrees of speed, and the more elaborate phrases introduced are scarcely an improvement on the unpretentious directness of the puppet-dialogue.

But the remodelling, or rather the new creation, of the *Faust* legend was reserved for a greater than Lessing. Goethe was of all modern poets the most singularly fitted to deal with the subject, from his unequalled power of combining the sublime with the grotesque. He was in this respect a re-incarnation of the mind of mediæval Germany, far more than of that classical antiquity whose type he is supposed by some of his critics to have inherited. Thus his *Faust* resembles the façade of a Gothic cathedral, in which fantastic monsters and nightmare births of fancy are seen in contrast with the loveliness of angels and the majesty of prophets.

The production of the *Faust* tragedy, evolved from his mind gradually, as by some slow process of nature, was the artistic sum of Goethe's entire life. He was but four years old when he saw the puppet-play performed by the miniature actors in a marionette theatre given him as a Christmas present by his grandmother; he was still a child when an abridgment of Widmann's *Faust-Buch*, sold among popular literature at fairs, fell into his hands; and he had completed his eighty-second year when he laid down the pen after having written the last lines of the weird phantasmagoria which concludes the great tragedy. All that lay between that first childish impression and the final perfecting touch, went to the making of the whole, and we may be sure that there was no single experience of the poet's life that did not leave its stamp upon the work. The scenery of his home is described in the Easter walk of the professor and his disciple; Gretchen is the idealised reminiscence of his first boyish flame—a girl of Frankfurt, of that name, whom he adored with a childish passion at fifteen; even the study of magic was one which had been his actual occupation during some months of retirement. But how strangely transmuted and metamorphosed are all such actual experiences by the wonderful assimilative power of genius, we may in part fancy from the foregoing brief sketch of the previously existing materials from

which the perfect structure was developed. In the pre-Goethe *Fa*
find, indeed, but the rudiments of all that we now associate wit
name; and if we are at first surprised to discover that the poet re
any suggestions from extraneous sources, this feeling is soon lost
greater wonder of seeing how much he added of his own. In the i
native masterpiece the original materials appear scarcely less transfo
and modified than are the crude elementary substances used by N
in elaborating the vital organism.

It was in a fragmentary state that *Faust* first saw the light, an
disconnected scenes published in 1775 were only worked up int
complete drama after the poet's journey to Italy in 1787. It is
cord that the hobgoblin drolleries of the Witches' Kitchen were com
in the beautiful grounds of the Villa Borghese at Rome, strangely i
gruous as they seem with the southern landscape and classical tre
of the spot. The Helen episode, another fragment, was original
tended to form a separate drama; but, here turned to account wit
economy of genius, it is grafted on the second part of *Faust*, not wi
showing, in its discrepancy with the remainder of the work, some
of its extraneous origin.

Among later adaptations of the *Faust* materials is a ballet, w
by Heinrich Heine, at the request of Mr. Lumley, when manager o
Majesty's Theatre, but never performed, as the appearance of J
Lind that season, and the sensation she created, rendered the produ
of any other novelty superfluous. The scenes are of course only ske
out in description, as there is no dialogue in the species of entertain
it was intended for.

Amid many divergences, there is one noteworthy coincidence bet
the various versions of the *Faust* legend, from Widmann's to Goe
They are all unanimous in representing their protagonist as first
to invoke the fiend by insatiable thirst for knowledge, and subsequ
led on by his tempter to seek the lower gratifications of a life of ple
Thus the subtle allegory is conveyed, that the soul, having once
deliberate choice of evil, loses thenceforward all controlling power
its own worse impulses, and sinks to unforeseen depths of degrad
And if the warning against diabolical intercourse so emphatically
veyed by the tragical story of the wizard Faust to his contemporar
the sixteenth century seem to us of the nineteenth somewhat superfl
we still may find in the old legend a moral applicable to all time.

"It isn't a love-letter."

No New Thing.

CHAPTER XXI.

Two Flattering Offers.

IFE in the country generally, and life in the neighbourhood of Crayminster somewhat more particularly, is seldom remarkable for abundance of incident; and upon the principle that the safest thing for a sailor to do with his head, when in the heat of action, is to thrust it through a hole made in the side of the ship by a cannon-ball, it may be assumed that, after such an eventful day as that through which Miss Brune had just passed when we took leave of her in the month of November, nothing more of a startling nature was likely to happen to her for some time to come. To be run away with, to be thrown from one's horse, to receive and ject an offer of marriage, all within the twenty-four hours, is indeed draw rather recklessly upon one's fair average of excitement; and ellie, who, as it may be remembered, had been a good deal bored and ger for any small trifle in the way of novelty before these things had ken place, was abundantly satisfied with what she had got, and asked r nothing better than a further period of repose and dulness in which recover herself.

Such a period did in due course follow, and lasted for a matter of six eks; but at the expiration of that time a truly remarkable piece of perience fell to Nellie's share—a piece of experience such as no woman er quite forgets, and which is looked back upon with a certain degree pride by all and with heartfelt regret by a good many. It was to-rds the end of December that the county was roused to a high pitch interest and expectation by the re-appearance of the Duke of Retford, o, being still shut out of his Yorkshire mansion, had selected Cray-ridge to pass Christmas at, as being upon the whole the least comfortless

of the many country houses that belonged to him. He came down in quite a patriarchal fashion, accompanied or speedily followed by numerous relatives, and among these was his eldest son.

Now this young man had greatly liked and admired Nellie during his stay at Craybridge at the time of the festivities consequent upon his coming of age; and so sincere had been his admiration that he had not at all forgotten her, although five whole months had passed away since he had bidden her farewell. One of the first things, therefore, that he did upon finding himself once more within reach of her was to ride over to Broom Leas, where he was so kindly received that he discovered a series of pretexts for repeating his visit three times in little more than a week. About Christmas time his parents, as in duty bound, gave a ball at which he danced a great many times with Nellie—thereby exciting much surprise and envy, and not a little spitefulness. After that there came a ten days' frost, which afforded additional opportunities for neighbourly intercourse; and the outcome of it all was that, while the new year was still young, the Most Honourable the Marquis of Craybridge made a formal offer of his hand and all the contingent glories belonging thereto to Miss Brune.

It may be asserted without ill nature—and, in truth, there is nothing ill-natured in the assertion—that the number of women in England who could relinquish without a pang the prospect of becoming a duchess may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Nellie Brune, at any rate, was not one of that select and high-minded few. She would have liked very much to be a duchess, and to be rich and powerful, and to hold out a helping hand to her brothers in their several professions, and to wear the famous Retford diamonds, and to step at once and without an effort from the respectable but obscure ranks of the country gentry into the inner circle of the highest society of her native land. All this would have been exceedingly pleasant to her; and yet she felt that she could not marry Lord Craybridge. She refused him with an honest sigh, but she did refuse him.

The young man was very much astonished, which was natural enough—and rather angry, which showed a want of proper feeling on his part, but was also, perhaps, not unnatural. Of course, in a manner of speaking, Miss Brune was worthy of an imperial throne; but, contemplating things from a common-sense and every-day standpoint, she really was hardly in a position to treat marquises as though they were made of mere common clay. This marquis had been willing to set the wishes of his parents at defiance, and to brave the displeasure of his entire family for her sake. He had thought rather well of himself for being so independent, and it certainly had never entered into his head that any opposition to his desires could come from her. He was a very young man and a somewhat hot-tempered one, and he could not help letting her see something of what he thought respecting her conduct in this ma*Thereupon she, too,* became angry, and told him he had a vulgar mi

and so high words passed, and the interview was nearly ending in a mortal quarrel. Lord Craybridge, however, regained his self-control in time to avert so undignified a parting. He confessed that he had forgotten himself, begged for forgiveness, and was forgiven. Would there be any hope for him at any future time? he asked. Nellie replied that she was very sorry, but that there never could be any hope for him at all. He then observed that he didn't care what became of him now, and departed declaring that he should live and die a bachelor, and expressing a hope that his demise might speedily ensue. And about three weeks afterwards he proposed to the beautiful Lady Hilda Montacute, by whom he was accepted; and they were married with great pomp at Westminster Abbey in the spring, and lived happily ever afterwards.

The foregoing episode, having only an indirect bearing upon the course of the present story, has been somewhat condensed in narration; but the various workings of it occupied a large portion of Nellie's time and thoughts during the winter, and it was the means of exalting her beyond measure in the estimation of her neighbours; for it need hardly be said that the whole county heard all about it, the news having leaked out and been promulgated in the usual mysterious way. Ladies are not supposed to reveal the names of their rejected suitors (as a matter of fact they generally do reveal them, but that is neither here nor there), and in the present instance Nellie was as reticent as the strictest code of social ethics could have required her to be. Besides her father, she only communicated the circumstance to Mrs. Stanniforth, who was almost like a mother to her; and every lady is allowed to have one confidant. Margaret, again, was anything but a garrulous person; but when Mrs. Winnington sneered openly at Nellie for having so signally failed to "catch poor Mr. Stanniforth," how was it possible to resist the temptation of proving that a much more eligible *parti* than Tom Stanniforth had been declined by the young lady? Proving is perhaps hardly the right word to use, inasmuch as there could be no tangible proof adduced in support of the statement, and indeed Mrs. Winnington declared at once and without hesitation that she didn't believe a word of it. Nature, however, was too strong for Mrs. Winnington, and, despite her expressed incredulity, she could not help treating Nellie from that day forth with a wondering respect which its subject was puzzled to account for.

As for Margaret, her joy over the discomfiture of Lord Craybridge was extreme. There could be but one reason, she thought, for his rejection; and, being quite satisfied now as to the state of Nellie's affections, she became more than ever anxious for Philip to return. Philip, his things and his prospects were the most frequent subject of conversation between the two ladies. It was a comfort to the elder to have some one within reach who understood and appreciated that paragon, while the younger was glad to be able to speak without repugnance of one, at least, among the persons in whom her kind friend was interested. Mrs. Winnington, back from her autumn *manœuvres* in the west, and upon the

whole not ill-pleased with the results thereof, was more than usually out of sympathy with them both at this time. When Margaret hesitatingly informed her of the career which Philip had chosen for himself, she remarked drily that she was not at all surprised, but that for her part she did not care about including a mountebank in the list of her acquaintances; and to Nellie she made herself objectionable by intimating in no ambiguous language that Tom Stanniforth's engagement to Edith might now be looked upon as very nearly an accomplished fact. She had encountered Mr. Stanniforth, it appeared, in the course of her peregrinations, and had—or said she had—been given to understand pretty clearly by him what his ambition was. "I have not breathed a word upon the subject to dear Edith; I would never interfere in such a matter. I fancy, though, that I can foresee her answer, and I really think that in many ways she will have chosen wisely. Rank, after all, is not everything, and dear Mr. Stanniforth is so good—such a thoroughly sterling and genuine character."

Nellie, albeit not unprepared for this intelligence, was profoundly disgusted by it, and said some bitter things to Margaret about the ease with which Edith had got over her attachment to poor Walter. Not even to Margaret had she ever disclosed what had passed between her and Mr. Stanniforth on that memorable November afternoon, but in her heart she condemned him no less severely than the young woman to whom he had so promptly transferred his allegiance. To be sure, she did not want to marry him herself, and it was nothing to her whom he might choose to marry; but she thought he might have had the decency to wait a little longer. He had taken rather a liberty in asking her to be his wife at all; but that he should have asked her in that sort of way, simply because he wanted a wife—any wife—was just a little bit too insulting. One is sorry to have to record weaknesses on the part of one's heroine; but it is a fact that when Edith complained that Nellie Brune never met her now without sniffing at her, she was not going far beyond the limits of truth.

There were thus many little daily pin-pricks which served not only to strengthen the friendship which had subsisted for so long between Margaret and her young neighbour, but to narrow the stream of their common interests into one channel. If some people thought that Philip would lower himself and those connected with him by singing for his supper, like little Tom Tucker, that was by no means Miss Brune's opinion. On the contrary, she applauded his resolution with a heartiness that quite reassured Margaret, who, as we have seen, had had some misgivings upon the point at first. Why, Nellie pertinently inquired, should it be considered a more honourable occupation to plead the cause of murderers and forgers than to afford innocent pleasure to people of refinement? Did anybody dare to look down upon artists nowadays? And was not a great singer just as much an artist as a great painter? What was really disgraceful was to eat the bread of idleness; and t

was what she had sometimes feared that Philip might be contented to do. Now she said she should always feel proud of him.

Speeches of this kind were very soothing and encouraging to Margaret, and went far towards consoling her for the uneasiness which she felt at Philip's protracted absence. He was always writing to say that he meant to come and see her as soon as ever he could find the time, but somehow or other he never did find the time; and a vague rumour connecting his name with that of Signora Tommasini trickled down to Craymnster, and gave Margaret (who had never seen the Signora, and supposed her to be a young and fascinating creature) a terrible fright. At length, however, there came a letter to announce that Philip proposed to revisit Longbourne at Easter, and that he hoped to be able to remain there for some weeks. This joyful news was at once transmitted to Broom Lees by Margaret, who mentioned with regret that the same post had brought her a refusal from Tom Stanniforth. "I hoped he might have been able to run down for Easter too," she said; "but he tells me he will be busy all through the recess."

"Oh, what a good thing!" exclaimed Nellie, clasping her hands involuntarily.

Her ejaculation had been called forth by the latter piece of intelligence, but Margaret naturally set it down to gratification at the former. And in truth Nellie was very glad to see Philip again. He arrived looking very pale and fagged, as he might have been expected to do after a long spell of hard labour, and was made much of by the ladies whose admiration he chiefly coveted. Margaret, of course, would have petted him under any circumstances; but he was not prepared to meet with so kind a reception at the hands of Nellie, having found her on previous occasions more of a critic than a sympathiser. Now she was amiability itself. She made him sing to her; she praised his voice in terms more enthusiastic than any that had yet flattered his ears (poor Fanny had hardly known one note from another); she prophesied a triumphant success for him, and listened with much interest to all that he would tell her about his life in London.

This sort of thing delighted Philip, and so, for that matter, did everything connected with Longbourne and the ordinary course of existence there. He had been for so many months without the small luxuries and refinements which go with wealth that he had almost forgotten what they were like, and valued them doubly now that they were once more within his reach. Even such trifling matters as a constant supply of clean towels in his bedroom and the finding of his clothes ready brushed and laid out for him when he wanted them were productive of a great deal of pleasure to him, and he sometimes found himself marvelling how he could have put up so cheerfully with the wretched discomforts of Coomassie Villa and Conduit Street. But it was not often that he thought of Coomassie Villa and Conduit Street, or of his residence there, at all. That era of his life already belonged to the past, and had been

pushed into a pigeon-hole of his memory, to be looked at occasionally, or to be forgotten altogether, as chance might decree. His thoughts now were occupied entirely with the present; and a very agreeable sort of present it was, taking it all in all. Plenty of well-drilled servants to minister to his wants, good things to eat, the best of wines to drink, soft-voiced, well-bred women to talk to—these things sufficed, at least for the time being, to satisfy his soul. The season of the year, too, was delicious. The white, bright sunlight of spring was rousing the sleeping earth to life; the chestnut-buds were bursting; the fruit-trees were covered with starry blossoms, which fell like miniature snowstorms before every puff of the soft west wind; the thrushes and blackbirds could be heard in the cool mornings; all nature was preparing for a fresh start; and what could be more fitting than that the heart of this young man should lightly turn in the usual direction?

It must not, however, be supposed that Philip had learnt so little from experience as to think in any serious fashion of paying his addresses to Nellie Brune. He said to himself, with a smile, that Margaret would never induce him to do that, charm she never so wisely. Of the pinch of poverty he had had more than enough to last him his lifetime, and to convince him that matrimonial happiness was quite irreconcilable with straitened means. He was nevertheless—so he believed—deeply in love with Nellie. He had always suspected himself of being so; and now various subtle influences, some of which have been enumerated, turned his suspicion into certainty. All this being so, a delicately scrupulous youth might have thought it his duty to keep out of the maiden's way, lest perchance he should delude her with hopes which could never be fulfilled; but Philip, it is scarcely necessary to say, did not pursue any such course. What he did was to resume his chronic flirtation with Nellie just where he had left it, throwing a little more ardour into his words and looks as beseemed the increased reality of his passion, and, for the rest, allowing himself to drift down stream, in accordance with his old habit, with a languid, pleased curiosity as to what might be going to happen to him next.

One morning, about a fortnight after his return, he made his appearance at Broom Leas in an evident state of suppressed excitement, and hardly gave himself time to say good morning before he attacked Miss Brune with a direct question.

"I say, Nellie, is it a fact that you refused Craybridge last winter?"

Nellie, who at that moment was standing in one of the paddocks, trying to induce a shy young colt to accept a lump of sugar from her hand, whisked round abruptly, and threw her lump of sugar away.

"Who told you that?" she asked. "Was it Mrs. Stanniforth? She promised me that she would not mention it to anybody."

"No, it wasn't Meg. I heard it last night at the Club at Cranminster."

"The Club!—how disgusting! How do people find these things out? I wish they would mind their own business."

"Everybody knows everything: it can't be helped," said Philip. "I must confess that, if a duchess had proposed to me, and I had refused her, I should immediately publish the fact abroad myself. You really did refuse him, then?"

"Yes, I really did. Wonderful; wasn't it?"

"Upon my word," answered Philip, looking at her curiously, "I think it was rather wonderful. Why in the world did you do it, Nellie?"

Nellie laughed. "Why did I refuse him? Well, for the best of all reasons; I didn't care enough about him to marry him."

"And you call that the best of all reasons?" ejaculated Philip, with uplifted hands.

"Ah!" said Nellie, with a touch of scorn, "you can't understand any girl's resisting the eldest son of a duke."

"I could only understand it upon one supposition," answered Philip, slowly; "that there was some one else whom she liked better."

He pronounced the last words in a low voice, keeping his eyes on the ground as he spoke. He raised them just in time to encounter Nellie's, which were blazing with anger, while a fine rush of colour had overspread her face.

"Philip," she cried, "you are very impertinent!"

"What a little spitfire you are, Nellie! Surely such old friends as you and I may say anything to each other. However, I apologise humbly, and beg leave to withdraw the remark, since it makes you so angry."

"I am not a bit angry," returned Nellie; "but I don't think anybody ought to say a thing like that. To begin with, it is quite untrue; and besides——"

"What besides?"

"Well, I hate that sort of thing being said about me. What business have you and your friends at the Crayminster Club to discuss me at all? I thought ladies' names were never mentioned at clubs."

"Gracious goodness! what could have made you suppose that? All the same, you might have known that I should not discuss you, or allow you to be discussed, in any club of which I was a member. A man happened to mention to me that there was a rumour to the effect that you had refused Craybridge, and asked me whether it was true; that was all."

"Very well; I don't want to hear any more about it. Let us change the subject."

Philip did as he was bid; but although he ceased to speak of the subject, he did not by any means cease to think of it; and, at the risk of lowering him still further in the esteem of the reader, it must be confessed that he shared in some degree in the respect which Mrs.

Winnington felt for a girl who did not care about becoming Duchess of Retford. For this he shall be despised as much as the reader may think fit; but it would be hardly fair to blame him for believing that the astonishing sacrifice in question had been made for his sake. Margaret had no sort of doubt upon the point, and did not hesitate to say as much when consulted; while Nellie's confusion and wrath had seemed to tell their own tale in tolerably plain language. No wonder that Philip should have concluded that the prize—if prize it were—might be his for the asking. And from that day forth he began to think that perhaps he would ask for it. After all, there was nothing to deter him from doing so, except the dread of privations; and was it not a matter of certainty that in a few years' time he would be in receipt of an income nearly, if not quite, as large as Signora Tommasini's? At the same time, he was not inclined to do anything hastily. It has been said before that Philip was fond of a certain careless method of self-study, and it would have been strange indeed if he had not found out this much about himself, that none of his passions or desires were very deep-rooted. He certainly would not have broken his heart if Nellie had married Lord Craybridge; he did not suppose that his heart would break if she were to do so even now; though the notion of her belonging to any one else was an excessively painful one to him. Delay, then, could do no harm, and might possibly be productive of good; and so he came round to his old comfortable determination to wait upon events.

It will be obvious to any one who cares to be at the trouble of thinking over the situation that only a very small event was required, under these circumstances, to overcome Philip's prudence and hurry him into a declaration; and such an event came to pass, not many days later, on the occasion of a dinner-party at Longbourne. It was a large dinner-party—one of those dinner-parties which are given only in the country, where anything like a selection of company is not to be thought of, and where, if the table be big enough, everybody must be asked on the same day, lest unworthy suspicions should arise of a second division of guests having been invited to eat up the leavings of the first. All the magnates of the surrounding district and various clerical dignitaries from Crayminster were present at it; and, as some of them did not happen to be upon speaking terms, Mrs. Winnington had large opportunities for the display of tact, and enjoyed herself very much.

Philip also had been accustomed to derive a good deal of quiet enjoyment from these periodical feasts, which, indeed, were rich in humorous incident to the appreciative spectator; but this time he was not amused at all. In the first place there was nobody to laugh with him, Margaret being too busy, and Nellie otherwise occupied; and then he was disagreeably conscious of being overlooked. In London he had always been somebody; people had thought him very clever and diverting, and had listened to him when he talked; he had also been a celebrity in a small way by reason of his well-known talents. But the fame of these

had not penetrated so far as Crayminster, or, if it had, was not thought much of there. The squires and the canons, with their respective wives, who met round Mrs. Stanniforth's dining-table, knew Mr. Marescalchi only as a dependent of hers, and, if they noticed him at all, considered him rather a poor sort of fellow. He had no claims upon the admiration of any of them. He had not distinguished himself at Oxford, he was not seen in the hunting field; and, for all that, he gave himself airs and looked conceited. Philip, therefore, was thrust completely into the background. But perhaps he would not have minded that so much if Nellie Brune had not received such marked recognition from all quarters; and that again he would not perhaps have minded so much if the younger men of the party had been less assiduous in their attentions to her. Some of these young men were rich; one, in particular, had just come into an estate which was said to be worth ten thousand a year, and he was a good-looking fellow into the bargain. It was he who took Miss Brune in to dinner; and when Philip saw him devoting himself to her in a most conspicuous manner, and Nellie accepting his devotion with every appearance of complacency, he began to be assailed by the pangs of jealousy. If he had used his reasoning powers, he must have perceived that, having triumphed over the rivalry of a future duke, he could have little to fear from a mere country gentleman; but when a man is in love—and Philip, it must be remembered, was really in love—his reasoning powers are seldom at their best. Besides, what he experienced was not so much a dread that Nellie might marry the eligible youth as intense dislike to seeing her monopolised by anybody but himself. In the drawing-room, after dinner, things were very nearly as bad. Nellie was then surrounded by a compact body of men, young and old, married and single, and there was no getting near her. So he retired in disgust, and tried to get a rise out of Mrs. Winnington by making violent love to Edith; but here again he was doomed to failure. Edith sat bolt upright in her chair, looking absolutely blank and not listening to a word that he said, and Mrs. Winnington was no longer to be drawn by that threadbare stratagem.

The evening was long and dull, as such evenings must inevitably be, and probably no one in the room was more bored by it than Philip. It ended, however, with one of those strokes of luck which fell to his share so frequently that he had come to look upon them as in some sort his birthright. Mr. Brune, who had been obliged to go up to London for the day, and who was to return by the last train, had arranged that the brougham which was to bring him up from the station should proceed to Longbourne afterwards and fetch his daughter. But as this could not be much before midnight, as the last of the guests departed while the clock was striking eleven, and as there was a brilliant moon outside, Miss Brune took it into her head that she would prefer to walk, and anticipated the proposition that was on Philip's lips by asking him point-blank to see her home.

It was thus that Philip, having thrown the reins upon the neck of events, found himself gently hurried by them along a path which he was not unwilling to follow. The time and the hour had evidently come; the *mise en scène*, as he said to himself with a little inward laugh, was quite what it ought to be. Here were silence, solitude, a sleeping world bathed in the mysterious silvery light of the moon; here was the beloved object tripping by his side across the broad black shadows of the lime-trees; it only remained for him to say what he had to say in as pretty and apposite words as he could command. And long before the lodge had come in sight he had said it. His heart beat a little more quickly while he waited for his answer, but only a little more quickly; seeing that he had not really any doubt at all as to what that answer would be.

Apparently it was Nellie Brune's fate to astonish her suitors. She astonished Philip very much indeed; for she not only walked on without replying, but she did not even look at him, or turn away her head and allow him to gain possession of her hand, or signify her consent in any fashion whatsoever. He was obliged at last to repeat his question; and then she answered, as coolly as if she had been remarking that it was a fine night, "I was thinking."

After that she walked on for several yards in silence, and then said, "Philip, are you quite sure that you wish this?"

"Nellie!" he exclaimed reproachfully.

"I mean, do you really wish it very much? Because, unless you do——"

If there was an art of which Philip was complete master, it was that of love-making. He was always so thoroughly in earnest for the moment. He begged and implored now as humbly as if he had not felt certain in his heart of success; he protested—believing firmly in the truth of the statement, as he made it—that Nellie had been the one love of his life; he reminded her of the vows which they had exchanged as children, and assured her that he had never in reality swerved from his allegiance. He acknowledged that she had every right to think him fickle; he had, as she knew, had many other fancies; but they had only been fancies. In short, he had been a boy; and now he was a man, and knew his own mind. All this, and a great deal more, he said; winding up with a candid avowal that he had not intended to tell her of his love so soon. He had felt that he ought not to speak so long as he had not a home and an assured income to offer; and this was why she had perhaps fancied him lukewarm.

"That was not quite what I meant," answered Nellie, as soon as he had done. "I have known for a long time that Mrs. Stanniforth wished this very much, and lately I have thought that you wished it too—in a way. Only it struck me that, if you were not very much set upon it, it would be so much nicer to—go on as we are. I can't explain exactly," she went on, speaking more rapidly; "but, do you know, Philip, I am

afraid sometimes that I have no heart. I am fond of you; I have been very fond of you all my life. You always came next to Walter."

"Next to Walter!" ejaculated Philip in doleful accents.

"I am very sorry; I can't help it," said Nellie penitently. "I thought I ought to tell you."

The blow to Philip's vanity was so severe and so unexpected that he could not help laughing a little, though he felt very sore.

"The long and the short of it is," said he, "that I have been ass enough to flatter myself that you cared for me as I do for you, when all the time you have had nothing but a sort of sisterly affection for me. I have brought this upon myself, and I must try to make the best of it, that's all."

She saw that he was hurt, though he spoke so lightly, and she looked up at him with a humble, deprecating gaze which rather puzzled him. "It isn't only a sort of affection," she said; "it's a great deal more than that."

Suddenly it flashed across Philip that here was a new variety of the genus woman. He had heard of girls who could not acknowledge to themselves that they were in love until they were taught to do so; he believed that in the early years of the century all women were like that, or were supposed to be so. Might not this one, who was country-bred, be a survival of that bygone type?

"Nellie," he exclaimed triumphantly, seizing her by both hands, "I believe you do love me, in spite of all you say! Tell me one thing: did you ever meet another man whom you could by any possibility have thought of marrying?"

"No," she answered promptly and decidedly; "certainly not."

"Then! ——" cried Philip.

"Ah, but," she interrupted, drawing back from him, "I don't think I love even you enough to marry you. At least, I don't think I love you in the right way. I wish I did; but I'm afraid I don't."

"Nellie," said Philip gravely, "don't throw away your happiness and mine like this. I won't ask you for a final answer to-night; but to-morrow, or the day after, if you like, you shall tell me whether I may hope for all that I care to live for, or whether I am to go straight to the dogs—as I certainly shall, if I have nothing in life to look forward to."

She caught at this respite eagerly, promising that, if it were possible, it should be as he wished; but entreating him not to conclude that, because she had not said No at once, she might not be forced to do so afterwards. She did not understand herself, she said, and could not expect that he should understand her.

But Philip understood perfectly well that the battle was as good as won.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Prosser's Sense of Duty.

There are few states in life more vexatious and humiliating than that of not knowing one's own mind. It is also absurd, for what should be easier than to discover whether one personally desires a thing or not? When the wishes or advantage of others have to be taken into consideration, some degree of indecision may be pardonable; but Nellie Brune could not plead any such complications as an excuse for her inability to solve the problem set before her. She knew perfectly well that she might send Philip about his business without any fear of permanently blighting a fair existence, and she very properly concluded that all she had to do was to satisfy herself of her own inclinations in the matter. It was therefore especially provoking to one of her rather impatient temperament to find that this was what she could not accomplish, and that after many hours of shilly-shallying she was not only in as much doubt as ever upon the main point of whether she could accept the man or not, but also puzzled to account to herself for a very decided feeling of anxiety to accept him if she could.

In this perplexity she resolved to adopt a course which, if not wise, was at any rate calculated to put an end to suspense. She went to Mrs. Stanniforth and begged for enlightenment and advice. From the responsibility thus cast upon her it may be well supposed that Margaret did not for one moment shrink. She began by embracing Nellie, and saying how delighted she was that things had all come right at last, and then proceeded to laugh heartily at the girl's misgivings. Lookers-on, she remarked with much originality, saw most of the game, and it was a very long time since she had begun to watch this one, and to perceive the signification of all its moves.

"Poor Philip!" she said compassionately; "I can quite understand now why he has kept away from us all these months. Philip has more pride than people think, and of course he would rather not have spoken until he had some thousands a year to lay at your feet. But the thousands will come all in good time; and if you have to begin with the hundreds—what of that? You must remember that you are my children, both of you, and that it is a mother's privilege to help her children out, when she can. As for you, my dear Nellie, you are simply made up of pride, or you wouldn't mind acknowledging the truth. Why, you silly child, you have been in love with Philip all your life, and I could prove it to you without any difficulty if I chose. But I will only ask you one thing. Why did you refuse Lord Craybridge?"

"Oh, I couldn't have married Lord Craybridge!" answered Nellie. "That was different."

"Of course it was different," cried Margaret triumphantly; "there was all the difference in the world between the two cases. Don't you

understand that it is quite possible to feel some doubt as to whether you love a man, but that you cannot be in any doubt at all when you don't?"

Whatever this reasoning may have been worth in the abstract, Nellie had little to urge against it as applied to herself. She had had recourse to Margaret's counsel in order to be convinced, and was not disposed to criticise the shape in which conviction might be brought home to her. Nor, when once she had cast away all hesitation from her, had Philip much reason to complain of her coldness. She was not quite as demonstrative as he would have liked her to be; but she welcomed him gladly at all hours; she seemed to be happy in his presence, and she made a point of gratifying every whim and caprice of his with a pretty little air of submission which was the more charming to him because in all their previous intercourse she had shown herself anything but submissive.

Philip, indeed, had nothing to complain of, unless it were the reception accorded to him by his future father-in-law, which was not marked by any excess of cordiality. Mr. Brune had his own opinion of Philip, and had objections to him as a son-in-law quite apart from that of insufficiency of means. The latter, he was sure, was a strong one enough for all practical purposes, and had the advantage of being one that could be openly urged; but Mr. Brune did not succeed in making much out of it. How is a father to prevent his daughter from marrying whom she pleases? Mothers may do these things; but when it comes to an ultimate trial of strength, fathers are helpless. So at least Mr. Brune averred, with a sigh and a shrug of the shoulders. Did he or did he not wish that his daughter should be happy? Margaret desired to be informed; and when he replied that the prospect of her marrying Philip was objectionable to him precisely because he doubted whether it would conduce to her happiness, Mrs. Stanniforth asked him, with compassionate disdain, whether he really supposed that he was the best judge of that.

"I had had the effrontery to form some such idea," Mr. Brune replied meekly; "but no doubt it is better to yield before one has been ignominiously defeated than after. Have your own way; and then, when all manner of trouble comes of it, blame me. One condition I do, however, feel myself strong enough to stand out for. There shall be no marriage until Philip can show me that he is in receipt of a reasonable income, and one that is likely to be permanent."

If Mr. Brune carried his point in this particular, it was perhaps less owing to his firmness than to the fact that he had no great amount of opposition to contend against as regarded it. Mrs. Stanniforth would have liked to see the young couple united forthwith, and hinted that the means to provide them with a modest home should not be lacking; but both Philip and Nellie displayed a commendable prudence in the matter, and declared that it would never do for them to start upon an income of nothing a year. They were both young, they ob-

served; they had all their lives before them, and they were very well satisfied with the existing state of things. Philip added that he was determined not to be a burden upon dear old Meg any longer than he could help.

"A most becoming sentiment," said Mr. Brune, when this speech was duly reported to him by Margaret; "and if he postpones his wedding until he is quite independent, it is probable that I shall no longer be here to mar the ceremony by acting the part of wet blanket. Meanwhile I must trust to the chapter of accidents. In two years' time—I think you said it would take Philip two years to become a millionnaire—many things may happen. The poor fellow may die, or he may elope with a pretty actress, or——"

"I wish you would not talk like that," interrupted Margaret; "you know you don't mean what you say."

"My dear Mrs. Stanniforth, I am like the Barber of Seville; I laugh because I don't want to do the other thing. And we know that life is uncertain, and actresses are often fascinating. By the way, Philip was saying something the other day about going to Italy to perfect his voice. What an excellent plan that would be! He must study somewhere of course, and Italy would be in so many ways preferable to London."

"I suppose it would," said Margaret thoughtfully.

"Oh, I don't think there can be a doubt of it. Florence, now, is a good place—especially in winter. There is a nice bracing *tramontana* there which blows down from the Apennines, and which has been found very effective in many cases, I believe. But then, again, much might be hoped for from the sanitary arrangements at Naples. At both places there should be an ample supply of beauteous *ballerine*, and others. Now I do trust, my dear Mrs. Stanniforth, that you will urge him to lose no time in becoming acquainted with the land of his birth. Ah, dear me!—and to think that, but for you, he might have been living a contented and picturesque life there at this moment as a strolling player, or a brigand, or an *improvisatore*, or something of that kind."

Margaret did not like to hear Mr. Brune make such speeches as this, but she consoled herself by reflecting that it was only his way. After all, he was tractable enough as regarded essential points, and a great deal less severe than her mother.

Mrs. Winnington, when told of the engagement, observed that it was no affair of hers, and that she should abstain from making any comment whatever upon it; but, just as a matter of curiosity, she would be glad to know one thing: upon what—or perhaps she ought rather to say upon whom—did this precious pair propose to live?

Margaret, with a rather guilty air, replied that Philip had at least as good a chance of succeeding in his profession as other young men.

"Oh! I was not aware that he had a profession," returned her mother. And as Margaret judged it best to make no rejoinder, and to go on stitching silently at a gorgeous chasuble destined eventually to

adorn the back of the rector of the parish, Mrs. Winnington was compelled, after a time, to recur to the subject uninvited.

"Dear Margaret," said she, "you know how very seldom I allow myself to interfere with you in any way. I see many foolish things done from the best motives; I see you imposed upon constantly—I might almost say every hour; but I hold my tongue. It is not always easy; but I think it is right—I *hope* it is right. Let me just for once break through my rule, and ask you whether you have considered what you are doing in encouraging this wild scheme. Surely you must see that these two and their family—for of course they will have a family, and an enormous one; people without a sixpence always do—you must see that they will be dependent wholly and solely upon your charity. Now, is that desirable? Is it even practicable? By stinting yourself and your own—ahem!—by stinting yourself you may, and I have no doubt you will, manage to give them every luxury so long as you live; but we must look at contingencies, and we must remember at your death you will be able to leave them next to nothing; and what will come then? Penury—starvation—the workhouse!" Mrs. Winnington's voice and gestures as she drew this prophetic outline were quite dramatic. "As I said before," she resumed, "I shall not interfere, nor shall I offer any comment; but of all the barefaced piracies that I have seen practised upon you yet, this does strike me as——"

"You don't understand, mother," broke in Margaret in her quiet voice. "Philip would not allow me to support him, even if I were able and willing to do so; and Mr. Brune expressly stipulated for a long engagement in order to avoid any risk of the kind you mention."

But Mrs. Winnington's only reply took the form of a sound resembling the snorting of a dog at a closed door. Such transparent professions were not likely to deceive her. Mrs. Winnington knew the world, and was not so simple as to believe that it contained any sincere or conscientious people, except herself.

Margaret, for her part, had not expected much sympathy from her mother, whose watchful care of her interests appeared to her very natural and excusable; but at the same time it was disheartening to meet with opposition from all sides, and she began to wonder whether Hugh would show himself less prejudiced than others. Upon the whole this seemed so improbable that she resolved to write nothing to him upon the subject as yet.

The dialogue just recorded had one remarkable result, in that it caused Margaret to do a thing which she had not done before in the course of close upon a dozen years of patient forbearance—namely, to lose her temper with Mrs. Prosser. Mrs. Prosser, it must be confessed, was enough to try the patience of any mistress, and to drive a harassed one out of all power of self-control. She was always in the right, but she was not contented with that, unless she could respectfully prove somebody else to be in the wrong; she always got her own way; but

in order to derive any satisfaction from doing so she was compelled artfully to stir up and overcome some preliminary opposition. She had received a great deal of kindness, first and last, from Margaret, for whom she had conceived a proportionately strong dislike. It was Mrs. Prosser's custom to present herself for what she was facetiously pleased to call her orders in the dining-room every morning; and on this particular morning it was evident that she had brought an exhilarating grievance with her.

"Well, Prosser, what is it now?" asked Margaret resignedly, perceiving, from several familiar signs, what was in store for her.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am!" said Mrs. Prosser, with a face expressing many deferential notes of interrogation.

"You have got something to complain of, and I am rather in a hurry. Please say what it is at once, and let us get it over."

"Oh, it's of no consequence, ma'am, not if it was to put you out so. There is a matter which I should feel it my duty for to mention it to you; but I should prefer to wait till to-morrow, rather than to annoy you."

"I will hear it to-day, please."

"Eight-and-forty years have I lived in this house, girl and woman——"

"Oh, Prosser, I know all that," interrupted Margaret with a short, vexed laugh. "Do come to the point."

"And never till now was I asked to sit down to my meals with a Dissenter. Neither of my poor masters that's gone was what you could call a bigot; but——"

"By all accounts, they were anything but that," struck in Margaret, who usually allowed such references to pass without comment, but whose nerves were now in a state of unwonted irritation. "I suppose it is the new housemaid who has offended you. Well, you may be reassured. She is a Churchwoman, and she told me so when I engaged her."

"Ah, just so, ma'am. She were engaged without my knowledge, or perhaps a few more inquiries would have been made. But to church she have not been, and it did come to my ears that her parents was Anabusters."

"Were *what*? I suppose you mean Anabaptists."

"Very likely, ma'am," answered Mrs. Prosser, with a faint superior smile; "I have never troubled myself to learn the names of such persuasions. The girl answered me very short and disrespectful when I put a few questions to her, and I give her to understand that she had best look out for another situation."

"You know perfectly well, Prosser, that I never allow you to dismiss servants. I had a very good character with this girl, and I am not going to send her away because her parents are Dissenters—if they are Dissenters."

Mrs. Prosser's face grew very dark. "You'll excuse of me mentioning it, ma'am," said she with cold dignity; "but I don't think this is what Mr. Langley would approve."

It was at this point that Margaret lost her temper. "Prosser," she exclaimed, "your impertinence is past all bearing! I cannot submit to be dictated to in this way either by you or by Mr. Langley. The truth is that I have given way to you a great deal too much, and now you forget yourself. Be so good as to understand, once for all, that I intend to be mistress in my own house."

"Certainly, ma'am; and I'm glad to hear that such is your intentions," replied Mrs. Prosser meaningly. "But if all authority is to be took out of my hands, it will be an impossibility for me to discharge my duties to your satisfaction, let alone my own. I feel that I didn't ought for to accept such a position, ma'am—though I shall be pleased to remain with you till you are suited."

Margaret did not attach much importance to this threat of resignation, which had been uttered many times before, and which she knew was not meant to be taken seriously; but she was dissatisfied with herself for having been betrayed into so much warmth of language, and, besides this, she was very much afraid that the offending housemaid would have to go in the long run, after all. There is no disguising the fact that Margaret's character was a weak one, and she herself was painfully aware of it.

"It is most humiliating to be such a poor creature; but I am afraid I am too old to reform now," she said later in the day to Philip, whom she had informed of this domestic broil, and who laughed unmercifully at her.

"You make mountains out of molehills, Meg," said he, "and troubles out of blessings. What could be a greater blessing to you than that old Prosser should take herself off? But she won't take herself off. Perhaps, if you are very good, she won't even ask you to beg her pardon. I'll have a talk with her, and make it all right. Dear me, what a lucky thing it is that we are not all like you! If I had been, I should have worried myself into my grave long ago."

There was assuredly no fear of Philip's life being shortened by worry. Young though he was, he had had troubles of the kind which trace wrinkles upon most men's faces; but they had left no more upon his than a passing gust of wind leaves upon the smooth surface of a lake. It was barely two months since Fanny had predicted that he would marry Nellie Brune, and but little more than a month since she had been laid in her grave, and prediction and prophetess were alike to all intents and purposes forgotten by Philip. He did not forget Fanny in a literal sense; he thought of her sometimes, but only when he could not help it. For it always made him sad to think of her: not with a dreamy, pathetic sadness, which he would have rather enjoyed; but with a sharp, twinging pain, unpleasantly suggestive of a guilty conscience. This, he

told himself, was absurd. It was a morbid feeling which ought not to be encouraged; and it must be owned he was very successful in his efforts to subdue it. Altogether, there was probably not, at this time, a more light-hearted creature in the whole county than Philip Marescalchi. His past life contained a great secret which might be divulged at any moment, and which, if divulged, would almost certainly alienate from him the affection of the girl whom he loved; he owed some thousands of pounds to a woman whom he half suspected of being in love with him and whom he did not in the least see his way to repay; his future career was as speculative and shadowy as anything could well be; but none of these things weighed upon his mind. With his present life he was entirely satisfied. The weather was perfection; so was the fresh country air; and so, above all, was Nellie.

In the latter he discovered fresh attractions every day. One of the most delightful things about her was that he did not quite understand her; and she was so prettily impatient when she was not understood. She was not particularly clever, or witty, or well-informed; but she had decided and original ways of looking at common things which would, he felt sure, render her the most charming companion for life that a man could wish for. He was with her now every day, and almost all day, and she never wearied him. He sauntered over to Broom Leas to meet her, as soon as he had left Margaret, and made for a certain spot in the orchard where she had told him that she would be. He caught sight of her from afar, as she stood under an apple-tree, reading a letter, and, stealing up softly behind her over the long grass, suddenly laid a hand upon each of her shoulders.

She started violently, and exclaimed, with a stamp of her little foot, "Oh, I wish you would not do that! If you only knew how I *hate* people who make me jump!"

"Is that the way to speak to your future husband?" demanded Philip gravely. "And, oh, Nellie, what are you stuffing into your pocket in that guilty and utterly futile way? Don't you know that love-letters ought always to be read within four walls, or else boldly flourished in the face of the world?"

"It isn't a love-letter," answered Nellie, looking a little alarmed; "it's only from Walter, and—you can see it, Philip, if you like; but——"

"But it wouldn't increase my vanity if I did; isn't that what you mean? Walter disapproves; and between you and me, Nellie, I don't wonder at it. Walter, you see, knows me a great deal better than you do. I don't want to see his letter, because I can tell you exactly what he says without looking at it. 'Philip has no business to think about marrying at all. He is a pauper, and he is so confoundedly lazy that he will never be anything else. Added to which, he is not a tenth part good enough for you; and he has many small vices, such as flirting with other men's wives, and leaving his bills unpaid, and playing cards on Sunday,' &c. The worst of it is that it's true, too."

Nellie laughed. "You are quite wrong," she answered; "he doesn't say anything of the kind; but he thinks long engagements are a mistake, and he is afraid you are rather too sanguine about making your fortune. Walter is very practical, you know; he always was so, and I think the atmosphere of the City is having its effect upon him. How I wish he would give up that horrid bank! I don't in the least believe that Uncle William will push him on. Walter says he is an odious old man; but he dines with him once a week, and I have a sort of lingering hope that, as the old fellow has quarrelled with all his other relations, he may make Walter his heir out of spite to them."

"Poor old Walter!" said Philip compassionately. He guessed, from the haste with which Nellie had led the conversation away from the letter, that it contained expressions not very complimentary to himself; but he bore no malice. For a long time he had felt himself to be superior to Walter, and a sense of superiority engenders pity, which, as we know, is akin to love. It is not altogether true that the world delights in kicking those who are down. The world would dearly love to kick those who are up, if it dared, and even does so after a surreptitious fashion. To be successful is to insult your fellow-creatures; but to fail is to administer a delicate compliment to their vanity, and to establish a large claim upon their indulgence. Only give people the right to speak of you as "poor So-and-So," and you will never lack friends.

Now Walter might certainly be considered a failure. He had failed in love, and to all appearance he had failed also in life, having sunk from the position of a country gentleman to that of a banker's clerk. Philip forgave him from his heart, and the more readily inasmuch as he did not believe it to be in Walter's power to do him the smallest injury. If there were some things in Nellie which he did not understand, he understood at least this much, that when once she had put her hand to the plough she might be counted upon not to look back.

He passed his arm through hers, and they moved slowly away to the highest point of the orchard, whence the woods of Longbourne could be seen beyond fields and pastures. Just then the branches of the trees, which had hardly yet assumed their green summer garb, showed black and clear against the glow of the sunset; long shafts of light, streaming through them, lay across the meadows and fell upon little glistening pools. In the still evening air the tinkling of Mr. Langley's church bell, a mile and a half away, sounded close at hand.

"How beautiful and peaceful it is!" said Nellie. "I don't wonder at your being glad to come down here again after all that time in London. I am sure I could never bear to live in a great city. Doesn't this seem like Arcadia to you?"

The phrase suggested memories to Philip which were not wholly pleasing. "Arcadia would be a slow sort of place to live in, I should think," he said; "as slow as Bœotia. Both countries might be very well in spring and summer time, but what would they be when the

leaves were off the trees and all the nymphs and dryads were hybernating? You are really not made for a country life, Nellie, whatever you may say; and when you have once become accustomed to London you will feel as if you were only half alive away from it. I suppose we shall live in London; but then, you know, we shall be always travelling about—to Paris and St. Petersburg and Madrid, and I don't know where else—according to my engagements. I dare say we shall be abroad as much as in England."

"Oh, I was not thinking about that," answered Nellie hastily; "that will not be for a great many years; we needn't trouble about it."

"Well, I don't know about a great many. Two years—three years perhaps."

"Oh, I should think it will be at least five. You will not be able to appear on the stage at all, you know, for two or three years. You said so the other day. I wonder what opera you will make your *début* in. I think I should like it to be *Faust*, because the dresses are so pretty, and you know you are fond of pretty dresses. Tell me about all the operas that there are. I have only seen three in my life."

The opera and the lustre destined to be reflected upon it by Mr. Marescalchi took up a somewhat undue share of the conversation of these lovers. It was Nellie who usually brought forward the subject; but it was not in any way objected to by Philip, who could talk contentedly about himself for a considerable length of time, provided that he was listened to with proper interest. He talked about himself now until it was time for him to go, and apologised to Nellie, as he said good-night, for having wearied her with his egotism. But she answered quite truthfully that he had not wearied her at all; and indeed every one must have noticed that egotists are not always bores, though bores are always egotists.

Philip, not at all suspecting himself of being either the one or the other, started on his homeward way, whistling softly as he went, and was amused to see a stout figure, arrayed in black silk, stationed outside the rectory gates, and evidently waiting for him.

"Old Prosser has got into a funk this time," thought he, "and is going to ask me to intercede for her. Shall I do Meg a good turn, and make the old sinner eat humble pie? I think I will."

Mrs. Prosser dropped a curtsey, and said "Good evening, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Prosser—been to confession? It won't do, I'm afraid. Your priest may forgive you, but your mistress never will. Why are you such a cross-grained, cantankerous old woman? You can't expect people to go on having patience with you for ever."

Philip had always been a favourite with Mrs. Prosser. Her hard features contorted themselves into something that was meant to do duty for a smile as she answered, "Oh, I am well aware, sir, that if me and Mrs. Stanniforth has not got on as well together as could be wished, there has been faults on both sides. I hope I can forgive and forget."

well as another, and I don't bear no sort of ill feeling against Mrs. Stanniforth. But it's doubtful whether I can remain much longer in her service."

"Don't be such a pig-headed old idiot, Mrs. Prosser. There are plenty of good housekeepers to be had for good wages; but you won't find such another place as Longbourne in a hurry."

"I didn't say nothing about leaving Longbourne, sir," observed Mrs. Prosser with quiet emphasis.

"Do you mean to give Mrs. Stanniforth notice to quit, then?" asked Philip, laughing. "I believe you are capable of it."

"Well, sir, I don't know but what I am. I have been waiting here, Mr. Philip, some little time for to take the opportunity of telling you something which weighs upon my conscience. If you would pardon the liberty, sir, I would make bold to walk as far as the house alongside of you. Being twilight, and most people gone home to their teas, you would perhaps be so kind as to overlook the freedom."

"Come along, Mrs. Prosser; I should be proud to be seen by the whole parish in such respectable company."

"You are so kind as to say so, sir."

Mrs. Prosser cleared her voice, and then proceeded with great solemnity: "What I am going to tell you, sir, has been told to no living soul, except under seal of confession, for a matter of twenty years. Twenty years have I kept silence; but the time has come that I can't reconcile it with my sense of right for to do so no longer. But before I say any more, sir, I must ask you to give me your word that you won't let it go no further till I'm proved to be right or wrong."

"Mrs. Prosser, you may rely on my absolute discretion."

Mrs. Prosser cast a sharp side glance at Philip. "'Tis no joking matter, sir," said she, slightly offended. "Mr. Brune must not know of this, nor yet Mrs. Stanniforth must not know, nor yet Miss Nellie must not know—leastways until it's necessary that everybody should be told."

"Go on, Mrs. Prosser; you excite my curiosity greatly. I'll swear not to breathe a word to a creature till you give me leave. Will that do for you?"

"Thank you, sir; that will be sufficient. I don't know whether you ever heard tell of my old master, Mr. George Brune, sir, Mr. Neville's brother that was. He was a fine-spirited gentleman, though sing'lar in his ways, and terrible extravagant. Always a-rushing about he was, from one furrin land to another, and never could abide his own home though he come back there to die. 'Prosser,' he says to me when I went to meet him at the door, 'Prosser,' he says—I remember it as if 'twas yesterday—'I've come back to Longbourne to die, you see.' Oh dear, oh dear! it give me such a turn!"

"I am sure it must have been a great shock to you. Well; and so he confided an awful family secret to you on his death-bed. I don't want to hurry you, Mrs. Prosser, but it's getting rather late."

"I shall not detain you long, sir. As I was a-saying when you interrupted me, sir, Mr. George were always on the move, and we was never told how long he was to be away, nor when we was to expect him back. Sometimes he'd stop a month, and sometimes only a couple of days; and once we was for two years without seeing or hearing of him. He were in Italy at that time, as I understood. Now, sir, I dessay you're aware that there's a many things which servants hear of and don't mention, and it did come to my ears, through Parsons, Mr. George's man, that there was a lady in Italy. Parsons, he were always a very close man—been dead now—let me see—going on for fifteen years it is since Parsons died, and never told no more about it; but it did come out in the course of conversation, you understand, sir, that there were a lady. At first I thought it were one of those connections which I didn't ought to speak about nor think about; but when poor Mr. George were a-dying I changed my opinion, sir. Myster'ous, indeed, is the decrees of Providence, and His ways past finding out! Little did I think, as I listened to that poor gentleman's ravings, that I should be repeating them to you, sir, twenty years later in this park!"

"Mrs. Prosser, I would not for the world spoil your climax; but I can't help seeing what is coming. I have no strawberry-mark on my left arm. And now, where is Mr. Brune's marriage certificate?"

"Reely, sir, if you fluster me so we shall never get on. If there had been any marriage certificate, do you think I should have ventured for to conceal it? I don't know nothing for certain; and what I do know must be strictly betwixt me and you, sir, if you please, for the present. I nursed poor Mr. George, night and day, through his last illness, and what he said in his delirium, it was impossible for me to shut my eyes to it, sir. He kep' on talking very excited about a marriage, and 'They can't dispute it,' he says; ''twas all reg'lar,' he says. And when I ask him what marriage, and where did it take place, and so forth—just to soothe him like, you understand, sir—he opens his eyes wide, and says, 'Why, at Florence, you fool, and that brat's the heir.' After that he didn't say no more—not to be intelligible; but once I heard him muttering, 'I'm sorry for poor Neville; Neville's in the wrong box;' and once, if you'll pardon of my repeating the expression, sir, he calls out, 'What a damned ass I was!' I ought to have mentioned that just before he was took so bad he made me fetch a box full of letters and burn them before his eyes. They was mostly letters written in a furrin language; but there was no envelopes, so I couldn't tell whether they was from Italy or not. And 'Prosser,' he says to me, 'you're a faithful creature,' he says, 'and you'll find I've not forgot you in my will.' And then he lies back on his piller, and laughs. He had a very cur'ous laugh, had Mr. George; and to be sure there was never any will found. Now, sir, you know all that I know, and you can judge whether it's your interest to look into it or not."

"Upon my word, Mrs. Prosser," answered Philip, who was a good

deal more startled and excited than he chose to appear, "I don't see that it is. Have you any reason at all, beyond the fact that I was born in Italy, for supposing me to be the brat to whom your master so politely alluded?"

"Look in the glass, sir," replied Mrs. Prosser, "and you will see a very good reason. How you can have lived here all these years and no one noticed that you was the moral of Mr. Neville, barring the eyes, is what I can't comprehend. But I never felt no doubt in my own mind from the very first. Moment as I heard the name of Merryskulker, I says to myself, 'Tis him!'"

"I do not quite follow the deductive process; but it is possible that there may be something in it. I should like to know, by the way, why you have never said anything about all this before."

"Sir," answered Mrs. Prosser gravely, "it have been a point of conscience with me. Were I justified, I have ask myself, in betraying things as I were never meant to hear, and as come to my knowledge almost in an unfair way, as one may say? And then, I says to myself, What is the good? If 'tis true, depend upon it truth will out, without my meddling; and why am I to do an injury to the family as I owe everything to under Providence? For, you see, sir, you may be a Brune, or you may not; but I could never feel to you quite the same as I do to Mr. Neville."

"Creditable, Mrs. Prosser, if a trifle casuistic. And then, I suppose, the temptation to turn Mrs. Stanniforth out of house and home was too much for you."

"That, sir, is a speech which your poor father would have known me better than to make. No; my motives was very different. When I heard how things was with you and Miss Nellie, my dooty come more plain to me. Thinks I, Mr. Philip and Mr. Neville will settle it amicable now, as betwixt father and son; them Stanniforths can have their purchase-money back by degrees, and 't won't be so very much as will be owing to them when you take off what they got from the railway; and so no one won't suffer, and the family will come by its own again. That's what I thought, sir; and Mr. Langley, he approve cordial, and, 'Better late than never,' he says; though——"

"Mr. Langley! Do you mean to say that Mr. Langley has known of this all along?"

"Under seal of confession, sir."

"By Jove! Do you know, Mrs. Prosser, I am not at all sure that you and Mr. Langley have not been compounding a felony under seal of confession?"

"Not a vestige of proof, sir, if you'll please to recollect. Nothing but the ravings of a dying man to go by, and no names mentioned even in the course of them ravings."

"Very true. I dare say you have found a mare's nest, after all."

"Perhaps so, sir. But I think it might be worth your while for to

look into it. Florence, you will remember, sir, were the place, and the year would be 1853 or 1854. From taking one thing with another and counting back, I think as we should be safe in putting the date somewheres between March and June 1853. I questioned Parsons very hard about what they was doing that year and about the Italian lady; but I couldn't get no satisfaction out of him. Sometimes I thought he didn't know so much himself as he pretended; for Mr. George would often send him away for a week or more at a time, to order rooms or hire villas, or such like, and 'tisn't to be supposed as he would want to acquaint Parsons with his marriage, if so be as 'twas a marriage."

Philip took out his note-book, and wrote down "Florence: March to June 1853." But this precaution was hardly needed, for the date remained clearly before his eyes through the greater part of a restless night; and the more he thought over Mrs. Prosser's revelation the more he became convinced that her surmise was well founded. He had taken her advice of looking carefully in the glass while dressing for dinner, and had certainly discerned in the small, finely-cut features and the dark complexion reflected therein a decided resemblance to those of Mr. Brune. The expression was as different from his reputed uncle's as it could possibly be; and perhaps it may have been owing to this circumstance that the likeness had never been noticed by those who were best acquainted with the two men.

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No New Thing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Philip at Florence.

THERE are people who would rather admit any imputation in the world than that of being favoured by Fortune; people who, if told they are looking well, will remind you reproachfully that they had a very bad cold in the head the week before last; people who grumble at coming into a fortune because of the payment of legacy duty entailed thereby, and who could not accept a first-class embassy or a seat in the Cabinet without sighing over the arduous duties attached to such posts. But Philip, whatever his defects may have been, was not one of those ungracious and ungrateful specimens of humanity. He had always recognised the fact that his luck was exceptional; and his first reflection, on waking out of the short sleep into which he had fallen towards morning was an acknowledgment that in the present instance, as in

so many previous ones, the stars in their courses were fighting for him. Characteristically enough, he was less struck by the strange turn of fortune which promised to change him from a penniless nobody into a highly respectable landed proprietor than by a concurrence of circumstances which seemed likely to render the task of investigation natural and easy. Of all cities in Europe Florence was the one to which he could betake himself at this time with the least fear of exciting remark or suspicion. In the ordinary course of things he would most likely have moved thither before the autumn; and latterly both Mr. Brune and Margaret had been hinting to him that he ought not to lose time in bringing the period of his musical education to an end. Herr Steinberger, too, who had not approved very cordially of the Italian plan, would probably prefer that his pupil should take leave of absence during the busy time of the London season than later in the year. He could, in short, go where he wanted to go, and at the same time tell the literal truth as to his destination—which was something of an unwonted luxury for him. He had quite made up his mind that the mystery should be solved, if by any means he could solve it; and really the solution did not seem likely to present any difficulties whatever.

After breakfast, therefore, Margaret was led out into the garden, and was informed that Philip proposed to hasten the fulfilment of his programme by a few months. "Everybody says that May is the time for Florence," he remarked; "and I suppose, if one wants to get all the good one can out of a place, one should take it at its best. That old Signora Tommasini whom I told you about will be there soon, and will give me introductions that may be useful to me. Moreover, it is high time for me to be setting to work again, Meg. Capua is very delightful, but stern duty seems to motion me towards Tuscany."

"Capua! where is that?" asked Margaret, who had not the educational advantages enjoyed by the young women of the present day.

"It is within sight of the towers of Crayminster cathedral," answered Philip; "and it is a dangerous residence for lazy people who like being spoilt. It isn't everybody who appreciates it at its proper value, though. I don't believe you care a straw for this dear old place, Meg; you would go off and leave it to-morrow without a single regret."

"Oh, no; indeed I should not!" said Margaret. "It has taken me a great many years to get fond of Longbourne; but I am very fond of it now, and of all its associations. I leave home so seldom, too, that I have become like a limpet on a rock, and I should feel utterly lost if I were dragged off it, and thrown out into the world again."

This was not at all the kind of reply that Philip had wished and expected to receive. He made haste to change the subject. "By the way, Meg," said he, "didn't you tell me once that my father and mother were married at Florence?"

Margaret threw a quick glance of apprehension at him. "I think

so," she answered; "I think it was at Florence; but it is so long since I was told about it that I cannot be quite sure."

The truth was that she was far from feeling as certain as she had once done that this marriage had ever been solemnised at all. The improbability of Countess Marescalchi's story had become more apparent to her with the lapse of years; and from the same cause sundry little touches of sincerity about the dying woman's utterances, which had carried conviction to Margaret's mind at the time, had lost distinctness. Philip had not alluded to his father or mother half-a-dozen times in the last ten years, and she was sorry that it should have occurred to him now to make inquiries about what might prove to be undiscoverable.

"Being in the place, I should rather like to see the church where they were married. It seems odd to know so little about one's parents," Philip went on. "I suppose you don't remember the name of the church, Meg?"

Margaret shook her head, and looked rather shamefaced. It struck her for the first time that she had hardly done her duty towards the unfortunate woman whose child she had appropriated. In her anxiety to treat Philip in all respects as her own son, she had forgotten a little what her wishes would have been, had she been in the situation of poor Countess Marescalchi, and had taken no pains to keep the mother alive in the memory of the *bambino* whom she had so loved.

"I don't think I ever heard the name of the church," Margaret answered. "Indeed, I almost sure I never did. I am afraid I have been very selfish, Philip," she added penitently. "I ought to have talked more about your mother to you; and I am sure you must often have wanted to know about her. Why did you never ask me before?"

Philip suddenly burst out laughing, and then as suddenly checked himself, turning his head away for a moment. If there was a person in the world whom he loved, it was Margaret; he never deceived her without a greater or less degree of pain; and the contrast between the true cause of his inquiries and that to which she attributed them had flashed vividly across his mind, as his impressions always did, and had faded away, leaving the echo of that inappropriate laugh as the trace of its passage.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Margaret.

"I don't know. I don't believe in instinctive affection, do you? How can one really care for a person whom one hardly recollects? You are my real mother, Meg; and as for my father, I have small reason to revere his memory, by all accounts. I should like just to know who he was, though. One feels a little pardonable curiosity upon such points."

"Yes," agreed Margaret, with some hesitation; "but I should hope—I should think, at least—that he must be dead. I have your uncle Signor Cavestri's address in Florence somewhere, and I can give it you, if you like. That is, I have what was his address twelve years ago: I have never heard a word of or from him since."

"Give me the address, Meg, and I'll look the old fellow up. Perhaps he may know something; and, if he doesn't, it can't be helped."

"I almost hope he may not," said Margaret.

Philip was not prepared to go quite so far as that; but he offered the general observation that it was a queer world, to which Mrs. Stanniforth signified her assent; and with that the subject dropped.

A few days after this Philip set out for Italy, with the good wishes of all his friends to speed him on his way. Some of them drove down to Crayminster station to bid him farewell; and the last thing that Philip saw, as the train began to move, was Nellie, waving her hand and nodding to him, with the brightest of smiles upon her face.

"Hurray!" exclaimed Mr. Brune, as he turned to leave the platform. "My dear Nellie, may I be permitted to say hurray?"

"You may say anything you like, papa," answered she, with due submission.

"Thank you, my dear. How I do dislike that young man!"

"Ah; but you would dislike anybody who wanted to marry me, wouldn't you?" said Nellie, taking her father's arm and giving it a squeeze.

"Well, well; perhaps so. I can't bear the sight of Marescalchi, I know. However, we've seen the last of him for the present, and long may it be before we see him again! It is my firm belief that you don't care a brass farthing for him, Nell."

And perhaps the very vehemence with which Miss Brune repelled this accusation may have confirmed her father in his opinion.

It is certain that Nellie did not shed any tears, and was in no way cast down by her lover's departure; nor, for that matter, was the lover himself cast down. Philip's powers of amusing and enjoying himself were quite unbounded; and the pleasure he got out of a railway journey from England to Florence was as great as the discomfort entailed thereby upon common mortals—which is saying a good deal. The odd types that he encountered among his fellow-travellers, the novelty of the scenes that flitted, like dissolving views, past the railway-carriage windows, the ever-increasing warmth of the sun and clearness of the atmosphere, as the express rushed southwards—all these, and a hundred other trifles, contributed to divert and exhilarate him. A fresh sensation awaited him after the passing of the frontier, namely, a vague and pleasant stirring of long-buried memories. Those sallow faces, those high-pitched voices, those unshaven chins, those stout and brilliantly-dressed ladies had he not known them all in some previous state of existence? The mulberry-trees, the maize-fields, the trailing vines, the ragged beggars who loitered and whined outside the railings of wayside stations, were not all these familiar, and yet strange, to him? Even certain faint odours, in which garlic and bad tobacco had a large share, seemed to recall shadowy experiences through which somebody had once passed. Philip really could not have sworn that he had passed through them

himself. He felt half inclined to shake hands with the people who got into the railway carriage; for surely they were all old friends, though their names had somehow escaped him. He studied their features with a puzzled smile; whereupon they smiled back, as Italians are always ready to do, and promptly entered into conversation. Philip had some knowledge of Italian, and his quick ear soon picked up the intonation of that easiest of tongues: perhaps, too, memory came to his aid again here. He managed to make himself agreeable; he scraped acquaintance with various entertaining persons; and so arrived at his destination at length, not at all tired, in a very cheerful frame of mind, and without having troubled his head once in the course of his journey about its object.

But when he had established himself comfortably in an hotel overlooking the Arno, and had had a bath and an ample breakfast and a cigar, he began to think it was time to attend to business, and, strolling out into the sunshine, inquired his way to the Via di San Giorgio.

The directions that he received were not very precise, and he had some little difficulty in following them; but he was in no hurry. He spent a very agreeable hour in admiring Giotto's Campanile, in loitering down the sunny side of broad thoroughfares, in staring in at shop-windows, and in exploring a network of narrow byways. At length, more by chance than intention, he hit off the street of which he was in search, and, drawing a slip of paper from his pocket, compared the address inscribed upon it with the number of the house before him. "Via di San Giorgio, No. 34, *terzo piano*." Here, sure enough, was No. 34; and a very dismal and poverty-stricken habitation it looked. As Philip climbed the dirty stone staircase, he had leisure to reflect that an uncle who lived in such quarters would be a very likely sort of uncle to make demands upon the purse of a nephew possessed of landed property; but parsimony had never been one of Philip's vices, and he said to himself that, if things turned out well, some sort of provision should be made for this needy relative. It presently appeared, however, that Signor Cavestri was no longer in a position to request or require human aid.

"Signor Cavestri!" cried the dishevelled servant-of-all-work who answered Philip's ring. "Eh! signore." And she raised her right hand and suddenly allowed her head to drop upon it sideways, as if it would roll off her shoulders.

Philip had never seen this gesture employed before; but its meaning required no explanation. "Do you mean to say that Signor Cavestri is dead?" he asked in some dismay.

"*E morto—è morto—si!*" answered the woman, nodding a great many times, in apparent determination that there should be no mistake as to the fact of her late master's demise; and she went on to state that it was three years and more since he had been laid to rest, and to give some particulars of his last illness, to which Philip paid little attention.

"What a bother!" he muttered. Then he said aloud: "I regret this exceedingly. I have come all the way from England to see Signor Cavestri upon a matter of business which I had hoped might prove advantageous to him. Do you know whether any relations of his are living in Florence?"

"*Sicuro!* His daughter, the Signora Bonera, and her family inhabit the floor upon which your Excellency is standing," replied the woman, upon whom Philip's well-to-do appearance had not failed to produce some effect. "With permission, I will go and call the signora."

But, before Philip could make any answer, a third person had come to the front, in the shape of an obese, dark-haired lady in a rather dirty-white dressing-gown, who may perhaps have overheard the previous colloquy.

"I am the Signora Bonera," quoth she, with a sweeping curtsey and a fascinating smile. "*Favorisca, signore.*" And she led the way into a scantily-furnished and carpetless sitting-room, and requested the stranger to do her the honour to sit down.

"So you are my cousin!" thought Philip, as he seated himself with precaution upon a decrepid arm-chair; "and you have got a family, and be hanged to you! All things considered, my dear cousin, I shall not reveal my identity to you until I am obliged."

He therefore made known the nature of his errand with much circumlocution and a great deal of pretended difficulty in expressing himself in Italian. Signora Bonera became immensely interested and excited when she heard what it was that had brought the stranger to Florence; she was very inquisitive and asked numberless questions; but the greater part of these Philip affected not to understand. He soon found out that she was not likely to be of any assistance to him, and that she knew little or nothing beyond the fact that her aunt had been married to a wealthy Englishman, who had deserted her.

"But," said she, "my uncle Filippo, who lives at Bologna, would be able to furnish you with every particular. He was at the marriage himself, as I have often heard him tell, and he can prove, if that is what is wanted, that it was a good marriage. I will write to him this evening, and beg him to come here and meet you. *Lo zio* is growing an old man—and there is the cost of the journey. But doubtless the signore has the means——"

An expressive pause seemed to call for some rejoinder from Philip, who bowed and said there would be no difficulty on the score of legitimate expenses.

"I will write by the very next post," cried the Signora Bonera. "And what name shall I have the pleasure of mentioning to my uncle?" she asked insinuatingly.

Philip declared that he could not think of putting the lady to so much trouble. Only let her oblige him with Signor Filippo Cavestri's address, and he would himself undertake the rest. This proposition did

not at all meet the views of Signora Bonera, who pointed out that it would be a great deal easier for her than for her interlocutor to compose an Italian letter; but Philip said he had no doubt he should be able to make himself intelligible with the help of a dictionary. Thereupon a long and lively debate ensued; but in the end Philip carried his point, and escaped without having given his name. He promised to call again before long, at the same time throwing out some pacifying hints as to a possible change in the fortunes of the Cavestri family, and so made his way out into the air and sunshine again, not ill pleased, upon the whole, with the result of his afternoon's work. It would have been more convenient, and probably less expensive, to have had to deal with one person than with a whole family, and he could have wished that his cousin had been a rather more presentable individual; still, he reflected, it might have been worse. These people were evidently too poor to be very troublesome, and it was a far cry from Longbourne to Florence. Taking everything into consideration, he was inclined to put down the whole Cavestri clan at an annual expenditure of from three to four hundred pounds; and really they would be cheap at the money, if they could supply him with the information that he wanted.

When he returned to his hotel the sun, sloping towards the west, was flooding the Lung Arno with mellow light, and illumining, among other persons and things, a very smart landau, which was waiting at the door. Philip was indulging in a moment's idle curiosity as to who the owner of this showy equipage might be, when the porter hurried out, cap in hand, to hold open the door. Then came the swish of voluminous skirts; a shrill exclamation rang through Philip's head, and immediately both his hands were being grasped in the tightly-gloved ones of Signora Tommasini.

"You, of all people in the world!" she exclaimed. "Well, I am glad! I had really begun to think I was never to see you again."

"Nor your 5,000*l.* either," thought Philip. And simultaneously it occurred to him that, if he should indeed prove to be the heir of Longbourne, this and other debts might be discharged within no very long space of time. This enabled him to welcome Signora Tommasini with less of mental reserve than he might otherwise have done.

"You can't be more glad than I am," he answered. "You are more surprised, I dare say, because I fully expected to meet you here, and have been looking forward to doing so for a long time."

"Have you? I don't believe you a bit; but it is polite of you to say that. Why have you never written to me? Are you staying in this hotel? Are you really going to study here?" went on the Signora, asking questions with her usual volubility, and pausing for no answers. "Come for a drive with me. I am going to the Cascine, where it is delicious at this hour, and where you will meet all the world. I am singing at the Opera here, you know, and am received *tant bien que mal.* But I don't like these Florentines; they are very different from my good

English public. They are cold; they are critical; they make no allowance for a poor old woman with a cracked voice, who is doing her best to please them. Ah, well, every dog has his day. The Florentines would adore you; they love a handsome face as much as a sweet voice. You ought to make your *début* here. But I suppose old Steinberger would object to that. Not that you would ever be able to make yourself heard beyond such an orchestra. The public taste is becoming ruined in Italy, as it is everywhere else. In old days they loved singing; now they only care for noise. I was singing in *Don Carlos* last night, and they insisted on having the march three times, the idiots! All that is rather a help to old stagers, like myself, who don't mind a hubbub which covers deficiencies; but it would be fatal to you. Where have you been since you left London? Down in the country all this time? I thought you hated the country. Give an account of yourself and of all that you have been doing."

"I will, if you'll let me get in a word," answered Philip, laughing.

He had been seated in the landau beside Signora Tommasini long before this, and they were within the gates of the Cascine by the time that she had ceased speaking. The carriage had fallen into a line of others, which were proceeding at a snail's pace along the shady drive, meeting a stream of returning vehicles, some shabby, some resplendent, all, or nearly all, badly horsed. Many hats were raised and many hands waved to the popular *prima donna*, who acknowledged these greetings with a bow from her waist to the ladies, a bob of her head for the men, and a broad, good-humoured smile for everybody. Her time was so taken up with receiving and returning salutations that she could pay but little attention to her companion, and at last ordered the coachman to drive on to a more secluded part of the gardens.

"It is impossible to talk or to listen in this crowd," said she; "and I want to talk to you, or rather to hear you talk." And when the fashionable world of Florence had been left behind, the Signora proposed that they should get out of the carriage and walk a little way. "I am obliged to take some exercise every day to keep down my fat," she said, with a laugh. "I haven't succeeded very well, you'll say; but then there's no telling how much worse I might have been if I had been lazy. Now, what has brought you here? Wasn't it rather a sudden resolution?"

"I always talked, you know, of coming to Italy for a time," answered Philip; "and it so happens that I have reasons for wishing to be in Florence just now, besides the desire to take a few lessons and to enjoy the pleasure of your society."

At that moment he felt a strong impulse to be candid with Signora Tommasini. Philip, like many other persons who habitually distrust their kind, was subject to irresistible leanings towards confidence in the case of certain individuals, and particularly of such as he thought likely to prove of service to him. Signora Tommasini was emphatically one

of these. He knew that her affection for him was sincere; he had found her also to be a shrewder woman than was generally supposed, and he had a notion that shrewdness might be a very necessary quality in dealings with the Cavestri family. Added to this, he was naturally anxious to let the Signora know that there was so fair a probability of her 5,000*l.* being handed back to her before she was much older. Such being his state of mind, it may well be supposed that within the space of about half an hour the Signora knew all that there was to know about her friend's parentage and adoption, and about the flattering tale which Hope and Mrs. Prosser had whispered in his ear. She would have been in possession of the facts a great deal sooner if she had not interrupted the beginning of the recital by many queries and ejaculations, and if she had not stopped Philip to scold him roundly for five minutes when he alluded to the prospect of his being able soon to refund the advance which she had so kindly made to him. But after that she became more and more grave and silent, and her final comment upon what she had heard was the unexpected one of "Well, it is a great pity."

Philip looked at her, looked up at the sky, looked around him at the trees on either side of the shady alley along which they were pacing, and, spreading out his hands with a gesture of patient expostulation, addressed himself to space. "Now, did you ever—I ask you, *did* you ever—hear anything like that? I have seen something of women; I have lived amongst them more than most men do, and I flattered myself that I understood the queer nature of them to some extent; but after this I give the subject up, it beats me altogether. Oh, it's Balak and Balaam over again, you know. I bring her out here to congratulate me, and behold, she puts on a long face, and says it's a pity! Now, I should like to know why it is a pity. In what possible way can it be a pity?"

"It seems to me," answered the Signora, "that it is a pity in every way. The story will turn out to be true, I'm afraid; and I tell you frankly that I'm very sorry for it. I had had great hopes of you. With labour and patience I do believe that you would have become a famous singer some day; and I am quite certain that the life of a famous singer would have been the one above all others to make you happy. You will not be happy at all as a country gentleman with a limited income, and you will go to the bad, most likely, for want of something to do and somebody to look after you. More than that, I think it is a pity—we are friends, you know, and you mustn't be angry if I speak my mind—I think it is a pity that you should be turning the lady who has been the making of you out of house and home."

Philip was not easily offended; but this outspoken censure touched him in a sore place, and the blood mounted to his forehead as he answered, "That is a very unfair way of putting it. It is true that Mrs. Stanniforth may have to leave Longbourne; but is that any fault

of mine? She won't be a penny the poorer, remember, and all that she will lose will be the house. And let me tell you that, if you knew her, you would be aware that she is the very last person in the world to grudge me a piece of good fortune."

"Then why didn't you tell her what you were coming here for?"

"What would have been the use of troubling her, when I knew nothing for certain? Besides, I promised Prosser that I wouldn't say a word to any one."

"I don't care a snap for that malignant old hag of a housekeeper; and you don't care a snap for your promise. You have broken it already in telling me; break it again, and write to Mrs. Stanniforth by to-night's mail."

"My dear Signora Tommasini, I have the most sincere respect for your opinion; but I do think I may be the best judge of what ought to be my conduct towards Mrs. Stanniforth."

"Well may you say that you don't understand women!" cried the Signora with some impatience. "Oh, you foolish fellow! can't you understand such a simple thing as this?—that Mrs. Stanniforth would forgive you for turning her out of her home, or even for taking her purse out of her pocket; but that she will never quite forgive you for deceiving her. You have made a very stupid mistake as it is; but you may undo it partly, if you write by to-night's post and explain everything. She will think you found writing more easy than speaking; many people do. Come along back to the carriage; we haven't a minute to lose."

And this energetic lady caught Philip by the arm, and hurried him away, paying no heed to his protests.

"You are quite wrong," he said. "She'll tell her mother, and then there'll be the deuce to pay. And a pretty fool I shall look if the whole thing turns out a myth."

"Stuff and nonsense!" returned the Signora; "she won't tell anybody; and if she does, it is better to look like a fool than like something else. Don't you play fast and loose with your best friends. You can't afford it, I tell you."

All the way back to Florence the Signora lectured and Philip argued; but the end of it was that he did write the letter, as he was bid, and posted it at the same time with one addressed to Signor Cavestri at Bologna.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Letters and Telegrams.

The Post Office, as brought to its present state of efficiency, is doubtless one of the glories of the age and an institution for which everybody ought to be thankful. That the facilities for speedy communication

afforded by it give us all an immensity of needless worry is, however, indisputable; and this chapter will show how a mighty pother was brought about among one set of insignificant people by the postal machinery during the space of a single short week.

Possibly things might have fallen out differently but for the accident of Philip's having chosen to leave Longbourne for Italy on a Monday; which was the day invariably set apart by Mrs. Stanniforth for the despatch of that weekly budget to Shorncliffe which has been already more than once referred to. For several past Mondays Margaret had contrived, with no small difficulty, to keep her own counsel upon the subject which chiefly engrossed her thoughts; for she had felt certain that Hugh would consider the engagement between Philip and Nellie an imprudent one, and would say so; and she had heard this said so many times already that it seemed almost better to hold her peace altogether than to expose herself to a repetition of it from a fresh quarter. But on this especial Monday, when all the agitation of leave-taking was still upon her, it was inevitable that she should write about Philip, and scarcely less inevitable that, in writing about him, she should tell the whole truth. This was the conclusion to which she came, after tearing up three abortive attempts at mystery. Either she must disburden her soul, or Hugh must do without his letter. Her own inclinations and regard for the feelings of her friend alike urged her to adopt the former alternative; and accordingly she did adopt it—with a result which will have been foreseen by readers with good memories.

On the Wednesday morning Mrs. Winnington, sitting opposite to her daughter at the breakfast-table, and receiving a pat of butter in her tea, instead of a lump of sugar, formed the not unnatural conclusion that some news of a disquieting nature had reached the mistress of the house.

"Dearest Margaret," said she, when the above trifling mistake had been mentioned and rectified, "I trust you have not had any unpleasant letters."

"Nearly all letters are unpleasant," answered Margaret, with a tremble in her voice and a very unsuccessful imitation of a laugh. She added something incoherent about business letters and begging letters, and laid down the one which she had been perusing.

But as soon as her mother, who had a fine healthy appetite, had ceased to scrutinise her, she picked it up again and finished it, her face growing paler and paler, as she read.

"My dear Margaret" (Hugh wrote),

"I can't tell you how astonished and grieved I was to hear by your letter of this morning that Marescalchi had engaged himself to Miss Brune. It is such a bad business that I hardly know how to tell you what is the real state of the case; and yet it is certain that you must be told. I wish with all my heart that I had not been such a fool as to conceal what I have known for the last three months; but I acted, as I

thought, for the best, never doubting but that the young fellow would confess it all to you himself, sooner or later. Latterly, indeed, I have fancied, from your never saying anything about him in your letters, that he had done so.

"It is useless to try and break these things gently: the miserable truth is that he is married already. Unfortunately, there is no room for the shadow of a doubt as to the fact. You may remember that you wrote to me in January last, asking me to go up to London and see Marescalchi, who, you feared, was in some trouble; and it was then that I discovered that he was living in Conduit Street with his wife, to whom he must have been some time married, as there was a baby. I happened to see the whole three of them entering the house, and I am bound to say the young woman appeared to be a modest, respectable sort of person, though certainly not a lady. I hesitated to speak to Marescalchi at the time, as perhaps I ought to have done; and when I was next able to call, I heard from the landlady of the lodgings that he and Mrs. Marescalchi were in great distress, owing to the sudden death of the child; so that it was really impossible for me to intrude upon him. Had I had the smallest idea that he could be such a scoundrel as he evidently is, I should not have been so scrupulous. I need not say how much I have felt for you all this time; and I may add that I have also wasted some good pity upon him. Poor little Miss Brune! this is a sad beginning for her life.

"If I can be of any help to you in any way, you know that you can command me. I could get leave, if necessary, and a *journey to Italy* would be quite within my power. I dread to seem interfering and officious; but there are emergencies in which a strong arm is a useful thing, and there are persons who understand no other argument.

"I am writing in some haste; and, besides that, I thought you would rather I said what I had to say as briefly as possible; but of course, if you wish it, I can give you fuller particulars. For the present I will only add that, if you can think of any way in which I can serve you, and will tell me of it, you will confer a true kindness upon

"Your affectionate friend,

"HUGH KENYON."

There were certain passages in this letter which were scarcely judicious, and the whole composition was pervaded by a subdued "didn't I tell you so?" flavour which Margaret would certainly have noticed and resented, had its subject-matter been less appalling. As it was, she could only repeat to herself, "This is not true. I can't believe it. Hugh must have made some mistake." But there was very little comfort to be got out of telling herself that she couldn't believe it, when she knew all the time that she could, and did. She read the letter over again, and was unable to discover any loophole for escape. There was no getting over the landlady's allusion to "Mrs. Marescalchi;" nor was it conceivable

at Philip should have allowed any woman to pass as his wife, unless he had been really married to her. Margaret did not ask herself whether it was conceivable that Philip should contemplate bigamy. She had not yet had time to weigh probabilities, and was so stunned and bewildered that, if Mrs. Winnington had chosen to question her further, the whole story must infallibly have come out in the course of a few minutes.

It chanced, however, that Mrs. Winnington's mind was engaged with other matters at the moment. Mrs. Winnington had been reading letters of her own—letters from London—letters in which mention was made of balls and dinners and State concerts, and all the other unvarying incidents of that life for which her soul yearned. Mrs. Winnington had tasted these delights many a time and often, and for her assuredly there could be no new thing under the dim London sun; but as she was very far from desiring anything new, such philosophical reflections were powerless to console her, and it was with a profound and pathetic sigh that she restored her letters to their envelopes. Margaret did not appear to notice this signal of distress; so Mrs. Winnington sighed more loudly, and, again failing to attract attention, rose, walked to the other end of the table, and placing her hands affectionately on her daughter's shoulders, kissed her on the forehead.

"Dearest Margaret," said she, "you are looking very pale. Don't you think you ought to have a little change?"

"Oh, no," answered Margaret hastily; "I am perfectly well, and I hate going away from home. Longbourne suits me better than any other place in the world."

"My dear, are you sure of that? Constitutions differ, certainly; but I cannot help thinking it very unlikely that a place which invariably makes me ill after three weeks can agree with you all the year round."

"But it really does," answered Margaret, with provoking obtuseness.

Mrs. Winnington moved to the window, and looked out upon the terrace, where her younger daughter was to be seen walking up and down in the sunshine. "Poor Edith!" she murmured; "I do feel so very sorry for her, poor child!"

"Sorry for Edith?" repeated Margaret absently. "Why should you be sorry for her?"

"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. Winnington with some asperity, "you are not the only person in the world who is to be pitied. Other people have their troubles too; and naturally, at Edith's age, it seems hard to be buried down in the country, when all her friends are enjoying themselves in town."

This direct appeal proved effectual. Margaret roused herself, got up, and joined her mother at the window. "How selfish of me never to have thought of that!" she exclaimed penitently. "Of course she ought to be in London, and so ought you. Do take her there at once; you must not hesitate about leaving me."

But Mrs. Winnington shook her head. "No," said she decisively; "I determined, once for all, last year, that I never would spend another season in London lodgings. To begin with, it is more than I can afford."

"But, mother——"

"Dearest Margaret, you are always so kind; and I know you would gladly help us out with our rent; but rent is really the least thing. There are carriages, and dresses, and flowers, and a hundred other necessaries, which would swallow up the whole of my wretched little income in a few months. Besides which, living in lodgings is objectionable in every way. I felt it so very strongly last year, and I made up my mind that I would never do it again. If one wishes to hold up one's head in society at all, one must entertain. It need not be upon a large scale, and it need not cost much; but there is just the feeling, you know, that one can have a few people to dinner sometimes, and that one has a decent house to receive one's visitors in. I have thought very often lately that I have acted rather unfairly to Edith in remaining unsettled, year after year, as I have done. It is so difficult to see one's duty plainly! I believe now that what I ought to have done would have been to establish myself in a small house at the far end of Belgrave Road, or some other cheap place. It would have been very nasty; but it would have given her an opportunity of sometimes catching glimpses of civilisation. There is no help for it now, though. To hire a house in London for the season would be out of the question; and to lodgings I will not go. As I said to Lady Laura Smythe the other day, going into society in that sort of way is almost like living upon the charity of others—a thing I could never consent to do."

If Margaret did not answer immediately, it was because she was half afraid that it was not in her power to make the only answer that could be considered at all to the point. That a childless woman, with fifteen thousand a year and the simplest of personal tastes, should ever be in want of money may sound somewhat incredible; but it is said by those who ought to know that there are people with twice Mrs. Stanniforth's means who are not unacquainted with the pinch of poverty. However that may be, it is certain that Margaret was not, in the true sense of the word, rich. From various causes, which need not be entered into now, she was seldom able to keep a large balance at her bankers', and it has been shown before what excellent reasons she had for desiring to lay by a certain sum every year. Still, she felt that, if she remained long silent, her mother's delicate scruples would be aroused, and poor Edith would get no London season. Therefore she only hesitated a moment before declaring cheerfully that the London house ought to be her affair, and that she would give instructions about securing one forthwith.

Mrs. Winnington could not hear of such a thing. No! she knew too well how many people had claims—if you could call them claims—upon poor dear Margaret, and what it cost to provide young men with

unlimited travelling-expenses and the best singing-masters in Italy. No! if dear Margaret had wished to take a house in London for *herself*, that would have been another thing; but Mrs. Winnington could not accept, and would not accept, even from her own daughter—and so forth, and so forth, for ten minutes, without a break. In the course of these ten minutes it did, indeed, transpire that there was a small house in Park Street, belonging to a particular friend of Lady Laura Smythe's, which was now to be had; but the rent asked for it was quite too ridiculous—which was a pity, as the situation and the very modest dimensions of the house might have made it suitable in other ways. "But," added Mrs. Winnington, "no doubt it will be snapped up at once. Lady Laura asked me to let her have a reply by return of post. So absurd of her! As if I could possibly afford such an expense! But I never can get people to understand that your purse is not mine."

The remainder of the argument need scarcely be chronicled. Of course Margaret protested that all that was hers was her mother's, and of course Mrs. Winnington pointed out that, however justifiable such a theory might be upon abstract grounds, it was impossible to make it fit in with the conditions of a sophisticated state of society. The generous dispute was a prolonged one; but it was not so unduly prolonged as to prevent Mrs. Winnington from dashing off a few hasty lines to Lady Laura Smythe in time to catch the midday post.

Margaret breathed more freely as soon as this question was disposed of. In the impending catastrophe her mother's sympathies would not, as she well knew, be with her; and it would be best for her to be alone when the terrible disclosure had to be made. It should not be made before an answer should have come from Philip: she had now so far recovered her scattered wits as to have decided upon that much. She would write to him, enclosing Hugh's letter, and she would not condemn him until he should have had an opportunity of giving his version of the story. Who knew but that he might be able to exculpate himself? Even a prisoner who has been caught in the act of entering a dwelling-house by the area-window at midnight is held innocent until he has been proved guilty; and was she not to extend the same measure of bare justice to poor Philip? She had already begun to think of him as "poor Philip," it will be observed. Perhaps in his case, as in that of the supposititious burglar, it was upon the absence of "felonious intent" that she built her vain hopes.

But, as the day went on, it became more and more apparent to her that she could never live through the long interval of suspense that must take place before a reply could be received from Florence. This, she calculated, could not, at earliest, be before the fifth day; and to exist in a state of torment through four mortal days and nights was an ordeal not to be faced, if by any means it could be avoided. She longed to telegraph, but could not see her way to doing so, consistently with prudence; for Longbourne was not one of the houses where telegrams

are received and despatched so frequently as to give rise to no remark; and, besides that, it would be impossible to frame a message which should be at once intelligible to Philip and unintelligible to the clerks at the Crayminster post-office. It was while pondering the latter difficulty that Margaret thought of a very simple expedient for overcoming it. Why should she not word her telegram in a foreign language? The notion pleased her so much, and her desire to be put speedily out of her pain was so strong, that she resolved, at last, to run the risk; and in the course of the afternoon she set out to walk across the fields to Crayminster, and to write the momentous question with her own hand. She did not care to let the servants know that she was in such haste to communicate with Mr. Marescalchi, and she would not drive, for she knew that if she did so her mother would accompany her.

The young gentleman who snatched Mrs. Stanniforth's telegraph-form out of her hand—(Is it because postmen always have the gratuities of Christmas before their mind's eye, while post-office clerks have nothing connected with that season to look forward to, except an increase of labour, that the former are so subservient and the latter so outrageously offensive in their demeanour towards the public?)—this young gentleman was as satisfactorily puzzled as could have been wished. Margaret had written distinctly the following words in German, having had doubts as to the trustworthiness of French in this age of universal accomplishment: "Is it the case that you are not free to marry? Pray telegraph the exact truth. Hugh has been in Conduit Street." This message, after much preliminary frowning and muttering, was accepted and paid for; and when Margaret had asked three times at what hour it would be delivered, and had been answered at last by a curt, "Can't say, 'n shaw," she started on her homeward way.

It was a long up-hill walk, and the sun was hot and scorching, as it often is in the month of May. Margaret, weary in body and mind, had lost all thinking power, and, fortunately for herself, was unable to suffer in anticipation of a terrible future. Her one anxiety, then and throughout the remainder of the day, was that the reply to her telegram should reach her after her mother and sister had gone to bed. It would have puzzled her to give any account afterwards of the manner in which she had got through that interminable afternoon and evening. But somehow or other the time passed; and Fortune was very kind to her; for hardly had Mrs. Winnington and Edith wished her good-night, and gone upstairs, than a ring at the front door brought her heart into her mouth; and a minute later the wished-for yellow envelope was in her hands.

She tore it open, devoured its contents, and then, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears of joy. Philip's answer was brief and to the point; and he had not thought it necessary to employ any language but his own. "All right. Free as air. Very natural mistake of Kenyon's. Will write about this and the other matter shortly."

It was very well to be thankful; but it was unfortunate, though not,

perhaps, very surprising, that Margaret's thankfulness should have been mingled with a strong feeling of wrath against the luckless Hugh Kenyon. "How like Hugh to jump to conclusions in that way!" she thought. "Hugh would believe anything bad of Philip; and he never considers what misery he inflicts upon me when he makes such cruel accusations."

This was, no doubt, extremely unjust, since Colonel Kenyon was about the last man in England to jump to conclusions, and certainly the last to inflict needless pain upon those whom he loved; but that he was ready to believe anything bad of Philip was true enough, and it was probably this predisposition which Margaret found it most hard to forgive. She sat down forthwith, and scribbled off a hasty letter, which would have gone near to breaking Hugh's heart if he had ever received it. But he never did receive it; for his correspondent, after relieving her feelings by saying some very cutting things, wisely tore up what she had written, and went to bed at peace with all mankind, forgiving her friends as well as her enemies.

It was not until the following morning that she began to wonder what might be that "other matter" to which Philip had made allusion; but it did not occur to her to attach any importance to the phrase. He might have intended to refer to his engagement to Nellie, or to his plans for remaining at Florence—most likely to the former. Thursday, therefore, was a day of rest and freedom from care for Margaret; but upon the Friday morning she found, beside her plate at breakfast-time, the letter which had been written at Signora Tommasini's instance, and which had been posted before the telegram from Longbourne had reached its destination. The substance of this letter astonished and perturbed Margaret a good deal; but it by no means filled her with consternation, as Colonel Kenyon's had done. Considering the haste with which it had been written, it was a not unskilfully worded epistle. It was—so Margaret thought—quite unnecessarily contrite in tone, and it explained to her full satisfaction Philip's previous silence. It was both natural and becoming that, upon the first blush of the thing, he should have held himself bound by his promise to Prosser, and it was a proof of his heart's being in the right place that, after more mature consideration, he should have found it impossible to keep any secret from herself. As to the main point, her sympathies and hopes were entirely upon the side of her adopted son. Most willingly would she retire from Longbourne to let him enter there as master, and most thankful would she be if the respectability of his birth could be proved beyond a doubt. Not having had time to contemplate possible side-issues, she was inclined to hail the news, so far as it went, as thoroughly good news.

"A letter from Florence?" asked Mrs. Winnington insinuatingly, across the table. "All well, I hope?"

"Philip has got over his journey safely," answered Margaret, with pardonable equivocation.

"So glad! Now, dearest Margaret, don't you think you might come up to London to us for a time? We would not keep you a day longer than you wished to stay; but I really believe you would enjoy yourself, when once you were there."

What reply Mrs. Stanniforth would have made to this kindly pressure to partake of her own hospitality will never be known; for at this moment Edith, who had been looking out of the window, turned round to say that one of the cows had got into the garden, and was eating up the roses.

"*Oh!*" exclaimed Margaret, and flew out on to the terrace, followed by her sister.

An exciting chase, subsequently joined in by two gardeners, ensued, and lasted for a matter of ten minutes, while Mrs. Winnington looked on from the window with a face of strong disapproval. It did not accord with her views of propriety that ladies should rush about and make themselves hot, when they had a large staff of retainers handsomely paid to do that for them. Such behaviour, she thought, lowered one in the eyes of one's inferiors, and encouraged them to take liberties. Possibly with a desire to spare herself the sight of so degrading a spectacle, she turned away, and began carelessly glancing at the letters which Margaret had imprudently left on the table. It has been said before that Mrs. Winnington's notions with regard to the sacredness of other people's letters were of a liberal order; and she did not for a moment hesitate to draw these from their envelopes. And so it came to pass that when Margaret returned—flushed and breathless, but triumphant—she found her mother extended rigidly upon her chair, with the soles of her feet well exposed to view, her head falling on to her shoulder, and her arms hanging helpless by her sides like those of a rag doll. What had happened was only too evident; and Margaret, for once, lost all control over her indignation.

"Really, mother," she exclaimed, "this is too bad! Why do you read my letters?"

"Oh, Margaret," answered Mrs. Winnington in a hollow voice, "*do* not—*do* not speak of such trifles at a moment like this! How you can scamper after cows, when you may be upon the brink of being turned out of your house, is more than I can comprehend. This is what one gets by adopting orphans and pampering them! But for your infatuation, this wretched boy might have died years ago."

"Nonsense, mother! it is not in the least certain that I shall be turned out of my house; and I don't care if I am. You ought not to have looked at my letter, and you have no business to know anything about this. The least that you can do now is to behave as if you knew nothing about it."

"Very well, my dear; if you think that is a proper way to speak to your mother, I can say no more. In my opinion, letters that are left open upon the table are as much public property as newspapers; a

ıust say I should never have supposed you wished to conceal anything ·om me. Pray do not imagine that I shall interfere in the matter, irectly or indirectly. It must be sifted, however," continued Mrs. Vinnington, assuming a more erect attitude. "The woman Prosser nust be sent for at once, and made to tell all that she knows."

"I cannot allow it!" exclaimed Margaret. "The secret is Philip's, not mine, and it would be most ungenerous in me to betray him. It would not do any good either; for, naturally, Prosser could tell us no more than she told him."

"It would do this good," answered Mrs. Winnington, "that it would set my mind at rest. I don't believe a word of this story, mind you—not a word of it! It might be easy enough for that woman to deceive a silly, vain boy; but she will not find it so easy to deceive me, I can tell her!"

The issue was inevitable. Mrs. Winnington had taken the bit between her teeth, and Margaret knew full well that argument would be thrown away upon her. Indeed, the good lady herself confessed as much. She was not going to interfere in any way, she said; but at the same time she could not blind herself to her plain duty. She could not sit still and allow a monstrous fraud to be concocted under her daughter's roof; and, in short, if the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. In other words, Mrs. Winnington expressed her intention, in the last resort, of betaking herself to the housekeeper's room, and doing battle there.

As a choice of evils, therefore, Mrs. Prosser was summoned, and probably derived much satisfaction from the spectacle of her enemy's discomfiture. Mrs. Prosser, it need hardly be said, was victorious all along the line. Her evidence was not to be shaken by the most searching cross-examination; nor did she allow herself to be moved for one instant from the placid respectfulness of her bearing. Mrs. Winnington she ignored altogether, addressing her replies exclusively to Margaret, and, it must be confessed, producing a rather favourable impression upon the latter by her straightforwardness. When pressed to say why she had not told her story before, she answered that that was a matter "betwixt her and her conscience," and she must "decline for to enter upon it again." She had "already spoke to Mr. Philip upon the subjeck."

"It all seems to be the most preposterous rubbish!" cried Mrs. Winnington at length. "At all events, the question cannot be set at rest without a lawsuit; that is certain."

"I don't think, ma'am," observed Mrs. Prosser to Margaret, "as Mr. Neville would wish to go to law, if Mr. Philip's rights was proved to his satisfaction; and I believe there is nobody else who could do so."

"Of course there could be nobody else, Prosser," answered Margaret. "It is a pity, I think, that you did not speak sooner; but I quite believe all that you have told us. It does not prove anything——"

"Nothing at all, ma'am."

"Still, it may help us to find out the truth. You can go now,

estate which had never been his to dispose of. When, however, Margaret drew her attention to this aspect of the affair, she admitted that the poor man's case was a hard one.

"And that," said she, "makes me the more anxious that you should consult him without loss of time. In fact, I think it would be hardly honest to keep him any longer in ignorance of his danger."

Margaret said that was not her feeling at all. She would much rather say nothing to Mr. Brune yet.

"Well, my dear, if you feel any hesitation about speaking to him, I should not mind doing it myself. I do not like Mr. Brune; his manners are very uncouth and abrupt, and I have no doubt he will be rude to me. Still, we must not consider that. If you can spare me the carriage this afternoon, I will just drive over to Broom Leas, and have a few words with him."

Margaret groaned. "I thought you agreed with me," she said, "that the best thing we could do was to hold our tongues?"

"Unquestionably the best thing—it is the *only* thing that we can do. But that is not to say that we should neglect any means of gaining information. Mr. Brune must have known more about his brother than we can do, and it is quite possible that he may have been aware of the existence of this Italian lady, and may be able to tell us who she was. At least it can do no harm to ask him."

"I think it may do a great deal of harm," Margaret protested.

But she could neither gag her mother nor lock the door upon her; and so, in the course of the afternoon, Mr. Brune, who was enjoying himself in his shirt-sleeves, lopping off the straggling branches of a laurel hedge on his domain with a billhook, was startled by the apparition of a lady whose visits were never very welcome to him.

Mrs. Winnington's customary bland smile of greeting was tempered by a mournfulness which it was impossible to ignore. "So sorry to disturb you," said she; "but I was told that I should find you here, and as I wanted to speak to you rather particularly——" Here a natural feeling of curiosity caused her to break off, and inquire, "Do you really *like* doing that?"

"I really do," answered Mr. Brune, resuming his coat with some reluctance. "The only objection to hedging and ditching is that, when one is employed in that way, one is scarcely in trim to receive visitors. But I dare say you will kindly excuse me from shaking hands with you, Mrs. Winnington. You were saying that you wanted particularly to speak to me."

"Yes, indeed!" replied Mrs. Winnington with a great sigh.

"Has Philip Marescalchi broken his neck? If he has, don't mind saying so; I can bear to hear the worst."

Mrs. Winnington sighed again. "Oh, no," said she regretfully; "he has not broken his neck. But it is about him that I am anxious to consult you."

And then the tale was told, and was listened to without a word o sign of interruption. Mrs. Winnington was a good deal put out by calm way in which every one, except herself, seemed to take the disqu ing prospect that was opening out before them.

"Well, Mr. Brune?" she said impatiently, when she had waited some seconds in vain for her companion to speak.

"Well, Mrs. Winnington?"

"What do you think of all this? Do you believe that there is truth in it? Do you think your brother was a likely man to mak clandestine marriage?"

"My dear madam, is it possible for me to answer such questions any purpose? Yes; all things considered, I should say it was proba true. I see no reason why Prosser should have invented the wo which she says she heard; and the dates appear to be correct, and th is a suggestive similarity between the names of Brown and Brune. yes; the chances are all in favour of its being true. As to whether brother George was a likely man to act as he is said to have don really can't give an opinion upon the subject. In one sense, nobod likely to do such a thing, and, in another sense, anybody is. One is ne surprised at hearing that a man has been married on the sly; but I t it that no one has natural proclivities that way."

"But, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Winnington, "aren't you going do anything? Do you mean to sit still and allow yourself to be pl dered? Can't you make any inquiries?"

"I shall write to my brother's lawyers, and ask them whether t know anything. It appears that Marescalchi's mother was accuston to receive remittances from her husband's lawyers."

"H'm—yes; it would be well to do that, certainly. I feel that ought to be bestirring ourselves. It would be a terrible blow to p Margaret to be driven from her home."

"I shall be only too happy to talk things over with Mrs. Stannifor if that would be any comfort to her."

"Well, the truth is that dear Margaret rather shrinks from speaki about the matter at all. But if you can suggest any way in which could be of service——"

"You are most kind. No; I don't know that you can do anythin replied Mr. Brune, thinking of Diogenes and Alexander, but patien refraining from applying the precedent to the present case.

A pause of some minutes supervened, during which Mrs. Winni ton fidgeted irritably, and Mr. Brune looked wistfully at his billhoo It was evident that the man did not choose to be communicative; and only remained for his visitor to leave him, consoling herself as best s might with the hope that something—or rather that nothing—mig come of the lawyers' letter.

This hope was fulfilled some days later, when Messrs. Hobson Jobson wrote to say that, to the best of their belief, their late client h

lived and died a bachelor. They had, at all events, never transacted business on his behalf with any Italian lady. So far so good; but Mrs. Winnington, as may possibly be remembered, had a personal acquaintance with the senior member of the firm, and she could not resist writing to him in a friendly, informal manner, to beg for his candid opinion upon this most distressing subject. His answer made her rather uncomfortable.

"Dear Madam (wrote Mr. Hobson),

"We have already been in communication with Mr. Brune with reference to the matter upon which you consult me, and I have nothing to add to the reply sent to him. Speaking generally, however, I may say that, supposing such a marriage as you mention to have taken place, it would in my opinion be in the last degree improbable that Mr. George Brune, or any other man similarly situated, would have let his family lawyers into his secret.

"Faithfully yours,

"SAML. HOBSON."

"And this is the man who has dined with us over and over again, and has stayed in the house upon three separate occasions!" cried Mrs. Winnington, very angry with Mr. Hobson for having written so curtly, and still more angry with him for having suggested such unpleasant doubts. "I will never trouble myself to be civil to a solicitor again as long as I live."

In the meantime Margaret had heard once more from Philip, who filled three pages with a description of Florence, mentioned incidentally that he expected soon to have an interview with his uncle, Signor Cavestri, who was coming from Bologna to meet him, and said not one word about the subject of Margaret's telegram until quite the end of his sheet. "I meant to have told you all about that Conduit Street business," he wrote; "but, after all, I think it will keep until we meet. There are some things which it is just as well not to commit to paper, and one is not at liberty to tell everything even to one's best friends. But, my dear old Meg, how *could* you suppose that, if I had had one wife living, I should think of marrying another? I am not a bit angry, you know; but I am rather amused, I confess, and surprised that you should not know me better. Colonel Kenyon, no doubt, thinks me capable of all manner of iniquity. Even he might have given me credit for some small amount of prudence, though." And then he added in a postscript: "If you have spoken to Nellie of what you have heard, and if she feels at all uneasy or dissatisfied, of course I will write to her more fully. Otherwise I think least said soonest mended for the present."

It was not because this explanation struck her as insufficient that Margaret wrote a line to Hugh Kenyon, requesting him to run down for a day or two and see her. She held—and she was doubtless right in holding—that it was worse than useless to bestow confidence by halves, and that, if she believed Philip at all, she must believe, without requiring

further elucidation, that he was entirely innocent of the offence imputed to him. But with Mrs. Winnington buzzing about her, like a great bluebottle, at all hours of the day, with Mr. Brune and Nellie holding aloof as if they were offended, and with her own uncertainty as to what course events would take, and what development she ought to hope for, she did feel a strong wish for a little sympathy; and, that being so, it was natural that she should turn her eyes towards that quarter whence sympathy had been forthcoming for so many years.

Hugh, it is needless to say, obeyed the summons with alacrity. Despite the melancholy character of the occasion, he arrived in Longbourne in better spirits than he had enjoyed for many months past. Margaret's note had led him to hope that he was to be reinstated in that post of confidential adviser which he had forfeited by his untimely declaration, and which, notwithstanding many friendly assurances to the contrary, he was well aware had never been fully restored to him. She was coming back to him, he thought; she had turned to him instinctively in the time of her trouble; and, although he did not now expect that she would ever consent to be anything more than his friend, it would be a great deal to be received again upon the old terms. Without exactly rejoicing over Philip's downfall, he yet could not help feeling that if that young deceiver were cut off with a shilling—(the traditional shilling being represented by a few hundreds a year)—his most dangerous rival would be removed.

He was therefore not a little taken aback by the first words that Margaret addressed to him.

"Hugh, what made you give me such a dreadful fright? You were quite mistaken about my poor boy."

"Mistaken! how mistaken?"

"There was no truth whatever in that—report about his being married."

"You mean that he denies it, I suppose."

"Yes. I telegraphed to him at once, and had an answer the same night, and since then I have heard from him. He says it was a natural mistake on your part, but it can all be easily explained."

"God bless my soul! what explanation does he give?"

Margaret was obliged to confess that nothing very explicit had reached her from Philip beyond a bare denial; but that, she said, was quite enough for her. His word was sufficient, and she could perfectly enter into his reasons for disliking to put upon paper what might very well be communicated by word of mouth. Letters, unfortunately, were sometimes read by people to whom they were not addressed, and very likely Philip had thought of that. "It was wrong of me to distrust him at all," she concluded. "For you, of course, it was different; but, as he says, I ought to have known him better."

"Oh! is that all he says?"

"You can see his letter, if you like," answered Margaret, handing

over the sheet in question. "I don't know whether you will find it convincing, but it is quite so to me."

Hugh read the short paragraph which has been quoted above, and drew down the corners of his mouth. "It strikes me as a shuffling sort of statement," he remarked. "It's all very well to say, 'How can you believe that I should be such a blackguard as to do so and so?' but that's no answer to a man who saw you do it."

"It is an answer to me, at any rate. And don't you think, Hugh, that you were rather in a hurry to take things for granted? You never made any inquiries, you know."

"But, my dear Margaret, I had the evidence of my own senses. I saw the woman enter the house with him. I called in Conduit Street afterwards, and found that they were living there as husband and wife. I heard the landlady speak of her as Mrs. Marescalchi. What more would you have?"

"Oh, I admit that it is mysterious," said Margaret; "but what of that? So many things are mysterious until they are explained. Might it not have been to serve a friend in some way that he allowed that woman to pass as his wife for a time? I think that is conceivable."

"I don't," said Hugh shortly.

"And you don't believe him on his word?"

Hugh looked up uneasily. "There is no one on earth whom I trust more implicitly than I do you," he said; "but if you were to tell me that your name was not Margaret Stanniforth, and that you didn't think it necessary to say any more at present, but would explain it all some day or other, how could I bring myself to believe that you were speaking the truth?"

"Ah, well," said Margaret, "women have more faith than men, I suppose. I should believe you if you told me black was white. But never mind. I am as certain as I am of my own existence that Philip will be able to clear himself all in good time; and we won't say any more about it now, especially as I have something else to tell you, which I have been thinking of a great deal more during the last few days."

Colonel Kenyon's astonishment was only equalled by his disgust when he was informed of the fresh complication of which Philip Marescalchi was the central figure. "Confound that fellow!" he exclaimed; "I wish to heaven his mother had scragged him when he was a baby! He seems bound to bring perpetual trouble in one way or another. And the provoking part of it is that you don't mind it a bit. I believe you rather enjoy it."

This little outburst of impatience had the happy effect of making Margaret laugh. Upon which Hugh laughed too; and thus friendly relations, which for a moment had shown symptoms of becoming strained, were re-established.

"Now tell me," said Margaret; "do you think Philip is really Mr. George Brune's son?"

Hugh was compelled to acknowledge that the story had a horrid air of probability about it. "To tell you the truth," he added, "I noticed his likeness to the family long ago; but I set it down to mere coincidence."

"Yes; is it not strange that I should never have remarked it? I see it so plainly now; and not only that, but I can trace a decided resemblance between his character and Mr. Brune's."

"There I can't go along with you."

"That is because you like Mr. Brune, and you have never liked my poor Philip. But perhaps it is not so much a similarity in actual character that I mean, as in ways of speaking and looking at things. I know exactly what Mr. Brune will say in certain cases, and it is just what Philip says, and often in the very same words. Both of them have a way of pretending to laugh at everything, and both of them are really as tender-hearted as women. I wish you knew Philip as well as I do. You can't think what a penitent letter he wrote me about this journey of his to Florence, and how grieved he is at the idea of my having to give up Longbourne. As if it was any fault of his that he is his father's son!"

"Well, I am glad to hear that he is penitent," said Hugh, getting up, and walking about the room. "As for your leaving Longbourne, I don't know about that, I'm sure. It will be a case for the lawyers, I fear."

"Why should it be? If once it can be proved that Count Marescalchi and Mr. George Brune were one and the same person, there can be no more to be said. I am sure Mr. Brune would not go to law with Philip."

"Perhaps not; but it's rather an intricate question. You see, old Mr. Stanniforth made a gift of the estate to Jack, and the title-deeds are now in the hands of the trustees. I know no more of law than I do of Hebrew; but I suppose we could not surrender them at all events until the purchase-money had been refunded."

"But then there is the compensation paid by the railway company."

"Yes; but I don't know whether old Stanniforth would disgorge that without making a fight for it. He is a sharp old fellow—or used to be. It is a most unmitigated nuisance, look at it which way you will."

"It will all come right in the end," said Margaret confidently.

"I am not at all so sure of that. I would much rather it went wrong in the beginning, I know. I wonder, now, whether there is any hope of that old Prosser's having trumped up a plausible story to serve some ends of her own. It is difficult to believe that a woman could keep a secret like that entirely to herself for a dozen years and more."

"She had the safety-valve of confession to her parish priest, you see."

"What, to old Langley? Do you mean to say he has known this all along, and never said a word?"

"I suppose he has. He has not been here since the disclosure, and I suspect he is rather afraid of facing us."

"Well he may be, the old Jesuit! I shall look him up this afternoon, and hear what he has to say for himself."

"You won't be rude to him, will you, Hugh? You must remember that he has only done what he would consider to be his bounden duty in keeping Prosser's secret."

"Oh, I won't be rude to him," answered Hugh: "I only want to find out how much he knows. I suppose he'll tell me the truth anyhow."

The result of this determination was that Colonel Kenyon formed one of a congregation of three at evensong, and, waiting for the rector afterwards, put the reverend gentleman, as he mentally expressed it, "through his facings."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Langley said; "an unfortunate affair in many ways; but let us hope that some arrangement may be come to. I am glad the woman has at length made up her mind to tell what she knew. I have been urging her to do so for years past."

"But why didn't you make her speak out? Couldn't you have withheld absolution, or something?"

Mr. Langley smiled. "I think you hardly understand the case," he said. "There could be no question of absolution, the woman having committed no sin. What she revealed to me was in the nature of a strictly confidential communication, made to me as her priest."

"She said it was under seal of confession."

"Ah, yes; a slight confusion of terms not uncommon among the uneducated. It is true that she first divulged the matter to me as a part of her confession; but I pointed out to her at the time that she was wrong in doing so. Of course I could not do otherwise than regard what was imparted to me in such a manner as sacred. Since then I have lost no opportunity of impressing upon her what I believed to be her duty; but she is, unfortunately, a very obstinate person. I should not have felt myself justified in laying a positive command upon her so long as she held it a matter of conscience to keep silence."

"Well, I don't know," said Hugh, twirling his moustache; "I should have thought you might have brought a little more pressure to bear; but it's not much use talking about that now. You believe, then, that old Brune really said all that?"

"I have not a doubt of it; and I may add that I have very little doubt as to young Marescalchi's being the son."

"It's a horrid bore," remarked Hugh. "I expect I shall have a lot of bother over it; and I'm afraid our friends at Broom Leas will suffer." And he went on to explain some of the difficulties which he anticipated, and which were likely to interfere with the amicable family arrangement to which Mr. Langley, as well as Mrs. Prosser, appeared to have looked forward.

Mr. Langley could only express his sympathy and regret, adding, a moral to be deduced from the whole affair, that if the late Mr. Bru had been a sound Churchman, all this trouble would have been avoid "In such a case, he would have sent to me upon his death-bed—whi I am sorry to say that he did not think fit to do—and the truth wou have been revealed."

"What, even if he had made it the subject of a strictly confident communication?" Hugh could not help saying.

"Unquestionably. Concealment of marriage, and the leaving of child destitute, would be deadly sin; whereas it might very well be question with many people how far they were entitled to make pub words spoken by one in a state of delirium. But perhaps I had bett not weary you with definitions," said Mr. Langley rather coldly. " trust," he added, "that there is no feeling of soreness as regards me my dear friend Mrs. Stanniforth's mind."

"Oh, she'll forgive you," said Hugh; "she'd forgive anybody f doing anything." And as he walked away, it occurred to him th there was only one person in the world towards whom he had ever kno Margaret to display an unforgiving spirit, and that that person was hi self. Which seemed a little hard.

Trudging pensively homewards along the deep lanes, he heard himse on a sudden, called by name, and was presently overtaken by Nell Brune—a person whom, under the circumstances, he would much rath not have encountered.

"Have you come down about this business, Colonel Kenyon?" sh asked. "Is it really true that Philip is Uncle George's son?"

"Ah, that's just what I want to know, Miss Brune," answered Hugh. "If I were not afraid of making you angry, I should say I hope he isn't."

"Oh, but I hope the same thing," said Nellie quickly.

"Why, I thought the great wish of your life was that Longbourne should come back into the possession of your family."

"But I don't want Mrs. Stanniforth to be turned adrift. And, besides, I could never feel as if Philip were one of us."

"You ought not to have much difficulty in feeling that," said Hugh, looking at her kindly. His honest heart was so full of pity for the poor girl that he hardly knew how to speak to her without betraying himself. He could not doubt that Philip was a married man, and he had already formed an indefinite resolution that he would prove him to be so, and thus at least save Miss Brune from the danger of an irreparable calamity. But what in the world was he to say to the girl now?

She allowed his allusion to pass, and asked: "Do you suppose that Philip knew of this before he went to Florence?"

"Of course he did; it was the old housekeeper who told him, you know. In fact, I imagine that he only went to Florence in order to get at docu *mentary proof* of Mr. Brune's marriage."

Nellie tightened her lips, and nodded. "I suspected as much," said she.

"Ah, you're beginning to find the young rascal out," thought Hugh, with some satisfaction. But, feeling that the devil ought to have his due, he said aloud: "I am not sure that you can exactly blame him, you know, for not saying anything about it before he started. It seems that he did write without loss of time."

"He need not have said what was untrue, though. He told us all that he was going there to study."

"Well, perhaps he is going to study."

"Yes; I dare say he is," agreed Nellie hastily, thinking perhaps that she had said too much. "Will you give my best love to Mrs. Stannifarth, please?"

"Certainly I will," answered Hugh; "but why don't you come up and see her? She thinks you are offended with her about this unlucky business."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Nellie; "what possible reason could I have for being offended with her? I have kept away lately because—because—— It is rather difficult to explain; only don't you know how disagreeable it is to talk over things with people when you don't quite agree with them, and when they—think you ought to agree with them?"

And, having given utterance to this somewhat vague sentiment, Miss Brune took her leave rather hurriedly.

"I wonder whether she really cares for that worthless fellow," mused Hugh, resuming his walk. "I don't believe she does; and I'm sure I hope she doesn't. It was Margaret who got up the match, I suspect. What a pity it is that she will insist upon making people happy in her own way, whether they wish it or not!"

And, as soon as he reached the house, he delivered Nellie's message, adding carelessly on his own account: "She doesn't seem to pine for her absent lover to any alarming extent. Is she very much in love with him, do you think?"

"More so than you might suppose," answered Margaret, smiling. "Nellie shows her feelings very little; but I understand her, and I know that she has never cared a pin's head for any one but Philip. It is a very long-standing attachment on both sides; but want of money has prevented matters from coming to a climax. I am so very glad that the engagement took place while Philip was still a poor man; I think they will both be glad to remember that afterwards."

"But even if he gets Longbourne, he will be a poor man."

"He will be well enough off to marry, I suppose; and then, I hope I may be able to help them out a little."

To this Hugh made no answer, except to shake his head gravely; and as Mrs. Winnington came in at that moment, eager to hear whether anything fresh had been elicited from Mr. Langley, the subject dropped.

He had no further opportunity for private conversation with

Margaret that day. The whole evening was occupied by an amicable contest between her and her mother with reference to the latter lady's move to London; Mrs. Winnington protesting that she could not bear to leave her daughter in the midst of so much trouble, while Margaret declared that she was in no trouble at all, and that it would distress her beyond everything to deprive Edith of her season. Hugh, knowing what the outcome of the discussion was certain to be, took little interest in its progress, but sat silently twirling his thumbs and heartily wishing that Mrs. Winnington were in London already. Every now and again he was appealed to—"Candidly now, Hugh, do you think dear Margaret ought to be left quite alone?" and so forth. He answered somewhat at random; which was of the less consequence since his answers were never listened to. Edith remained as silent as he throughout, and was to all appearance quite as indifferent. Once, when, just by way of saying something, he asked her whether she was not looking forward to having a great deal of dancing, she replied that she never danced in London, and volunteered the additional information that she hated London at all times, and particularly during the season. Whereupon Mrs. Winnington glanced sharply over her shoulder, exclaiming, "Edith, my dear child, how can you talk such nonsense!" and Edith at once collapsed.

It was close upon midnight before Mrs. Winnington acknowledged herself vanquished, and laid down her arms. "If you put it in that way, my dear," Hugh heard her saying, "I suppose I ought not to refuse; but I shall be longing to be with you all the time; and I do trust that you will write or telegraph for me at any moment, if you want me. Unless you promise me that, I positively will not go. You see," she continued, turning to Hugh with a deprecatory smile, "how weak I am. I had fully determined to give up all thought of London for the present; but dear Margaret makes such a point of our going that I feel I should have to yield to-morrow, if I did not do so to-day. I am quite ashamed of myself; for I must confess that a few hours ago, I should have said that nothing could shake my resolution."

As, however, she left at ten o'clock on the following morning, it must be assumed that her maid was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and had packed up in anticipation of the event. Her last words to Hugh, as she stepped into the carriage, were: "Well, good-bye, dear Hugh. If you should be coming up to London, you must be sure to call on us in Park Street. I hope you understand that I should not be going away now if I thought I could be of any use here. But I really do not believe I could."

"Not the slightest use in the world," answered Hugh, whose stock of patience, large as it was, had not been quite equal to the demand made upon it by the needless waste of his only evening at Longbourne. His duties compelled him to return to Shorncliffe the same afternoon; and it was a little mortifying to him to perceive that Margaret was rather relieved than otherwise when she was told that he, too, must leave her.

He attributed this to his unfortunate inability to sympathise with her upon the subject that was nearest her heart; but it was probably quite as much due to a sensation of embarrassment on her part at finding herself alone in the house with him. It had been comparatively easy to bury the past in oblivion when writing to him, or when other people were at hand; but now that they two were face to face, and free from all chance of interruption, she found it impossible to keep a certain day in the past summer out of her memory; and what was worse, she saw that he was labouring under precisely the same difficulty. Besides which, he had a patient, half-reproachful way of looking at her which made her shy and uncomfortable; and this, in its turn, made her angry. There was something ridiculous, she thought, in a woman of her age being subject to such girlish afflictions; and, after the manner of women, she visited her anger in some degree upon its innocent cause.

Upon the whole, Hugh felt, as he drove away, that his visit had not been a success; and the same reflection was at the same moment passing through Margaret's mind, while she stood on the doorstep, watching the departure of her guest.

Memories of Léon Gambetta.

Now that the emotion caused by M. Gambetta's sudden death has partly subsided, people have begun to ask calmly what position this remarkable man will fill in the gallery of departed French rulers? Historical judgments may be accurately predicted in the case of a man whose whole public life has lain open before the world for years. It will not be with Léon Gambetta as it was with Mirabeau, whose fame was posthumously slurred by the papers found in Louis XVI.'s iron cupboard. If there had been anything discreditable in Gambetta's short but most eventful official career at Tours and Bordeaux, it would have come out during the terribly minute inquisition held by the Commission appointed to examine the acts of the Government of the National Defence; but that Commission, composed of Royalists and Bonapartists, declared, with ill-grace enough, that not one of the charges brought against the ex-Dictator had been substantiated. He had been accused of pocketing a large commission on the Morgan Loan, of passing disadvantageous contracts for army stores and ammunition to his private gain, of employing disreputable adventurers and conniving at their peculations. The written denunciations against him (many of them anonymous) filled "three large furniture vans;" a dozen sworn clerks were occupied during ten months in sorting them, and three examining magistrates, forming a secret tribunal, sifted the mass of accusations as if they had been evidence against a suspected criminal. Yet, from the cartloads of calumnies nothing was evolved; and the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier, the President of the Commission, said to M. Edouard Hervé, who was then editor of the Orleanist *Journal de Paris*: "*C'est un honnête homme*: he did France a great deal of harm, but he erred from over-confidence in himself and in our weakened country." No fuller homage could have been paid to a public man by an opponent, even though one may admit that over-confidence in himself or in the resources of his country is a serious fault in a ruler.

With respect to his doings as an agitator and parliamentary strategist, Gambetta's memory will be found equally free from blighting taints, as, happily for him, he had no taste for intrigue. In this he differed from M. Thiers. The greatest admirers of Thiers are dismayed when they study his political life to find at every turn too well-authenticated stories of backstairs plots which seem to indicate an utter want of sincerity in the man. He was not insincere, but he was a believer in statecraft; put too much faith in finessing; he thought great ends were best reached by tortuous paths, and his policy always consisted in playing off

faction against another, feigning to rely upon each turn by turn. Everything that Thiers did could be explained away so as to leave no reproach upon him; but his conduct was always requiring these explanations. Gambetta's record, on the contrary, stands out written in large plain sentences which demand no footnotes. Though he was of Genoese extraction, and was always being accused by his enemies of Italian astuteness, Gambetta used his acumen to penetrate the tactics of his opponents but not to outwit them; he was like a general who keeps himself informed of the movements of the enemy, but allows them to win advantages in petty skirmishes, relying on his power to crush them in pitched battles. Thiers delighted in secret negotiations, and in cunningly worded orders of the day which obscured the issues of a parliamentary conflict; Gambetta hated ambiguities and truces, and was always on his guard against emissaries who came to propose "arrangements." His alliance with the Legitimists at the first election for life-senators in 1875 was a dashing flank movement by which he defeated the Orleanists; but there was nothing underhand in it. The treaty with the Marquis de Franclieu was concluded openly in the smoking-room of the Assembly at Versailles, where Gambetta said to the Royalist nobleman: "Your strength in the Assembly does not entitle you to claim more than ten life-senatorships, and you will find that the Right Centre will hardly allow you so many as that; but if you vote with us and give us fifty-five of the seats, you shall have twenty." The Marquis touched his hat coldly as if Gambetta's huckstering tone displeased him; but the bargain was struck, and if the Legitimists had not grown frightened when two-thirds of the elections had taken place they would have got all the seats promised them. As it was, they secured twelve, the Republicans forty-eight, and the Orleanists, owing to the Legitimate defection, managed in the scrambles of the final polls to win fifteen. In their plans for the election the Orleanists had coolly allotted sixty seats to their own party and had decided that the other fifteen should go at haphazard.

On this, as on some other occasions, Gambetta seems to have been served by luck. It may be asked what would have become of the Republic if the Marquis de Franclieu had declined Gambetta's offer, and if the new Upper House, which was to play so great a part in the events of the next two years, had been packed at the outset with constitutional Royalists? But it may also be asked what would have happened in 1870 if Napoleon III.'s Government had not played so recklessly into the hands of the Republicans by declaring war against Germany? After the *plébiscite* the Emperor's position was very strong, and Gambetta's, from a statesman's point of view, weak and unpromising. Thiers had advised him so to act that he might in time become Liberal Premier to Napoleon III. or to the latter's son; but Gambetta, by declaring himself again and again, with needless vehemence, the irreconcilable foe to Imperial institutions, had condemned himself to remain a revolutionist or else to become a turncoat. A man whose ambition wa

merely self-seeking would not have compromised his prospects in this way—all the less so as Gambetta was warned by prudent Liberals that he was doing their cause no good by his desperate tactics.

But it was his whole-hearted faith in Republicanism that carried him along; and it is from his stubborn self-denying combativeness for the cause he loved that will be drawn his claims to a great fame. Without discussing the question as to whether Republicanism is a good thing for France or not, it may be affirmed that a man who battles for any cause as Gambetta did for that of the Republic—foreseeing its destinies when as yet few other men did, staking all his hopes and his very life on them, stands apart from and above the common rank of statesmen who always look to see which way the popular wind blows before they set their sails. It must not be forgotten that Gambetta's constancy to the Republic was preserved under circumstances that would have sickened most men, and in the face of inducements to trim, which, although they were overcome, must have tried every fibre in his moral nature. In 1871, during the last days of the Commune, his best friend, Clément Laurier, became a sudden convert to Royalism. "These wretches (the Communists) have destroyed all my illusions," he wrote to Gambetta, who was at St. Sebastian; "but perhaps I could have forgiven them everything except their ingratitude to you. See how their newspapers have reviled you! A time may come when the Republic will be possible in France, but that day is not with us yet. Let us acknowledge that we have both made a mistake. As for you, with your unrivalled genius, you have now a patriotic career open to you if you will cast in your lot with the men who are going to try and quell anarchy."

One must recall the confusion of the dreadful times when these lines were written, to understand how they moved Gambetta. The extreme Republicans loathed him, and many moderate Republicans eyed him askance. Thiers had called him "a madman"; M. Grévy had said that he would die in the skin of a rebel; on the other hand, Royalists and Bonapartists were clamouring furiously for his impeachment, accusing him of the loss of two French provinces, which would never have been confiscated by the Germans if peace had been concluded after Sedan. The Royalists, however, were in want of a leader, and if Gambetta had stood up, like Laurier, to make his *mea culpa*, and to say that the divisions in the Republican party had convinced him that the restoration of a monarchy was the best thing for France, the effect of this apostasy must have been immense—so immense as to compensate him for any passing obloquy from old friends, had he been a mere doxomaniac as his enemies asserted. Laurier never concealed that he had endeavoured to work upon Gambetta by every argument in his power; appealing not only to his nobler instincts, but to those smaller passions which lurk in every human breast. He urged him to be revenged on the Radi who had flouted him, and to "dish" M. Thiers who had held him ch He pointed out that the possibilities of Republicanism were far rem

whereas the post of Royalist parliamentary leader was a thing that could be grasped at once and would bring with it power, dignities, and the chances of doing great good to France. Gambetta had a weakness for the titles and symbols of power, and he loved good company; so Laurier flashed before his eyes the prospect of becoming a Duke, a Grand Cordon, and a High Chancellor. But Gambetta only laughed at all this. Laurier had gone to see him at St. Sebastian, where, as Bonapartist journals affirmed, the ex-Dictator, enriched with millions, was luxuriating in marble halls and orange-groves. The truth is, he found Gambetta lodging in two small rooms over the shop of a dealer in earthenware, and much pestered by mosquitoes. "His face," wrote Laurier to a friend, "was all bumps and hollows, like a map of Switzerland, and he was jaded by want of sleep and concern as to his money affairs." Gambetta's whole fortune at that time consisted of 600*l.*, balance of the last quarter's salary he had drawn at Bordeaux; and when he returned to Paris in the autumn of 1871 with the intention of founding his newspaper *La République Française*, he experienced some difficulty in finding a capitalist who would advance him money for starting the journal. At that period he went to lodge in a third-floor apartment of the Rue Montaigne, and his aunt, Mdlle. Massabie, cooked for him.

This is the man, who, up to the very day of his death, was being villified by certain Republicans as a traitor to their party, as a democratic Heliogabalus, bloated, sensuous, and fussing, with a vulgar ambition! It makes one laugh to think of it. Gambetta—with all his faults, and he had many—was one of the most honest men who ever dignified the name of politician, and all who knew him can bear witness to the modest demeanour of his integrity. He was not one of those Frenchmen who thump their breasts and exclaim, *Moi qui suis honnête homme.* M. Albert Wolff has written of him that, when he was a struggling barrister in the Latin Quarter, he used often to be appealed to as an arbiter on points of honour by brother advocates of his standing and by students; and the opinions sought of him were always delivered with a jovial kindness exempt from dogmatism. So it was with him, when, in his days of influence, he was worried by people wanting him to do things contrary to his duty—for he had to resist other solicitations besides those of his friend Laurier. Grandly vituperative as he could be in his public speeches when interruptions, ironical cheering, or insulting epigrams seemed sometimes to madden him like a bull amid the fireworks of a Spanish arena, he somehow never got angry when, in private life, people made him proposals which implied a total disbelief in his principles. Hearing of some grossly impertinent request that had been made to him, his secretary, M. Reinach, once exclaimed: "Why didn't you kick the fellow downstairs?" "Kick him downstairs!" laughed Gambetta, "why, fat as I am, I should have lost my balance and rolled after him; where would my dignity have been then?" On another occasion, the wife of an ex-Bonapartist minister—a lady of great fascination—took it upon

herself to call on Gambetta and point out to him how much he wo advance his fortunes if he cast in his lot with the Prince Imperial. listened good-naturedly, "feeling like a mastiff who was being talked by a tomtit," as he afterwards put it, till at length the lady, taking bunch of violets (the Bonapartist emblem) from her dress, asked him wear it in his button-hole that day. "With pleasure," answered Ga betta, glad to bring the interview to an end; but as soon as he had s this he remembered that the date was the 16th of March, the Prince I perial's birthday, and that, if he appeared at the Chamber of Deput with violets in his button-hole, some very silly rumours might get i circulation. He reminded his visitor of this, but she was inexorab "You've promised!" she said. "Ah, well!" replied Gambetta, and wore the violets all that afternoon, causing thereby just the sort of gos he had anticipated. One may add that such gossip was not indiffere to him. Highly sensitive as he was, he often winced inwardly at i natured sayings which he bore with outward composure.

Gambetta's chief fault was an irrepressible restlessness, which h carried into everything. He could prepare a large, fine plan of politic action, and wait patiently for its accomplishment as a whole; bu meanwhile, he would meddle and muddle with the details. Instances o this can be furnished from his doings as conductor of the *République Française*. He wrote often for that paper and sometimes sent in to th printer articles remarkable for their statesman-like views, but, in th very same issue to which he had contributed some leader that was intende to conciliate a particular politician or faction, he would suddenly sho in a paragraph tending to quite a contrary effect. M. Challemel Lacou and M. Isambert, who were successively editors of the journal, had dread of him when he strolled into the editorial room with a bundle o the morning's papers under his arm, and proceeded to read, as he calle it. He would do this on idle days, when the Chambers were not sitting and when he could treat himself to the relaxation of performing as muc work as would have fatigued a sub-editor. His reading would b interrupted by violent snorts, and, catching up a sheet of paper, he woul scrawl off twenty lines which seemed to splutter fire like crackers. N topic was beneath his notice, and no enemy was too small for his sho By his paragraphs he frequently did mischief which it took his col cautious fellow-workers days to repair.

Gambetta was not a good writer. The best of his articles read lik written speeches, and were turgid; many of them, too, were of inordina length. He used to come in powerfully excited after a great debate a say, "I shall want about half-a-column to-night," and, sitting down, h would begin to cover page after page with his close, cramped handwritin For so impetuous a man he wrote a curiously stiff hand, and, thoug his fingers moved fast, their motion was feverish and spasmodical. could never be said of him that he "dashed off" any of his effusions: h *rather* jerked them off, swaying the upper part of his body pondero

to and fro as he wrote, and now and then collecting his thoughts by passing his large left hand rapidly through his hair. Black coffee would be brought him, and he would go on writing; then he would call for a bottle of Burgundy and gulp down two or three glasses, munching sweet biscuits afterwards, or else sticks of chocolate in lieu of dinner. The editor, who had been making allowances for half a column, would see Gambetta's article overflow one column after another, washing away all other articles and notes, till it spread like an inundation over the entire front page of the paper. Then with a hearty "*Ouf*," the French exclamation of relief, he would throw down his pen and say, "There, I think those few lines will state our case plainly; what! do they really run to five columns? *Sacrebleu*! it seemed to me as if I had only been writing ten minutes!" and upon this he would break into a laugh that resounded all over the office, and partly dispelled the gloom of his contributors, who had been pulling wry faces at seeing their evening's work lost.

It would not do for the editor to touch a line of Gambetta's writing. He was the first to laugh at the exaggerated developments of his articles once they had appeared in print; but when they were going to press he showed a nervous impatience of correction, and a sort of puerile vanity in repeating that "every hyphen and comma" had its importance. The same obstinacy was observable in his parliamentary tactics. It was easy to argue him away from a particular course before he had made up his mind about it; but once he had begun to move he was no more to be stopped than an elephant on the charge. Having a few devoted friends who understood him and knew in what emergencies he required guidance, he was often withheld from hasty action; but sometimes his headlong impetuosity took his most intimate confidants unawares. About this time last year, during his brief premiership, he spread consternation amongst his friends and his Cabinet colleagues by insisting that his pet Electoral Reform Bill (for *scrutin de liste*) should be introduced. It was pointed out to him that if he waited for a year or two, and gradually accustomed the Republican party to the measure, it would be passed, whereas there was no chance of getting it carried by a Chamber only a few months old, which would be voting its own dissolution by letting the Bill become law. "They shall swallow the Bill now, and as I have prepared it," ejaculated Gambetta; and this word "swallow," being reported in the lobbies, was the chief cause of his downfall. When the numbers of the division were announced and Gambetta found himself in a minority of fifty votes, he turned pale, and, laying a hand upon M. Spuller's shoulder, said huskily, "The fact is, I have not felt well of late, and I dare say I blundered; but all the same I am glad to get out of that;" pointing to the seat he had occupied as President of the Council.

It has been said that Gambetta took his fall from office much to heart, and that he was never quite the same man afterwards. This

is a confusion between cause and effect. The *post-mortem* examination of Gambetta's body has revealed that he had been suffering for years from a disease which must have carried him off very soon, even if an accidental wound from a revolver had not accelerated his end. All through the past year he was in low spirits from pain and the effect of hypnotics; and the splenetic policy which he pursued in office was undoubtedly a symptom of his disordered condition. But he experienced no more than a temporary mortification at his overthrow; because it was his ambition to become President of the Republic, not to remain Premier. He had accepted office because it had been in a manner forced upon him, and he would have continued to hold it, had he been able to do so on his own terms—that is, with an electoral system which would have secured to him a large and pliant majority. He must have used up his popularity, however, had he tried to rule with an unmanageable Chamber; and so he courted a fall in order that he might come up fresh for the presidential struggle of 1884–5. That is the only explanation of his conduct; but the signs of his failing powers were visible—first in the fact that he played his part clumsily so that he got an undignified fall, and second in the want of recuperative energy which he displayed afterwards. All through the last session his speeches and articles, especially those on the Egyptian question, showed him to be floundering in search of a popular policy; and they betrayed his secret alarm at the discovery that his eloquence had begun to lose its magic.

Yet he remained to the very last a superb orator. He was really the modern incarnation of Ogmius, that god of words whom the Gauls worshipped, and out of whose mouth flowed chains to hold listeners captive. Even when read, his speeches communicate a glow; but when heard, they stirred one as everything artistically perfect—whether a fine piece of music, a noble painting, or a well-written book—must do. The parts of speech, it has often been observed, are three—words, look, and tone: to the parts of oratory gesture must be added; and in Gambetta gesture was an art carried to its highest finish. Actors of the Théâtre Français went to hear and see him. Mounet-Sully, who was going to play the part of Augustus in *Cinna*, studied him during one of his most impassioned harangues, and rather weakly observed: "Comme il serait majestueux s'il portait la toge!" Gambetta was majestic enough without the toga. Some of his movements in the tribune had an incomparable dignity, others a most persuasive grace; there were times when you could think you saw a sword flash in his grasp, and others when, as he made an appeal to concord, you wondered that his enemies did not rush forward to seize his outstretched hand. The late Bishop of Orleans once shed tears on hearing him—not ostentatious tears intended to show that he was in sympathy with the speaker's lamentations over the horrors of the war, but furtive tears which he sought to hide. "I have been thinking," he said to Duke Decazes, "that if that man had become a *priest*, he would have been another Peter the Hermit."

It must be noted, nevertheless, that Gambetta only succeeded in the highest kind of oratory. Napoleon I., who won great battles so easily, was always beaten at chess; and similarly Gambetta, who had such power to sway masses, was strangely inapt to convince individuals. Las Cases remarks, in his *Mémorial de Ste. Hélène*, that the Emperor was worsted at chess because he would insist upon fighting with his pawns; and so Gambetta, who put forth the most lofty arguments in public debates, would not scruple to use the meanest reasons in discussions *tête-à-tête*. He seemed to have a shamefaced fear that his hearer should think he was canting, or "qu'il faisait de la pose," to use the French term. This was not always the case, for at dinner-parties, with friends round his table, he was often as happy in his sallies as when he was declaiming from a balcony or a platform; but he was very liable to fits of awkwardness when conversing alone with men of great rank and nicely polished manners whom he knew to be unfriendly to him. With these he was frequently churlish and downright aggressive. Once, during the Marshalate, he met Count Wimpffen, the late Austrian ambassador, who, not catching the meaning of some French expression which he had used, put up his hand to his ear and said, "I beg pardon?" Unfortunately the Count was noted for his antipathy towards Republicanism, so Gambetta chose to construe this harmless little gesture into a mockery: "Look here, M. l'Ambassadeur," he said to the astonished diplomatist, "it's quite true I speak the tongue of the people, but if you like I will have my remarks translated into *heraldic jargon* for you."

The post of Minister for Foreign Affairs was the one least suited to a man so sensitive and self-conscious as Gambetta was. He wore his heart upon his sleeve, and the peck of a diplomatist's tongue, especially if that *diplomate* happened to be a lady, made it bleed sorely. He wanted to be Prime Minister without portfolio, and should have insisted on having his way in this matter despite M. Grévy's rather jealous objections, for the details of departmental business overtax the energies of a man who throws heart and soul into everything he undertakes; besides which Gambetta always lost his head when he had to argue with persons singly in corners, or when he had to resist appeals made to his good-nature, his generosity, or his vanity, by designing subordinates or strangers who perceived the vulnerable side of his character. To be seen at his best, Gambetta wanted an audience at once large and responsive—it was not necessary that he should get applause; loud, boisterous opposition suited his purpose equally well by rousing the leonine spirit in him. Coldness in others chilled his heart, so that it may be imagined how he fared amidst ambassadors and placemen who are essentially gelid. If it were not dipping too deep into his private life, one might relate how at one time he was kept miserable for days by a man-servant, an old soldier of crabbed temper, who used to treat him to prolonged fits of sulks. A friendly Minister of the Interior at last took pity upon him by presenting the cantankerous domestic with a *bureau de tabac*.

It was because he craved for responsiveness that Gambetta could never have made a great figure at the Bar, although it was a forensic speech that first brought him to renown. Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, Gambetta's best speeches as an *avocat* were delivered during the first seven years of his professional life, when he lived upon briefs handed over to him by M. Crémieux, and by his friend Laurier, and when he laboured to make his way by patiently mastering tedious subjects. Once he had felt his wings grow, as it were, he rose in air too high above the beaten road where good "practices" are to be obtained. His famous philippic in the Delescluze affair cost his client six months' imprisonment and a heavy fine. He might by one or two more of such efforts have added to his reputation as a rhetorician, but solicitors would soon have shunned a man who made himself a name at the expense of his clients. If, on the other hand, Gambetta had reverted to the sober methods of his early days at the Bar, he must have failed, for he would have pleaded without heart. Once a man has tasted the tumult of popular applause he hungers for it again; and feels ill at ease talking in small, silent courts, before solemn judges: "Ris donc, imbécile!" was an apostrophe which an *avoué* once heard fly *sotto voce* from Gambetta's lips while President Vivien sat listening with a wooden face to a comical speech by Clément Laurier, who was the funny dog of the Parisian Bar.

It was, again, owing to Gambetta's yearning after sympathy and demonstrativeness that he never visited England, which had been represented to him as a country where men have freezing manners. His friend, Sir Charles Dilke, several times invited him to come over; and he received flattering invitations from some political associations which promised him as enthusiastic a reception as that which greeted Garibaldi in 1865. But his friend and comrade, the actor Coquelin, had given him a dispiriting account of how the performances of the Théâtre Français company went off in London. "We have good, polite audiences," said Coquelin, "but not one-third of the people in the house understand what we say; they applaud with their finger-tips at the wrong places, and our most subtle pleasantries fall flat." "Oh, yes, I see," responded Gambetta, "I should stand up to be stared at like a fat man in a fair, and I should see people wringing their mouths to extract smiles at the moments when I was struggling to move them." Gambetta very nearly crossed the Channel in 1871, immediately after the war and before the Communal outbreak, when he hoped that his presence on our shores might rouse a vast popular demonstration of sympathy for France. Unquestionably it would have done so; but it was pointed out to him that his coming might seriously embarrass the British Government, and he abandoned his projected visit "out of deference for Mr. Gladstone," as he said. He always spoke kindly of the great English orator, and regretted that, being unable to understand our language, he could never hope to enjoy an evening in the House of Commons. "Mr. Gladstone and I may not think alike on most points," he once said, at a time when

the *République Française* was siding with Lord Beaconsfield on the Eastern question, "but we are both Liberals, and though our paths sometimes diverge, we are walking towards the same goal, and must often meet. Besides, I have heard even his enemies say that he is a good man, and that is a kind of praise public men do not often get from their foes."

In more recent times the Prince of Wales invited Gambetta to visit England, and the French statesman's reasons for declining H.R.H.'s proposal—or at least for adjourning his acceptance of it—are of an amusing kind. Those who have seen Sardou's comedy of *Rabagas* will remember the lively discussion that arises when Rabagas is summoned to Prince Florestan's palace and hesitates as to whether he can with due regard to his dignity as a Republican put on knee-breeches. Gambetta had no objection to Court costume; but he had to consider what the growing number of his Radical enemies would say if they saw him starring about in royal palaces. André Gill, the spiteful caricaturist, published in the *Lune* a cartoon which depicted Gambetta as a lion having his claws cut and his mane curled by the Princess of Wales (*Punch* by-the-by once published a similar one, in which Mr. Chamberlain, then Mayor of Birmingham, was the lion). Gambetta laughed at the cartoon, but it nettled him; and he decided—perhaps wisely, considering his difficult position—that he would not accept royal hospitalities, though he would receive kings and princes with all proper respect if they came to him.

It is well known that he favoured the Athenian, not the Spartan model of a Republic. He knew his countrymen too well to think that they could be converted into Puritans. He wanted Paris to remain the city of cities, the centre of art, letters, fashion—and perhaps the Grand Hotel of the world; and he took up all of Napoleon III.'s policy in the matter of public works, knowing well how stately monuments mark the grandeur of a *régime*, and leave imperishable memorials of it. "*Je veux ma République belle, bien parée*," he said, in a speech to his townsmen of Cahors, and because he said "*ma* République" the wanton malice of his enemies accused him of aiming at dictatorship, that he might confiscate all the public liberties and reduce the French once more to the diet of *placentas et circenses*. This was the outcry raised against him with unmeasured virulence during the last two years of his life, and most loudly by the Communists whom his intercession had caused to be liberated from New Caledonia. It was said, of course, that he had advocated the amnesty in order to curry favour with the populace, but it would be misjudging Gambetta's shrewdness to suppose that he ever reckoned upon the gratitude of those whom he set free. He fully foresaw that Humbert, Louise Michel, and the others would all band themselves together against him; but when urged to leave these people at the antipodes, he said, with his usual generous impulsiveness: "Bah, the poor wretches have suffered enough. I might have been transported

too if matters had turned out differently in 1870, and I have a fellow-feeling with them all. In any case a Republic with State prisons full is an absurdity."

These traits, and the others that have been set down in this paper by one who knew Gambetta well, may have served to sketch the outlines of his truly noble and lovable character. It ma ybe asked now whether he died too soon, or whether by dying before he came to power again he saved himself from errors and France from calamities that might have destroyed his fame? This question must be answered, on a review of his whole public career, by saying most emphatically that Gambetta's death is an immense loss for France. He was the greatest man in the Republic, and it would have been natural, according to the Republican theory, that he should succeed in time to the highest office in the State; nor is it to be doubted that, loving the Republic as he did, and having served it with so much devotion and honesty, he would have found in his love a power of self-restraint to keep him from courses that might have been hurtful to his own work. For the establishment of the Republic was his own work, principally. He proclaimed its birth in 1870, he gave it a baptism of some glory in the fiery though useless resistance which he opposed to the German invasion, and he kept it standing at a time when it required the support of a sturdy, vigilant champion. To the end it must be believed that, so far as in him lay, he would have preserved it from harm. A few days before his end, during a lull of pain when he began to feel hopeful of recovery, he said to Dr. Lannelongue, who was attending him: "I have certainly made many mistakes, but people must not imagine that I am unaware of it. I often think over my faults, and if things go well, I daresay I shall try the patience of my friends less often. *On se corrige.*"

Perhaps these almost dying words are grander in their humility than the Roman Emperor's—"*Si bene egi, plaudite.*"

Church-going Tim.

I.

Tim Black is bedridden, you say?
  Well now, I'm sorry. Poor old Tim!
There's not in all the place to-day
  A soul as will not pity him.

II.

These twenty years, come hail, come snow,
  Come winter cold, or summer heat,
Week after week to church he'ld go
  On them two hobbling sticks for feet.

III.

These years he's gone on crutches. Yet
  One never heard the least complaint.
And see how other men will fret
  At nothing; Tim was quite a saint.

IV.

And now there's service every day,
  I say they keep it up for him;
We busier ones, we keep away—
  There's mostly no one there but Tim.

V.

Yes, quite a saint he was. Although
  He never was a likely man
At his own trade; indeed, I know
  Many's the day I've pitied Nan.

VI.

She had a time of it, his wife,
  With all those children and no wage,
As like as not, from Tim. The life
  She led! She looked three times her age.

VII.

The half he had he'ld give to tramps
  If they were hungry, or it was cold—
Pampering up them idle scamps,
  While Nan grew lean and pinched and old.

VIII.

He'ld let her grumble. Not a word
  Or blow from him she ever had—
And yet I've heard her sigh, and heard
  Her say she wished as he was bad.

IX.

Atop of all the fever came;
  And Tim went hobbling past on sticks.
Still one felt happier, all the same,
  When he'ld gone by to church at six.

X.

Not that I wished to go. Not I!
  With Joe so wild, and all those boys—
It takes my day to clean, and try
  To settle down the dust and noise.

XI.

But still—out of it all, to glance
  And see Tim hobbling by so calm,
As though he heard the angels' chants
  And saw their branching crowns of palm.

XII.

And when he smiled, he had a look,
  One's burden seemed to loose and roll
Like Christian's in the picture-book:
  It was a comfort, on the whole.

XIII.

It made one easier-like, somehow—
  It made one, somehow, feel so sure,
That far above the dust and row
  The glory of God does still endure.

XIV.

You say he's well, though he can't stir:
  I'm sure you mean it kind—But, see,
It's not for him I'm crying, sir,
  It's not for Tim, sir; it's for me.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

A Strip of Suffolk Seaboard.

On the low coast of Suffolk, just a hundred miles from London, lies in sweet seclusion from the noisy highway the pretty village of Dunwich. Its double row of cottages and farmhouses stands a little back from the sea on the southern edge of a crescent-shaped tract of emerald marshland and immediately under a sweep of higher ground which shuts it in on the south and west. Its dwellings are mostly prim, modern-looking buildings of genuinely red brick, and have enough similarity of form to suggest the presence of a controlling authority not devoid of taste in architectural matters; for they are pretty and even ornate-looking, with their tapering roofs, their polygonal chimneys, and the carved woodwork about their gables. They are overgrown with fruit trees or climbing plants, the branches of which all the summer make a festal garland about their projecting porches and casements. A small modern-looking church, well-proportioned to the size of the village, stands at one end of it. In addition to the church the eye easily singles out a well-built school and a fair-sized inn, which last, instead of making a great display of hospitality by a large and glaring signboard, gives a quiet assurance of competence to provide for man and beast by its air of old-fashioned dignity. One other feature strikes the eye in the village itself, and that is a diminutive, toy-like windmill, which seems by its position to have for its function the pumping of water out of the marshes. The little machine, though no doubt able to throw itself into a great flurry on occasion, is on this still day taking things easily enough, only making a languid revolution or two now and again, and then lapsing into complete rest. Beyond the village, close to the beach, we spy a cluster of fishermen's huts, which by their vermilion roofs give a touch of still warmer colouring to the place. Above the village on the higher level near the sea stand the ruins of a church, enough being left to give a pretty complete outline. Further back are extensive ruins of walls, which display here and there a fine arched gateway. These ruins, running just above the line of the village, their outline clearly marked against the sky, form a curious appendage to the prim and thoroughly modern-looking place.

This double row of cottages, it may be said at once, is not the whole of Dunwich. So far we have seen only one of its streets, known as St. James's Street. Detached from this on the higher ground to the south-west, hidden away from view, is another quarter which is designated as the High Street. It is a similar line of picturesque cottages, screened on the seaward side by a thick plantation. Passing through the lower village, and following a sandy lane to the left which runs seawards under

the high ground, we pass below a prominent coast-guard station and presently arrive at the cluster of boatmen's houses. They are wooden structures blackened with tar, which serves admirably to intensify the brightness of their vermilion tile roofs. These sheds or huts form a curious feature of this Suffolk coast. One finds them everywhere, now ranged in rows on the smooth turf inside the beach, now nestling in compact groups under a bit of cliff, and now strewn on the upper levels of the beach itself. They seem to delight in illustrating every absurdity of uncouth form. Their quaintness of structure is enhanced by the ends of old boats, which now, placed vertically, do duty as a side, and now, bottom upwards, eke out the roofing. A finishing touch of grotesqueness is sometimes supplied by a showy figurehead or a board bearing the proud title of a ship, as *Emulation* or *Enterprise*, which has a comic pathos in its present humble surroundings. They are storage huts, filled with fishing gear, corks, nets, and so on, and supply interiors which in their rich gloom of blacks and browns would have delighted the eye of Rembrandt. Here at Dunwich the sheds are less unconventional than elsewhere, and seem to have accommodated themselves to the prevailing air of neatness. Turning now to the beach, we find that it is a very ordinary one, made up of shingle and small pebbles with streaks of sand towards the water's edge. Here lie about half a dozen fishing-boats, with their bows pointing straight to the sea.

At this point the low marshy seaboard gives place to a line of cliff. Looking northward, the eye traces the gentle curve of a broad bay. This is bounded at the further extremity by Southwold, which seen from here runs well out into the sea and shuts off the view of the coast further north. It seems to stand quite high above the low coast. It has an irregular pyramidic outline, the apex being constituted by a fine church tower, and on a sunny day it glows with all manner of warm tints. Looking in the other direction, our eye follows a long and tolerably straight sweep of yellowish cliff, down which bright verdure creeps here and there, and above which may be seen tufts of tall yellow wild flowers, and further on a carpet of purple heather reaching the very edge of the declivity. A climb up to the cliff by a path of loose sand takes us presently to the ruins of the church, which we now discover to be only a few yards from the edge. Just beyond this can be seen a span of the plantations which divide the High Street from the sea. These are a part of the squire's estate, and just beyond them, standing well back from the sea, half embowered in woods, is the squire's seat, a picturesque house, like the village, half old and half new in look, and of a pattern which seems to have served as a distant model for all the other buildings of the place.

The neighbourhood of Dunwich offers little in the way of wild or romantic scenery. Yet there is a good deal that is very pleasant to the eye, and there are a few points which have a rare sort of picturesqueness. Like all the lowlying lands of East Suffolk, it is not a very fertile region.

Crabbe gives a fairly accurate description of the district in the poem which is supposed to represent his native town, Aldeburgh :—

> Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
> Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor,
> From thence a length of burning sand appears,
> Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears;
> Rank weeds that every art and care defy
> Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye.

The salt marshes near the sea are said to yield rich pasturage, and this one would infer from their emerald greenness; but the higher ground is for the most part sandy and poor. The consequence is that cultivation, when attempted, is apt to be a very half-hearted affair, while many tracts are altogether given over to the "withering brake" and the hardy, unexacting heather. Dunwich may be said to be girt about on the south and west by a chain of heaths or commons. They are of good extent, stretching in some places as far as eye can see, and having in their [illegible], billowy outline a look of the Yorkshire moors about them. Here in August the pinks and deep purples of the heather, the almost fierce yellow of the gorse, aided by the warm ochre tint of an occasional spray of prematurely turning bracken, make up quite a banquet of colour. In the half-fashioned fields, too, which lie about these commons, and where the contending claims of nature and man have ended in a grotesque compromise, splendour of colour is supplied by the yellow marguerite, which here shoots straight and tall in all the defiant pride of life. The expanses of blooming heath are relieved by tracts of fir and other wood, which give a picturesque jaggedness of line to the distant uplands and a depth of mysterious gloom to the hollows.

Dunwich, unknown to the tourist, is in "the height of the season" the abode of perfect quiet. Here the jaded brain-worker may take a deep and refreshing draught of the repose for which he thirsts. Safe from the curious passer-by, he may throw himself on soft sward or yielding heather and give himself over to the soothing influence of the most restful of scenery. If, for example, he selects for his couch the smooth grass above the cliff in the shadow of the ruins, his delighted eye will wander over the vast expanse of many-tinted water, where are gliding, as in the mazy movements of a dream, a hundred sail. As he looks perhaps the London steamer heaves in sight, laden with tourists for Yarmouth, and enhances his consciousness of retirement by contrasting images. Or a German band may trudge by on the cliff, hurrying past his retreat with stolid indifference in their eagerness to reach the next watering-place. From their scant response to his greeting he gains new satisfaction, assured that no piercing clarionet or discordant horn will vex his soul in his present resting-place. If, again, he chooses for his bed the fine common grass between the beach and the marshes, his senses will be lulled by all manner of soft delights. Here flourish the flowers which love the sandy soil adjoining a sea beach—the handsome yellow poppy, the

beautiful convolvulus, and the finely-carved sea holly. Under the narcotic influence of the wandering bees' deep hum and of those numerous sweet odours which mean the proximity of the sea to those who drank them in with the salt air in their childhood, he may dreamily contemplate the brown cattle browsing in the lush marshes. Ere long he will imagine himself incorporate in those quiet forms, and for a moment realise their pure animal existence made up of happy, unreflective sentience.

In the evening, when the sun sinks low, he will find another and more melancholy calm. Wandering over the spacious common, he may watch the slanting ray give a more vermilion hue to the tufts of heather blossom, or transform with alchemist skill the long yellow grass into gold, or finally throw a ruddy glow on the brown sail of a distant smack. It is not only on the west coast, he reflects, that the sinking sun has his mystic splendours. It is something to see the heather and yellow flowers topping the cliff all ablaze with his fire while the cliff itself and beach are in cold shade; something to turn from the chill expanse of sea, over which the gloom of night is beginning to settle, and watch the warm hues lingering in the western sky. A deeper mystery is given to the recurring wonder by the proximity of a clump of bent and twisted firs, which stand up above the level of the common, sharply and minutely defined in their unrelieved blackness, suggesting vague images of superhuman suffering and Godlike resistance.

Later on, when the mystic beauty of the departing sun has vanished, new and yet more impressive marvels await him. Standing on the lonely beach, he may watch the full orb of the moon rise above the dark expanse of sea, gradually extricating herself from her cloud vestments and showing herself in her naked beauty. And now the black surface, but just now robbed of all light, shows an ever-widening path of silver sheen, across which pass, distinct in their intense blackness, the tiny forms of distant ships. In spite of knowledge of optics, he cannot resist the pleasing illusion that at this moment the weary mariner is intoxicated by a sudden transition out of Stygian darkness into this white effulgence. Turning his eye nearer the shore, where the silver path contracts to a point, he watches the beam grow wanton, throwing itself in a shower of momentary lustre of silver and gold on the ridges of the waves. Returning by the cliff, he will not fail to linger a moment or two by the ruins of the church, the grey stone of which now takes on a ghost-like hue. He has a vague sense of some mystery attaching to these relics of the past. How, he asks himself, came these ruins here so near the brow of the cliff?

A place, no less than a man or a woman, is the more interesting for having a history. There are faces which fascinate us by undefinable suggestions of a past full of deeds of kindness, it may be, or of heroic endurance. A town, a village, may wear the same kind of charm. These ruins, here at Dunwich, haunt the mind; they throw it back in a movement of retrospective inquiry, which harmonises perfectly well

with the mood of dreamy contemplation otherwise induced. Nor is it the ruins only which suggest a past worth inquiring into. There are other features of the place which seem out of keeping with its retiring, village look, and which speak of another and wholly unlike order of things. On a board above the cliff one spies a notice, which years of rain and sun have done their best to efface, headed "Borough of Dunwich." In the village itself, among the two or three old houses, is a whitewashed cottage with Gothic casements, looking much like a modest conventicle, which turns out, on inquiry, to be a town hall. Nor is it only the empty dignity of the name of borough which Dunwich wears. It actually discharges some of the functions of a municipality. On a certain day in September the visitor may notice a number of gentlemen arriving at the inn, and entering the modest town hall. These are honourable burgesses about to perform one of their most solemn duties: this is the election of next year's bailiffs, a pair of officers who here answer roughly to the mayor of other boroughs. At first the visitor is struck by the grotesque incongruity of the thing. A sweet rustic village like this, the embodiment of Arcadian simplicity, the sanctuary of peace, trammelled with the forms and the duties of a municipality! Yet, when taken with those venerable ruins up there, the municipal rank ceases to be ludicrous, and yet further stirs the mind with a sense of an unexplored past. A visit to the town hall, under the friendly guidance of a leading councillor, confirms the conviction that Dunwich has had its memorable history. Here stands an ancient iron chest, of Dutch workmanship, where are deposited the archives of the village borough. A truly wonderful safe this, with Dutch paintings on its panels and an intricate system of bolts and locks, rendering the opening of it a matter which requires a lengthy apprenticeship, though it closes of itself in an astounding fashion. Here are documents reaching back to the days of good Queen Bess, and recording the several gatherings, doings, and disbursements of the corporation. So much is certain, then: Dunwich has been a place of some repute. But how did it sink into its present village condition? Did an invader pulverise away the older Dunwich, or did some fierce conflagration utterly consume it? These questions are not answered by the Dutch chest. For a full solution of the mystery we must have recourse to a small quarto volume, containing the history of Dunwich and neighbourhood. In order to follow this the better, we will first take a further look at the adjacent coast.

The finest coast scenery lies to the south. Here one may walk ten miles without seeing anything deserving to be called a village. There is a choice of walks along the edge of the cliff or on the beach by the strips of sand which are exposed towards low water. At the end of a mile or so we reach the heath, whose purple mantle is visible from Dunwich. Here the even level of the cliff, about 40 feet in height, is broken into furrows and bold rounded ridges, which seem to tilt over the beach. The overhanging edge, with drooping tufts of brown heather, suggests an

advancing brow overhung with shaggy locks. Here, in a small fissure of the cliff, one can obtain a good view from above of its curious stratification. Almost immediately below the heather there comes a deep stratum of black-brown, peaty-looking substance. Then follow strata of various hues of ochre. The yellow, sandy-looking material is picked out here and there with patches of grey pebble, which take on a faint tinge of complementary blue. Seen from below they look like a kind of inlaid work. The cliff is evidently of a very fragile structure. Its base, consisting of a very soft, sandy material, is here and there hollowed out into shallow cavities. Between these the angle of cliff and beach is filled with masses of débris, smooth drifts of pebble, and piles of blackish-brown clods. Higher up, near the surface, the cliff is honeycombed by a myriad sand-martins, a flock of which is now wheeling about its holes. A stone thrown up from the beach against the inlaid work of pebbles easily dislodges a number of them, and produces quite a small avalanche of pebbles and finer shingly substance. A confirmation of the crumbling character of the cliff is supplied by the light grey streaks which are visible among the heather close to the edge of the declivity; these are plainly the remains of what was once a secure footpath.

In the midst of the heath, on a lofty plateau some distance from the cliff, stands a considerable coast-guard station. It consists of about six houses, all having their walls and chimneys carefully coated with tar, and presenting, with their dark grey slating, masses of decorous black, relieved only by a few touches of white paint on the woodwork. One thinks how excellent a thing life might be passed on this breezy eminence, with all the varying aspect of land and sea for the eye. But a talk with one of the coastguard men may somewhat subdue the wish to share their romantic-looking roost. It is a hard fate which compels a man to turn out of his warm bed on a January night, when the north-east wind shrieks through crevice of door and window, for the lonely beat on the dark, spray-drenched beach. The women seem even less in love with their abode than their hardy lords. They would any day hail with rejoicing a summons to migrate to some dirty, stuffy fishing town, counting the glories of their heathy plateau as nothing against the substantial gain of cheaper supplies and a more diversified gossip.

Just beyond the coastguard station the breezy common dips down, in a series of graceful folds, to another low level. This point is called Misner Haven, though why a haven it is hard to see. Here we have, in place of the cliff, a stretch of low coast corresponding to that to the north of Dunwich, only wanting its pleasing curve. Inland, too, is a sweep of bright green marshes, intersected by dykes, whose course is marked by the darker and more bluish greens of the rushes and the browns of the sorrel bushes. Just inside the grass-tufted ridge of the beach, between it and a substantial earth-wall, lies a chain of stagnant pools, half choked with reeds. Here we once saw a successor of Isaac Walton casting his line; and though we, uninitiated in the piscatorial

craft, have frequently puzzled ourselves over the selection of waters by the London angler, our astonishment on this occasion was yet greater. A mile's trudge along the high bank, or over the now more sandy beach, brings us to a cluster of three or four quaint little cottages huddling close together just behind the dwarfish sandhills which here crown the beach. This is known as Sluice. A broad dyke, which roughly bisects the stretch of marsh land, here shoots into the sea the washings of many a square mile of low Suffolk land. The outflow is regulated by a large sluice, which is connected with quite an intricate system of dykes, pools, and dividing banks. A couple of windmills appear, by a kind of inverted undershed water-wheel arrangement, to lift the water from the lower to the higher levels, and finally into the escaping torrent. The whole place has a quaint Dutch look. The only other building near is the ruin of a house on the marshes, which is said to have been a chapel, and which looks a likely place for a meeting-point of will-o'-the-wisps or other sprites of the marsh, if such are to be found here. But chancing on it one warm August morning, we found it a pleasant and even a cosy place. It is ebb tide, and the waters are oozing sluggishly through the sluice gate. An old man, with bronzed face and bent figure, is storing up picturesque bundles of heather—for firing, we suppose. On our arrival he hospitably intermits his work, and comes and bids us take a seat by his side on a bench in the shadow of the cottages. A couple of frolicsome kittens are performing mimic assaults and struggles in the sun beyond. A woman or two come out of the houses, ostensibly for the purpose of fetching water or stretching clothes to dry, but not wholly uninfluenced, perhaps, by the attraction of the rare spectacle of a passing pedestrian. The old man has charge of the sluice, and he describes to us in the queer Suffolk idiom, to which a certain pungency is given by the frequent substitution of an emphatic "that" for "it," his winter experiences. Then, when the forces of rain, deluge, and stormy sea are combined against him, his work is hard enough. Sometimes he has to clear the sluice gate, which has been buried under shingle by the impetuous waves. At this bleak season the ridge of sandhills, with its little human colony, is but a narrow tongue of dry ground between two dark and threatening waters. Well may the women's faces lack merriment here, where the tenure of life is so ill secured!

Another mile along the beach brings us to a third human settlement, no less quaint in its way than Sluice. It bears on the map the name of Sizewell Gap, but the appellation is less obviously appropriate than that of Sluice; for there is nothing here but an unbroken line of shingly beach. It is only two miles from a little manufacturing town, and some of the townspeople, eager for sea air and finding no better accommodation, have built for themselves neat wooden châlets on the higher sandy terraces of the wide shelving beach. To these are added in the summer a number of gleaming tents. The gay settlement is oddly interspersed among rude fishermen's huts, one or two of which are inhabit

The look of the place on an August morning is bright and pretty enough. The settlers seem to revel in their primitive mode of life, the younger portion leading very much the amphibious existence of unsophisticated tropical islanders.

A mile beyond Sizewell Gap lies Thorpe Ness, a low, sandy point, at which the coast line bends somewhat, but which has little of the look of a promontory about it; near it nestle among the sandhills and on the low ground behind the cottages of Thorpe village. The broad beach is thickly strewn with huts, winches, and boats; the country behind is flat and dreary enough. To complete the gloomy effect, the green of the marshy flats is soiled by a meandering stream, with shelving, muddy banks and broad, stagnant-looking shallows, utterly useless for navigation, and a striking emblem of a diffuse, superficial, and unfruitful mind. At this point only a mile of the coast separates us from the ancient borough Aldeburgh, whose pile of houses, crowned by its flint church, forms an impressive object after our long stretch of low and blank coast. Aldeburgh has its points of interest for the antiquarian; but compared with the rest of our coast line it belongs to the region of the known, and, as our voyage is into the unknown, its curiosities must be left unnoticed. And here we may look at our modest tour of investigation southward of Dunwich as completed, and may pursue the line of coast to the north.

Setting out from the cluster of boatmen's huts, we may follow the long curve of the bay either by the strips of sand on the low beach, if the tide is far enough out, or, adopting a more devious course, pick our way among the tracts of pebble and swamp behind the beach. By choosing the latter we may get a good idea of the unfamiliar weeds and wild flowers which flourish in these marshy regions by the sea, rank yet often handsome growths of which Crabbe gives us a picture.

> Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
> Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
> Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
> And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh.

Two miles, which will be certain to weary the feet more than six of level road, bring us to the mouth of a narrow river. The entrance is flanked by two rude wooden piers, which form the extreme point of the coast visible from Dunwich. This is known as Southwold Harbour. Sitting on one of the benches of the pier, and looking west, we have before us a scene which well repays the somewhat dreary two miles' walking. On the left bank of the stream, at just the right distance from the eye for distinct yet comprehensive vision, stands the strikingly picturesque fishing village of Walberswick. Its cottages, seen end on, show a queer outline, one side of the high roof being carried nearly down to the ground, as if to save walling. They cluster together in groups separated by grassy spaces. Closer to the river, connecting it with the village, is a yet more striking cluster of boatmen's huts, their black sides crowned as usual by bright red roofs. Near these are one or two high-

arched wooden bridges which span the narrow dyke-like ramifications of the river. Behind the village rise the forms of a windmill, never long out of sight in this region, and a fine square church-tower. On the opposite bank are strewn in picturesque disorder the débris of many storms, here a group of old anchors, covered with rust, looking weary of their years of tugging and straining, and there the shapeless hulk of a fishing smack thrown over on its side, dishonoured and abandoned of men. Higher up the stream is a small quay, marked by another group of tall sea-roofed buildings, and a single vessel in front with that slight lean in her mast which tells that she is resting on *terra firma*.

The whole scene, the village and its surroundings, would be thoroughly Dutch-looking were it not for the noble tower. And on a moment's reflection we are pleased that that tower is there to check our paying the place a doubtful compliment by calling it "un-English-looking." Suffolk is the county of churches. As an old writer has it, "Norfolk exceeds Suffolk in the number of its churches, but Suffolk doth more exceed Norfolk in the handsomeness of them." And this Walberswick church is a very good specimen of their handsomeness. While the bulk of the church is reduced to a picturesque overgrown ruin, the high square tower stands sound and unimpaired, showing clearly its well-proportioned divisions, its carved parapet and turrets, and its long pointed windows. The church stands at the extremity of a fine sweep of heather-clad common. To the wanderer over these "walks," as they are sometimes called, in the evening light it forms a bold and impressive object. The varied outlines of tower and ivy-clad ruin are well defined against the soft grey sky which surrounds it and looks through its empty arched windows. The roof of a detached cottage or two not far from it just peep above the common, serving well to indicate the size and majesty of the tower. As the ray of the declining sun touches it, its grey stone takes on a purplish hue, its patches of ochre lichen grow ruddier, while the greens of the foliage overhanging the ruins brighten to a yellowish tinge. The effect is something like that of a faint flush of pleasure stealing over a venerable and wrinkled face at a child's caress. Here, too, the sense of a veiled past takes possession of the mind. This stately tower clearly bears no relation to the queer little village hard by. It seems to belong to some extinct order of things, and looks lorn and lonesome at the edge of the common.

Returning to the river, we find that our further progress is dependent on the goodwill of a venerable ferryman, whose arm is kept active in the summer months by the coming and going of visitors from Southwold, and whose task is by no means light when the spring tide gives added force to the current. This ferry, together with its ferryman, is perhaps the most curious feature of Walberswick. It happens to be a picturesque point of the river, and the view from the north bank, including groups of red-roofed houses of all heights, divided by masses of feathery foliage and showing the church-tower behind, is a very pleasing one. A river

with a ferry and such a background is a treasure to the painter's eye; and here may be found gathered, on a summer day, half a dozen or so craftsmen of the brush. Some of them are standing before their easels, giving ever and anon hasty sidelong glances at the opposite shore, but mostly intent on their canvas, now and then retiring a few paces and quizzing their work with head on one side and eyes screwed up. Others are sitting on camp-stools, bobbing their heads up and down in a comical manner. We have passed the place again and again, and can testify that cold winds are no obstacle to these indefatigable workers, and that they are wont to hold on with fierce tenacity till the gathering darkness blurs and confuses alike their subject and their picture. It has all the look of an art class working away at one model. It is clear from the look of the passers-by, who glance over the painters' shoulders, that they are at a loss to understand this enthusiasm for a low jetty covered with dirty sea-weed, a strip of a somewhat muddy stream, and a heap of tiled roofs. Our ferryman takes a more sympathetic view of the matter; for he himself is officially connected with this school of art, being its frequent and well-approved model. And well he may be, for he is a noble-looking veteran, with form and colour enough in his tanned and wrinkled face, his tender blue eyes, and his curled grey beard to kindle desire in any painter's breast. We are not sure that he does not think more than is good for him of his many portraits, carrying his fame far and wide; but he would be a severe moralist who grudges him this flattering reflection.

This river, named the Blythe, is, in spite of its flat surroundings, well worth exploring. These Suffolk rivers, winding about in their broad plains, give one an odd experience. The church-tower or windmill, which was just now behind us to our left, presently starts up in front of us to our right, till by-and-by we have a giddy feeling that our surroundings are pirouetting about our heads. Here on the Blythe the tower of Walberswick church plays a number of these pranks with us. The scenery is tame till we reach a varicose enlargement of the stream, which takes the form of an oval lake with a chain of rush-grown islands for its axis. On one side dips the Walberswick common, its slopes covered with solemn pines, through an opening in which one spies a charming keeper's cottage. In these pines herons may be seen roosting in the evening, their gaunt forms silhouetted against the glowing west. A mile or two beyond this point the stream brings us to Blytheburgh, a village adorned with another of these handsome Suffolk churches. It is a lofty and elegant structure, with fine ornamental work on its tower, parapets, and buttresses. Its base stands some little height above the river; and seen from here, surrounded by the lowly cottage roofs, it is commanding and even awe-inspiring. Its facing of flint and stone give it a hardy aspect, and one fancies as one gazes up at it that storm and tempest will never impair its perfect, clear-cut form. But this look of adamantine strength proves to be treacherous, for the roof is said to be so unstable that the worshippers are

driven to seek refuge in some less inspiring temple. Here again one is struck by the disproportion between church and village. Blythebugh is a quiet little place only a shade larger than Dunwich. Its retirement has not yet been disturbed by the contiguity of the tiny branch railway from Halesworth to Southwold. Quite an innocent invader this single line of tramway dimensions, which brings some ten times in the day its toy train, consisting of engine and two diminutive American cars. It is an easy-going, leisurely vehicle, and is quite ready to stop in the most accommodating fashion if it happens to be in the way of a cart, or even a perambulator, on one of the level crossings. There is about Blythebugh, as about Walberswick, a look of old age and decay. These stalwart towers, with their scant remnant of human habitations, are like those rusty anchors on the banks at the river's mouth, which lie and watch the vessels they once served break up and disappear.

But we have strayed from our coast line, seduced by the placid current of the Blythe, and must retrace our steps. Leaving our aged ferryman and continuing north, we presently reach the town and borough of Southwold, pleasantly perched above a low cliff. Here again we are within the pale of civilization, and description must halt. But we cannot forbear to say a word about its busiest and most interesting suburb, the beach, which in places is a very thicket of boatmen's huts, winches, boats, and nets. Its shingle is ever rustling with movement. The most lively moment is when with the rising flood the returning boats shoot straight for the beach. The sea is merry with swiftly moving sails making for their respective berths. Men and boys lend a willing hand, and as soon as the boat grounds she is attached to a rope and hauled up high on the beach. Then comes the opening of the net and the sorting of the fish. It is as well not to accost the fishermen now, for peradventure they have toiled since daybreak, and have hardly anything to show but a few miserable little flounders and soles among a heap of rubbish, masses of collapsing jelly-fish, fierce little "wolvers" throwing out their inky, fan-shaped stings in a fine rage, and startled crablets making spasmodic movements in all directions on the chance of reaching less objectionable surroundings. One can easily forgive the look of disgust with which the refuse is cast back into the sea or trodden under heel. After all, these hard-working fellows take their disappointments as submissively as most people. A fine race of fellows these Suffolk fishermen, carrying in their very mien and attitude something of a noble gravity and philosophic composure which has been won from their perilous calling between the dark immensities of sea and sky.

The Southwold cliff is a very short one, and just beyond the last huts on the beach the coast sinks again to a low common. Here we notice the extremity of another of those long tentacles which the river Blythe throws out over the flat, marshy ground. This ramification appears to pass behind Southwold, reaching nearly to the beach, a quarter of a mile to the north of the town. Then follows another and longer line of cliff loose and crumbling like the other, and altogether wanting in interest

(except, perhaps, to geologists), were it not for the ruin of a farm slanting on its edge. The building looks as though it had been cut in two by a landslip. This point is known as Easton Ness, though there is at present nothing to suggest beak or promontory. And here we may bring our little journey of discovery to an end. We have gone far enough, probably, to gain a rough idea of this flat Suffolk coast. Tame enough, no doubt, after the rocky battlements of Cornwall or the mountain barriers of North Wales, yet pleasing, too, in its unobtrusive fashion. And there is the fascination of history hanging about it. Everywhere we meet with echoes of the remote past. These archaic word-endings, "wick" and "burgh," these ruins of church and monastery, these relics of municipal dignity, carry back the mind to a far-off human life, other and more imposing than that which one finds now. Dull, desolate, *triste*, as it undoubtedly is to-day, we feel sure that it was once animated by a fuller and more energetic human life, that it was once shone upon by the ray of material prosperity. To what blighting forces has this former vigour succumbed—to the tardy process of industrial change, with its unpredictable caprices and its fine contempt for locality, or to some sudden and violent catastrophe?

The answer to the question is suggested by the coast line itself. These marshy flats defended by stout earthen walls, these loose, dissolving cliffs, this ruined farm on the very edge of the cliff, these inappropriate names, Sizewell Gap, Misner Haven, Easton Ness, all whisper of the ocean's effacing and transforming might. With this presentiment in our mind we turn to the old quarto volume already alluded to. It bears the title *An Historic Account of Dunwich, of Blytheburgh, and Southwold.* Its date is 1754. Its author, Thomas Gardner, deserves a passing notice He was a salt merchant in Southwold who became so impressed with the ancient dignity and renown of the district that he devoted himself to the labour of compiling its history. And very thoroughly he seems to have done it, and very trustworthy is his record said to be. The good merchant historian lies peacefully between his two wives in Southwold churchyard. His tomb, with its quaint inscription, is worth a visit. A man who proves your noble lineage deserves your gratitude, and the Southwolders do well to be proud of their pious chronicler. This work, aided by one or two supplementary authorities, enables us to reconstruct the ancient configuration of this piece of coast, and to trace its successive changes. We learn that what is now an approximately straight line, shelterless and repellent, was some 400 years ago broken up into a succession of projections and havens. Then Easton Ness was indeed a beak, being the most easterly point on the whole coast.* The high ground at Dunwich ran some six miles further into the sea, making the southern arm of a goodly bay. The river Blythe, instead of emptying itself into the "Southwold Harbour" by Walberswick, turned and flowed southwards inside the pebble range, finding an exit near where the lower

* This honour belongs now, we believe, to Lowestoft.

village of Dunwich now stands. And it made a brave haven here with the high promontory sheltering it to the south. Then too, it would appear, Misner Haven had its stream, probably the same which now empties itself by the sluice, and Sizewell Gap was a creek.* The sea has for ages been steadily encroaching on this territory, washing away many thousands of acres of valuable soil, choking up havens, and altering the course of rivers, and last of all destroying the fair workmanship of human hands. Of this process of devastation Dunwich is the most signal instance. Dunwich had the favoured site to start with, and reached a greatness to which no other point could aspire, and Dunwich was exactly the point of the coast against which the sea's fury could most effectively hurl itself.

The high, projecting land which then lay beyond where the ruined church now stands seems to have attracted the eye of our warlike invaders at a very early period in our history. There is a good deal of evidence to support the supposition that the Romans had a station here. Nor is it difficult to understand how the keen-eyed warriors came to single out this site. Standing high above the sea, having, as our chronicler has it, "a fine beak every way;" screened on the south-east by a forest, and overlooking the mouth of the river, which at once served as a mode of approach for friends and a natural moat to shut out enemies—it offered a number of striking advantages. However this be, it is certain that the place acquired importance soon after the arrival of the German invader. The East Anglian kingdom figures but little in text-books of English history. It seems to have played a subordinate part in those fierce struggles between kingdom and kingdom which finally led to the union of the whole under the sway of one monarch. Yet it has a special interest of its own. It is thought to have been one of the first of the Teutonic settlements. It is conjectured too that, owing to its remoteness from the retreating bands of Celts, it exhibited the purest type of German, or, if the reader prefers, "English" life and institutions to be met with in the island.† According to the accepted story Christianity was introduced into the kingdom by King Rædwald (586–624), who had made its acquaintance in Kent. But it seems to have taken but little root till the accession of Rædwald's brother Sigeberht. He had been driven into exile by his brother, and during his residence in France had picked up Continental ideas respecting the value of religion

* A rough idea of this ancient configuration may be obtained from a map appended to Richard Brome's tract on Suffolk (extracted from his *Britannia*), which bears the date 1673. It is to be found in a volume of pamphlets relating to Suffolk in the British Museum.

† So Lippenberg, who observes that "in no other part of England do so many well-preserved German names declare who were there ancient lords or founders." But the new theory that the German invaders formed but a thin sprinkling among the existing Celtic population would perhaps ridicule this idea of a pure type of German *life* in the island.

and learning. Accordingly, on coming to the throne (circa 630), he sent for Felix, a Burgundian priest, to enlighten and christianise his pagan subjects. Sigeberht fixed on Dunwich, then known as Donwic or Denwyk, as his capital. Here Felix began to preach the Gospel, and made such way that he succeeded not only in building a church, but in founding a bishopric in the place, he himself being the first occupant of the see. In addition to this he is said to have established a high school for learning, an institution which may perhaps be regarded as the first germ of one of our great existing universities. In this way, favoured and supported by the King, Felix made Dunwich a bright lamp in the dark East Anglian realm. From Dunwich religious zeal spread throughout the kingdom, leading to the building of many fine churches and the founding of some of the richest monasteries of the island. The end of Sigeberht was strange enough. Weary of temporal concerns, he followed the precedent of Frankish king and exchanged the crown for the monk's cowl. So listless did he grow concerning his kingdom, that even the ravages of that obstinate old pagan Penda of Mercia failed to call him out of his cell, and when at length he was forcibly brought out by his indignant subjects and set face to face with the enemy, he firmly refused to fight, and standing unmoved with a long white staff in his hand allowed the enemy to cut him down.

Dunwich was the seat of a bishopric for about 200 years, till the two sees of Suffolk and Norfolk were united. During this period it grew famous not merely as the capital of East Anglia but as one of the principal ecclesiastical centres of the island. Its reputation, we may be sure, extended through France and Italy, and there was probably a good deal of direct intercourse between the place and Continental ports. Throughout the greater part of the period of Saxon rule it held this high rank among English cities. But towards the reign of Edward the Confessor its greatness had begun to decline. The sea had already commenced its depredations and washed away palace of king and of bishop alike. At this time it was a burgh containing 120 burgesses, and paid ten pounds rent to the Crown. Between this date and the reign of William I. it had lost one-half of its lands. Under the Norman sovereigns it acquired a new importance as a trading and fishing port. The number of its burgesses had now reached the respectable number of 236, and it paid fifty pounds and sixty thousand herrings to the Crown. In the reign of Henry II. the town seems to have reached the zenith of its material prosperity. It was now a place of great note, and is described as "abounding with much riches and sundry kinds of merchandise." It paid in annual rental the goodly sum of 120 pounds, besides a heavy contribution in herrings. By all accounts it was a stately-looking town, having its sturdy walls with their handsome gateways, its quay, its numerous churches, convents, and hospitals. It is described in an old MS., bearing the date August 1590, as having been at the time now referred to "a towne of great and strong defence, environed with great

dykes and banks, with many sundry high hills about and within the same towne and libtie . . . . in which banks and dykes were sundry gates for entrance and passage." * How strong these defences were is attested by the following story. During the rebellion of Henry's sons the mercenary troops, with the Earl of Leicester at their head, essayed to take Dunwich out of the King's hand. "But when he came neere and beheld the strength thereof, it was terror and feare unto him to behold it; and soe retyred both he and his people." An idea of the wealth of the place at this period may be gained from the fact that on the marriage of Maud, the King's daughter, Dunwich paid an aid of 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, whereas Ipswich only paid 53*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

Dunwich was a staunch supporter of John in his quarrel with the barons, in consideration whereof he created the town a free borough, remitted 40*l.* of its rent, exempted it from sundry tolls and customs, and finally bestowed on it the honour of being governed by a mayor and four bailiffs. How well the town still maintained its enterprising spirit and its vigour is shown by the services it rendered Edward I. in his war with France. The town of Dunwich, we are told, built eleven ships of war, well furnished with munition, and having for the most part 72 men apiece, and they maintained these ships at their own cost during the thirteen weeks in which they served. We know, too, that at this time it owned sixteen fair ships, twenty barks or vessels trading to the North Sea and Ireland, besides smaller craft for home fishing. Nevertheless its power was steadily declining, as may be seen by the successive remissions of rent. At the beginning of the reign of Edward III. it suffered a terrible disaster. Its fine port was completely choked up by a succession of heavy gales from the north-east. The river, deprived of its old outlet, forced its way through the pebbly barrier two miles to the north of Dunwich, thus reaching the sea much sooner than it used to do. This entrance must have been about a mile south of the present one. This, however, seems to have been but a temporary escape, for, as our chronicler phrases it, "the whole raunge of shingle assureth it no place certaine." It seems to have tried different points of exit, till, aided by man's hands, it settled upon its present exit.

Dunwich fought hard with fate, and kings innocent of political economy thought to avert the hand of destiny by feeble measures of relief. Thus we read of mandates sent by more than one monarch to the Sheriff of Suffolk, bidding him see that goods imported into the new port be sold as hitherto in Dunwich market. Mandates were also issued with a view to secure to Dunwich its ancient dues, tolls, and customs. Such royal decrees were futile enough over against the higher fiat of inexorable nature. Dunwich was doomed to be brought low and to be effaced; yet it was long before her brave, sturdy sons could make up their minds to the fact. What made it harder was that other places

* Quoted by R. Wake in his work *Southwold and its Vicinity.*

neighbourhood, new upstart towns like Blytheburgh, Southwold, 'alberswick, were growing rich at her expense. The two latter had directly profited by the destruction of Dunwich harbour. te of Southwold Church, so far as it can be assigned with any ty, bears out the conjecture that it began to be a prosperous trad- t soon after this calamity had overtaken Dunwich. It was still d by the far-reaching promontory to the north, which secured nt refuge for shipping. While Southwold and Walberswick hus profiting by the discomfiture of Dunwich, the Lord of burgh succeeded in depriving Dunwich of the shipping dues which arrant had sought to retain for her. The ancient city bore all th difficulty, and there is a long record of plaint to the Crown legal conflict with the men of Southwold and Walberswick touch- new haven. Meanwhile new incursions of the sea still further rished the town. Gardner gives us a list of the principal storms urst over the place. In the reign of Edward III. it lost, besides its r, a large part of its houses and a number of its churches. During teenth century a series of storms attacked the town, undermining erturning church, monastery, and wall, and leaving standing less quarter of the houses. The desperate burgesses, foreseeing the downfall of church or market cross, made haste to strip it of all nd other valuables that could be carried away. By the close of tury it wore a dreary and ghastly look. The writer of an MS. 573 writes, "Excited by curiosity, I visited this place, when I the remains of the ramparts, some tokens of Middle-gate, the ions of downfallen edifices, and tottering fragments of noble struc- emains of the dead exposed, and naked walls divested of the about them by the waves of the sea." * A century later Brome y observes about it, "Through the renewal of the *Episcopal See*, roachment of the *Sea*, the decay of *Shipping*, and the secret fate tends some old *Towns*, 'tis rather the remains of a *Town* than a roperly so called." Gardner ends his gloomy record by a full and l account of a memorable storm which visited Dunwich in 1740. rricane lasted for several days. The adjoining marshes were over- and greatly injured by the sand and shingle thrown on them. the old stone quay together with the pipes of an ancient aque- ere laid bare. The Cock and Hen hills, standing forty feet high, heir heads levelled with their bases." More hideous still, "the ries of the cemetery were naked, within which the secret reposito- the dead were exposed to open view: several skeletons on the vested of their coverings, some lying in pretty good order, others pted and scattered as the surges carried them." In Gardner's time ists' Church, whose ruin still marks the site of the old city, was ly one left, from which it is clear that the encroachments of the

* This MS. has been attributed to Stowe.

sea since that time cannot have been considerable. If, as seems probable, the city had stood at the base of a projecting headland, we may infer that this storm completed the work of wearing away the promontory, leaving the line of coast pretty even as we now find it.

While thus shorn of her real strength, Dunwich has jealously held fast to her ancient forms of greatness. A new charter was granted the place in the reign of William and Mary, fixing its present constitution. It retained its ancient privilege (dating from the fourteenth century) of sending members to Parliament up to the memorable year 1832, when the claims of so many ancient boroughs were set at nought. And now there appears to be some talk of further stripping her of her ancient dignity. The corporation has the charge of certain endowments, lands that have been saved from hospital or convent, and according to modern ideas the management of these charities is a thing for commissioners to inquire into. Possibly there are good reasons for interfering with these mimic municipal doings. Nevertheless we should regret the extinction of the borough. It has its amusing side, no doubt, this village municipality with its town hall, its bailiffs, its assemblies, in which solemn resolutions are passed conferring the freedom of the place on some honoured head at a distance, and so forth. Still there is an impressiveness about the very shadow of departed greatness. There is a pathos in these quaint civic customs, just as there is in the faded and mouldy garment which has long survived its royal wearer. They carry back our imagination to the fair and famous city which once lifted its head serenely above where the breakers now make their monotonous beat.

The old salt merchant's story leaves the mind pensive "revolving many memories." The complete effacement of the East Anglian capital, even to the removal of its site, strikes and fixes the imagination. If a fragment or two of that royal palace, those proud gateways, or that market cross were still standing, a palpable evidence of the place, the effect would be different. A sense of reality would be given to the thing, and the intellect would have something definite as a starting-point in seeking to reconstruct the past. At the same time there would be wanting that profound impression of annihilation, of man's impotence when nature chooses to show her teeth, of the evanescence and nothingness of all things human. There seems a sardonic irony lurking in the smile of those summer waves there below the cliff, looking as though they could never find it in them to harm the frailest of mortal things. But presently as we ponder the capricious currents of reflective feeling take a new direction. After all what matters it that a city belonging to another cycle of human experience should thus have been clean swept away? It is enough perhaps that this pile of ruins overlooking the fair city's watery tomb should remain as its most appropriate of cenotaphs. The new-fledged village below, with its clean, wholesome look, is a happy image of the new order of things, an order the superiority of which few students of history can doubt. If we look more closely we

hat there is no incongruity in this spruce modern village with its
:guard station and school springing up here under the ruins of the
:nt burgh, and assuming its very name. Nor is there any unseemli-
in our pillowing our jaded London brains in indolent reverie on the
sward here, just where perhaps the zealous Felix thrilled the blood-
ıed pagans with the Church's urgent summons. Our month's idle
ırn in this retired village may, perhaps, be as true a fulfilment of
ı duties in this overworked nineteenth century as the withdrawal of
k to his lonely cloister a thousand years ago.

J. S.

Poets and Nightingales.

Mr. Matthew Arnold in his recent elegy on "Poor Matthias," t
pet canary, laments the unhappy lot of birds, who never find,

> Do all they can,
> Passage from their souls to man.

If this be so, it is certainly owing to no lack of interpreters, for almo
every poet has made devoted attempts to translate their various melodie
Perhaps the original strains are still the most expressive to those wh
have music in themselves; but in many cases the poet seems to out-sin
the bird, and to give a deeper meaning to her utterance.

This is especially true in the case of the nightingale, who enjoys th
happy distinction of being the poets' favourite. Her chief rival in the
good graces is, perhaps, the eagle, with whose royal aloofness, howeve
only the kings of men can fully sympathise. The stock-dove's "homel
tale" was dear to Wordsworth; but, as Shelley said of the skylark
rapturous song, it is all too bright and good for this workaday worl
and we miss the undertone of earthly passion. It is in the lingeri
evenings of early summer, when the soft brown air woos us with i
quiet melancholy to forget the strain of life, and lulls without satisfyi
the heart, that the voice of the nightingale, breaking on the ear "fr
some grove nigh," never fails, by the contrast of its deep emotion wi
the general tranquillity, to wake an echo in every poetic nature.
such an evening Keats translated the bird's music into that "strange
saddest, sweetest song" the world has ever heard—perhaps the m
perfect expression in all literature of the sickness of hope deferred a
unsatisfied aspirations, of

> Infinite passion, and the pain
> Of finite hearts that yearn.

One need hardly apologise for quoting the dear familiar lines, wh
take a deeper pathos when we remember that the writer was t
actually on the eve of death:—

> Darkling I listen; and for many a time
> I have been half in love with easeful Death,
> Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
> To take into the air my quiet breath;
> Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
> To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
> While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
> In such an ecstasy!

Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown—
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

is the nightingale's crown of song—the truest and most tuneful he has ever drawn from the heart of man. But from the days of r down to our own times her passionate strain has been echoed by t every poet, in different keys of feeling.

e Greeks accounted for the "fiery heart" in that little body by is which gave a human object to her lamentations. She was once an, Ædon, the wife of Zethus, king of Thebes, to whom she bore e child, a son named Itylus. Now, Niobe, the wife of Amphion, usband's twin-brother, had six sons and six daughters, and boasted number and beauty of her children, insomuch that Ædon was with jealousy, and resolved to kill the firstborn of Niobe's sons. y mistake she slew in his stead her own son, Itylus. Then Zeus, pity, changed her into a nightingale, and in that form she con- to bewail her loss:

Even as when, in the new vernal hours,
Couched in the covert of some leafy dale
Green all around her with ambrosial showers,
Pandarus' child, the sylvan nightingale,
With lovely variations her sweet tale
Trills beautifully well, and the woods ring
With sorrow, while her boy she still doth wail,
Itys, dear Itys, child of Zethus king,
Whom blindly she cut off, and now doth sadly sing.*

cording to another story, the nightingale was once a princess d Procne, daughter to Pandion, king of Attica, and sister of mela. Her father gave Procne in marriage to Tereus, king of the ians in Daulis; but after she had borne him a son, Itys, Tereus her in concealment, and, feigning that she was dead, took Philo- o wife. The fraud was in some way discovered by the two sisters, rocne, in a frenzy of revenge, slew her son Itys, and served up his a dish before Tereus. She then fled with her sister, and, upon pursuing them, prayed the gods to change them all into birds, upon Tereus became a hoopoo, Philomela a swallow, and Procne

* Homer, *Odyssey*, book xix. 518 *sqq.*, Mr. Worsley's translation.

a nightingale. The names in these legends were, however, continually transposed, and the nightingale was more commonly called Philomela, while the name of the child is indifferently Itys or Itylus.

In the 'Birds' of Aristophanes, Tereus is introduced as a hoopoo, and says that Sophocles had reduced him to that condition in his tragedies, alluding to a lost play of that poet which turned upon the transformation. He is the King of the Birds, and sings to his Queen, the nightingale, a song which by the purity of its language defies translation. It is only equalled among the nightingale's poetical addresses by the ode of Keats. From an artistic point of view the Greek poem is superior to the English, but only as one sea-shell is more beautiful than another. The transparent and pearly grace of the former is indeed inimitable; but through the "twisted convolutions" of the latter one may catch a deeper murmur of imagination, a far-off moan of "perilous seas in faery lands forlorn," which will make it even dearer to the heart than the perfect Greek.

One of the most charming of Mr. Swinburne's earlier poems is based upon this legend of Itylus. The nightingale, whose constant heart is ever brooding over the old woe, rebukes—half in pity and half in scorn—the light heart of her sister, the swallow:—

> O sweet, stray sister, O shifting swallow,
> The heart's division divideth us.
> Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;
> But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
> To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
> The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!
> The hands that cling, and the feet that follow,
> The voice of the child's blood crying yet
> "Who hath remembered me? Who hath forgotten?"
> Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
> But the world shall end when I forget.*

This is the disdain of Antigone towards Ismene—of Romola towards Tito—the universal lament of the earnest and clear-sighted for the purblind creatures of the hour, the slaves of convention or of self. In the same spirit the terrible cries of Cassandra, in her prophetic agony before the murder of herself and Agamemnon, are compared by Æschylus to the nightingale's deep and persistent anguish:

> *Chorus.* Distraught thou art, divinely stirred,
> And wailest for thyself a tuneless lay,
> As piteous as the ceaseless tale
> Wherewith the brown melodious bird
> Doth ever Itys! Itys! wail,
> Deep-bowered in sorrow, all its little life-time's day!

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* *Poems and Ballads*, 'Itylus,' p. 62. Fifth edition.

Cassandra. Alas! O happy nightingale!
Some solace for thy woes did Heaven afford,
Clothed thee with soft brown plumes, and life apart from bale;
But for my death is edged the double-biting sword! *

Never, surely was the leafy seclusion of the sorrowful bird more sweetly described than in that spiritual phrase "deep-bowered in sorrow" (ἀμφιβαλῆ κακοῖς)! It is paralleled only by Shelley's description of the poet "hidden in the light of thought."

The nightingale appears again as an emblem of deep and constant devotion in Catullus's poem to Hortalus after the death of his brother, admirably translated by Sir Theodore Martin:

Oh, is thy voice for ever hushed and still?
Oh, brother, dearer far than life, shall I
Behold thee never? But in sooth I will
For ever love thee, as in days gone by;
And ever through my songs shall ring a cry
Sad with thy death, sad as in thickest shade
Of intertangled boughs the melody
Which by the woeful Daulian bird is made
Sobbing for Itys dead her wail through all the glade.†

Sophocles, "singer of sweet Colonos, and its child," tells how the "feathered flocks of nightingales" (πυκνόπτεροι ἀηδόνες) loved his native home, especially in that passage which he is said to have recited to his judges when accused of dotage:—

Welcome, stranger! Thou art come
To the best and brightest home
In all this land of goodly horses seen;
To Colonos glistening white,
Where the tuneful nightingale,
Under dells of living green,
Mourneth sweetly all the night
With plaintive wail,
Amid the ivy-berries dark as wine.
Dwelling in the leafy grove
Where no mortal step may rove,
Where the sunshine falls not ever
Through the fruitage of the trees,
And the wintry tempest never
Stirs the charmèd leaf with breeze—
There wild Bacchus roams for aye,
In joyous revelry,
Among the nymphs who nursed his youth divine.‡

This constancy of the bird to one favoured spot, and to one favourite tree or bush, has been often noted. Shakespeare, who seldom alludes to

* Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, v. 116 *sqq.* Mr. Morshead's translation.
† *The Poems of Catullus.* Translated by Theodore Martin, p. 101.
‡ Sophocles, *Œdipus Coloneus*, 668–680.

the nightingale, and who makes Portia say that more than half the charm of her song is lent by the silence of the surrounding night,* had evidently observed this habit, for Juliet tells her lover when he is called from her by the lark's morning song—

> It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
> That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
> *Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.*†

The poets have often attributed the sorrows of the nightingale to the loss of her young. Virgil compares with her song that of Orpheus after the loss of Eurydice :—

> So Philomela, 'mid the poplar shade,
> Bemoans her captive brood—the cruel hind
> Saw them unplumed, and took them—but all night
> Grieves she, and, sitting on a bough, runs o'er
> Her wretched tale, and fills the woods with woe.‡

There is a story told by the Rev. J. Lambert, sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, which shows how true to nature was the poet's description in this passage. He says that he once found the keeper of a toll-gate near Cambridge, and his wife, both plunged in a state of deep dejection, and, upon his inquiring the cause, he was told that a nightingale was in the habit of singing every night near their cottage; but some boys had stolen her young from the nest, and since her loss the mother-bird had mourned all night in a strain of such irresistible pathos that she had infected the gate-keeper and his wife with her own melancholy.

A reason more commonly assigned for the grief of "the gentle bird who sings of pity best," is that she is suffering from the pangs of love. We know how

> The fancy sweet of Persia feign'd the love
> Of the voluptuous rose and nightingale;

and in English poetry she is "the love-lorn nightingale"—

> The wakeful nightingale,
> Who all night long her amorous descant pours;

who

> Tunes her voice to soft complaints of love,
> Making her life one great harmonious woe;

---

* I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.—*Merchant of Venice*, V. i.

† *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. Contrast with this passage the following, from a poem attributed to Shakespeare in *The Passionate Pilgrim* :—

> While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
> And wish her lays were tuned like the lark,
> For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty.

‡ Virgil, *Georgic* iv. 511–515. Translated by W. S. Landor, in *Dry St*[illegible]

the poet of the Seasons thought she ought to be happy enough only knew her own blessedness:

> O nightingale, best poet of the grove!
> That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
> Blest in the full possession of thy love:
> O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me!

er relates a tradition that it is a good omen for lovers to hear the ngale before "the sorry bird, the leud cuckow," and Milton has d upon this superstition the most musical of his sonnets. Both complain of their bad luck, but they would seem to have been ionally unfortunate; and lovers may comfort themselves that the s are in favour of their hearing the nightingale some time before cuckoo's shallow bill." Indeed, Cowper had the extraordinary e to hear her "liquid notes" so early as "the foremost day of all ear," and welcomed them, in his dejection, as containing a presage pier days:

> Thrice welcome, then! for many a long
> And joyless year have I,
> As thou to-day, put forth my song
> Beneath a wintry sky.

e is the sweetest of all summer's harbingers. Ben Jonson, trans- with a touch of modern fancy one of Sappho's sweet stray verses,* er "the dear glad angel of the spring." No superstition is needed ure her a welcome.

modern times a question has been raised whether the poets were in calling her song so sad and mournful. She was frequently ented as the one exception to the general joy of summer:—

> Everything did banish moan,
> Save the nightingale alone.
> She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
> Lean'd her breast against a thorn,†
> And then sung the dolefullest ditty
> That to hear it was great pity.
> Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry—
> Tereu, tereu! by and by;
> That to hear her so complain
> Scarce I could from tears refrain,
> For her grief so lively shown
> Made me think upon mine own.
> —Ah! thought I, thou mournst in vain,
> None takes pity on thy pain:
> Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
> Ruthless beasts, they will not chear thee;

ος ἱμερόφωνος ἄγγελος ἀηδών.

ompare Mrs. Browning, *The Lost Bower*:—

> Never nightingale so singeth:
> Oh! she leans on thorny tree!

King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead:
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.*

Chaucer, indeed, speaks of the "merry nightingale," but he also has "the merry organ of the mass," meaning the solemn church organ; and, in fact, the epithet did not then convey its present meaning, but was applied to any hearty and strenuous effort. The first attempt to refute the popular opinion that the nightingale is, as it appeared to Milton's pensive man, a "most musical, most melancholy bird," is to be found in Coleridge:—

A melancholy bird! Oh idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,—
(And so, poor wretch, filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow,) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain;
And many a poet echoes the conceit.†

And again in the same poem he says—

'Tis the merry nightingale,
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

The belief that "in Nature there is nothing melancholy" followed naturally from Coleridge's subjective view of the outer world—that

We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone doth Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth—

* Richard Barnfield, "As it fell upon a day"—an ode falsely attributed to Shakespeare in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

† Coleridge, *Sibylline Leaves*, "The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem," April 1798. Hartley Coleridge has a poem on this "discovery" of his father ("The Nightingale," vol. ii. p. 86). He speaks of him as "a mighty bard" who on this occasion found out "that mighty poets may mistaken be"—an irresistible suggestion of the old logical puzzle of Epimenides the Cretan!

And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element! *

it to those who lean to the Nature-worship of Wordsworth, loving form of life, and sympathising with the joys and sorrows which ver creatures share with man in the general struggle for existence evelopment, these lines of Coleridge will seem to savour of heresy, have no excuse save the ever-valid plea of beauty. They would suggest that the nightingale's song is infinitely various, and that compounded of many emotions, some pleasing and some sad, so

In the mid-most heart of grief
Her passion clasps a secret joy.

they would quote the verses in which Hartley Coleridge gives ssion to this view :—

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.

Oh nightingale! what does she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky
And the daylight that awakes him.

As sweet a lay, as loud as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.

By night and day she tunes her lay
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow! †

song, however, generally expresses a passion so intense that it ot be analysed into any cheaper emotions. It burns into the heart ances, in Mrs. Browning's poem, the remembrance of her own fierce hern love :—

We scarce knew if our nature meant
Most passionate earth or intense heaven.
The nightingales, the nightingales!

* Coleridge, *Sibylline Leaves*, "Dejection: an Ode," iv.
† Hartley Coleridge, vol. i. p. 57. Moxon, 2nd edition.

We paled with love, we shook with love;
  We kissed so close we could not vow;
Till Giulio whispered, "Sweet, above
  God's Ever guarantees this Now."
And through his words the nightingales
  Drove straight and full their long clear call,
Like arrows through heroic mails,
  And love was awful in it all.
    The nightingales, the nightingales! *

At the end of the poem, Bianca is almost maddened by the bird's persistent repetition of an anguish so like her own, and cries out—

Oh owl-like birds! They sing for spite,
  They sing for hate, they sing for doom!
They'll sing thro' death who sing thro' night,
  They'll sing and stun me in the tomb!
    The nightingales, the nightingales!

With all this fiery passion there seems, moreover, to be some artistic feeling in the bird. It has been remarked that she usually selects for her song a place where there is a good echo. She also seems to share the proverbial jealousy of artists. "Nightingales," says Pliny, "emulate one another, and the contention is plainly an animated one. The conquered often ends its life, its spirit failing sooner than its song." Nay, they will not brook a human rival. The story of Strada's nightingale, as told in Latin by Vincent Bourne, and by Cowper in English, is well known:—

The shepherd touched his reed: sweet Philomel
  Essayed and oft essayed to catch the strain;
And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
  The numbers, echoed note for note again.

The contention which ensues leads to a fatal end:—

She dared the task, and, rising as he rose,
  With all the force that passion gives inspired,
Returned the sounds awhile; but in the close,
  Exhausted fell, and at his feet expired.

Tennyson represents her, however, as secretly owning to herself the superiority of the poet's song:—

The nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
  But never a one so gay;
For he sings of what the world will be
  When the years have died away.

And one of Mrs. Browning's allegories shows how the bird is indebted to the poet for the glory of her song:

Said a people to a poet: "Go out from among us straightway.
While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine.
There's a little fair brown nightingale who, sitting in the gateway,
Makes fitter music to our ear than any song of thine!"

* Mrs. Browning, *Bianca among the Nightingales.*

The poet went out weeping—the nightingale ceased chanting:
"Now wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy sweetness done?"
"I cannot sing my earthly things, the heavenly poet wanting,
Whose highest harmony includes the lowest under sun." *

Finally, when both man and bird are dead, the music left in the place

Was only of the poet's song, and not the nightingale's.

The fable may be construed literally. A halo of poetry has been thrown round this earthly minstrel by the love and tuneful worship of the heavenly poets. She has found a passage from her soul to man, and many an answering note is mingled with her native strain, giving it a richness and variety of suggestion that is not surpassed in any natural sound. Her song is thus, for the cultivated, in harmony with the noblest emotions—hope and remorse, devotion to the dead, and passionate love of the living. It trembles with the pathos of Catullus, and swells with the rapture of Keats. Like a voice from higher levels of life, it rings out the fateful warnings of an unheeded Cassandra against the littleness and tyranny of men, and then thrills us with such an exquisite tenderness of hope and love that "the nightingales awake" in our own hearts, and fill us with joy.

C. J. BILLSON.

* Mrs. Browning, *The Poet and the Bird.*

The Hill Tribes of Burma.

THE ordinary idea of nomadic tribes is that they are a lazy, shiftless race, who wander about seeking pasturage for their flocks, and occasionally, like the Huns, Arabs, and Tartars, vary the monotony of their existence by waging wars of conquest on the peaceful, settled inhabitants of the cultivated plains. Nomads, therefore, on the whole bear but a very indifferent character. Such roving bands as the Kurds, Finns, or Gauchos are held to be, indeed, a little superior in civilisation to mere hunters or fishermen, but immeasurably below the dwellers in the lowlands, who support themselves by agriculture and manufactures. But this generalisation is apt to be mistaken in some cases. The hill tribes of Burma are cultivators of the soil, and gather in their harvests with much hard work and trouble, yet they are as homeless and doomed to roam as any Bedouin or Mongolian of them all. Rice can be grown on the fat plain-lands year after year with never diminished return, and no greater labour than is implied in turning loose a number of buffaloes or oxen to poach up the soft ground with their hoofs, as an easy substitute for ploughing; and later on setting the women and young children to plant out the young seedlings from the paddy nursery, an operation effected with a little knobbed stick and not incompatible with smoking a cigar. But on the steep hill-sides it is a very different matter. There the jungle grows fast and dense, and the torrent rains wash away all the soil that is not held together by the roots of vegetable growth of some kind. About the month of February the hill people have to set about clearing the jungle from the slopes near their temporary village. Year after year it is the same, for when one crop has been grown the worn-out soil must lie fallow for seven summers and winters before it will yield a harvest again. Therefore, when the cold weather is drawing to a close, each householder selects the patch which he proposes to cultivate and sets about cutting down the jungle on it. It is hard work in any case, but perhaps least so when the trees are very large. This would seem puzzling to an ordinary woodman, but is explained by the ingenious device of these experienced foresters. They cut a slight notch on the under side of the bottom row of trees, and proceed upwards, for the clearing is always on a slope, cutting gradually deeper and deeper into the stems, and leaving as a rule the smaller trees untouched, until they come to the top of the patch, where the tree-trunks are completely cut through and, falling on those below, snap them over, and so the whole acre or two of forest goes down with one great grinding crash. Even with this lightening of the toil it takes many days, but by the end of

April the jungle has been cut long enough to be dry and ready for burning. But still the anxieties of the cultivator are not at an end, and considerable judgment has to be exercised in even so seemingly slight a matter as choosing the time to set fire to the miscellaneous heap. The huge tree-trunks require a lot of burning, and often smoulder for long over a week. If the timber is fired too long before the rains come, the ashes become dry and light, and are carried off by the wind, so that a great portion of the fertilising element is lost, and only a very scanty crop is the result. If, on the other hand, the kindling is too long delayed, the rain comes and extinguishes the flames. Great half-charred logs cumber the ground, and the undergrowth becomes soppy and wet, and will not burn at all, and a more or less total failure of the harvest is the result, with most direful consequences to the farmer. This hill rice cultivation is therefore a terribly uncertain support, and yet there is little to replace it; for tea and coffee plantations, even if the tribesmen had the requisite skill and experience, would have but a very doubtful chance of success; besides that you cannot eat tea-leaves or grow fat on coffee-beans, and the lowland Burmans would hardly barter a sufficient quantity of rice, the staple of Oriental life, for such commodities, and the hill community would therefore probably have to starve.

But supposing all to go well—the mass of timber to be well burnt, the surface of the ground to be broken up by the heat, and the first rains to come immediately afterwards—there is abundance of hard work before the husbandman. The whole of the field has to be laboriously hoed with the rudely fashioned "mamootie" to mix in the ash manure, and then follows the sowing. In some few lucky places, found two or three times in the nomad's lifetime, this may be done by scattering broadcast; but in the great majority of districts it is a far more toilsome matter. Holes have to be dibbled in the ground—not the soft slime of the plains, but obstinate mountain soil—and into each hole a precious grain of rice is dropped. After a short time, when the young plants have sprung up a little above the surface, Indian corn, cotton, and capsicums are planted in between the ridges, to serve as a last resource in case the paddy crop should fail; and near the frail bamboo house, run up in a sheltered place hard by, there are yams, their tendrils creeping over some logs laid there for the purpose, a row or two of sugar-canes, somewhat stringy and sapless in such uncongenial ground, and a score or so of betel vines to supply the leaf wherein to wrap the areca nut, the fragment of tobacco and cutch, and the *soupçon* of lime which will, when chewed, furnish philosophy and resignation to the farmer if all does not go well. Even with the sowing the toil is not over. Occasionally the arid soil refuses to produce even one year's crop without irrigation, and artificial channels have to be dug and conducted through the clearing, and infinite care is necessary to prevent the water from carrying off all the earth with it. Then a small hut has to be built on posts in the middle of the field, and some member of the family has to be perpetually

on watch there against birds and beasts. By day noisy flocks of buntings and screaming green parrots would fain devour the ripening grain, and by night herds of wild pigs would soon root up and destroy the whole field. In addition to this, if the rice is stunted in its growth the weeds are not. Two or three times during the summer the whole family has to turn out to rescue the corn from strangulation, and the youthful highlander is called upon at a very early age to learn botany enough to discriminate between young rice plants and tares. At length in September or October reaping commences, and the crop is gathered in and stacked up near the house in a sheltered place, where the wild mountain storms will not catch the stacks and scatter them over the hill-side. Threshing the grain out is not by any means the lightest part of the work. In the plains the lazy Burman places his sheaves in a double circle with the heads together, and his bullocks do the work for him, and he is not careful to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn the while he leisurely puffs a contemplative cheroot. But the hill men have neither buffaloes nor oxen, and must, therefore, patiently beat the ears against a log of wood, or humbly tread the paddy out with their own naked feet. The two methods are usually combined, for it is difficult to say which is the more wearisome and monotonous. Then at the end of the year, when at last the rice crop has been stored up, the hill men make visits to the low country, carrying down in long procession of Indian file betel nuts, fowls and pigs, wild honey and bees'-wax, wild cardamoms, and the like, wherewith to get themselves a little money, buy a little more rice perhaps, and some cheap cotton goods, and spare clothes against the cold weather, to supplement the poncho-like cloaks that the women weave for them from hill-grown cotton, comfortless garments with a hole for the head and clumsy folds reaching down to the knee. Now and then speculative Chinese pedlars toil up the mountain paths, with their baskets balanced over their shoulders on the bamboo sticks without which a Chinese coolie is useless; but there is small profit to be made out of the mountain wanderers, and such visits are looked upon as great events in nomad life, and Ah Gwan or Boon Tek, the Chinese packmen, newly set up in business as they are, will probably never make such ventures again.

Then after a short season of leisure, chequered by carousals as long as the "khoung" or "sheroo" lasts, heady liquors occupying an intermediate position between spirits and beer, and an occasional opium pipe, got from the poppies which grow without any tending, the end of January comes round again, and the whole labour has to be gone through once more on a new piece of ground. In the course of three years at most the villagers have usually finished the cultivation of all the land in the immediate neighbourhood of their settlement, and it is necessary to seek out "fresh woods and pastures new" in a very literal sense of the word. Sacrifices are made to the spirits of the forest, the hills, and the air; the wise man of the community pitches on a lucky day, and the elders are

sent out to search for a new locality. They separate and each goes his own way, prospecting until he finds a place which seems to him suitable. He takes a clod of earth and carries it back with him, and when all have returned each elder puts his clod of earth under his pillow at night, and awaits a favourable omen in his sleep. Next morning all the dreams are compared, and the most promising of these determines the site to which the village shall be removed. If an elephant, or a vulture, or any gay-coloured or unusual wild animal, figures in a dream, it is a good presage; so is a loaded cart or a can full of water, a dog or a goat eating, a man carrying meat or sugar. On the other hand, a goldsmith, a barber, a carpenter, a cotton cleaner, a smith, a tailor, are most ill-omened sights, on the principle that such handicraftsmen have nothing to do with the hill tribes, and suggest nothing so much as migration to the plains to escape starvation. An equally unlucky vision is a widow or a corpse, an empty jar or a man carrying weapons of any kind, butter, oil, or milk. Such details have to be carefully considered, for it is very seldom that the elders dream dreams bearing obviously on the shifting of the village, and it is necessary to seek a sign in the other manifestations. Very knotty points occasionally turn up, as when the dreamer sees a heavily-loaded cart, but the vehicle capsizes, or has a vision of a dead body surrounded by vultures. The good has then to be weighed against the bad, and "leading cases" have to be adduced, a book of which precedents every wise man of any credit always has about him. The estimation in which the vulture is held, it may be mentioned, arises from the fact that he is a good Buddhist, and never takes "the breath of fleeting life," but prefers to live in ascetic fashion on carrion. If none of the dreams give hope, or point exclusively to any particular place, the men are sent to spy out the land again and seek inspiration as before. If the result is once more unsatisfactory, recourse is had to another method. A fowl is cooked with great solemnity, and the pioneers sit down to eat it together. It does not take long to get through it. The bones are picked quite clean, and are then broken in pieces and thrown into a basket or an earthenware jar. Out of this each of the elders takes a fragment after the village diviner has recited some "mantras" and incantations over it. The man who draws out the largest piece of bone is designated as he who is to lead out the people, and the place he has hit upon is adopted for the new settlement. The few household goods are soon gathered together, the village is broken up, and the whole community sets out to the new site thus chosen. New huts of wattled bamboo with thatched roofs coming close down to the ground are run up in a day or two, and then the available rice-land—now dense forest—is allotted among the householders, or if, as is more frequently the case, the soil is cultivated in common, the leader assigns to each his particular share of the work and everything goes on quietly and peaceably. The sept seldom wanders very far from its original range of hills. The nomadic changes usually take place up or down the course of some mountain stream, from which fish can be

obtained to eke out a scanty livelihood, and the clan as often as not takes its name from this stream. Thus, as there is no semblance of literature, or even in most cases of a written character, the dialects are constantly changing, and the *patois* of one settlement is often quite unintelligible to the dwellers in a village only "three hills off," according to the graphic phraseology of mountain reckoning.

When they enjoy happy seasons, these nomads—Karenns, Chyens, Kyaws, Kyoungthahs, Toungthahs—know nothing whatever of the regular worship of higher beings. As they pass through the jungle on a hunting or trapping excursion they may here and there tie down the tops of a shoot of bamboo and deposit a few humble offerings of fruits and flowers to the "nat" guardian of the place; but there is no regular, systematic worship, though the fear of the spirits is always on them. When, however, bad times come, they ascribe it to the anger of the demons, either at neglect or on account of some particular offence, and they seek to propitiate the offended spirits with a more organised worship. The two spirits most regularly reverenced are the "nat" of the jungle and the "nat" of the village. For the former, in seasons of public calamity, such as famines or long-continued drought, a little hut is periodically built in the forest, a gaudily-dressed wooden image is sometimes set up, and sacrifices of fowls, offerings of lamps, fruit, flowers, and cooked rice are made for a time, with many prostrations and muttered prayers. The headman of the village and of each separate household—for the system of *patria potestas* universally prevails—directs all the arrangements of the worship, and the reverence paid for the time is very great, and becomes the occasion of a continued festival. Nevertheless, though the worship is thus casual and interrupted, there is a constant fear of the demons, and a desire to propitiate them whenever it can be done without too great trouble and expense. When a new clearing is made, a couple of trees or so are always left standing by each party of woodmen. This is for the habitation of the spirits, the fauns and satyrs of the place, who would otherwise be rendered homeless and would wander about incessantly, a dangerous enough proceeding in itself, but rendered tenfold more so by the feeling of resentment which must inevitably be smouldering in the bosoms of the evicted "nats." Such wandering spirits have been frequently known to fall upon the lonely wayfarer in the forest paths and shake him so violently that he has either died on the spot or has had his brains hopelessly confused and muddled up for the rest of his life. Such dire contingencies are provided against as far as possible by the expedient of leaving a few trees from each strip of jungle felled, into which the dryads may retire and find a home. A superstition of a like character is said to be still found among the Lithuanians, who are particularly careful not to cut down their corn-fields to the last stalk when they are harvesting. In the last few stems left Rugia Boba, the corn mother, dwells; and if she were left homeless famine would probably be the lot of the recklessly greedy agriculturist.

The Saxons have also a similar regard prevalent among them for this latter-day Ceres—a middle-aged, somewhat unpoetical dame, whom they call Mother Gode or Mother Harke. But the hill tribes believe not merely in one spirit of the forest, but in many. In fact, every great tree is almost certain to have its indweller. Not only the foliage and the tree-tops, but the stems and the roots are inhabited, and the trunks in the depths of the forest are as likely to harbour their "bongas," or ghosts, as the fringe of trees left standing round about the village. These "bongas" are disturbed if leaf, branch, stem, or root is harmed; how much more then if the whole tree itself is actually hewn down and burned! The Buddhism of the plains, with its lordly pagodas and temples, that cannot fail to impress the semi-savage mind, aids in keeping up this belief of the hill spirit-worshippers. Under the sacred "bawdee" tree the Buddhas attain to their supreme wisdom, and each succeeding Buddha has his own special tree. That sacred to Shin Gautama, the Buddha of the present dispensation, is the "nyoung-bin," the *Ficus religiosa*, the noble banyan tree. When a twig or a leaf is broken off the sacred tree, whether by an unlucky mischance or for purposes of worship, the ordinary lower-class Buddhist believes that deprecatory sacrifices must be offered up, and pardon sought for the offence. In some districts, and especially in China, it is customary to scratch letters and phrases on the trunk to apprise the spirit of what has been done, and to beg pardon for the offence. This reverence paid to trees by the adherents of another form of faith naturally tends to confirm the hill men in their superstitions, and however much they may be impressed with awe and admiration by the temples and gilded shrines of the plains, they are inclined to regard them as only another falling away from the primæval faith belonging to those who live high up in the mountains, near to the sun and moon and stars, where the great spirits live, and whence came the first inhabitants of the earth. The lowlanders, they say, are the descendants of the mountaineers, and have degenerated in many respects from their progenitors, but in nothing so much as in the secondary regard they have for the spirits of nature.

Of these spirits there are naturally very many, and it is fortunate for the tribesmen that the nats of the trees are comparatively inferior satyrs, for his whole life is spent in encroaching on the domains of these touchy personages. To obtain land for his crops the forest must be cut down, and the half-dozen trees or so that are left standing afford but a scanty sanctuary for the demons, who at the best of times are very restless creatures, and little likely to submit tamely to a curtailment of their liberties. While, therefore, paying all the respect he possibly can to the jungle nats, as being most directly brought into contact with them—all the respect he can, that is to say, consistent with yearly making inroads on their domains—the hill man is especially careful to reverence the other demons who haunt hills, rivers, lakes, earth and air, villages, and even each separate individual. Some, like the Khasias, reverence particular hill-tops and rocky clefts, *into which the spirits* of the night descend and

hide themselves away, and this is particularly the case with those hills where, according to a widely-spread custom, the dead are buried. Among the Karenns there is a particular hill, the Natulloo, the peak of the Beeloos, man-eating ogres, which not a man of them could be prevailed upon to ascend, no matter on what temptation. Others, again, like the Khumis, worship the earth as the author of all that they possess, and also the sun in its noonday height as the pledge of their safety from foes; or, like the Khurka Khols, join it with the moon and regard the stars as their children. As a rule, however, the only visible places for worship in the mountain villages are the two or three trees left standing when the forest is cleared away. Offerings of fruit and flowers and cooked meats may occasionally be seen deposited near these for the regaling of the nats, and now and then branches are tied down to specially attract the attention of the spirits; but it is rare to find actual shrines constructed, such as may be seen outside almost every small Burman village, where an attempt is made to furnish a visible representation of the demon, and a little thatched house is built, under a pent roof or up in the branches of a large tree, for his habitation. Sometimes the village guardian spirit is localised for the sake of sacrificial convenience, as the Khonds reverence the Nadzu Pennu, the hamlet spirit, in the form of a stone under a cotton tree, or as the Kyaws place in different quarters, usually at opposite ends of the village, upright stones consecrated to the nats of the neighbourhood. Of these two nats, represented by the stone pillars, one, the male one, the "yuasoung nat," guards the village, the other, the female, presides over the river Mayoo, the stream which figures so curiously in many Oriental superstitions, reminding one of the Styx, and concerning which so little information is to be got from those who none the less firmly believe in it. But these spirits thus directly reverenced by the villagers are not really held in any greater estimation, nor are they more dreaded than any other kind of nats. They are only thus honoured because, like the jungle spirits, they are in constant residence, and therefore more likely to do harm when annoyed than any of the other demons. None of the nats, in fact, are held in anything like religious regard. The worship is deprecatory more than anything else. No one wants their presence. If there were any method by means of which they might be got rid of, it would be forthwith adopted, for the spirits never do any good except in the negative kind of way of preventing others of their kind, or stranger human beings, from encroaching on their domains and possibly doing harm. Consequently the religious sentiment never developes itself very strongly. It is only when epidemics or bad seasons come that the hill men exert themselves to any great extent to propitiate their spiritual neighbours, or when they are on a journey in a strange country and do not know what ghosts and aërial wanderers they may come across and disturb in their haunts. Then they bestir themselves and make offerings and mutter prayers, not with the view of invoking any one's protection, but merely with the hope of quieting the demons and keeping them out of the way.

Some of the methods adopted with this object are rather awkward in their consequences for visitors, unless these are acquainted with the habits of the tribesmen. Thus among the hill Karenns—some of whom are extremely fiery and stalwart individuals—when an epidemic breaks out in a village, all the other neighbouring settlements establish an elementary kind of quarantine, to break through which entails very unpleasant consequences on the offender. The hill and forest paths leading to the afflicted village are blocked up in a loose kind of way. A beam is slung across the track, and to this is suspended a heavy stone. Any one passing over this log barricade would have to pay the penalty with his life, unless he was able to buy himself off with the weight of the stone in gold, an exceedingly improbable contingency in the case of most mountain wayfarers. This custom is still to be met with in some out-of-the-way parts of the British province of Tenasserim, and Captain Low tells us that he once found himself in a dilemma of this kind. Like most law-breaking Englishmen in foreign parts, he however got off free. He declined altogether to pay anything at all, and the hill men wisely concluded that the endeavour to exact his blood would be almost as dangerous as to risk the infection, which it is satisfactory to relate did not descend upon the villagers thus intruded upon. Roving demons, who might just as readily carry the pestilence as human beings, are begged off at these log barriers by the depositing of offerings of the usual kind, mostly eatables, as being more likely to produce lethargy, or at any rate good temper, than flowers, a posy of which is, however, frequently very acceptable to the spirits, especially if it is made up of heavy-smelling orchids.

In not a few of the hill tracts there is an analogous custom observed, one which bears a strong resemblance to the rite called "genna" by the Nigas. Before the season for the commencement of labour on the hill clearings the whole village is shut up entirely, and no one is allowed either to leave or to enter the stockade which surrounds it. All the fires in the place are put out, and no cooking is done until the prescribed time, varying from one day to a week, has passed over. These lights are obtained from a "spirit fire," if the district is fortunate enough to have such a Will-o'-the-wisp-like phenomenon in its neighbourhood. If not, the wizard or spirit doctor of the community furnishes fire in mysterious fashion, and mumbles many "gátas" over it before the good wives are allowed to kindle the flame on the household hearth. Till this has been done any visitors there may be, though such apparitions are in most districts exceeding rarities on the cheerless hill-tops, are kept outside, and have to provide for themselves in the way of food and shelter as best they can. Fortunately for them the highlanders are not so inhospitable in their preparations as the Malays and Achinese, who scatter "ranjows" (sharp-pointed caltrops) on the paths and feather the long grass with barbed hooks which work into the flesh, or as certain negro tribes, who hope to make themselves inaccessible to demons by plentifully sowing the paths with thorns.

The worst kind of demon that can get into a village is the creatu known among the eastern tribes towards Siam as "phi takla." The are spirits who have a ravenous appetite that can never be satiate and swallow everything they come across with impartial avidity. T gratify their enormous appetites, and that they may be able to go mandise with two mouths instead of one, they usually take possession a man and devour through his instrumentality. Where harvests are small and so hardly won, it is not to be wondered at that such a glutt in the village is regarded as a public calamity, and immediate measur are taken to expel this devouring spirit from out of the man. T treatment is of the most drastic character, and the unhappy possess personage stands a very fair chance of departing this life before t demon is got rid of. If he survives the prescriptions, internal and exte nal, of the demon doctor, and is yet not delivered of the devouring fiend his inside, there is nothing for it but to turn him out of the place and s him adrift to find out a locality where there are more eatables to spar Englishmen under the influence of the keen mountain air are looked upo as particularly likely subjects for the attentions of the "phi takla." A any rate, they all of them have such remarkably healthy appetites th a glutton spirit could not do better than take up his abode in them.

Naturally when a man dies there is particular care to be taken wha becomes of his spirit, for however easy-going an individual the morta man may have been, experience has proved that his ghost may be an exceptionally testy, irritable creature, and may quite possibly develop modes of annoyance which the living man would have been the first to deprecate. This is made all the worse by the fact that, according to some opinions, each single individual has not merely one but four spirits in his person. These "bongas," when the corpse is buried or burnt, forthwith run away. The one that first reaches the deceased's house settles down there as a spirit of the domicile and has immediately to be propitiated. The other three then hurry on to the nearest monastery or sacred place, and the winner of this second race takes up his abode there as the "demon of the burying." The two that remain then set off pell-mell for the forest, where the quickest of foot installs himself as dryad or satyr; and the slowest of the four, typical of the wandering nomads themselves, who can find nowhere a permanent resting-place for himself, wanders about perpetually in an uneasy way and proves to be the most troublesome of the quartette. He is a ghost in genuine character, and being no doubt soured in temper by his want of speed, roams about in never-ceasing, uncanny restlessness, venting his spite on whomsoever he chances upon. It is these laggard, "unplaced" demons that especially haunt the forest paths and shake up the brains of luckless travellers who come in their way. Probably it is the fate that dooms them to w about which makes them approach most in their character t ordinary ghosts of other countries, such as might fall under the r of the Psychological Society, though that body, if it followed tribes' advice, would probably leave them alone. These unpleasan

are those of whom Servius tells us, and whom he does not fail to denounce as dangerous. "Manes sunt illo tempore animæ, quo de aliis recedentibus corporibus, necdum in alia transiere. Sunt autem noxia." Thus a consensus of opinion stamps them as the most troublesome of the nats.

The Chinese hill tribes believe that man has only three souls, and these are more satisfactorily disposed of. One appropriately and conveniently remains in the grave, another takes up his position at the ancestral board, and the third roams about unrestrained in the spirit world and not necessarily upon earth. Many of the hill women are fond, as in India, of giving their dead child a dog, or (by dint of prayers and supplications) the departed soul of an old and experienced person as a guide, that the infant wanderer may not miss its way on the path to the spirit world. For this reason it was that the Mongolians sent slaves to accompany their dead princes. The Chinese, however, have a more humane idea. They believe that since it is likely that the dead man will be unable to find his way safely to the world of spirits, and may as probably as not stray from the right path, the kings of the under-world furnish him with a little devil to act the part of guide and servant to the newly disembodied spirit on its journey. The Poles used to have a notion of a similar kind, though they, like the Chinese, did not display it in such an unpleasant way for survivors. It was their custom to lay bears' claws in the grave, to serve the dead man as hooks with the help of which he might climb the great glass mountain. According to the common notion among the Karenns, the dead renew as "plu-pho" in the world of Plu, under the sovereignty of the great king Cootay or Theodo, the occupations which they had followed while as yet mortals upon earth—a curious hint at the caste system of the Hindoos, which has no place with the Karenns while they are alive.

Some of the tribes are so impressed with the dangers that may come upon them through departed spirits that they destroy their villages when the death of a grown-up person takes place, just as many negro tribes do with the house in which the dead man lived. It is, of course, a very simple matter with them where the houses are mere wattled shanties that can be restored in a day's time by a moderately industrious man. Where the houses are at all of a better and more substantial character, or where the community is fairly numerous, it is generally found quite sufficient to purify the house with the aid of a witch doctor and propitiate the new nats. Anything that gives very great trouble is much more speedily found out to be grossly superstitious than a measure which entails no great labour, while at the same time, being of a very obvious and extensive character, it seems likely to be efficacious. The destruction of the house or village is of course intended to get rid of the dangerous proximity of the departed spirits, who, according to the Lass and many other tribes, withdraw into a corner of the house where the death has occurred, and have a knack of making themselves extremely unpleasant unless they are well cared for. The Ho have an idea which is curiously at variance with the Western theories as to

the habits of ghosts. This semi-Chinese tribe aver that the spirits of dead men wander about during the day, but when night comes on retire to their homes in the most domestic possible way, for all the world as if they were good solid flesh and blood. Possibly this may be due to the difficulty of suddenly changing the habits they were accustomed to while yet they existed upon earth in the bodies of men, and it may be only the newly enfranchised spirits that act in this way, though the Ho do not say so. The opponents of the destruction of villages to dispossess the nats have a very strong case in the argument that as long as the demons are in the houses one knows where they are, and is enabled to conciliate them with more or less success; whereas if they are ruthlessly evicted they wander about homeless and in an aggrieved state of mind, likely to be extremely dangerous to the luckless wights who come in their way, especially as the victims have not the means of finding out where to propitiate them, however respectful their sentiments may be. It seems, therefore, that house-burning will shortly be altogether abandoned as selfish and antagonistic to the public welfare.

Notwithstanding the troubles that may be caused by the departed spirit, the dead are not on the whole so badly treated as perhaps in countries where "first-class" and "third-class" funerals are to be had. There are a few "skeleton hills" in every district, where the dead are finally deposited and far from which the nomads never go. It is not always possible to inter a body there immediately. The death may occur in the busy seasons of seed-time or harvest, and the corpse is therefore buried temporarily anywhere near the village, and afterwards, when time serves, sometimes as long as several years afterwards, the bones are carried off to the sacred hill and there laid to rest with a few jewels or whatever valuables the deceased may have left behind. The ceremonial observed on these occasions is a tribal secret, and each community keeps the exact locality of its "skeleton hill" as far as possible unknown to strangers, whether of another village or of the plains. Ordinarily these hill nomads are meek, harmless, broken-spirited people, as different as possible from fierce Bedouins or raiding Mongolians. They are too hard-worked to have any time for interfering with their neighbours, and wish for nothing so much as to be let alone. In British Burma many of them are beginning to be tempted down to settled habitations on the lower slopes, or even in the plains; but in native Burmese territory, where they have had dire experience of district governors, whole villages occasionally die of famine and pestilence rather than risk themselves in the low country, where they may be seized and sold into slavery. Nevertheless, in spite of their weakness, whether for offence or defence, the hill tribes are proud enough, and look down upon the inhabitants of the lowlands as "Oukthahs," inferior people, "lowe born" in the physical sense of the word, descendants of the hill men, with no claim to their antiquity or to their nearness to the hea whence came the fallen spirits from whom all mankind are desce

SHWAY

Rossetti and the Religion of Beauty.

Among those picturesque aspects of life which the advance of civilisation is tending to reduce to smoothness and uniformity, we may include that hubbub and conflict which in rougher days used to salute the appearance of any markedly new influence in science, literature, or art. Prejudice—not long since so formidable and ubiquitous a giant—now shows sometimes little more vitality than Bunyan's Pope or Pagan; and the men who stone one of our modern prophets do it hurriedly, feeling that they may be interrupted at any moment by having to make arrangements for his interment in Westminster Abbey.

Now, while it would be absurd not to rejoice in this increasing receptivity of cultivated men—absurd to wish the struggle of genius sharper, or its recognition longer deferred—we may yet note one incidental advantage which belonged to the older *régime*. While victory was kept longer in doubt, and while the conflict was rougher, the advocates of a new cause felt a stronger obligation to master it in all its aspects, and to set it forth with such exposition as might best prepare a place for it in ordinary minds. The merits of Wordsworth (to take an obvious instance) were long ignored by the public; but in the meantime his admirers had explained them so often and so fully, that the recognition which was at last accorded to them was given *on* those merits, and not in mere deference to the authority of any esoteric circle.

The exhibition of Dante Rossetti's pictures which now covers the walls of Burlington House is the visible sign of the admission of a new strain of thought and emotion within the pale of our artistic orthodoxy. And since Rossetti's poetry expresses with singular exactness the same range of ideas as his painting, and is at any rate not inferior to his painting in technical skill, we may fairly say that his poetry also has obtained hereby some sort of general recognition, and that the enthusiastic notices which appeared on his decease embodied a view of him to which the public is willing to some extent to defer.

Yet it hardly seems that enough has been done to make that deference spontaneous or intelligent. The students of Rossetti's poems—taking their tone from Mr. Swinburne's magnificent eulogy—have for the most part rather set forth their artistic excellence than endeavoured to explain their contents, or to indicate the relation of the poet's habit of thought and feeling to the ideas which Englishmen are accustomed to trust or admire. And consequently many critics, whose ethical point of view demands respect, continue to find in Rossetti's works an enigma not

worth the pains of solution, and to decry them as obscure, fantastic, or even as grossly immoral in tendency.

It will be the object of this essay—written from a point of view of by no means exclusive sympathy with the movement which Rossetti led—to show, in the first place, the great practical importance of that movement for good or evil; and, further, to trace such relations between this Religion of Art, this Worship of Beauty, and the older and more accredited manifestations of the Higher Life, as may indicate to the moralist on what points he should concentrate his efforts if, hopeless of withstanding the rising stream, he seeks at least to retain some power of deepening or modifying its channel.

From the æsthetic side such an attempt will be regarded with indifference, and from the ethical side with little hope. Even so bold a peacemaker as the author of *Natural Religion* has shrunk from this task; for the art which he admits as an element in his Church of Civilisation is an art very different from Rossetti's. It is an art manifestly untainted by sensuousness, manifestly akin to virtue; an art which, like Wordsworth's, finds its revelation in sea and sky and mountain rather than in "eyes which the sun-gate of the soul unbar," or in

> Such fire as Love's soul-winnowing hands distil,
> Even from his inmost ark of light and dew.

Yet, however slight the points of contact between the ethical and the æsthetic theories of life may be, it is important that they should be noted and dwelt upon. For assuredly the "æsthetic movement" is not a mere fashion of the day—the modish pastime of nincompoops and charlatans. The imitators who surround its leaders, and whose jargon almost disgusts us with the very mysteries of art, the very vocabulary of emotion—these men are but the straws that mark the current, the inevitable parasites of a rapidly rising cause. We have, indeed, only to look around us to perceive that—whether or not the conditions of the modern world are favourable to artistic *excellence*—all the main forces of civilisation are tending towards artistic *activity*. The increase of wealth, the diffusion of education, the gradual decline of the military, the hieratic, the aristocratic ideals—each of these causes removes some obstacle from the artist's path or offers some fresh fresh prize to his endeavours. Art has outlived both the Puritans and the Inquisition; she is no longer deadened by the spirit of self-mortification, nor enslaved by a jealous orthodoxy. The increased wealth of the world makes the artist's life stable and secure, while it sets free a surplus income so large that an increasing share of it must almost necessarily be diverted to some form of æsthetic expenditure.

And more than this. It is evident, especially in new countries, that a need is felt of some kind of social distinction—some new aristocracy based on differences other than those of birth and wealth. Not, in that rank and family are likely to cease to be held in honour; bu

power is gradually dissociated from them, they lose their exclusive predominance, and take their place on the same footing as other graces and dignities of life. Still less need we assume any slackening in the pursuit of riches; the fact being rather that this pursuit is so widely successful that in civilised capitals even immense opulence can now scarcely confer on its possessor all the distinction which he desires. In America, accordingly, where modern instincts find their freest field, we have before our eyes the process of the gradual distribution of the old prerogatives of birth amongst wealth, culture, and the proletariat. In Europe a class privileged by birth used to supply at once the rulers and the ideals of other men. In America the rule has passed to the multitude; largely swayed in subordinate matters by organised wealth, but in the last resort supreme. The ideal of the new community at first was Wealth; but, as its best literature and its best society plainly show, that ideal is shifting in the direction of Culture. The younger cities, the coarser classes, still bow down undisguisedly to the god Dollar; but when this Philistine deity is rejected as shaming his worshippers, æsthetic Culture seems somehow the only Power ready to instal itself in the vacant shrine.

And all over the world the spread of Science, the diffusion of Morality, tend in this same direction. For the net result of Science and Morality for the mass of men is simply to give them comfort and leisure, to leave them cheerful, peaceful, and anxious for occupation. Nay, even the sexual instinct, as men become less vehement and unbridled, merges in larger and larger measure into the mere æsthetic enjoyment of beauty; till Stesichorus might now maintain with more truth than of old that our modern Helen is not herself fought for by two continents, but rather her εἴδωλον or image is blamelessly diffused over the albums of two hemispheres.

It is by no means clear that these modern conditions are favourable to the development either of the highest art or of the highest virtue. It is not certain even that they are permanent—that this æsthetic paradise of the well-to-do may not sometimes be convulsed by an invasion from the rough world without. Meantime, however, it exists and spreads, and its leading figures exert an influence which few men of science, and fewer theologians, can surpass. And alike to *savant*, to theologian, and to moralist, it must be important to trace the workings of a powerful mind, concerned with interests which are so different from theirs, but which for a large section of society are becoming daily more paramount and engrossing.

"Under the arch of Life," says Rossetti in a sonnet whose Platonism is the more impressive because probably unconscious—

> Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
> Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
> Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,
> I drew it in as simply as my breath.

Rossetti was ignorant of Greek, and it seems doubtful whether he knew Plato even by translations. But his idealising spirit has reproduced the myth of the *Phædrus*—even to the τρέφεται καὶ εὐπαθεῖ—the words that affirm the repose and well-being of the soul when she perceives beneath the arch of heaven the pure Idea which is at once her sustenance and her lord:—

> Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
> The sky and sea bend on thee; which can draw,
> By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
> The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.

For Beauty, as Plato has told us, is of all the divine ideas at once most manifest and most loveable to men. When "Justice and Wisdom and all other things that are held in honour of souls" are hidden from the worshipper's gaze, as finding no avenue of sense by which to reach him through the veil of flesh, Beauty has still some passage and entrance from mortal eyes to eyes, "and he that gazed so earnestly on what things in that holy place were to be seen, he when he discerns on earth some godlike countenance or fashion of body, that counterfeits Beauty well, first of all he trembles, and there comes over him something of the fear which erst he knew; but then looking on that earthly beauty, he worships it as divine, and if he did not fear the reproach of utter madness, he would sacrifice to his heart's idol as to the image and presence of a god."

> This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
> Thy voice and hand shake still—long known to thee
> By flying hair and fluttering hem—the beat
> Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
> How passionately and irretrievably,
> In what fond flight, how many ways and days!

There are some few hearts, no doubt, in which "sky and sea" and the face of Nature are able to inspire this yearning passion. But with this newer school—with Rossetti especially—we feel at once that Nature is no more than an accessory. The most direct appeals, the most penetrating reminiscences, come to the worshipper of Beauty from a woman's eyes. The steady rise in the status of women; that constant deepening and complication of the commerce between the sexes, which is one of the signs of progressive civilisation: all this is perpetually teaching and preaching (if I may say so) the charms of womanhood to all sections of the community. What a difference in this respect has the century since Turner's birth made in England! If another Turner were born now—an eye which gazed, as it were, on a new-created planet from the very bedchamber and outgoing of the sun—can we suppose that such an eye would still find its most attractive feminine type in the bumboats of Wapping? The anomaly, strange enough in Turner's day, is now inconceivable. Our present danger lies in just the opposite direction. We are in danger of losing that direct and straightforward outlook o

human loveliness (of which Mr. Millais may serve as a modern example), which notes and represents the object with a frank enjoyment, and seeks for no further insight into the secret of its charm. All the arts, in fact, are returning now to the spirit of Leonardo, to the sense that of all visible objects known to us the human face and form are the most complex and mysterious, to the desire to extract the utmost secret, the occult message, from all the phenomena of Life and Being.

Now, there is at any rate one obvious explanation of the sense of mystery which attaches to the female form. We may interpret it all as in some way a transformation of the sexual passion. This essentially materialistic view is surrounded with a kind of glamour by such writers as Gautier and Baudelaire. The tone of sentiment thus generated is repugnant—is sometimes even nauseating—to English feeling; but this tone of sentiment is certainly not Rossetti's. There is no trace in him of this deliberate worship of Baal and Ashtoreth; no touch of the cruelty which is the characteristic note of natures in which the sexual instincts have become haunting and dominant.

It is, indeed, at the opposite end of the scale—among those who meet the mysteries of love and womanhood with a very different interpretation—that Rossetti's nearest affinities are to be found. It must not be forgotten that one of his most exquisite literary achievements consists in a translation of the *Vita Nuova* of Dante. Now, the *Vita Nuova*, to the vulgar reader a childish or meaningless tale, is to those who rightly apprehend it the very gospel and charter of mystical passion. When the child Dante trembles at the first sight of the child Beatrice; when the voice within him cries *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi*; when that majestic spirit passes, at a look of the beloved one, through all the upward or downward trajectory between heaven and hell; this indeed is a love which appertains to the category of reasoned affections no more; its place is with the visions of saints, the intuitions of philosophers, in Plato's ideal world. It is recognised as a secret which none can hope to fathom till we can discern from some mount of unearthly vision what those eternal things were indeed to which somewhat in human nature blindly perceived itself akin.

The parallel between Rossetti and Dante must not be pushed too far. Rossetti is but as a Dante still in the *selva oscura*; he has not sounded hell so profoundly, nor mounted into heaven so high. He is not a prophet but an artist; yet an artist who, both by the very intensity of his artistic vision, and by some inborn bent towards symbol and mysticism, stands on the side of those who see in material things a spiritual significance, and utters words of universal meaning from the fulness of his own heart. Yet he is, it must be repeated, neither prophet, philosopher, nor saint. The basis of his love is the normal emotion—"the delight in beauty alloyed with appetite, and strengthened by the alloy"—and although that love has indeed learnt, in George Eliot's words, to "acknowledge an effect from the imagined light of unproven

firmaments, and have its scale set to the grander orbit of what hath been and shall be," this transfiguration is effected not so much by any elevation of ethical feeling, as by the mere might and potency of an ardent spirit which projects itself with passionate intensity among things unreachable and unknown. To him his beloved one seems not as herself alone, "but as the meaning of all things that are;" her voice recalls a prenatal memory, and her eyes "dream against a distant goal." We hear little of the intellectual aspects of passion, of the subtle interaction of one character on another, of the modes in which Love possesses himself of the eager or the reluctant heart. In these poems the lovers have lost their idiosyncrasies; they are made at one for ever; the two streams have mingled only to become conscious that they are being drawn together into a boundless sea. Nay, the very passion which serves to unite them, and which is sometimes dwelt on with an Italian emphasis of sensuousness which our English reserve condemns, tends oftener to merge itself in the mystic companionship which holds the two souls together in their enchanted land.

> One flame-winged brought a white-winged harp-player
> Even where my lady and I lay all alone;
> Saying: "Behold, this minstrel is unknown;
> Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here;
> Only my strains are to Love's dear ones dear."
> Then said I: "Through thine hautboy's rapturous tone
> Unto my lady still this harp makes moan,
> And still she deems the cadence deep and clear."
>
> Then said my lady: "Thou art Passion of Love,
> And this Love's Worship; both he plights to me.
> Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea;
> But where wan water trembles in the grove,
> And the wan moom is all the light thereof,
> This harp still makes my name its Voluntary."

The voluntaries of the white-winged harp-player do not linger long among the accidents of earth; they link with the beloved name all "the soul's sphere of infinite images," all that she finds of benign or wondrous "amid the bitterness of things occult." And as the lover moves amid these mysteries it appears to him that Love is the key which may unlock them all. For the need is not so much of an intellectual insight as of an elevation of the whole being—a rarefaction, as it were, of man's spirit which Love's pure fire effects, and which enables it to penetrate more deeply into the ideal world.

In that thin air Love undergoes a yet further transformation. The personal element, already sublimed into a mystic companionship, retires into the background. The lover is now, in Plato's words, ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺ πέλαγος τετραμμένος τοῦ καλοῦ; he has set sail upon the ocean of Beauty, and Love becomes the ἑρμηνεῦον καὶ διαπορθμεῦον, the "interpreter and mediator between God and man," through whom the true prayer passes and the true revelation is made.

Not I myself know all my love for thee:
  How should I reach so far, who cannot weigh
  To-morrow's dower by gage of yesterday?
Shall birth and death, and all dark names that be
As doors and windows bared to some loud sea,
  Lash deaf mine ears and blind my face with spray;
  And shall my sense pierce love—the last relay
And ultimate outpost of eternity?

For thus, indeed, is Love discerned to be something which lies beyond the region of this world's wisdom or desire—something out of proportion to earthly needs and to causes that we know. Here is the point where the lover's personality seems to be exalted to its highest, and at the same moment to disappear; as he perceives that his individual emotion is merged in the flood and tideway of a cosmic law:—

Lo! what am I to Love, the lord of all?
  One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand—
  One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call
And veriest touch of powers primordial
  That any hour-girt life may understand.

Alas! this call, by its very nature, is heard in one heart alone; this "touch of powers primordial" is intransferable to other souls. The eyes which, to the lover's vision,

The sun-gate of the soul unbar,
Being of its furthest fires oracular,

can send this message to the world only through sign and symbol; the "bower of unimagined flower and tree" is fashioned by Love in such hearts only as he has already made his own.

And thus it is that so much of Rossetti's art, in speech or colour, spends itself in the effort to communicate the incommunicable. It is toward "the vale of magical dark mysteries" that those grave low-hanging brows are bent, and "vanished hours and hours eventual" brood in the remorseful gaze of Pandora, the yearning gaze of Proserpine. The pictures that perplex us with their obvious incompleteness, their new and haunting beauty, are not the mere caprices of a richly-dowered but wandering spirit. Rather they may be called (and none the less so for their shortcomings) the sacred pictures of a new religion; forms and faces which bear the same relation to that mystical worship of Beauty on which we have dwelt so long, as the forms and faces of a Francia or a Leonardo bear to the mediæval mysteries of the worship of Mary or of Christ. And here it is that in Rossetti's pictures we find ourselves in the midst of a novel symbolism—a symbolism genuine and deeply felt as that of the fifteenth century, and using once more birds and flowers and stars, colours and lights of the evening or the dawn, to tell of beauties impalpable, spaces unfathomed, the setting and resurrection of no measurable or earthly day.

It is chiefly in a series of women's faces that these ideas seek expres-

sion. All these have something in common, some union of strange and puissant physical loveliness with depth and remoteness of gaze. They range from demon to angel—as such names may be interpreted in a Religion of Beauty—from Lilith, whose beauty is destruction, and Astarte, throned between the Sun and Moon in her sinister splendour, to the *Blessed Damozel* and the 'maiden pre-elect,' type of the love whose look regenerates and whose assumption lifts to heaven. But all have the look —characteristic of Rossetti's faces as the mystic smile of Leonardo's—the look which bids the spectator murmur—

> What netherworld gulf-whispers doth she hear,
> In answering echoes from what planisphere,
> Along the wind, along the estuary?

And since these primal impulses, at any rate, will remain to mankind, since Love's pathway will be re-trodden by many a generation, and all of faith or knowledge to which that pathway leads will endure, it is no small part of the poet's function to show in how great a measure Love does actually presuppose and consist of this exaltation of the mystic element in man; and how the sense of unearthly destinies may give dignity to Love's invasion, and steadfastness to his continuance, and surround his vanishing with the mingled ecstasy of anguish and of hope. Let us trace, with Rossetti, some stages of his onward way.

The inexplicable suddenness with which Love will sometimes possess himself of two several hearts—finding a secret kinship which, like a common aroma, permeates the whole being of each—has often suggested the thought that such companionship is not in reality now first begun; that it is founded in a pre-natal affection, and is the unconscious prolongation of the emotions of an ideal world—

> Even so, when first I saw you, seemed it, love,
> That among souls allied to mine was yet
> One nearer kindred then life hinted of.
> O born with me somewhere that men forget,
> And though in years of sight and sound unmet,
> Known for my soul's birth-partner well enough!

It is thus that Rossetti traces backward the kindling of the earthly flame. And he feels also that if love be so pervading, so fateful a thing, the man who takes it upon him has much to fear. He moves among great risks; "the moon-track of the journeying face of Fate" is subject for him to strange perturbations, to terrible eclipse. What if his love be a mistake?—if he feels against his will a disenchantment stealing over the enchanted garden, and his new self walking, a ghastly intruder among scenes vainly consecrated by an illusive past?

> Whence came his feet into my field, and why?
> How is it that he finds it all so drear?
> How do I see his seeing, and how hear
> The name his bitter silence knows it by?

Or what of him for whom some unforgotten hour has marred his

life's best felicity, *et inquinavit ære tempus aureum*? What of the recollection that chills his freest moments with an inward and icy breath?

> Look in my face, my name is Might-have-been;
> I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell.

There is no need to invite attention to the lines which thus begin. They will summon their own auditors; they will not die till that inward Presence dies also, and there sits not at the heart of any man a memory deeper than his joy.

But over all lovers, however wisely they may love, and well, there hangs one shadow which no wisdom can avert. To one or other the shock must come, the separation which will make the survivor's after-life seem something posthumous, and its events like the changes in a dream.

Upon Rossetti, as is well known, that shock fell with desolating force. There seems a kind of indelicacy in analysing the poems which reflect the stages of that sorrow. But those who know the utmost anguish of yearning have found in the sonnets entitled "Willow-wood" a voice speaking as from their own hearts. The state of tension which finds utterance in these sonnets is by its very nature transitory. There comes a time when most men forget. But in some hearts the change which comes over the passion of love is not decay, but transfiguration. That passion is generalised, as Plato desired that it should be generalised, though in a somewhat different way. The Platonic enthusiasm of admiration was to extend itself "from one fair form to all fair forms," and from fair forms to noble and beautiful ideas and actions, and all that is likest God. And something not unlike this takes place when the lover feels that the object of his earthly worship, now removed from his sight, is becoming identified for him with all else that he has been wont to revere—representative to him, to use Plato's words again, "of those things, by dwelling on which it is that even a god is divine." It is not, indeed, the bereaved lover only who finds in a female figure the ideal recipient of his impulses of adoring love. Of how many creeds has this been the inspiring element!—from the painter who invokes upon his canvas a Virgin revealed in sleep, to the philosopher who preaches the worship of Humanity in a woman's likeness, to be at once the Mother and the Beloved of all. Yet this ideal will operate most actively in hearts which can give to that celestial vision a remembered reality, whose "memorial threshold" seems visibly to bridge the passage between the transitory and the supernal world.

> City, of thine a single, simple door,
> By some new Power reduplicate, must be
> Even yet my life-porch in eternity,
> Even with one presence filled, as once of yore;
> Or mocking winds whirl round a chaff-strown floor
> Thee and thy years and these my words and me.

And if sometimes this transmuted passion—this religion of beauty spiritualised into a beatific dream—should prompt to quietism rather than to vigorous action; if sometimes we hear in the mourner's utterance a tone as of a man too weak for his destiny—this has its pathos too. For it is a part of the lot of man that the fires which purify should also consume him, and that as the lower things become distasteful the energy which seeks the higher things should fade too often into a sad repose.

> Here with her face doth Memory sit,
> Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,
> Till other eyes shall look from it—
> Eyes of the spirit's Palestine,
> Even than the old gaze tenderer;
> While hopes and aims, long lost with her,
> Stand round her image side by side,
> Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
> About the Holy Sepulchre.

And when the dream and the legend which inspired Rossetti's boyhood with the vision of the *Blessed Damozel*—which kindled his early manhood into the sweetest *Ave* that ever saluted "Mary Virgin, full of grace"—had transformed themselves in his heart into the reality and the recollection; when Love had been made known to him by life itself and death—then the vaguer worship became a concentrated expectancy: one vanished hand seemed to offer the endless welcome, one name to symbolise all heaven, and to be in itself the single hope.

> Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air
> Between the scriptured petals softly blown
> Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,—
> Ah! let none other alien spell soe'er,
> But only the one Hope's one name be there,—
> Not less nor more, but e'en that word alone.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show not only how superficial is the view which represents Rossetti as a dangerous sensualist, but also how inadequately we shall understand him if we think to find in him only the commonplaces of passion dressed out in fantastic language and Italianised allegory. There is more to be learnt from him than this, though it be too soon, as yet, to discern with exactness his place in the history of our time. Yet we may note that his sensitive and reserved individuality; his life, absorbed in Art, and aloof from—without being below—the circles of politics or fashion; his refinement, created as it were from within, and independent of conventional models, point him out as a member of that new aristocracy of which we have already spoken, that *optimacy* of passion and genius (if we may revive an obsolete word to express a new shade of meaning) which is coming into existence as a cosmopolitan gentility among the confused and fadi class-distinctions of the past. And, further, we may observe in him *reaction of* Art against Materialism, which becomes more marked a

dominant tone of science grows more soulless and severe. The instincts which make other men Catholics, Ritualists, Hegelians, have compelled him, too, to seek "the meaning of all things that are" elsewhere than in the behaviour of ether and atoms, though he can track his revelation to no source more explicit than the look in a woman's eyes.

But if we ask—and it was one of the questions with which we started—what encouragement the moralist can find in this counter-wave of art and mysticism which meets the materialistic tide, there is no certain or easy answer. The one view of life seems as powerless as the other to supply that antique and manly virtue which civilisation tends to undermine by the lessening effort that it exacts of men, the increasing enjoyment which it offers to them. "Time has run back and fetched the age of gold," in the sense that the opulent can now take life as easily as it was taken in Paradise; and Rossetti's poems, placed beside Sidney's or Lovelace's, seem the expression of a century which is refining itself into quietism and mellowing into decay.

Yet thus much we may safely affirm, that if we contrast æstheticism with pure hedonism—the pursuit of pleasure through art with the pursuit of pleasure simply as pleasure—the one has a tendency to quicken and exalt, as the other to deaden and vulgarise, the emotions and appetencies of man. If only the artist can keep clear of the sensual selfishness which will, in its turn, degrade the art which yields to it; if only he can worship beauty with a strong and single heart, his emotional nature will acquire a grace and elevation which are not, indeed, identical with the elevation of virtue, the grace of holiness, but which are none the less a priceless enrichment of the complex life of man. Rossetti could never have summoned us to the clear heights of Wordsworth's *Laodamia*. Yet who can read the *House of Life* and not feel that the poet has known love as love can be—not an enjoyment only, or a triumph, but a worship and a regeneration; love not fleeting, nor changeful, but "far above all passionate winds of welcome and farewell;" love offering to the soul no mere excitation and by-play, but "a heavenly solstice, hushed and halcyon;" love whose "hours elect in choral consonancy" bear with them nothing that is vain or vulgar, common or unclean. He must have felt as no passing tragedy the long ache of parted pain, "the ground-whirl of the perished leaves of hope," "the sunset's desolate disarray," the fruitless striving "to wrest a bond from night's inveteracy," to behold "for once, for once alone," the unforgotten eyes re-risen from the dark of death.

Love, as Plato said, is the ἑρμηνεῦον κᾶι ἐιαπορθμεῦον, "the interpreter and mediator" between things human and things divine; and it may be to love that we must look to teach the worshipper of beauty that the highest things are also the loveliest, and that the strongest of moral agencies is also the most pervading and keenest joy. Art and religion, which no compression could amalgamate, may by love be expanded and interfused; and thus the poet may not err so wholly who seeks in a

woman's eyes "the meaning of all things that are;" and "the soul's sphere of infinite images" may not be a mere prismatic fringe to reality, but rather those images may be as dark rays made visible by passing through the medium of a mind which is fitted to refract and reflect them.

A faint, a fitful reflex! Whether it be from light of sun or of moon, *sole repercussum aut radiantis imagine lunæ*—the glimmer of a vivifying or of a phantom day—may scarcely be for us to know. But never yet has the universe been proved smaller than the conceptions of man, whose furthest, deepest speculation has only found *within* him yet profounder abysses—*without*, a more unfathomable heaven.

F. W. H. MYERS.

The Siege of London.*

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

VI.

THE Easter holidays that year were unusually genial; mild, watery sunshine assisted the progress of the spring. The high, dense hedges, in Warwickshire, were like walls of hawthorn embedded in banks of primrose, and the finest trees in England, springing out of them with a regularity which suggested conservative principles, began to cover themselves with a kind of green downiness. Rupert Waterville, devoted to his duties and faithful in attendance at the Legation, had had little time

by that rural hospitality which is the great invention of the people and the most perfect expression of their character. He n invited now and then—for in London he commended himself people as a very sensible young man—but he had been obliged e more proposals than he accepted. It was still, therefore, novelty to him to stay at one of those fine old houses, surrounded editary acres, which from the first of his coming to England he ght of with such curiosity and such envy. He proposed to see as many of them as possible, but he disliked to do things , or when his mind was preoccupied, as it was so apt to be, he believed to be business of importance. He kept the ses in reserve; he would take them up in their order, after ave got a little more used to London. Without hesitation,

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however, he had accepted the invitation to Longlands; it had come to him in a simple and familiar note, from Lady Demesne, with whom he had no acquaintance. He knew of her return from Cannes, where she had spent the whole winter, for he had seen it related in a Sunday newspaper; yet it was with a certain surprise that he heard from her in these informal terms. "Dear Mr. Waterville," she wrote, "my son tells me that you will perhaps be able to come down here on the 17th, to spend two or three days. If you can, it will give us much pleasure. We can promise you the society of your charming countrywoman, Mrs. Headway."

He had seen Mrs. Headway; she had written to him a fortnight before from an hotel in Cork Street, to say that she had arrived in London for the season and should be very glad to see him. He had gone to see her, trembling with the fear that she would break ground about her presentation; but he was agreeably surprised to observe that she neglected this topic. She had spent the winter in Rome, travelling directly from that city to England, with just a little stop in Paris to buy a few clothes. She had taken much satisfaction in Rome, where she made many friends; she assured him that she knew half the Roman nobility. "They are charming people; they have only one fault, they stay too long," she said. And, in answer to his inquiring glance, "I mean when they come to see you," she explained. "They used to come every evening, and they wanted to stay till the next day. They were all princes and counts. I used to give them cigars, &c. I knew as many people as I wanted," she added, in a moment, discovering perhaps in Waterville's eye the traces of that sympathy with which six months before he had listened to her account of her discomfiture in New York. "There were lots of English; I knew all the English, and I mean to visit them here. The Americans waited to see what the English would do, so as to do the opposite. Thanks to that, I was spared some precious specimens. There are, you know, some fearful ones. Besides, in Rome, society doesn't matter, if you have a feeling for the ruins and the Campagna; I had an immense feeling for the Campagna. I was always mooning round in some damp old temple. It reminded me a good deal of the country round San Diego—if it hadn't been for the temples. I liked to think it all over, when I was driving round; I was always brooding over the past." At this moment, however, Mrs. Headway had dismissed the past; she was prepared to give herself up wholly to the actual. She wished Waterville to advise her as to how she should live—what she should do. Should she stay at a hotel, or should she take a house? She guessed she had better take a house, if she could find a nice one. Max wanted to look for one, and she didn't know but she'd let him; he got her such a nice one in Rome. She said nothing about Sir Arthur Demesne, who, it seemed to Waterville, would have been her natural guide and sponsor; he wondered whether her relations with the baronet had come to an end. Waterville had met *him* a couple of times since the opening of Parliament, and they h

exchanged twenty words, none of which, however, had reference to Mrs. Headway. Waterville had been recalled to London just after the incident of which he was witness in the court of the Hôtel Meurice; and all he knew of its consequences was what he had learned from Littlemore, who, on his way back to America, where he had suddenly ascertained that there were reasons for his spending the winter, passed through the British capital. Littlemore had reported that Mrs. Headway was enchanted with Lady Demesne, and had no words to speak of her kindness and sweetness. "She told me she liked to know her son's friends, and I told her I liked to know my friends' mothers," Mrs. Headway had related. "I should be willing to be old if I could be like that," she had added, oblivious for the moment that she was at least as near to the age of the mother as to that of the son. The mother and son, at any rate, had retired to Cannes together, and at this moment Littlemore had received letters from home which caused him to start for Arizona. Mrs. Headway had accordingly been left to her own devices, and he was afraid she had bored herself, though Mrs. Bagshaw had called upon her. In November she had travelled to Italy, not by way of Cannes.

"What do you suppose she'll do in Rome?" Waterville had asked; his imagination failing him here, for he had not yet trodden the Seven Hills.

"I haven't the least idea. And I don't care!" Littlemore added in a moment. Before he left London he mentioned to Waterville that Mrs. Headway, on his going to take leave of her in Paris, had made another, and a rather unexpected, attack. "About the society business—she said I must really do something—she couldn't go on in that way. And she appealed to me in the name—I don't think I quite know how to say it."

"I should be very glad if you would try," said Waterville, who was constantly reminding himself that Americans in Europe were, after all, in a manner, to a man in his position, as the sheep to the shepherd.

"Well, in the name of the affection that we had formerly entertained for each other."

"The affection?"

"So she was good enough to call it. But I deny it all. If one had to have an affection for every woman one used to sit up 'evenings' with——!" And Littlemore paused, not defining the result of such an obligation. Waterville tried to imagine what it would be; while his friend embarked for New York, without telling him how, after all, he had resisted Mrs. Headway's attack.

At Christmas, Waterville knew of Sir Arthur's return to England, and believed that he also knew that the baronet had not gone down to Rome. He had a theory that Lady Demesne was a very clever woman—clever enough to make her son do what she preferred and yet also make him think it his own choice. She had been politic, accommodating, about

going to see Mrs. Headway; but, having seen her and judged her, she had determined to break the thing off. She had been sweet and kind, as Mrs. Headway said, because for the moment that was easiest; but she had made her last visit on the same occasion as her first. She had been sweet and kind, but she had set her face as a stone, and if poor Mrs. Headway, arriving in London for the season, expected to find any vague promises redeemed, she would taste of the bitterness of shattered hopes. He had made up his mind that, shepherd as he was, and Mrs. Headway one of his sheep, it was none of his present duty to run about after her, especially as she could be trusted not to stray too far. He saw her a second time, and she still said nothing about Sir Arthur. Waterville, who always had a theory, said to himself that she was waiting, that the baronet had not turned up. She was also getting into a house; the courier had found her in Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, a little gem, which was to cost her what jewels cost. After all this, Waterville was greatly surprised at Lady Demesne's note, and he went down to Longlands with much the same impatience with which, in Paris, he would have gone, if he had been able, to the first night of a new comedy. It seemed to him that, through a sudden stroke of good fortune, he had received a *billet d'auteur*.

It was agreeable to him to arrive at an English country-house at the close of the day. He liked the drive from the station in the twilight, the sight of the fields and copses and cottages, vague and lonely in contrast to his definite, lighted goal; the sound of the wheels on the long avenue, which turned and wound repeatedly without bringing him to what he reached however at last—the wide, grey front, with a glow in its scattered windows and a sweep of still firmer gravel up to the door. The front at Longlands, which was of this sober complexion, had a grand, pompous air; it was attributed to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren. There were wings which came forward in a semicircle, with statues placed at intervals on the cornice; so that in the flattering dusk it looked like an Italian palace, erected through some magical evocation in an English park. Waterville had taken a late train, which left him but twenty minutes to dress for dinner. He prided himself considerably on the art of dressing both quickly and well; but this operation left him no time to inquire whether the apartment to which he had been assigned befitted the dignity of a Secretary of Legation. On emerging from his room he found there was an ambassador in the house, and this discovery was a check to uneasy reflections. He tacitly assumed that he would have had a better room if it had not been for the ambassador, who was of course counted first. The large, brilliant house gave an impression of the last century and of foreign taste, of light colours, high, vaulted ceilings, with pale mythological frescoes, gilded doors, surmounted by old French panels, faded tapestries and delicate damasks, stores of ancient china, among which great jars of pink roses were conspicuous. The people in the house had assembled for dinner in

principal hall, which was animated by a fire of great logs, and the company was so numerous that Waterville was afraid he was the last. Lady Demesne gave him a smile and a touch of her hand; she was very tranquil, and, saying nothing in particular, treated him as if he had been a constant visitor. Waterville was not sure whether he liked this or hated it; but these alternatives mattered equally little to his hostess, who looked at her guests as if to see whether the number were right. The master of the house was talking to a lady before the fire; when he caught sight of Waterville across the room, he waved him "how d'ye do," with an air of being delighted to see him. He had never had that air in Paris, and Waterville had a chance to observe, what he had often heard, to how much greater advantage the English appear in their country-houses. Lady Demesne turned to him again, with her sweet vague smile, which looked as if it were the same for everything.

"We are waiting for Mrs. Headway," she said.

"Ah, she has arrived?" Waterville had quite forgotten her.

"She came at half-past five. At six she went to dress. She has had two hours."

"Let us hope that the results will be proportionate," said Waterville, smiling.

"Oh, the results; I don't know," Lady Demesne murmured, without looking at him; and in these simple words Waterville saw the confirmation of his theory that she was playing a deep game. He wondered whether he should sit next to Mrs. Headway at dinner, and hoped, with due deference to this lady's charms, that he should have something more novel. The results of a toilet which she had protracted through two hours were presently visible. She appeared on the staircase which descended to the hall, and which, for three minutes, as she came down rather slowly, facing the people beneath, placed her in considerable relief. Waterville, as he looked at her, felt that this was a moment of importance for her: it was virtually her entrance into English society. Mrs. Headway entered English society very well, with her charming smile upon her lips and with the trophies of the Rue de la Paix trailing behind her. She made a portentous rustling as she moved. People turned their eyes toward her; there was soon a perceptible diminution of talk, though talk had not been particularly audible. She looked very much alone, and it was rather pretentious of her to come down last, though it was possible that this was simply because, before her glass, she had been unable to please herself. For she evidently felt the importance of the occasion, and Waterville was sure that her heart was beating. She was very valiant, however; she smiled more intensely, and advanced like a woman who was used to being looked at. She had at any rate the support of knowing that she was pretty; for nothing on this occasion was wanting to her prettiness, and the determination to succeed, which might have made her hard, was veiled in the virtuous consciousness that she had neglected nothing. Lady Demesne went forward to meet her;

Sir Arthur took no notice of her; and presently Waterville found him self proceeding to dinner with the wife of an ecclesiastic, to whom Lad Demesne had presented him for this purpose when the hall was almos empty. The rank of this ecclesiastic in the hierarchy he learned earl on the morrow; but in the meantime it seemed to him strange, somehow that in England ecclesiastics should have wives. English life, even at th end of a year, was full of those surprises. The lady, however, was ver easily accounted for; she was in no sense a violent exception, and ther had been no need of the Reformation to produce her. Her name was Mr April; she was wrapped in a large lace shawl; to eat her dinner she re moved but one glove, and the other gave Waterville at moments an od impression that the whole repast, in spite of its great completeness, wa something of the picnic order. Mrs. Headway was opposite, at a litt distance; she had been taken in, as Waterville learned from his neigl bour, by a general, a gentleman with a lean, aquiline face and a cultivate whisker, and she had on the other side a smart young man of an identit less definite. Poor Sir Arthur sat between two ladies much older tha himself, whose names, redolent of history, Waterville had often hear and had associated with figures more romantic. Mrs. Headway ga Waterville no greeting; she evidently had not seen him till they we seated at table, when she simply stared at him with a violence of surpri that for a moment almost effaced her smile. It was a copious and we ordered banquet, but as Waterville looked up and down the table wondered whether some of its elements might not be a little dull. he made this reflection he became conscious that he was judging the aff much more from Mrs. Headway's point of view than from his own. knew no one but Mrs. April, who, displaying an almost motherly des to give him information, told him the names of many of their co panions; in return for which he explained to her that he was not in t set. Mrs. Headway got on in perfection with her general; Waterv watched her more than he appeared to do, and saw that the gener who evidently was a cool hand, was drawing her out. Waterville ho she would be careful. He was a man of fancy, in his way, and as compared her with the rest of the company he said to himself that was a very plucky little woman, and that her present undertaking ha touch of the heroic. She was alone against many, and her oppone were a very serried phalanx; those who were there represented a th sand others. They looked so different from her that to the eye of imagination she stood very much on her merits. All those people see so completely made up, so unconscious of effort, so surrounded w things to rest upon; the men with their clean complexions, their w hung chins, their cold, pleasant eyes, their shoulders set back, t absence of gesture; the women, several very handsome, half strangle strings of pearls, with smooth plain tresses, seeming to look at not in particular, supporting silence as if it were as becoming as candleli yet talking a little, sometimes, in fresh, rich voices. They were

wrapped in a community of ideas, of traditions; they understood each other's accent, even each other's variations. Mrs. Headway, with all her prettiness, seemed to transcend these variations; she looked foreign, exaggerated; she had too much expression; she might have been engaged for the evening. Waterville remarked, moreover, that English society was always looking out for amusement and that its transactions were conducted on a cash basis. If Mrs. Headway were amusing enough she would probably succeed, and her fortune—if fortune there was—would not be a hindrance.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, he went up to her, but she gave him no greeting. She only looked at him with an expression he had never seen before—a strange, bold expression of displeasure.

"Why have you come down here?" she asked. "Have you come to watch me?"

Waterville coloured to the roots of his hair. He knew it was terribly little like a diplomatist; but he was unable to control his blushes. Besides, he was shocked, he was angry, and in addition he was mystified. "I came because I was asked," he said.

"Who asked you?"

"The same person that asked you, I suppose—Lady Demesne."

"She's an old cat!" Mrs. Headway exclaimed, turning away from him.

He turned away from her as well. He didn't know what he had done to deserve such treatment. It was a complete surprise; he had never seen her like that before. She was a very vulgar woman; that was the way people talked, he supposed, at San Diego. He threw himself almost passionately into the conversation of the others, who all seemed to him, possibly a little by contrast, extraordinarily genial and friendly. He had not, however, the consolation of seeing Mrs. Headway punished for her rudeness, for she was not in the least neglected. On the contrary, in the part of the room where she sat the group was denser, and every now and then it was agitated with unanimous laughter. If she should amuse them, he said to himself, she would succeed; and evidently she was amusing them.

VII.

If she was strange, he had not come to the end of her strangeness. The next day was a Sunday and uncommonly fine; he was down before breakfast, and took a walk in the park, stopping to gaze at the thin-legged deer, scattered like pins on a velvet cushion over some of the rougher slopes, and wandering along the edge of a large sheet of ornamental water, which had a temple, in imitation of that of Vesta, on an island in the middle. He thought at this time no more about Mrs. Headway; he only reflected that these stately objects had for more than a hundred years furnished a background to a great deal of family history. A little more reflection would perhaps have suggested to him that Mrs. Headway was possibly an incident of some importance in the history of

a family. Two or three ladies failed to appear at breakfast; Mrs. Headway was one of them.

"She tells me she never leaves her room till noon," he heard Lady Demesne say to the general, her companion of the previous evening, who had asked about her. "She takes three hours to dress."

"She's a monstrous clever woman!" the general exclaimed.

"To do it in three hours?"

"No; I mean the way she keeps her wits about her."

"Yes; I think she's very clever," said Lady Demesne, in a tone in which Waterville flattered himself that he saw more meaning than the general could see. There was something in this tall, straight, deliberate woman, who seemed at once benevolent and distant, that Waterville admired. With her delicate surface, her conventional mildness, he could see that she was very strong; she had set her patience upon a height, and she carried it like a diadem. She had very little to say to Waterville, but every now and then she made some inquiry of him that showed she had not forgotten him. Demesne himself was apparently in excellent spirits, though there was nothing bustling in his deportment, and he only went about looking very fresh and fair, as if he took a bath every hour or two, and very secure against the unexpected. Waterville had less conversation with him than with his mother; but the young man had found occasion to say to him the night before, in the smoking-room, that he was delighted Waterville had been able to come, and that if he was fond of real English scenery there were several things about there he should like very much to show him.

"You must give me an hour or two before you go, you know; I really think there are some things you'll like."

Sir Arthur spoke as if Waterville would be very fastidious; he seemed to wish to attach a vague importance to him. On the Sunday morning after breakfast he asked Waterville if he should care to go to church; most of the ladies and several of the men were going.

"It's just as you please, you know; but it's rather a pretty walk across the fields, and a curious little church of King Stephen's time."

Waterville knew what this meant; it was already a picture. Besides, he liked going to church, especially when he sat in the Squire's pew, which was sometimes as big as a boudoir. So he replied that he should be delighted. Then he added, without explaining his reason—

"Is Mrs. Headway going?"

"I really don't know," said his host, with an abrupt change of tone —as if Waterville had asked him whether the housekeeper were going.

"The English are awfully queer!" Waterville indulged mentally in this exclamation, to which since his arrival in England he had had recourse whenever he encountered a gap in the consistency of things. The church was even a better picture than Sir Arthur's description of it and Waterville said to himself that Mrs. Headway had been a great f not to come. He knew what she was after; she wished to study Eng

life, so that she might take possession of it; and to pass in among a hedge of bobbing rustics, and sit among the monuments of the old Demesnes, would have told her a great deal about English life. If she wished to fortify herself for the struggle she had better come to that old church. When he returned to Longlands—he had walked back across the meadows with the canon's wife, who was a vigorous pedestrian—it wanted half an hour of luncheon, and he was unwilling to go indoors. He remembered that he had not yet seen the gardens, and he wandered away in search of them. They were on a scale which enabled him to find them without difficulty, and they looked as if they had been kept up unremittingly for a century or two. He had not advanced very far between their blooming borders when he heard a voice that he recognised, and a moment after, at the turn of an alley, he came upon Mrs. Headway, who was attended by the master of Longlands. She was bareheaded beneath her parasol, which she flung back, stopping short, as she beheld her compatriot.

"Oh, it's Mr. Waterville come to spy me out as usual!" It was with this remark that she greeted the slightly embarrassed young man.

"Hallo! you've come home from church," Sir Arthur said, pulling out his watch.

Waterville was struck with his coolness. He admired it; for, after all, he said to himself, it must have been disagreeable to him to be interrupted. He felt a little like a fool, and wished he had kept Mrs. April with him, to give him the air of having come for her sake.

Mrs. Headway looked adorably fresh, in a toilet which Waterville, who had his ideas on such matters, was sure would not be regarded as the proper thing for a Sunday morning in an English country house: a *négligé* of white flounces and frills, interspersed with yellow ribbons—a garment which Madame de Pompadour might have worn when she received a visit from Louis XV., but would probably not have worn when she went into the world. The sight of this costume gave the finishing touch to Waterville's impression that Mrs. Headway knew, on the whole, what she was about. She would take a line of her own; she would not be too accommodating. She would not come down to breakfast; she would not go to church; she would wear on Sunday mornings little elaborately informal dresses, and look dreadfully un-British and un-Protestant. Perhaps, after all, this was better. She began to talk with a certain volubility.

"Isn't this too lovely? I walked all the way from the house. I'm not much at walking, but the grass in this place is like a parlour. The whole thing is beyond everything. Sir Arthur, you ought to go and look after the ambassador; it's shameful the way I've kept you. You didn't care about the ambassador? You said just now you had scarcely spoken to him, and you must make it up. I never saw such a way of neglecting your guests. Is that the usual style over here? Go and take him out for a ride, or make him play a game of billiards. Mr. Waterville will take me home; besides, I want to scold him for spying on me.'

Waterville sharply resented this accusation. "I had no idea you were here," he declared.

"We weren't hiding," said Sir Arthur quietly. "Perhaps you'll see Mrs. Headway back to the house. I think I ought to look after old Davidoff. I believe lunch is at two."

He left them, and Waterville wandered through the gardens with Mrs. Headway. She immediately wished to know if he had come there to look after her; but this inquiry was accompanied, to his surprise, with the acrimony she had displayed the night before. He was determined not to let that pass, however; when people had treated him in that way they should not be allowed to forget it.

"Do you suppose I am always thinking of you?" he asked. "You're out of my mind sometimes. I came here to look at the gardens, and if you hadn't spoken to me I should have passed on."

Mrs. Headway was perfectly good-natured; she appeared not even to hear his defence. "He has got two other places," she simply rejoined. "That's just what I wanted to know."

But Waterville would not be turned away from his grievance. That mode of reparation to a person whom you had insulted which consisted in forgetting that you had done so, was doubtless largely in use in New Mexico; but a person of honour demanded something more. "What did you mean last night by accusing me of having come down here to watch you? You must excuse me if I tell you that I think you were rather rude." The sting of this accusation lay in the fact that there was a certain amount of truth in it; yet for a moment Mrs. Headway, looking very blank, failed to recognise the allusion. "She's a barbarian, after all," thought Waterville. "She thinks a woman may slap a man's face and run away!"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Headway, suddenly, "I remember; I was angry with you; I didn't expect to see you. But I didn't really care about it, at all. Every now and then I am angry, like that, and I work it off on any one that's handy. But it's over in three minutes, and I never think of it again. I was angry last night; I was furious with the old woman."

"With the old woman?"

"With Sir Arthur's mother. She has no business here, any way. In this country, when the husband dies, they're expected to clear out. She has a house of her own, ten miles from here, and she has another in Portman Square; so she's got plenty of places to live. But she sticks—she sticks to him like a plaster. All of a sudden it came over me that she didn't invite me here because she liked me, but because she suspects me. She's afraid we'll make a match, and she thinks I ain't good enough for her son. She must think I'm in a great hurry to get hold of him. I never went after him; he came after me. I should never have thought of anything if it hadn't been for him. He began it last summer at Homburg; he wanted to know why I didn't come to England;

me I should have great success. He doesn't know much about it, any way; he hasn't got much gumption. But he's a very nice man, all the same; it's very pleasant to see him surrounded by his ——" And Mrs. Headway paused a moment, looking admiringly about her—"surrounded by all his old heirlooms. I like the old place," she went on; "it's beautifully mounted; I'm quite satisfied with what I've seen. I thought Lady Demesne was very friendly; she left a card on me in London, and, very soon after, she wrote to me to ask me here. But I'm very quick; I sometimes see things in a flash. I saw something yesterday, when she came to speak to me at dinner-time. She saw I looked pretty, and it made her blue with rage; she hoped I would be ugly. I should like very much to oblige her; but what can one do? Then I saw that she had asked me here only because he insisted. He didn't come to see me when I first arrived—he never came near me for ten days. She managed to prevent him; she got him to make some promise. But he changed his mind after a little, and then he had to do something really polite. He called three days in succession, and he made her come. She's one of those women that resists as long as she can, and then seems to give in, while she's really resisting more than ever. She hates me like poison; I don't know what she thinks I've done. She's very underhand; she's a regular old cat. When I saw you last night at dinner, I thought she had got you here to help her."

"To help her?" Waterville asked.

"To tell her about me. To give her information, that she can make use of against me. You may tell her what you like!"

Waterville was almost breathless with the attention he had given to this extraordinary burst of confidence, and now he really felt faint. He stopped short; Mrs. Headway went on a few steps, and then, stopping too, turned and looked at him. "You're the most unspeakable woman!" he exclaimed. She seemed to him indeed a barbarian.

She laughed at him—he felt she was laughing at his expression of face—and her laugh rang through the stately gardens. "What sort of a woman is that?"

"You've got no delicacy," said Waterville resolutely.

She coloured quickly, though, strange to say, she appeared not to be angry. "No delicacy?" she repeated.

"You ought to keep those things to yourself."

"Oh, I know what you mean; I talk about everything. When I'm excited I've got to talk. But I must do things in my own way. I've got plenty of delicacy, when people are nice to me. Ask Arthur Demesne if I ain't delicate—ask George Littlemore if I ain't. Don't stand there all day; come in to lunch!" And Mrs. Headway resumed her walk, while Rupert Waterville, raising his eyes for a moment, slowly overtook her. "Wait till I get settled; then I'll be delicate," she pursued. "You can't be delicate when you're trying to save your life. It's very well for you to talk, with the whole American Legation to back

you. Of course I'm excited. I've got hold of this thing, and I don't mean to let go!" Before they reached the house she told him why he had been invited to Longlands at the same time as herself. Waterville would have liked to believe that his personal attractions sufficiently explained the fact; but she took no account of this supposition. Mrs. Headway preferred to think that she lived in an element of ingenious machination, and that most things that happened had reference to herself. Waterville had been asked because he represented, however modestly, the American Legation, and their host had a friendly desire to make it appear that this pretty American visitor, of whom no one knew anything, was under the protection of that establishment. "It would start me better," said Mrs. Headway serenely. "You can't help yourself—you've helped to start me. If he had known the Minister he would have asked him—or the first secretary. But he don't know them."

They reached the house by the time Mrs. Headway had developed this idea, which gave Waterville a pretext more than sufficient for detaining her in the portico. "Do you mean to say Sir Arthur told you this?" he inquired, almost sternly.

"Told me? Of course not! Do you suppose I would let him take the tone with me that I need any favours? I should like to hear him tell me that I'm in want of assistance!"

"I don't see why he shouldn't—at the pace you go yourself. You say it to every one."

"To every one? I say it to you, and to George Littlemore—when I'm nervous. I say it to you because I like you, and to him because I'm afraid of him. I'm not in the least afraid of you, by the way. I'm all alone—I haven't got any one. I must have some comfort, mustn't I? Sir Arthur scolded me for putting you off last night—he noticed it; and that was what made me guess his idea."

"I'm much obliged to him," said Waterville, rather bewildered.

"So mind you answer for me. Don't you want to give me your arm, to go in?"

"You're a most extraordinary combination," he murmured, as she stood smiling at him.

"Oh, come, don't *you* fall in love with me!" she cried, with a laugh; and, without taking his arm, passed in before him.

That evening, before he went to dress for dinner, Waterville wandered into the library, where he felt sure that he should find some superior bindings. There was no one in the room, and he spent a happy half-hour among the treasures of literature and the triumphs of old morocco. He had a great esteem for good literature; he held that it should have handsome covers. The daylight had begun to wane, but whenever, in the rich-looking dimness, he made out the glimmer of a well-gilded back, he took down the volume and carried it to one of the deep-set windows. He had just finished the inspection of a delightfully fragrant folio, and was about to carry it back to its niche, when

found himself standing face to face with Lady Demesne. He was startled for a moment; for her tall, slim figure, her fair visage, which looked white in the high, brown room, and the air of serious intention with which she presented herself, gave something spectral to her presence. He saw her smile, however, and heard her say, in that tone of hers which was sweet almost to sadness, "Are you looking at our books? I'm afraid they are rather dull."

"Dull! Why, they are as bright as the day they were bound." And he turned the glittering panels of his folio towards her.

"I'm afraid I haven't looked at them for a long time," she murmured, going nearer to the window, where she stood looking out. Beyond the clear pane the park stretched away, with the greyness of evening beginning to hang itself on the great limbs of the oaks. The place appeared cold and empty, and the trees had an air of conscious importance, as if Nature herself had been bribed somehow to take the side of county families. Lady Demesne was not an easy person to talk with; she was neither spontaneous nor abundant; she was conscious of herself, conscious of many things. Her very simplicity was conventional, though it was rather a noble convention. You might have pitied her, if you had seen that she lived in constant unrelaxed communion with certain rigid ideals. This made her at times seem tired, like a person who has undertaken too much. She gave an impression of still brightness, which was not at all brilliancy, but a carefully preserved purity. She said nothing for a moment, and there was an appearance of design in her silence, as if she wished to let him know that she had a certain business with him, without taking the trouble to announce it. She had been accustomed to expect that people would suppose things, and to be saved the trouble of explanations. Waterville made some haphazard remark about the beauty of the evening (in point of fact, the weather had changed for the worse), to which she vouchsafed no reply. Then, presently, she said, with her usual gentleness, "I hoped I should find you here—I wish to ask you something."

"Anything I can tell you—I shall be delighted!" Waterville exclaimed.

She gave him a look, not imperious, almost appealing, which seemed to say—"Please be very simple—very simple indeed." Then she glanced about her, as if there had been other people in the room; she didn't wish to appear closeted with him, or to have come on purpose. There she was, at any rate, and she went on. "When my son told me he should ask you to come down, I was very glad. I mean, of course, that we were delighted ——" And she paused a moment. Then she added, simply, "I want to ask you about Mrs. Headway."

"Ah, here it is!" cried Waterville within himself. More superficially, he smiled, as agreeably as possible, and said, "Ah, yes, I see!"

"Do you mind my asking you? I hope you don't mind. I haven't any one else to ask."

"Your son knows her much better than I do." Waterville said this without an intention of malice, simply to escape from the difficulties of his situation; but after he had said it, he was almost frightened by its mocking sound.

"I don't think he knows her. She knows him, which is very different. When I ask him about her, he merely tells me she is fascinating. She *is* fascinating," said her ladyship, with inimitable dryness.

"So I think, myself. I like her very much," Waterville rejoined cheerfully.

"You are in all the better position to speak of her, then."

"To speak well of her?" said Waterville, smiling.

"Of course, if you can. I should be delighted to hear you do that. That's what I wish—to hear some good of her."

It might have seemed, after this, that nothing would have remained but for Waterville to launch himself into a panegyric of his mysterious countrywoman; but he was no more to be tempted into that danger than into another. "I can only say I like her," he repeated. "She has been very kind to me."

"Every one seems to like her," said Lady Demesne, with an unstudied effect of pathos. "She is certainly very amusing."

"She is very good-natured; she has lots of good intentions."

"What do you call good intentions?" asked Lady Demesne, very sweetly.

"Well; I mean that she wants to be friendly and pleasant."

"Of course you have to defend her. She's your countrywoman."

"To defend her—I must wait till she's attacked," said Waterville, laughing.

"That's very true. I needn't call your attention to the fact that I am not attacking her. I should never attack a person staying in this house. I only want to know something about her, and if you can't tell me, perhaps at least you can mention some one who will."

"She'll tell you herself. Tell you by the hour!"

"What she has told my son? I shouldn't understand it. My son doesn't understand it. It's very strange. I rather hoped you might explain it."

Waterville was silent a moment. "I'm afraid I can't explain Mrs. Headway," he remarked at last.

"I see you admit she is very peculiar."

Waterville hesitated again. "It's too great a responsibility to answer you." He felt that he was very disobliging; he knew exactly what Lady Demesne wished him to say. He was unprepared to blight the reputation of Mrs. Headway to accommodate Lady Demesne; and yet, with his active little imagination, he could enter perfectly into the feelings of this tender, formal, serious woman, who—it was easy to see—had looked for her own happiness in the cultivation of duty and in extreme constancy to two or three objects of devotion chosen once for all. She must, indeed, have had a vision of things which would represent

Headway as both displeasing and dangerous. But he presently became aware that she had taken his last words as a concession in which she might find help.

"You know why I ask you these things, then?"

"I think I have an idea," said Waterville, persisting in irrelevant laughter. His laugh sounded foolish in his own ears.

"If you know that, I think you ought to assist me." Her tone changed as she spoke these words; there was a quick tremor in it; he could see it was a confession of distress. Her distress was deep; he immediately felt that it must have been, before she made up her mind to speak to him. He was sorry for her, and determined to be very serious.

"If I could help you I would. But my position is very difficult."

"It's not so difficult as mine!" She was going all lengths; she was really appealing to him. "I don't imagine that you are under any obligation to Mrs. Headway—you seem to me very different," she added.

Waterville was not insensible to any discrimination that told in his favour; but these words gave him a slight shock, as if they had been an attempt at bribery. "I am surprised that you don't like her," he ventured to observe.

Lady Demesne looked out of the window a little. "I don't think you are really surprised, though possibly you try to be. I don't like her, at any rate, and I can't fancy why my son should. She's very pretty, and she appears to be very clever; but I don't trust her. I don't know what has taken possession of him; it is not usual in his family to marry people like that. I don't think she's a lady. The person I should wish for him would be so very different—perhaps you can see what I mean. There's something in her history that we don't understand. My son understands it no better than I. If you could only explain to us, that might be a help. I treat you with great confidence the first time I see you; it's because I don't know where to turn. I am exceedingly anxious."

It was very plain that she was anxious; her manner had become more vehement; her eyes seemed to shine in the thickening dusk. "Are you very sure there is danger?" Waterville asked. "Has he asked her to marry him, and has she consented?"

"If I wait till they settle it all, it will be too late. I have reason to believe that my son is not engaged, but he is terribly entangled. At the same time he is very uneasy, and that may save him yet. He has a great sense of honour. He is not satisfied about her past life; he doesn't know what to think of what we have been told. Even what she admits is so strange. She has been married four or five times—she has been divorced again and again—it seems so extraordinary. She tells him that in America it is different, and I daresay you have not our ideas; but really there is a limit to everything. There must have been some great irregularities—I am afraid some great scandals. It's dreadful to have to accept such things. He has not told me all this but it's not necessary he should tell me; I know him well enough to guess."

"Does he know that you have spoken to me?" Waterville asked.

"Not in the least. But I must tell you that I shall repeat to him anything that you may say against her."

"I had better say nothing, then. It's very delicate. Mrs. Headway is quite undefended. One may like her or not, of course. I have seen nothing of her that is not perfectly correct."

"And you have heard nothing?"

Waterville remembered Littlemore's assertion that there were cases in which a man was bound in honour to tell an untruth, and he wondered whether this were such a case. Lady Demesne imposed herself, she made him believe in the reality of her grievance, and he saw the gulf that divided her from a pushing little woman who had lived with Western editors. She was right to wish not to be connected with Mrs. Headway. After all, there had been nothing in his relations with that lady to make it incumbent on him to lie for her. He had not sought her acquaintance, she had sought his; she had sent for him to come and see her. And yet he couldn't give her away, as they said in New York; that stuck in his throat. "I am afraid I really can't say anything. And it wouldn't matter. Your son won't give her up because I happen not to like her."

"If he were to believe she has done wrong, he would give her up."

"Well; I have no right to say so," said Waterville.

Lady Demesne turned away; she was much disappointed in him. He was afraid she was going to break out—"Why, then, do you suppose I asked you here?" She quitted her place near the window and was apparently about to leave the room. But she stopped short. "You know something against her, but you won't say it."

Waterville hugged his folio and looked awkward. "You attribute things to me. I shall never say anything."

"Of course you are perfectly free. There is some one else who knows, I think—another American—a gentleman who was in Paris when my son was there. I have forgotten his name."

"A friend of Mrs. Headway's? I suppose you mean George Littlemore."

"Yes—Mr. Littlemore. He has a sister, whom I have met; I didn't know she was his sister till to-day. Mrs. Headway spoke of her, but I find she doesn't know her. That itself is a proof, I think. Do you think *he* would help me?" Lady Demesne asked, very simply.

"I doubt it; but you can try."

"I wish he had come with you. Do you think he would come?"

"He is in America at this moment; but I believe he soon comes back."

"I shall go to his sister; I will ask her to bring him to see me. She is extremely nice; I think she will understand. Unfortunately there is very little time."

"Don't count too much on Littlemore," said Waterville gravely.

"You men have no pity."

"Why should we pity you? How can Mrs. Headway hurt such a person as you?"

Lady Demesne hesitated a moment. "It hurts me to hear her voice."

"Her voice is very sweet."

"Possibly. But she's horrible!"

This was too much, it seemed to Waterville; poor Mrs. Headway was extremely open to criticism, and he himself had declared she was a barbarian. Yet she was not horrible. "It's for your son to pity you. If he doesn't, how can you expect it of others?"

"Oh, but he does!" And with a majesty that was more striking even than her logic, Lady Demesne moved towards the door.

Waterville advanced to open it for her, and as she passed out he said, "There's one thing you can do—try to like her!"

She shot him a terrible glance. "That would be worst of all!"

VIII.

George Littlemore arrived in London on the twentieth of May, and one of the first things he did was to go and see Waterville at the Legation, where he made known to him that he had taken for the rest of the season a house at Queen Anne's Gate, so that his sister and her husband, who, under the pressure of diminished rents, had let their own town-residence, might come up and spend a couple of months with him.

"One of the consequences of your having a house will be that you will have to entertain Mrs. Headway," Waterville said.

Littlemore sat there with his hands crossed upon his stick; he looked at Waterville with an eye that failed to kindle at the mention of this lady's name. "Has she got into European society?" he asked, rather languidly.

"Very much, I should say. She has a house, and a carriage, and diamonds, and everything handsome. She seems already to know a lot of people; they put her name in the *Morning Post*. She has come up very quickly; she's almost famous. Every one is asking about her—you'll be plied with questions."

Littlemore listened gravely. "How did she get in?"

"She met a large party at Longlands, and made them all think her great fun. They must have taken her up; she only wanted a start."

Littlemore seemed suddenly to be struck with the grotesqueness of this news, to which his first response was a burst of quick laughter. "To think of Nancy Beck! The people here are queer people. There's no one they won't go after. They wouldn't touch her in New York."

"Oh, New York's old-fashioned," said Waterville; and he announced to his friend that Lady Demesne was very eager for his arrival, and wanted to make him help her to prevent her son's bringing such a person into the family. Littlemore apparently was not alarmed at her lady,

ship's projects, and intimated, in the manner of a man who thought them rather impertinent, that he could trust himself to keep out of her way. "It isn't a proper marriage, at any rate," Waterville declared.

"Why not, if he loves her?"

"Oh, if that's all you want!" cried Waterville, with a degree of cynicism that rather surprised his companion. "Would you marry her yourself?"

"Certainly, if I were in love with her."

"You took care not to be that."

"Yes, I did—and so Demesne had better have done. But since he's bitten——!" and Littlemore terminated his sentence in a suppressed yawn.

Waterville presently asked him how he would manage, in view of his sister's advent, about asking Mrs. Headway to his house; and he replied that he would manage by simply not asking her. Upon this, Waterville declared that he was very inconsistent; to which Littlemore rejoined that it was very possible. But he asked whether they couldn't talk about something else than Mrs. Headway. He couldn't enter into the young man's interest in her, and was sure to have enough of her later.

Waterville would have been sorry to give a false idea of his interest in Mrs. Headway; for he flattered himself the feeling had definite limits. He had been two or three times to see her; but it was a relief to think that she was now quite independent of him. There had been no revival of that intimate intercourse which occurred during the visit to Longlands. She could dispense with assistance now; she knew herself that she was in the current of success. She pretended to be surprised at her good fortune, especially at its rapidity; but she was really surprised at nothing. She took things as they came, and, being essentially a woman of action, wasted almost as little time in elation as she would have done in despondence. She talked a great deal about Lord Edward and Lady Margaret, and about such other members of the nobility as had shown a desire to cultivate her acquaintance; professing to understand perfectly the sources of a popularity which apparently was destined to increase. "They come to laugh at me," she said; "they come simply to get things to repeat. I can't open my mouth but they burst into fits. It's a settled thing that I'm an American humourist; if I say the simplest things, they begin to roar. I must express myself somehow; and indeed when I hold my tongue they think me funnier than ever. They repeat what I say to a great person, and a great person told some of them the other night that he wanted to hear me for himself. I'll do for him what I do for the others; no better and no worse. I don't know how I do it; I talk the only way I can. They tell me it isn't so much the things I say as the way I say them. Well, they're very easy to please. They don't care for me; it's only to be able to repeat Mrs. Headway's 'last.' Every one wants to have it first; it's a regular race." When she found what

was expected of her she undertook to supply the article in abundance; and the poor little woman really worked hard at her Americanisms. If the taste of London lay that way, she would do her best to gratify it; it was only a pity she hadn't known it before; she would have made more extensive preparations. She thought it a disadvantage, of old, to live in Arizona, in Dakotah, in the newly-admitted States; but now she perceived that, as she phrased it to herself, this was the best thing that ever had happened to her. She tried to remember all the queer stories she had heard out there, and keenly regretted that she had not taken them down in writing; she drummed up the echoes of the Rocky Mountains and practised the intonations of the Pacific slope. When she saw her audience in convulsions, she said to herself that this was success, and believed that, if she had only come to London five years sooner, she might have married a duke. That would have been even a more absorbing spectacle for the London world than the actual proceedings of Sir Arthur Demesne, who, however, lived sufficiently in the eye of society to justify the rumour that there were bets about town as to the issue of his already protracted courtship. It was food for curiosity to see a young man of his pattern—one of the few "earnest" young men of the Tory side, with an income sufficient for tastes more marked than those by which he was known—make up to a lady several years older than himself, whose fund of Californian slang was even larger than her stock of dollars. Mrs. Headway had got a good many new ideas since her arrival in London, but she also retained several old ones. The chief of these—it was now a year old—was that Sir Arthur Demesne was the most irreproachable young man in the world. There were, of course, a good many things that he was not. He was not amusing; he was not insinuating; he was not of an absolutely irrepressible ardour. She believed he was constant; but he was certainly not eager. With these things, however, Mrs. Headway could perfectly dispense; she had, in particular, quite outlived the need of being amused. She had had a very exciting life, and her vision of happiness at present was to be magnificently bored. The idea of complete and uncriticised respectability filled her soul with satisfaction; her imagination prostrated itself in the presence of this virtue. She was aware that she had achieved it but ill in her own person; but she could now, at least, connect herself with it by sacred ties. She could prove in that way what was her deepest feeling. This was a religious appreciation of Sir Arthur's great quality—his smooth and rounded, his blooming, lily-like exemption from social flaws.

She was at home when Littlemore went to see her, and surrounded by several visitors, to whom she was giving a late cup of tea and to whom she introduced her compatriot. He stayed till they dispersed, in spite of the manœuvres of a gentleman who evidently desired to outstay him, but who, whatever might have been his happy fortune on former visits, received on this occasion no encouragement from Mrs. Headway. He looked at Littlemore slowly, beginning with his boots and travelling

upwards, as if to discover the reason of so unexpected a preference, and then, without a salutation, left him face to face with their hostess.

"I'm curious to see what you'll do for me, now that you've got your sister with you," Mrs. Headway presently remarked, having heard of this circumstance from Rupert Waterville. "I suppose you'll have to do something, you know. I'm sorry for you; but I don't see how you can get off. You might ask me to dine some day when she's dining out. I would come even then, I think, because I want to keep on the right side of you."

"I call that the wrong side," said Littlemore.

"Yes, I see. It's your sister that's on the right side. You're in rather an embarrassing position, ain't you? However, you take those things very quietly. There's something in you that exasperates me. What does your sister think of me? Does she hate me?"

"She knows nothing about you."

"Have you told her nothing?"

"Never a word."

"Hasn't she asked you? That shows that she hates me. She thinks I ain't creditable to America. I know all that. She wants to show people over here that, however they may be taken in by me, she knows much better. But she'll have to ask you about me; she can't go on for ever. Then what'll you say?"

"That you're the most successful woman in Europe."

"Oh, bother!" cried Mrs. Headway, with irritation.

"Haven't you got into European society?"

"Maybe I have, maybe I haven't. It's too soon to see. I can't tell this season. Every one says I've got to wait till next, to see if it's the same. Sometimes they take you up for a few weeks, and then never know you again. You've got to fasten the thing somehow—to drive in a nail."

"You speak as if it were your coffin," said Littlemore.

"Well; it is a kind of coffin. I'm burying my past!"

Littlemore winced at this. He was tired to death of her past. He changed the subject, and made her talk about London, a topic which she treated with a great deal of humour. She entertained him for half-an-hour, at the expense of most of her new acquaintances and of some of the most venerable features of the great city. He himself looked at England from the outside, as much as it was possible to do; but in the midst of her familiar allusions to people and things known to her only since yesterday, he was struck with the fact that she would never really be initiated. She buzzed over the surface of things like a fly on a window-pane. She liked it immensely; she was flattered, encouraged, excited; she dropped her confident judgments as if she were scattering flowers, and talked about her intentions, her prospects, her wishes. But she knew no more about English life than about the molecular theory. The words in which he had described her of old to Waterville came back

to him: "*Elle ne se doute de rien!*" Suddenly she jumped up; she was going out to dine, and it was time to dress. "Before you leave I want you to promise me something," she said offhand, but with a look which he had seen before and which meant that the point was important. "You'll be sure to be questioned about me." And then she paused.

"How do people know I know you?"

"You haven't bragged about it? Is that what you mean? You can be a brute when you try. They do know it, at any rate. Possibly I may have told them. They'll come to you, to ask about me. I mean from Lady Demesne. She's in an awful state—she's so afraid her son'll marry me."

Littlemore was unable to control a laugh. "I'm not, if he hasn't done it yet."

"He can't make up his mind. He likes me so much, yet he thinks I'm not a woman to marry." It was positively grotesque, the detachment with which she spoke of herself.

"He must be a poor creature if he won't marry you as you are," Littlemore said.

This was not a very gallant form of speech; but Mrs. Headway let it pass. She only replied, "Well; he wants to be very careful, and so he ought to be!"

"If he asks too many questions, he's not worth marrying."

"I beg your pardon—he's worth marrying whatever he does—he's worth marrying for me. And I want to marry him—that's what I want to do."

"Is he waiting for me, to settle it?"

"He's waiting for I don't know what—for some one to come and tell him that I'm the sweetest of the sweet. Then he'll believe it. Some one who has been out there and knows all about me. Of course you're the man; you're created on purpose. Don't you remember how I told you in Paris that he wanted to ask you? He was ashamed, and he gave it up; he tried to forget me. But now it's all on again; only, meanwhile, his mother has been at him. She works at him night and day, like a weasel in a hole, to persuade him that I'm far beneath him. He's very fond of her, and he's very open to influence—I mean from his mother, not from any one else. Except me, of course. Oh, I've influenced him; I've explained everything fifty times over. But some things are rather complicated, don't you know; and he keeps coming back to them. He wants every little speck explained. He won't come to you himself, but his mother will, or she'll send some of her people. I guess she'll send the lawyer—the family solicitor, they call him. She wanted to send him out to America to make inquiries, only she didn't know where to send. Of course I couldn't be expected to give the places; they've got to find them out for themselves. She knows all about you, and she has made the acquaintance of your sister. So you see how much

I know. She's waiting for you; she means to catch you. She has an idea she can fix you—make you say what'll meet her views. Then she'll lay it before Sir Arthur. So you'll be so good as to deny everything."

Littlemore listened to this little address attentively, but the conclusion left him staring. "You don't mean that anything I can say will make a difference?"

"Don't be affected! You know it will as well as I."

"You make him out a precious idiot."

"Never mind what I make him out. I want to marry him, that's all. And I appeal to you solemnly. You can save me, as you can lose me. If you lose me, you'll be a coward. And if you say a word against me, I shall be lost."

"Go and dress for dinner, that's your salvation," Littlemore answered, separating from her at the head of the stairs.

IX.

It was very well for him to take that tone; but he felt as he walked home that he should scarcely know what to say to people who were determined, as Mrs. Headway put it, to catch him. She had worked a certain spell; she had succeeded in making him feel responsible. The sight of her success, however, rather hardened his heart; he was irritated by her ascending movement. He dined alone that evening, while his sister and her husband, who had engagements every day for a month, partook of their repast at the expense of some friends. Mrs. Dolphin, however, came home rather early, and immediately sought admittance to the small apartment at the foot of the staircase, which was already spoken of as Littlemore's den. Reginald had gone to a "squash" somewhere, and she had returned without delay, having something particular to say to her brother. She was too impatient even to wait till the next morning. She looked impatient; she was very unlike George Littlemore. "I want you to tell me about Mrs. Headway," she said, while he started slightly at the coincidence of this remark with his own thought. He was just making up his mind at last to speak to her. She unfastened her cloak and tossed it over a chair; then pulled off her long tight black gloves, which were not so fine as those Mrs. Headway wore; all this as if she were preparing herself for an important interview. She was a small, neat woman, who had once been pretty, with a small, thin voice, a sweet, quiet manner, and a perfect knowledge of what it was proper to do on every occasion in life. She always did it, and her conception of it was so definite that failure would have left her without excuse. She was usually not taken for an American; but she made a point of being one, because she flattered herself that she was of a type which, in that nationality, borrowed distinction from its rarity. She was by nature a great Conservative, and had ended by being a

Tory than her husband. She was thought by some of her old friends to have changed immensely since her marriage. She knew as much about English society as if she had invented it; had a way, usually, of looking as if she were dressed for a ride; had also thin lips and pretty teeth and was as positive as she was amiable. She told her brother that Mrs. Headway had given out that he was her most intimate friend, and she thought it rather odd he had never spoken of her. He admitted that he had known her a long time, referred to the circumstances in which the acquaintance had sprung up, and added that he had seen her that afternoon. He sat there smoking his cigar and looking at the ceiling, while Mrs. Dolphin delivered herself of a series of questions. Was it true that he liked her so much, was it true he thought her a possible woman to marry, was it not true that her antecedents had been most peculiar?

"I may as well tell you that I have a letter from Lady Demesne," Mrs. Dolphin said. "It came to me just before I went out, and I have it in my pocket."

She drew forth the missive, which she evidently wished to read to him; but he gave her no invitation to do so. He knew that she had come to him to extract a declaration adverse to Mrs. Headway's projects, and, however little satisfaction he might take in this lady's upward flight, he hated to be urged and pushed. He had a great esteem for Mrs. Dolphin, who, among other Hampshire notions, had picked up that of the preponderance of the male members of a family, so that she treated him with a consideration which made his having an English sister rather a luxury. Nevertheless he was not very encouraging about Mrs. Headway. He admitted once for all that she had not behaved properly—it wasn't worth while to split hairs about that—but he couldn't see that she was much worse than many other women, and he couldn't get up much feeling about her marrying or not marrying. Moreover, it was none of his business, and he intimated that it was none of Mrs. Dolphin's.

"One surely can't resist the claims of common humanity!" his sister replied; and she added that he was very inconsistent. He didn't respect Mrs. Headway, he knew the most dreadful things about her, he didn't think her fit company for his own flesh and blood. And yet he was willing to let poor Arthur Demesne be taken in by her!

"Perfectly willing!" Littlemore exclaimed. "All I've got to do is not to marry her myself."

"Don't you think we have any responsibilities, any duties?"

"I don't know what you mean. If she can succeed, she's welcome. It's a splendid sight in its way."

"How do you mean splendid?"

"Why, she has run up the tree as if she were a squirrel!"

"It's very true that she has an audacity *à toute épreuve*. But English society has become scandalously easy. I never saw anything

like the people that are taken up. Mrs. Headway has had only to appear to succeed. If they think there's something bad about you they'll be sure to run after you. It's like the decadence of the Roman Empire. You can see to look at Mrs. Headway that she's not a lady. She's pretty, very pretty, but she looks like a dissipated dressmaker. She failed absolutely in New York. I have seen her three times—she apparently goes everywhere. I didn't speak of her—I was wanting to see what you would do. I saw that you meant to do nothing, then this letter decided me. It's written on purpose to be shown to you; it's what she wants you to do. She wrote to me before I came to town, and I went to see her as soon as I arrived. I think it very important. I told her that if she would draw up a little statement I would put it before you as soon as we got settled. She's in real distress. I think you ought to feel for her. You ought to communicate the facts exactly as they stand. A woman has no right to do such things and come and ask to be accepted. She may make it up with her conscience, but she can't make it up with society. Last night at Lady Dovedale's I was afraid she would know who I was and come and speak to me. I was so frightened that I went away. If Sir Arthur wishes to marry her for what she is, of course he's welcome. But at least he ought to know."

Mrs. Dolphin was not excited nor voluble; she moved from point to point with a calmness which had all the air of being used to have reason on its side. She deeply desired, however, that Mrs. Headway's triumphant career should be checked; she had sufficiently abused the facilities of things. Herself a party to an international marriage, Mrs. Dolphin naturally wished that the class to which she belonged should close its ranks and carry its standard high.

"It seems to me that she's quite as good as the little baronet," said Littlemore, lighting another cigar.

"As good? What do you mean? No one has ever breathed a word against him."

"Very likely. But he's a nonentity, and she at least is somebody. She's a person, and a very clever one. Besides, she's quite as good as the women that lots of them have married. I never heard that the British gentry were so unspotted."

"I know nothing about other cases," Mrs. Dolphin said; "I only know about this one. It so happens that I have been brought near to it, and that an appeal has been made to me. The English are very romantic—the most romantic people in the world, if that's what you mean. They do the strangest things, from the force of passion—even those from whom you would least expect it. They marry their cooks—they marry their coachmen—and their romances always have the most miserable end. I'm sure this one would be most wretched. How can you pretend that such a woman as that is to be trusted? What I see is a fine old race—one of the oldest and most honourable in England, people with every tradition of good conduct and high principle—and a

dreadful, disreputable, vulgar little woman, who hasn't an idea of what such things are, trying to force her way into it. I hate to see such things—I want to go to the rescue!"

"I don't—I don't care anything about the fine old race."

"Not from interested motives, of course, any more than I. But surely, on artistic grounds, on grounds of decency?"

"Mrs. Headway isn't indecent—you go too far. You must remember that she's an old friend of mine." Littlemore had become rather stern; Mrs. Dolphin was forgetting the consideration due, from an English point of view, to brothers.

She forgot it even a little more. "Oh, if you are in love with her, too!" she murmured, turning away.

He made no answer to this, and the words had no sting for him. But at last, to finish the affair, he asked what in the world the old lady wanted him to do. Did she want him to go out into Piccadilly and announce to the passers-by that there was one winter when even Mrs. Headway's sister didn't know who was her husband?

Mrs. Dolphin answered this inquiry by reading out Lady Demesne's letter, which her brother, as she folded it up again, pronounced one of the most extraordinary letters he had ever heard.

"It's very sad—it's a cry of distress," said Mrs. Dolphin. "The whole meaning of it is that she wishes you would come and see her. She doesn't say so in so many words, but I can read between the lines. Besides, she told me she would give anything to see you. Let me assure you it's your duty to go."

"To go and abuse Nancy Beck?"

"Go and praise her, if you like!" This was very clever of Mrs. Dolphin, but her brother was not so easily caught. He didn't take that view of his duty, and he declined to cross her ladyship's threshold. "Then she'll come and see you," said Mrs. Dolphin, with decision.

"If she does, I'll tell her Nancy's an angel."

"If you can say so conscientiously, she'll be delighted to hear it," Mrs. Dolphin replied, as she gathered up her cloak and gloves.

Meeting Rupert Waterville the next day, as he often did, at the St. George's Club, which offers a much-appreciated hospitality to secretaries of legation and to the natives of the countries they assisted in representing, Littlemore let him know that his prophecy had been fulfilled and that Lady Demesne had been making proposals for an interview. "My sister read me a most remarkable letter from her," he said.

"What sort of a letter?"

"The letter of a woman so scared that she will do anything. I may be a great brute, but her fright amuses me."

"You're in the position of Olivier de Jalin, in the *Demi-Monde*," Waterville remarked.

"In the *Demi-Monde*?" Littlemore was not quick at catching literary allusions.

"Don't you remember the play we saw in Paris? Or like Don Fabrice in *L'Aventurière*. A bad woman tries to marry an honourable man, who doesn't know how bad she is, and they who do know step in and push her back."

"Yes, I remember. There was a good deal of lying, all round."

"They prevented the marriage, however, which is the great thing."

"The great thing, if you care about it. One of them was the intimate friend of the fellow, the other was his son. Demesne's nothing to me."

"He's a very good fellow," said Waterville.

"Go and tell him, then."

"Play the part of Olivier de Jalin? Oh, I can't; I'm not Olivier. But I wish he would come along. Mrs. Headway oughtn't really to be allowed to pass."

"I wish to heaven they'd let me alone," Littlemore murmured ruefully, staring for a while out of the window.

"Do you still hold to that theory you propounded in Paris? Are you willing to commit perjury?" Waterville asked.

"Of course I can refuse to answer questions—even that one."

"As I told you before, that will amount to a condemnation."

"It may amount to what it pleases. I think I will go to Paris."

"That will be the same as not answering. But it's quite the best thing you can do. I have been thinking a great deal about it, and it seems to me, from the social point of view, that, as I say, she really oughtn't to pass." Waterville had the air of looking at the thing from a great elevation; his tone, the expression of his face, indicated this lofty flight; the effect of which, as he glanced down at his didactic young friend, Littlemore found peculiarly irritating.

"No; after all, hanged if they shall drive me away!" he exclaimed abruptly; and walked off, while his companion looked after him.

X.

The morning after this Littlemore received a note from Mrs. Headway—a short and simple note, consisting merely of the words, "I shall be at home this afternoon; will you come and see me at five? I have something particular to say to you." He sent no answer to this inquiry, but he went to the little house in Chesterfield Street at the hour that it's mistress had designated.

"I don't believe you know what sort of woman I am!" she exclaimed, as soon as he stood before her.

"Oh, Lord!" Littlemore groaned, dropping into a chair. Then he added, "Don't begin on that sort of thing!"

"I shall begin—that's what I wanted to say. It's very importa You don't know me—you don't understand me. You think you d *but you* don't."

t isn't for the want of your having told me—many, many times!"
ittlemore smiled, though he was bored at the prospect that opened
him. The last word of all was, decidedly, that Mrs. Headway
nuisance. She didn't deserve to be spared!
glared at him a little, at this; her face was no longer the face
iled. She looked sharp and violent, almost old; the change was
te. But she gave a little angry laugh. "Yes, I know; men
stupid. They know nothing about women but what women tell
And women tell them things on purpose, to see how stupid they
I've told you things like that, just for amusement, when it was
If you believed them, it was your own fault. But now I am
; I want you really to know."
don't want to know. I know enough."
low do you mean, you know enough?" she cried, with a flushed
"What business have you to know anything?" The poor little
, in her passionate purpose, was not obliged to be consistent, and
d laugh with which Littlemore greeted this interrogation must
emed to her unduly harsh. "You shall know what I want you
w, however. You think me a bad woman—you don't respect me;
you that in Paris. I have done things I don't understand, my
day; that I admit, as fully as you please. But I've completely
d, and I want to change everything. You ought to enter into that;
ght to see what I want. I hate everything that has happened to me
this; I loathe it, I despise it. I went on that way trying—one
nd another. But now I've got what I want. Do you expect me to
n on my knees to you? I believe I will, I'm so anxious. You
p me—no one else can do a thing—no one can do anything—they
y waiting to see if he'll do it. I told you in Paris you could help
d it's just as true now. Say a good word for me, for God's sake!
ven't lifted your little finger, or I should know it by this time.
just make the difference. Or if your sister would come and see
should be all right. Women are pitiless, pitiless, and you are
too. It isn't that she's anything so great, most of my friends
ter than that!—but she's the one woman who *knows*, and people
hat she knows. *He* knows that she knows, and he knows she
come. So she kills me—she kills me! I understand perfectly
e wants—I shall do everything, be anything, I shall be the most
wife. The old woman will adore me when she knows me—it's
pid of her not to see. Everything in the past is over; it has all
away from me; it's the life of another woman. This was what I
l; I knew I should find it some day. What could I do in those
e places? I had to take what I could. But now I've got a nice
y. I want you to do me justice; you have never done me justice;
what I sent for you for."
ttlemore suddenly ceased to be bored; but a variety of feelings
ken the place of a single one. It was impossible not to be touched;

she really meant what she said. People don't change their nature; but they change their desires, their ideal, their effort. This incoherent and passionate protestation was an assurance that she was literally panting to be respectable. But the poor woman, whatever she did, was condemned, as Littlemore had said of old, in Paris, to Waterville, to be only half-right. The colour rose to her visitor's face as he listened to this outpouring of anxiety and egotism; she had not managed her early life very well, but there was no need of her going down on her knees. "It's very painful to me to hear all this," he said. "You are under no obligation to say such things to me. You entirely misconceive my attitude—my influence."

"Oh, yes, you shirk it—you only wish to shirk it!" she cried, flinging away fiercely the sofa-cushion on which she had been resting.

"Marry whom you please!" Littlemore almost shouted, springing to his feet.

He had hardly spoken when the door was thrown open, and the servant announced Sir Arthur Demesne. The baronet entered with a certain briskness, but he stopped short on seeing that Mrs. Headway had another visitor. Recognising Littlemore, however, he gave a slight exclamation, which might have passed for a greeting. Mrs. Headway, who had risen as he came in, looked with extraordinary earnestness from one of the men to the other; then, like a person who had a sudden inspiration, she clasped her hands together and cried out, "I'm so glad you're met; if I had arranged it, it couldn't be better!"

"If you had arranged it?" said Sir Arthur, crinkling a little his high, white forehead, while the conviction rose before Littlemore that she had indeed arranged it.

"I'm going to do something very strange," she went on, and her eye glittered with a light that confirmed her words.

"You're excited; I'm afraid you're ill." Sir Arthur stood there with his hat and his stick; he was evidently much annoyed.

"It's an excellent opportunity; you must forgive me if I take advantage." And she flashed a tender, touching ray at the baronet. "I have wanted this a long time—perhaps you have seen I wanted it. Mr. Littlemore has known me a long, long time; he's an old, old friend. I told you that in Paris, don't you remember? Well, he's my only one, and I want him to speak for me." Her eyes had turned now to Littlemore; they rested upon him with a sweetness that only made the whole proceeding more audacious. She had begun to smile again, though she was visibly trembling. "He's my only one," she continued; "it's a great pity, you ought to have known others. But I'm very much alone, I must make the best of what I have. I want so much that some one else than myself should speak for me. Women usually can ask that service of a relative, or of another woman. I can't; it's a great pity, but it's not my fault, it's my misfortune. None of my people are here; and I'm terribly alone in the world. But Mr. Littlemore will tell you;

he will say he has known me for years. He will tell you whether he knows any reason—whether he knows anything against me. He's been wanting the chance; but he thought he couldn't begin himself. You see I treat you as an old friend, dear Mr. Littlemore. I will leave you with Sir Arthur. You will both excuse me." The expression of her face, turned towards Littlemore, as she delivered herself of this singular proposal, had the intentness of a magician who wishes to work a spell. She gave Sir Arthur another smile, and then she swept out of the room.

The two men remained in the extraordinary position that she had created for them; neither of them moved even to open the door for her. She closed it behind her, and for a moment there was a deep, portentous silence. Sir Arthur Demesne, who was very pale, stared hard at the carpet.

"I am placed in an impossible situation," Littlemore said at last, "and I don't imagine that you accept it any more than I do."

The baronet kept the same attitude; he neither looked up nor answered. Littlemore felt a sudden gush of pity for him. Of course he couldn't accept the situation; but, all the same, he was half sick with anxiety to see how this nondescript American, who was both so valuable and so superfluous, so familiar and so inscrutable, would consider Mrs. Headway's challenge.

"Have you any question to ask me?" Littlemore went on.

At this Sir Arthur looked up. Littlemore had seen the look before; he had described it to Waterville after the baronet came to call on him in Paris. There were other things mingled with it now—shame, annoyance, pride; but the great thing, the intense desire to *know*, was paramount.

"Good God! how can I tell him?" Littlemore exclaimed, to himself.

Sir Arthur's hesitation was probably extremely brief; but Littlemore heard the ticking of the clock while it lasted. "Certainly, I have no question to ask," the young man said in a voice of cool, almost insolent, surprise.

"Good day, then."

"Good day."

And Littlemore left Sir Arthur in possession. He expected to find Mrs. Headway at the foot of the staircase; but he quitted the house without interruption.

On the morrow, after lunch, as he was leaving the little mansion at Queen Anne's Gate, the postman handed him a letter. Littlemore opened and read it on the steps of his house, an operation which took but a moment. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Littlemore,—It will interest you to know that I am engaged to be married to Sir Arthur Demesne, and that our marriage is to

take place as soon as their stupid old Parliament rises. But it's not to come out for some days, and I am sure that I can trust meanwhile to your complete discretion. "Yours very sincerely,

"NANCY H.

"P.S.—He made me a terrible scene for what I did yesterday, but he came back in the evening and made it up. That's how the thing comes to be settled. He won't tell me what passed between you—he requested me never to allude to the subject. I don't care; I was bound you should speak!"

Littlemore thrust this epistle into his pocket and marched away with it. He had come out to do various things, but he forgot his business for the time, and before he knew it had walked into Hyde Park. He left the carriages and riders to one side of him and followed the Serpentine into Kensington Gardens, of which he made the complete circuit. He felt annoyed, and more disappointed than he understood—than he would have understood if he had tried. Now that Nancy Beck had succeeded, her success seemed offensive, and he was almost sorry he had not said to Sir Arthur—"Oh, well; she was pretty bad, you know." However, now the thing was settled, at least they would leave him alone. He walked off his irritation, and before he went about the business he had come out for, had ceased to think about Mrs. Headway. He went home at six o'clock, and the servant who admitted him informed him in doing so that Mrs. Dolphin had requested he should be told on his return that she wished to see him in the drawing-room. "It's another trap!" he said to himself instinctively; but, in spite of this reflection, he went upstairs. On entering the apartment in which Mrs. Dolphin was accustomed to sit, he found that she had a visitor. This visitor, who was apparently on the point of departing, was a tall, elderly woman, and the two ladies stood together in the middle of the room.

"I'm so glad you've come back," said Mrs. Dolphin, without meeting her brother's eye. "I want so much to introduce you to Lady Demesne, and I hoped you would come in. Must you really go—won't you stay a little?" she added, turning to her companion; and without waiting for an answer, went on hastily—"I must leave you a moment—excuse me. I will come back!" Before he knew it, Littlemore found himself alone with Lady Demesne, and he understood that, since he had not been willing to go and see her, she had taken upon herself to make an advance. It had the queerest effect, all the same, to see his sister playing the same tricks as Nancy Beck!

"Ah, she must be in a fidget!" he said to himself as he stood before Lady Demesne. She looked delicate and modest, even timid, as far as a tall, serene woman who carried her head very well could look so; and she was such a different type from Mrs. Headway that his present vision of Nancy's triumph gave her by contrast something of the dignity of the vanquished. It made him feel sorry for her. She lost no time; she

went straight to the point. She evidently felt that in the situation in which she had placed herself, her only advantage could consist in being simple and business-like.

"I'm so glad to see you for a moment. I wish so much to ask you if you can give me any information about a person you know and about whom I have been in correspondence with Mrs. Dolphin. I mean Mrs. Headway."

"Won't you sit down?" asked Littlemore.

"No, I thank you. I have only a moment."

"May I ask you why you make this inquiry?"

"Of course I must give you my reason. I am afraid my son will marry her."

Littlemore was puzzled for a moment; that he felt sure then she was not yet aware of the fact imparted to him in Mrs. Headway's note. "You don't like her?" he said, exaggerating, in spite of himself, the interrogative inflexion.

"Not at all," said Lady Demesne, smiling and looking at him. Her smile was gentle, without rancour; Littlemore thought it almost beautiful.

"What would you like me to say?" he asked.

"Whether you think her respectable."

"What good will that do you? How can it possibly affect the event?"

"It will do me no good, of course, if your opinion is favourable. But if you tell me it is not, I shall be able to say to my son that the one person in London who has known her more than six months thinks her a bad woman."

This epithet, on Lady Demesne's clear lips, evoked no protest from Littlemore. He had suddenly become conscious of the need to utter the simple truth with which he had answered Rupert Waterville's first question at the Théâtre Français. "I don't think Mrs. Headway respectable," he said.

"I was sure you would say that." Lady Demesne seemed to pant a little.

"I can say nothing more—not a word. That's my opinion. I don't think it will help you."

"I think it will. I wished to have it from your own lips. That makes all the difference," said Lady Demesne. "I am exceedingly obliged to you." And she offered him her hand; after which he accompanied her in silence to the door.

He felt no discomfort, no remorse, at what he had said; he only felt relief. Perhaps it was because he believed it would make no difference. It made a difference only in what was at the bottom of all things—his own sense of fitness. He only wished he had remarked to Lady Demesne that Mrs. Headway would probably make her son a capital wife. But that, at least, would make no difference. He requested his sister, who

had wondered greatly at the brevity of his interview with Lady Demesne, to spare him all questions on this subject; and Mrs. Dolphin went about for some days in the happy faith that there were to be no dreadful Americans in English society compromising her native land.

Her faith, however, was short-lived. Nothing had made any difference; it was, perhaps, too late. The London world heard in the first days of July, not that Sir Arthur Demesne was to marry Mrs. Headway, but that the pair had been privately, and it was to be hoped, as regards Mrs. Headway, on this occasion indissolubly, united. Lady Demesne gave neither sign nor sound; she only retired to the country.

"I think you might have done differently," said Mrs. Dolphin, very pale, to her brother. "But of course everything will come out now."

"Yes, and make her more the fashion than ever!" Littlemore answered, with cynical laughter. After his little interview with the elder Lady Demesne, he did not feel himself at liberty to call again upon the younger; and he never learned—he never even wished to know—whether in the pride of her success she forgave him.

Waterville—it was very strange—was positively scandalised at this success. He held that Mrs. Headway ought never to have been allowed to marry a confiding gentleman; and he used, in speaking to Littlemore, the same words as Mrs. Dolphin. He thought Littlemore might have done differently.

He spoke with such vehemence that Littlemore looked at him hard—hard enough to make him blush.

"Did you want to marry her yourself?" his friend inquired. "My dear fellow, you're in love with her! That's what's the matter with you."

This, however, blushing still more, Waterville indignantly denied. A little later he heard from New York that people were beginning to ask who in the world was Mrs. Headway.

HENRY JAMES, Jr.

For awhile she hid her head.

THE

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By the Gate of the Sea.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the days of the last dynasty of the dandies, and anybody under the age of thirty who spoke with the accent of Christian, pagan, or man could scarcely be accounted a gentleman.

"She is a faine creachaw," said the Captain; "a dayvilish faine creachaw—an exceptionally faine creachaw."

The Lieutenant echoed the Captain's encomium, and the pair struck into formidable attitudes at the porch of the theatre. Little knots of the country people gathered on the other side of the road and surveyed the two gentlemen, who were attired in evening dress and knew themselves to be objects of interest and admiration. M. Gibus had just given to the world his famous invention, and the two military gentlemen, who were in the van and foremost of fashion, had adopted it. The Captain was fully self-possessed under the admiring gaze of the yokels, but the Lieutenant so far yielded to a natural weakness as to take *off his hat* and flatten it against his breast.

It was done with an admirable air of absent-minded habit, and it amazed the bystanders. The Lieutenant felt that he made a telling figure, but when he released the springs and the hat fled back into its former shape he was betrayed into a smile of triumph at the sensation he created, and from that moment he became self-conscious and embarrassed, insomuch that his legs—which were commonly his strong point—became a trouble to him. The passing by of a friend at such a moment seemed almost providential, and the Lieutenant sprang into the gaslit street with renewed composure.

"Hollo, Tregarthen! How d'ye do? Quite an age since we saw you, old fellow. Here's Harcourt. Have you seen Miss Churchill? She's a faine creachaw, an exceptionally faine creachaw, 'pon my word."

The Captain smiled at this echo of his own conversational felicities. The Lieutenant, as he knew, was a fellow of no originality.

"No," said Tregarthen; "I haven't seen her. Who is she?"

"Actress," replied the Lieutenant, successfully imitating the Captain's drawl. "Playing here now. Dayvilish faine creachaw, 'pon m'honour. Come in and look at her. Harcourt and I have a box here. No ladies with us. Doesn't matter that yaw not dressed. Come along, there's a good fellow."

The new-comer allowed himself to be persuaded, and the three entered the theatre together. It was a small house, but too large for its audience, and all its tinsel was shabby as well as tawdry, and most of the gas globes around the dress circle were chipped and broken. An impossible old Adam doddered and dithered off the stage, thumping the boards with a staff like the prop of a clothes-line, and a burly Orlando followed him with his calves in his ankles. Then the scene shifted, and on came a dissipated Touchstone in second-hand garments, and a dowdy Celia, and between them Rosalind in doublet and hose. "Oh, Jupiter!" sighed Rosalind; "how weary are my spirits!" Something knocked at the heart of Cornet Tregarthen. He had never before listened to such a voice, and its tones went through him like a delicate fire. Touchstone jarred in with his answer, and Rosalind spoke again: "I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman." It was downright pitiful, and yet there was a touch of comedy in it. "But I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat." The comedy shone out there with tender brilliance. "Therefore, courage, good Aliena!" To one listener there was such a womanly courage, solicitude, and friendship in the phrase and in the lovely voice that spoke it, that his eyes dimmed and his heart stuck in his throat. Cornet Tregarthen was but two-and-twenty, and youth is sometimes impressionable.

Rosalind, in spite of the fatigue which evidently sat upon her, as straight and lithe as the stalk of a lily, and she had a voice silver bell. The Cornet was short-sighted, and her features we *seen*, but he fancied them lovely. An older and more exp

have been excused for the fancy, with such a voice and such a on which to base it.

s companions expressed their admiration for the actress in their ay, but he scarcely heard them. Even when Rosalind was absent the stage he had but inattentive ears for the Captain and the nant, and he answered them when they addressed him with an "Yes" or "No," or a dreamy nod.

Tregarthen," said the Captain, "has gone spoons on the Churchill." e Lieutenant nodded and booked the statement for future use. aste simplicity and directness charmed him, and he resolved to it to Rylands at headquarters if he saw him before Harcourt did. e play was over, the curtain was down, and the sweet voice dwelt garthen's ears. "Bid me farewell," said the sweet voice, in the ords of the epilogue. It sounded personal to him, and there was ant gentle sadness in it.

When do you join us at headquarters, Tregarthen?" asked the n. "You must find it most intollably dull where yaw staying,

am ordered to rejoin to-morrow," said Tregarthen. "Hazel e that Colonel Pollard will be there. I have not seen him yet."

So," said the Captain, "Old Polly's been on sick leave at Etretat— little village somewhere on the Continent. You'll like him. old bird is Polly. Tells thunderin' good yarn, Polly does. Mostly himself, y' know—self an' ladies, y' know—that sort thing, but rin' good they are. Sly old dayvl Polly is, uncommon."

I shall meet him to-morrow," said Tregarthen, somewhat ly.

He's a bit of a crib-biter, too, Polly is," said the Lieutenant, "bit artinet, y' know; but everybody gets on with him in the long run, hey, Harcourt?"

He's a cursed good old sort, is Polly," the Captain replied with is. "You'll like him no end, Tregarthen. Night-night, my boy. o have met you."

garthen took train and reached his own quarters, and his thoughts a good deal about Miss Churchill by the way. To his mind she e first real artist he had seen upon the stage, and for the time at er voice had taken him captive. Shakespeare for once had found ess worthy to interpret him, and surely no other man who had ivel could have created a part sweet and bright enough for so ite a creature to play in. He smoked a cigar in company with n agreeably fluttered fancies, and then he went to bed and slept y and forgot them. He was not nearly so much impressed with Churchill in the morning, and though she touched his thoughts ttly once or twice he got through the day's business with no great nce from her.

e afternoon found *him at headquarters* with little more than time

to dress for dinner. Lieutenant-Colonel Pollard had resumed the active command of the corps and took the head place at the mess-table. Tregarthen was presented, and formed a poor opinion of the bloated old warrior, who met him with a disreputable jest, and told straightway an objectionable story which grated on the Cornet's ears. When the real business of the dinner began the manners of the officer in command were not at all to the taste of the young gentleman, who was possibly fastidious. The Colonel's eyes goggled and his face crimsoned as he strained over the table to get at his soup, and his wicked speech was half choked by wheezings and pantings. He gobbled as a gentleman ought not to gobble, and he drank as a gentleman ought not to drink. When dinner was over the naughty old man told shameless tales of his youth and manhood, and Tregarthen, who had been bred to reverence old age and to think purity as desirable and lovely in a man as in a woman, found the evening almost insupportable.

"Somebody ought to put a stop to all that," he told Captain Harcourt, after dinner, to that gallant officer's great astonishment. "In a society of gentlemen the thing is intolerable. We serve a Lady," he added, with the generous pomposity of youth, "and that of itself might teach us better manners."

The Captain stared at him with an amazement he took no pains to disguise. A touch of contempt was discernible even in his wonder.

"Shouldn't advaise yah talk laike that," he said. "Cursed inconvienient have yang fellahs offerin' that sort opinion in the army."

"I shall make it my business," returned Tregarthen in some heat at the Captain's contemptuous wonder, "to represent to Colonel Pollard that at least one of his officers finds his style of conversation irksome, and thinks it unbecoming."

"Don't be an ass, Tregarthen," said Captain Harcourt. Tregarthen inclined his head stiffly, and marched away. The Captain told one or two of his closest friends the story of the youngster's unaccountable craze, and they all agreed that he was a prig and a greenhorn. "Polly," said Harcourt, "is about the best sort in the service. Idea of young fool like thaat pretending dictate officers old enough be his father."

Captain Harcourt's friends concurred with him, and the story of Tregarthen's presumption spread rapidly throughout the regiment. Next day he was treated with evident coldness, and some of his brother officers who had hitherto been on friendly terms with him took pains to avoid him. He was not unpopular to begin with, but it was the general sen of the corps that the sort of insolence he had shown deserved rebul He must be made to see at once that this was not the tone to take.

That evening there came a time when the conversation at the of the table was animated and loud. The youngsters at the lowe smoked and listened and got little good by listening. It was n less than the reputation of a lady which so excited the seniors. (held out against the rest and avowed his belief that the lady

as ice and pure as snow. The others naturally laughed at him, for the woman he defended was an actress, and in those days—it may be better now—an actress was anybody's fair game at a mess-table.

"Wait a bit," said the Colonel, with his wicked bronchial old chuckle, "I'll tell you a story *à propos*."

Everybody listened and the Colonel told his story. It redounded infinitely to his own credit as a man of gallantry and infinitely to the discredit of the lady, whose personal charms he sang and whose character he stole.

"Now, who do you think that was?" asked the Colonel. Nobody answered, and the fat old *roué* re-lit his cigar and gazed about him with a look of twinkling triumph. "None other," he said, after this pause, "than our chaste young friend, Miss Churchill. What do you say to that?"

It happened at this moment that the Colonel's twinkling eyes looked full into the eyes of Tregarthen, who was bending forward a little at the bottom end of the table and watching his commanding officer with an expression of saturnine disdain. The black-browed Cornet half rose in his place.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, slowly and distinctly. "You seemed to address your question to me. If you press me for an answer I must give you one."

It was generally felt that the hour had come, and the assembled gentlemen braced themselves to support authority. If the Colonel had understood the situation he would probably have snubbed the querist by having him unseen and unanswered. But, being taken by surprise, he rapped out, "Well, sir?" and stared at the intruder with a look half surprise, half anger.

"I am to answer your question, sir?" said Tregarthen. "I think then, sir, that no gentleman could have told such a story, and that no assemblage of gentlemen could hear it without marking their sense of its cowardice, its brutality, and its general offensiveness."

The Colonel bounced to his feet, and sent a dozen wineglasses flying. Major, adjutant, captains, lieutenants, and cornets all leapt up wildly. Tregarthen resumed his seat, and was calm amidst this tempest of his own raising.

"Retire to your quarters, sir," stormed the Colonel. "Consider yourself under arrest, sir." He stood puffing and snorting for a moment whilst the offender arose, saluted, and left the mess-room. "Resume your seats, gentlemen," he said then, and all sat down in awkward silence.

A general sense of relief was felt five minutes later when, after a muttered word or two to his neighbours at right and left, the Colonel arose and withdrew, followed by Major Eykin and Captain Harcourt. Clamour ensued, and nothing was talked of but the awful and unheard-of incident of the evening.

Tregarthen in the meantime walked to his quarters, and returned

the salutes offered him by barrack loungers and sentries on the way. It was summer time, and the twilight lingered softly. An odour of mignonette stole pleasantly through the open casement of his chamber, and he seated himself on a couch near the window, and looked at the darkening zenith as he smoked. If he were not altogether as placid as he seemed—and he made it a point of honour to be outwardly tranquil even in his own sole company—he was less disturbed than might have been predicted of a man so young after his share in such a scene.

"The man's a blackguard," he said quietly. "Perhaps I was an ass to tell him so—and yet I don't know. That sort of thing ought not to be allowed to go on amongst gentlemen, and if it does it is clearly some one's duty to put a foot upon it."

He threw away the stump of his cigar, lit a new one, and stretched himself along the couch. In that position he smoked until he could see nothing in the gathering darkness but the little point of light an inch or two from his nose.

Then steps sounded on the stairs and there was a knock at the door. He called to the knocker to enter, and two men came in and looked about them uncertainly in the gloom. There was a light upon the stairs without, and he recognised his visitors.

"Mr. Tregarthen?" said one.

"At your service, sir," he answered gravely. "Be seated, gentlemen. Allow me to light the lamp."

He moved quietly about the room, found his lamp, set it upon the table, and, having lighted it, resumed his place. But seeing that his visitors remained standing, he arose again and faced them.

"Colonel Pollard," began Major Eykin, with great solemnity, "having consulted Captain Harcourt and myself, has decided to meet the unusual occurrence of this evening by a step which is at least as unusual, but which seems to be called for by the circumstances of the case."

"'Cisely. Quite so," said Captain Harcourt.

"The result of that decision is," pursued the Major, "that we are here to demand a meeting. Colonel Pollard entirely waives the question of rank, feeling as he does that nothing short of the course he proposes can vindicate his honour."

"And you concur?" inquired the Cornet.

"'Zactly," said Captain Harcourt. "We concur."

"I must ask you to allow me to differ from you, gentlemen," said Tregarthen. "I do not see how it is in any way possible for Colonel Pollard to vindicate his honour."

"We will not trouble you, Mr. Tregarthen," said the Major, "for any expression of your opinion." He spoke with infinite dryness. "We will merely ask you to nominate an hour for the meeting and to name your friend."

"I cannot oblige you, gentlemen," returned Tregarthen. "Colonel Pollard has wantonly and publicly defamed the character of a lady, and

I do not see how even a public apology and withdrawal could help him."

The Colonel's emissaries looked at each other with uplifted eyebrows.

"Are we to understand," asked the Major, "that you decline to meet Colonel Pollard?"

"I do not see how the breach of law which Colonel Pollard proposes can console him for a former misdemeanour."

"Bay Jove, y'know," cried Harcourt, "the fellow's mad's a March hare."

"I am not mad, most noble Festus," said Tregarthen, bowing.

The two military gentlemen were strangers to the volume from which he quoted, and they looked at each other again with a glance that said plainly that the mark had been hit.

"I will fight in the Queen's cause," said the Cornet, "but in no other." Here was another touch of the bombast natural to ardent youth, but Tregarthen's aspect was calm, and it was not difficult to see that he meant what he said and was likely to abide by it.

"I do not think, sir," said Major Eykin, "that you properly appreciate the situation, or the alternative that lies before you."

"May I so far trespass on your kindness," asked the imperturbable young man, "as to beg you to instruct me?"

"You have offered to the virtual head of your regiment a public and most shameful insult," returned the Major in considerable heat. "He waives all consideration of his rank, and stoops to demand a personal encounter in vindication of his outraged honour. Stoops, sir!—understand me, sir—I say—stoops to demand a personal encounter. That encounter you refuse. Do you know what construction gentlemen will put upon your refusal?"

"I await instruction, sir," answered Tregarthen.

"Very well," said the Major, grown sardonic on a sudden, "you shall have it. It is open for you to offer an abject apology and to exchange—if you are still inclined to ornament the service."

"Is that the only alternative course you see?" inquired the Cornet. "Pardon me, gentlemen. We are all naturally a little heated by the events of the evening. May I suggest that we attempt a milder humour?"

"The thing, sir," declared the Major, "stands beyond discussion. You aggravate an original offence by the tone you choose to take."

"Permit me," said this amazing subaltern. "Is it not at least equally open to Colonel Pollard, with myself, to offer an apology and to exchange—if he is still inclined to ornament the service?"

Major Eykin swung round upon his heel and marched to the door. There he turned abruptly.

"One more chance, sir! Do you apologise or fight?"

"Neither, sir," returned Tregarthen. The Major tore the door open and disappeared. Tregarthen ran forward and held the door whilst

Harcourt left the room. Their steps died off into silence, and the sumptuous young man was left to his own reflections, which began disturbed and bitter. He found little fault with himself as yet, b had learned in what light his conduct was likely to be regarded b men amongst whom he had desired to live. He had acted deliber and was not in the least disposed to be ashamed of himself. M middle age can sometimes school themselves to hold a candle t devil. They learn the wisdom of the world and are not greatly inc to champion their own notions. They feel no dishonour in toler But with two-and-twenty all this may be different, and happily it s times is. Quixote grows into Sancho Panza, as often as not, befo comes to forty year. That may or may not be sorrowful, but to be Sancho would surely seem something of a pity.

Contrary to Tregarthen's expectation, no immediate action foll upon his refusal of the Major's ultimatum. A day or two went by he was simply disregarded. No brother officer came near him; he l nothing about the continuance of his arrest or its discontinuance after waiting in his own quarters until the sense of tedium becam marked to be easily endured, he wrote a careful little missive t Colonel requesting to know what form the charge against him w take and when it would be preferred. In response to these inq came a letter from the Adjutant informing him that the character o charge was under consideration, that he would receive ample warni the date on which it would be preferred, and that he was in the r time to regard himself as being released from active participati regimental duties. Following on this came another letter (signe every officer of the regiment with the exception of the Colonel names following each other in order of seniority) urging upon hin extreme desirableness of a withdrawal from the regiment, and sugge in terms of studied politeness that even the service at large might m to get along without him.

This second epistle Tregarthen left unanswered, but he appeal the Adjutant to know whether he might regard himself as being visionally at liberty, and being answered in the affirmative he set o London. He found his story there before him, garbled, as such s are. He had drunkenly insulted his Colonel, had thrown a win at him—in milder versions had only thrown the contents of the gl in versions even stronger had used a decanter as a missile.

He suffered much heart-burning before the court-martial sum to decide his case was appointed, and if he had expectations o port from any court of honour they were dashed to pieces. The a blage of officers and gentlemen who investigated the history o quarrel were unanimously against him. They were also unanim their recommendation that he should quit the service. This, wit obstinacy natural to him, he utterly declined to do, and the ups the whole matter was that, when all due formalities had been a

plished, the contumacious youth was deprived of his commission, and was returned to the world with a character more damaged than it deserved to be. Discipline must be maintained, and there is no doubt that if cornets were accustomed publicly to rebuke their colonels for breaches of good-breeding the British military service would enter on a phase of some novelty.

Tregarthen went home disgusted and embittered. The only career he cared for was closed to him for good and all, and even in later years, when experience brought him more wisdom than two-and-twenty can commonly boast of, he believed himself to have been unjustly used.

It seemed necessary to relate this episode of his career for two reasons. It strikes a keynote of character, and it furnishes an explanation for his after-mode of life.

CHAPTER II.

It was about the time of the events just recorded that Mr. Ronald Marsh dawned upon London. There are various ways of dawning: the grey way is perhaps esteemed the most prosperous, but Mr. Marsh dawned in vivid splendours, and his glories at the beginning were inclined to be tempestuous. London is a biggish place to dawn upon, and the luminary whose rays pierce every cranny and corner of it must rise high and shine bright indeed. Now Mr. Marsh made no pretence (though he knew himself a sun of the first magnitude) to shine upon the vulgar. The fog of their understanding was obviously too dense for him. He did not even count upon illuming the whole of the polite world, as yet. There are men and women in the highest circles who never get a thrill of warmth or a ray of conscious light out of Æschylus or Shakespeare. Not that Mr. Marsh thought much of Æschylus or Shakespeare, but they had passed, up till now, as amongst the earth's greatest, and they were well enough in the way of parallel or illustration. He was content for the present to be seen and known of few. He would have been content, in a way, not to be seen or known at all—at least, he had the modesty to say so—to shine unheeded, and to rejoice in his own strength and radiance.

He dawned, then, in fitful splendours, and his signs and portents were first noted in the house of Lady Marguerite Capucine, where he appeared in unstarched linen and apparel of strange device, and with a head of hair like a disorderly halo. He had no actual companions, but two or three satellites accompanied him, rising at his risings and setting at his settings. Their merely physical aspect was like his own; they wore their hair at as great a length and in as picturesque disorder; their sombreros and their cloaks were as brigandish as their leader's. They thought great things of themselves and of each other; but they swore by the Leader and proclaimed him the Emancipator of Human Thought. They used to say, with every evidence of sincerity, that when the Leader

gave his poems to the world the pillars of a worn-out system would be shaken.

The Leader could occasionally be prevailed upon to repeat or read a mere fragmentary extract from his work, and the appetite of his followers grew with what it fed on. In these excerpts the world was called upon to break its fetters—not particularised with clearness—and there were mightily sonorous passages about the Degraded Gods and the need for their complete abolition.

Nobody can live always at extremest high pressure, and Mr. Ronald Marsh went about sometimes quite like an ordinary person. At these times he consorted for the most part with people who were literary, artistic, and theatrical. Bohemia is a sparsely-peopled country now. One or two men who really knew its crowded haunts and its few solitudes, its cheerful highways and sad byways, wrote about it and made it familiar to the world. Then came the inevitable cloud of imitators and pretenders, and made poor old Bohemia an impossible place to live in any longer. Its name is so cheapened that the very mention of it has a ring of sham sentiment and sham mirth; even its tried gold has been so lacquered that it looks like pinchbeck. But there was a Bohemia worth knowing even so late as Ronald Marsh's day, and the great young man sometimes strayed into it and tried to feel as if he were native there.

There was, and is, a dingy back room in one of the oldest houses in the Strand, a mere box of an apartment, in which, by crowding themselves uncomfortably, ten men of average breadth of beam can sit around the clumsy centre table. Half one side of the room is occupied by a window, but the smoke-encrusted wall of a neighbouring building rises within two yards of it, and a gruesome twilight reigns within the apartment even at noontide. There, once a week, in the days of which I write, spectral-looking figures sat and held high converse on books and pictures and the drama, and on the men and women who wrote or painted or played. The air was heavy with tobacco-smoke and the scent of strong potables, and a new comer, entering from the fresher air of the Strand, had some ado to make out the inmates of the room. The spectral nine welcomed the poet with grave voices, and wedged themselves closer to make room for him. The Leader took his seat with an air of modesty, and the spectral nine began to chaff him.

"I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Marsh," said one, speaking from the cloudiest corner, "that the petition yet awaits a signature."

"What petition?" asked the poet, removing his sombrero, and passing a hand of unusual whiteness through his auburn locks.

"*The* petition," responded the other, bending forward to be more impressive, and waving the smoke aside with one hand. "Signed by the crowned heads of Europe, the Pope of Rome, and the English Archbishops, and now awaiting the signature of the Metropolitan of the Greek Church at Moscow."

"I do not read the newspapers," said the poet, daintily lighting a cigar. "What is the object of the petition?"

"Gentlemen!" cried the man in the corner. "I appeal to you: Is it not unfair for Mr. Marsh to feign ignorance on such a topic?"

"Unfair in the extreme," said eight solemn voices. "Disingenuous," one added, when the grave murmurs had died away. They all echoed—"Disingenuous."

"The distinguished personages already enumerated," said the man in the corner, "address their petition to you, sir, and entreat you not to smash things. They dread the advent of your coming volume. They beseech you to spare the Christian faith, and to allow monarchical institutions a final chance."

The poet smiled and caressed his shaven cheek with the tips of his fingers. Many a true word is spoken in jest, and the man in the corner was nearer the mark than he fancied.

"If the prayers of the great cannot move you," pursued the man in the corner, "you are a man, for you are a poet—and the greater includes the less—and you may be moved by the petitions of the lowly. I have a maiden aunt, a harmless creature who resides hard by, and clear-starches for a bishop. If you destroy the Church you take away her means of livelihood. Smite the lofty if you will, but spare the humble. Spare my maiden aunt."

All the solemn voices murmured, led by a man in another corner, "Spare, oh, spare his maiden aunt!"

"A special fund shall be set apart, out of the publisher's profits," said the poet, "and your maiden aunt shall be provided for."

"He unbends," said one. "He is human after all. He can gleek upon occasion, like the Athenian weaver."

"Let us take him to the collective bosom," said the man in the corner. "Let us stand him drinks. Lorrimer, when the glad child of the sun broke in upon us you were in possession of the ear of the house. Continue. Poet, be silent. A harp less varied than thine own awakes in praise of beauty."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lorrimer, who beamed rubicund and jovial through the smoke, "she is a stunner. I do not speak inadvisedly or as one who has no knowledge. It was I who found her. She has the grace of Venus and the voice and figure of a what's-his-name. I have no pretence to classical attainments, gentlemen, and I wish that our gifted young friend could describe her for me."

"We shall judge for ourselves when she makes her *début*," said the man in the corner. "But in the meantime, who is she? Where does she come from?"

"You shall know all I know," said Mr. Lorrimer, with a superfluous appearance of candour. "Burnley has bought a bit of fishing at a place called Lickey, down in Berkshire. Little bit of a place with little bit of a theatre, and the worst company I *ever* saw. Burnley asked me down,

and of course, with nothing doing at the end of May, down I went. Went to the theatre first night. Play was, 'As You Like It.' As *I* liked it, it was the most fearful rubbish ever staged. Even Shakespeare couldn't live through that interpretation. But, begad, gentlemen, in walks Rosalind, and I thought I must be dreaming. Such a figure, such a voice, such a stage presence, such a style. Face not particularly pretty, but sweet and expressive, and all that sort of thing. Made me laugh, begad; made me cry; did what she wanted with me. I've been in the profession now for forty years, and I am not easily moved."

"Wrong, Lorrimer! You are more easily moved than ever," said the man in the corner. "We all are. We cultivate the emotions until they master us more readily than they used. Gin unsweetened is the next best thing to the pursuit of an artistic calling. Take them both together and you are blest indeed. You can weep at any moment. Will you ring the bell, Lorrimer? Thank you. Waiter—gin unsweetened."

"Well," said Mr. Lorrimer, "I've seen 'em all for forty years, and played to most of 'em; and, only give the new one a bit of practice, gentlemen, and she'll beat the lot of 'em. Into sticks," he concluded, beating the table two or three times with the palm of his hand—"into sticks!"

"What is this wonder's name?" asked the poet.

"Her name is Churchill," said Mr. Lorrimer—"Miss Churchill. And when the Siddonses and the Bracegirdles and the Oldfields and the Kellys and the Keelys are forgotten, she will be remembered. She's unequalled. There never was anything like her."

"The puff preliminary," said the man in the corner, "requires an art which only Lorrimer has mastered. Dramatic critics, hold up your hands. Five; and all big fish."

"I don't want to puff this time," cried Lorrimer. "Wait till you see the lady, gentlemen, and you'll say with me that no adverse criticism can get near her. I defy the crowd of you. And now, though I grieve to leave you, dear boys all, I must be off to rehearsal."

Two men rose to allow him to unwedge himself from between the table and the wall. As he passed the poet he touched him on the shoulder and gave him an inviting backward nod. Mr. Marsh arose and followed him.

"Now *you're* a judge of acting," said Mr. Lorrimer, when they were in the Strand. "You're a judge of female beauty too. First dress rehearsal this afternoon. You shall just take a seat in the circle, my boy, and then you shall give me an opinion."

The theatrical manager had not nearly so high an opinion of Mr. Marsh's critical powers as the young gentleman himself enjoyed, nor had he, perhaps, even so high an opinion as he expressed, but he reverenced "a nob," and Mr. Marsh was undoubtedly a nob of the most influential order. The poet was hand-in-glove with Lady Marguerite Capucine, his sister-in-law, who had a good deal to do with artistic

opinion in the upper circles. Neither she nor any other lady, however distinguished, could make or break the fortunes of any production of Mr. Lorrimer's, but the manager had an exalted idea of her usefulness, and the poet had the run of the house, and was young enough to enjoy the satisfaction of taking off the glamour of theatrical performance by getting behind the scenes.

There were, perhaps, a dozen men and women sprinkled about the dusky house—two or three in the pit, and the rest scattered over the dress circle—when the curtain rose and discovered Adam and Orlando. For those days, the revival was to be unusually magnificent and complete. The acting was competent, though a little old-fashioned and sombre till Rosalind came upon the stage. Miss Churchill bewitched the poet as she had bewitched the Cornet in the little country town, only, when *he* was charmed the poet felt it was his duty to be somewhat more charmed than a commonplace person could dream of being. He coined strange epithets wherewith to describe her to his friends, and at the fall of the curtain on the third act he made his way round to the back of the stage. There he met Lorrimer, and fell on him with praises, tooth and nail.

"My dear Lorrimer, a supernal performance! There's something in it—a *je ne sais quoi*—a tenderness in chiding, a dignity in repose, a courtliness in badinage—one seeks in vain for words of enough aptness and delicacy and descriptive amplitude: but one is delighted—one is borne away. I must really make a point of being allowed to do the notice in *The Scourge*. They praise so rarely there that one will have a chance of making an impression. My dear Lorrimer, you have discovered a jewel. I must really make a point of asking to be presented. You must present me, Lorrimer, you must really."

Lorrimer, consenting, led the way. Rosalind, in a fur cloak which reached to her toes, was standing, with a somewhat embarrassed air, looking up at a picture on the greenroom wall.

"Permit me, Miss Churchill," said Lorrimer. "Mr. Ronald Marsh, the most charming of London's poets."

There are few things less pleasant, as every modest man knows, than to be praised effusively, and yet below one's obvious merits.

"Mr. Lorrimer flatters me," said the poet bowing.

"Not at all," cried the manager, "not at all."

The tall and stately Rosalind vouchsafed one glance to Mr. Ronald Marsh, offered him something between a nod and a mutilated curtsey, and resumed the study of the picture on the wall. However much at her ease she might be on the stage, she had at present but a poor imitation of self-possession when off it. But the gentle flattery of ladies was the poet's social strong point, or so he fancied. Somebody called Lorrimer aside, and Mr. Marsh saw nothing better than to repeat the speech he had so recently spoken.

"A supernal performance, Miss Churchill. Really, believe me,

quite a supernal performance. So sweet a tenderness in chiding—such a dignity in repose—such courtliness in badinage it has never been my happy lot to meet upon the English boards. I assure you, Miss Churchill, that one seeks in vain for words of enough aptness and delicacy and descriptive amplitude. One is delighted, one is borne away."

Before Mr. Marsh had got more than half way through this speech Lorrimer had returned unheard, and stood with a broad grin at his elbow. The poet, encountering the manager's smile, read its meaning and blushed at detection. Miss Churchill, who had kept her eyes upon the picture whilst he spoke, looked round at him like a disguised lady in an old play.

"I am obliged to you, sir," she said, with something of the accent of the stage. "Excuse me, sir. My call."

She walked to the greenroom door, at which the call-boy had indeed at that moment bawled her name. The call, however, was not for the stage. The boy handed her a letter, a formal-looking document, in a large blue cover, with a splashed seal of red wax. The actress, seeming, by a slight inclination of her head, to demand leave of the manager and the poet, broke the seal and, opening the letter, began to read. The poet watched her the while, and saw a blush rise beyond the line of necessary rouge upon her cheek. Looking up, she caught him in the act of staring at her, and with a curtsey she swept from the room.

Mr. Marsh felt that he had fared but poorly, and stood sucking at the knob of his walking-cane with a more vacuous aspect than a great man often wears. By-and-by, finding that Rosalind did not reappear, he strolled back to the dress circle, where he lounged with upward glance and rested his auburn head upon his hand in the most approved poetic manner. He was so absorbed in thinking of what the other people in the dress circle were likely to think of him, that for awhile he did not notice that the curtain still lay between him and the long-since exploited and exploded fairyland of the stage. By-and-by the scattered denizens of the dress circle drew near each other and laid their heads together. Then Lorrimer appeared between the curtain and the floats as if in act to address the limited audience, but he retired without saying a word. In the front of the house arose a whisper—something was going wrong. Aroused by this conjecture, the poet once more availed himself of the freedom his intimacy with the manager gave him, and sauntered behind the scenes. The florid Lorrimer was swearing like a Bedlamite. The ducal usurper, the banished duke, Jaques, Celia, Phœbe, and Orlando, stood about him, all in attitudes of more or less amazement.

"What's the matter, Lorrimer?" asked the poet.

"Matter?" cried Lorrimer. "The jade's off at the last minute, and this is all she leaves behind her."

The poet took from the manager's outstretched hand a note, as this:—

"Sir,—Circumstances have arisen which make it impossible that I should continue my career upon the stage. I shall be happy to repay you for all expenses you may have incurred in my behalf. Pray communicate in respect to that matter with my lawyers, Messrs. Lowe and Carter, of Clement's Inn.

"Yours very truly,
"CLARA CHURCHILL."

"She can't mean it!" cried Lorrimer, actually gasping. "I've spent three hundred pounds in money, and three thousand pounds in wit in advertising her. She wants more salary. That's what it is—she wants more salary. But, begad, since she's tried it on in this way" (he mastered his rage so far as to be able to embroider it, as it were, with a touch of mock-heroics), "if that her jesses were my dear heartstrings, I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind to prey at fortune."

Mr. Ronald Marsh sighed audibly.

"Shakespeare crowds us all from the field of popular quotation," he said inwardly. "Had Lorrimer known it he might have found a passage far more appropriate in my Epithalamium."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Tregarthen found that his zeal for the reformation of mess-room manners had wrecked his military fortunes, he went home, and there buried himself among his books. Many, many years ago the Tregarthens, his forbears, had built for themselves a fortress for a dwelling-place, and the house had wasted away bit by bit like the other belongings of its owners, but had been modernised and added to every here and there, until it had grown and fallen into one of the oddest and most heterogeneous piles in England. A man must be curiously moulded indeed if his character is in no way affected by the character of the house in which he is bred, and a good deal of the sentiment of the frowning, rambling, stately, yet half-ruined old house had found its way into Tregarthen.

His ancestors, for reasons of their own, had built their house upon an island, and this island faced the Cornish mainland on the one hand and the melancholy Atlantic on the other. The house stood high and bare for winter storms to rave at, and in the rougher months of the year it had constantly to be provisioned for a siege of stormy weather, since for weeks at a time it was dangerous if not impossible to approach the island. The one harbour faced the mainland with two prodigious walls of rock, and a narrow belt of smooth sand between, which ran upward towards hardy grasses, and was directly overlooked by the mansion. Those vast walls of rock and the narrow space between them were known to the local folk as the Gate of the Sea. So old a house as

that of the Tregarthens could scarcely fail to have been shot at by the local bards and soothsayers—shoot bolts enough and some of them are sure to stick—and one of many prophecies and mottoes clung. It set forth, that whatsoever good or evil the Tregarthens endured should come to them by the Gate of the Sea—a conclusion somewhat obvious, since, unless by balloon or earthquake there was no other way of approaching their dwelling-place. If the Cornish couplet be faithfully translated, it prophesies as much for character as for fortune—

> What evil or good ye have or be
> Shall come to you all by the Gate of the Sea.

Now, in the days when a full cellar, a roughly generous larder, and a chance of hard knocks and loot could tempt adventurous souls to follow a freebooting gentleman, Tregarthen's house might have been a pleasurable place to live in for those whose fancy lay that way. But for an almost companionless youngster, who had just learned one of the world's bitterest lessons, it was as unwholesome a residence as might anywhere have been found. Tregarthen needed home influences and cheerful companionship, but he had long been an orphan, and he had neither brother nor sister. He was not absolutely wealthy, but he had more money than he wanted, and there were few things which would have been of more use to him than the spur of poverty.

It is easy in the hot days of youth for the mind to persuade itself to anything. Tregarthen persuaded himself that he had done with the world for good and all, that it should occupy him no more, and that he would live for his studies and no other earthly thing. His studies began to lead him in a direction which it was somewhat odd that a young gentleman of the nineteenth century should take. Some ancestor of his had collected all the works of that crowd of impostors, quacks, self-deceivers, enthusiasts, and martyrs to science who have written on the transmutation of metals, the divining rod, the elixir vitæ, the powers and properties of the stars, and so forth—all the works, that is to say, that he could in one short lifetime lay hands on. Tregarthen began to grope amongst the dark sayings of these gentry, at first with an amused interest and then with a singular growth of doubt. There might be something in the doctrine of transmutation after all.

When a man begins even to doubt on a question like that he is pretty far gone on a road which has led oftener than not to mere madness. Tregarthen saw the danger, but the study drew him and absorbed him more and more, until he began to find in it a compensation for all things. If a man *could* find the philosopher's stone! Let any man in his sane and sober senses surrender himself to the fancy for a moment, and where are the glories of the cave into which the magician dropped Aladdin, or the valley into which the roc carried Sinbad? They are no more than a billiard ball in comparison with Saturn. But be touched with doubt as to the bare possibility of its actual discovery, and the poor mind is

azzled, staggered, overawed, by the magnificence of its own fancies. Tregarthen began to dream these dreams.

He lived almost alone through the wild winter and the blustering pring. Early summer found him more and more ready to surrender himself to the intoxication of this singular madness. Perhaps it needs hat a certain strain of greatness shall lie in a man's nature before he can o mad in that particular way. The compact small creature whose culties are all of a size is as safe as the compact great creature whose owers are equally well balanced.

Happily for most of us, the world is too much with us to allow us to evelop to complete fulness of eccentricity. Transplanted to Jupiter the uman race might find elbow room enough to grow into a huge asylum f crazy humourists, but our crowded civilisation acts upon us as close helter acts on the trees in a plantation—the outer lines grow a little wisted, perhaps, but in the middle of the wood the stems are straight nd uniform. Tregarthen in his island castle off the Cornish coast was till a little sheltered. By-and-by a shelter he had not hoped for began o grow about him.

The blustering spring had passed, and here was a lovely day in mid-June, with a sky of sapphire, a sea of sapphire and pearl, and a breeze f warm spice and balm. Tregarthen wandered, smoking and lost in dle meditation, to the cliffs on the right side of the sea-gate, and there ast himself full length on the warm and scented herbage. The splendour f the day was nothing to him just then, and though his bodily eyes took ognisance of one of the finest reaches of rock-bound coast England can how, he had no conscious pleasure in it. He pulled his soft hat over is eyes and surrendered himself to his pipe and his dreams. Everything was wonderfully still. He could hear the plash of the waves on the ocks below, though he gave no heed to it, and the intricate murmurs of many insects mingled drowsily with the voice of the sea, as though they were of equal volume with it. Tregarthen's dreams, under these conditions, grew more and more dreamy; his fancies, like the sounds about im, became dim and diffused. Anything was welcome to the dominaion of his mind at such a moment, and a certain idle rhythm in the fall nd rise of the waters down below did well enough to think about.

He was certainly not quite wide awake, and he was just as certainly ot quite asleep when a vision dawned upon him. Two or three vilelyainted trees fluttered on a ragged canvas and libelled the forest of Arden. A dowdy female, and a melancholy male in a fool's coxcomb valked before the painted cloth and libelled Celia and Touchstone. Then uddenly came into sight a radiant creature, and a voice spoke in tones which blended resignation and fatigue with something almost jesting—"Oh, Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!" This voice was so near and lear that it awoke him and brought him bolt upright, sitting in the racken. There was a sound of laughter and voices on the little strip f sand below, and, moving to the edge of the cliff, he looked over.

In fine summer weather it was a common thing for people to row across from the mainland and picnic on the island. Tregarthen's forbears had permitted this, and Tregarthen himself had never felt an objection to it until now. It may be allowed that, at the moment at which he found himself interrupted, his studies were not of the most exigent sort, yet his first thought was that the presence of these intruders and their like would be inimical to study. Then he regretted the loss of his dream, and blamed the intruders for breaking it, though the dream itself had awakened him.

His half slumber had lasted for so short a space of time that the pipe he held between his finger and thumb still sent up a streak of faint blue smoke. He stuck it between his lips again, and had turned to ramble homewards when the voice of his dream spoke in his waking ear, and stayed his footsteps.

"That is Miss Churchill, the actress," he said to himself. "There is not another voice like that in the world, I should fancy. I should know it amongst a thousand."

Since the night on which he had earned his own ruin by rebuking Colonel Pollard for his story of the actress he had scarcely thought about her, but he felt a curious pleasure and interest now in the belief that she was near. In spite of his shortsightedness he had a very definite idea of what she was like. It seemed to him that he could summon her face before his mind's eye quite clearly, and, as he saw it, it was worthy of her figure and her voice. He confessed to himself that he would like to see her nearer at hand, and to know how far her mind corresponded to his own impressions of her genius as an actress. It could not be difficult to devise a means of seeing her or even of speaking to her, seeing that she was actually a trespasser upon his ground. He thought, however, of a score of devices, none of which commended themselves to him, and as he thought he strolled towards the spot where the gradual rise of the sands and the more precipitous fall of the cliff brought the two upon a level. This spot was about midway between high-water line and the gates of the old mansion, and he reached it almost at the same moment with the visitors to the island. He heard the sweet voice talking again, and was more than ever persuaded that it belonged to Miss Churchill.

He polished his eyeglass in readiness to observe, and before he himself was seen he had secured a good look at every person in the little party. The lady with the sweet voice was tall and graceful, but her face was not the face of his memory. Compared with that memory the face was plain, though few people would have expressed so unfavourable a judgment had they but looked at it by itself. The eyes, of no particular colour, were large, intelligent, and sympathetic; the lips were beautiful alike in form and expression; the brow was broad and white. The skin was pallid, and the hair, like the eyes, was of no particular colour. Perhaps the want of definite colouring was the chief fault of the face; but, be that as it may, it was thrown back, for whatever beauty or charm

it claimed, upon expression. There was no chance of finding out all these things at a look, and Tregarthen was only conscious of a disappointment. The face was not the one he remembered, nor anything like it; and there might be two voices alike in the world after all.

He was a little embarrassed for a moment, even though he stood on his own ground and the new comers were strangers and intruders, for the lady looked at him when once she had felt his glance, and regarded him with a curiously candid and unaffected gaze, much more like that of a child than a woman. Before Tregarthen's sense of embarrassment became overwhelming, one of the lady's male companions stepped forward, with a somewhat overwrought flourish of politeness.

"I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Tregarthen?" Tregarthen bowed, and the stranger flourished his hat to his head and flourished his handkerchief out of his pocket. "I have not the honour of being personally known to you, sir, but my father was your respected father's solicitor—Mr. Penruth of Gorbay. I have dared to trespass in order to oblige these ladies and gentlemen with a sight of Tregarthen Castle."

"I remember your father, sir," said Tregarthen a little confusedly, "and you are quite welcome here." It was strange, he thought, that in so little a while his absence from the common haunts of men should have cost him so much in *savoir-faire*. "If your friends would care to see the interior of the house I shall be happy to admit them. Pray introduce me."

Mr. Penruth was obviously delighted, and was honoured by Tregarthen's affability. The last representative of the great local family was not rich, as the times go, but he had a background: a fact to which people who have no background are apt to attach a superstitious value. The solicitor flourished through the introductions, and Tregarthen caught no name until he faced the lady he had supposed to be Miss Churchill.

"Miss Farmer," said Mr. Penruth; "Gorbay's chief ornament.—Mr. Tregarthen."

The girl flushed at this for a moment with a look of anger, but she bowed to Tregarthen as if he had been a squire of low degree and she a princess. It crossed him that she was not so plain as he had fancied. Mr. Penruth was persuaded that he had said the right thing in the right way, and got through the remaining introductions with increased ease and glibness.

"If we *may* have your permission to visit the castle," he began, when the ceremony was over. Tregarthen cut him short with a dry "Certainly;" and fell into talk with the lady of the voice. She seemed chary at first of letting the voice be heard, but by-and-by, at the sight of the picturesque old ruins and remnants of Tregarthen's house, she warmed. The dim family portraits, the arms and armour, the black oak of walls, ceilings, and furniture delighted her, and she took no less interest in the

grey walls from which trees sprang, the broken arches and window spaces opening on blue air, in what had once been the family stronghold. In a case like this it is perhaps less important to note what a charming woman says than how she says it. Her commonplaces were commonplace enough, but they dropped on Tregarthen's ears so pleasantly that he would rather have listened to them than to much learning and wisdom.

She was charmingly dressed in a fashion which is now deservedly stigmatised as ugly. Tregarthen thought he had rarely seen anything so dignified, yet so gentle, as her carriage, and the singular, soft fascination of her voice grew upon him more and more.

When the rounds were finished the host proffered to his guests some slight refreshment, which the Gorbay solicitor, in behalf of self and friends, declined with many flourishes of humility and gratitude. Tregarthen saw nothing for it but to permit them to retire, though he would willingly have detained one of them a little longer. When they had gone, the young gentleman was guilty of what he felt to be a meanness. He stationed himself at his bedroom window, and thence, by means of a single-barrelled opera-glass which had belonged to his mother, he kept the lady of the voice in sight until she and her companions had entered the boat in which they had arrived, and the little vessel, being pushed off, disappeared behind the cliffs.

Tregarthen did not resume his studies that evening with anything like his customary gusto. A commoner malady than the old one had clapped him on the shoulder. His books lay spread about his library table, and now and then he fingered the leaves of one or another of them, and even read a passage in which he found no meaning. That was not at all an uncommon thing at the best of times, but it generally arose from the fact that there was no meaning to be found, whereas now the main reason was that he brought no understanding to his reading.

CHAPTER IV.

THE plain English of the matter was that Tregarthen had fallen in love, though only in an experimental fashion. He was not yet beyond all chance—nobody ever was, as the result of a single interview—but a longing was upon him to see more of the woman who had so much interested him, and he walked into bondage with his eyes open. Even thus early he guessed what was the matter with him.

"I must know more of her," he said. "A man must be a poor creature who allows himself to go down before a pair of expressive eyes before he can guess whether there is a soul behind them or not."

The young man set forth deliberately in quest of Miss Farmer's soul

with intent to examine and appraise it. He found the slightest difficulty in obtaining a second introduction to the lady, and it was managed to look accidental and unsought. Gorbay was not a big place, nor had it many people of importance within its boundaries. The importance of people is not determined, to themselves, by the estimation in which they are held by others, and the inhabitants of Gorbay were as much interested in their own affairs as if they had all been dukes and duchesses—a provision of nature without whose operation things would be extremely dull for most of us. When Tregarthen, whose seclusion had been a good deal talked about, began to make visits to the mainland and to cultivate the small gentry of the town, the unfavourable opinions which had been formed of him melted and disappeared. The Tregarthens had always been so far above the professional people and the small retired capitalists of Gorbay that the condescension displayed by this latest scion of the house was the more remarkable and the more valued.

There were people who could tell him all about Miss Farmer's simple and uneventful history. He learned that she was the daughter of the Vicar, and, except for the time she had spent at school and a term of eighteen months passed in London, was bred in Gorbay. She passed there as being learned beyond the rights of women, but that was the only fault that anybody found with her. The Vicar nearly three years ago, about the time when Tregarthen had been awaiting his commission, had departed this life, leaving two daughters very ill provided for. Miss Farmer had thereupon gone to London and had there made a living for herself and her young sister, it was believed by writing for the magazines. Certain poems and stories bearing her name had reached even to Gorbay, and there was a general belief there that in the outer world she was famous. But an uncle in the north—the Farmers were northern people, it appeared—had died two years later than his brother the Vicar, and had left to Miss Farmer funded moneys to the value of some five hundred a year. On this she kept house in modest and elegant comfort, and the return of the elder girl had been welcomed by all who knew her. The younger had been put to school during her sister's absence and was now finishing her education at home.

There is not much out of the common in this narrative to anybody who does not happen to be in love with Miss Farmer, or strongly inclined that way. But to Tregarthen the story seemed one of heroism and sorrow, and he thought he could see already some of those inward qualities of which he desired to assure himself. The daughter of a clergyman is conventionally a gentlewoman, and he was already persuaded that Miss Farmer possessed all desirable womanly qualities when he met her for the second time. They had talked commonplaces at their first meeting and had been aware of the fact. They talked commonplaces now and did not know it, because they spoke of books and art, and nobody believes that he or she can talk commonplaces upon those inspiring themes. *Miss Farmer's* soul declared itself more and

more freely to Tregarthen's attentive observation, and he was more and more convinced that it was of the right quality and pattern.

The young man had taken apartments for the rest of the summer season at "The George," and Gorbay knew by this time in what pursuit he was engaged. Mr. Tregarthen rambled much in the pleasant fields beyond the town, and Miss Farmer, who had a taste for botany and some little knowledge of the science, was indefatigable in exercise. The two young people met on most days, and the little sister was old enough to play propriety, and—which was perhaps of more importance—was old enough to know when she was not wanted. Any wandering butterfly was reason enough for a race which at least took this sensible child round a corner of the lane in which her elders strolled.

The searcher after the philosopher's stone had found it, but not where he expected. Everything had grown golden for him. The simile is poverty-stricken, but there is no simile which will express the spiritual wealth of a heart which for the first time has given away all its substance.

It was time for lovers' confidences, and they were exchanged. The sensible child had gone full tilt round a leafy corner and the young man and his sweetheart lingered at a stile. The child carolled with a wonderfully sweet shrill voice fifty yards away and the elders talked.

"You remember," said Tregarthen, "the day on which we first met?"

"Yes," she answered with a delicious shyness. His ardent eyes—she thought she had never seen anything so tender, ardent as they were—and her bashful glance met for a moment and she blushed a little.

"I was lying on the grass," he said, "on the top of the cliff, above the landing place, when I heard your voice, and it awoke me."

"Was I so boisterous?" she asked, smiling, with her eyes upon the ground.

"No," he answered, with a little tender laugh, which of itself was a lover's flattery, "but it awoke me. From a curious dream," he added, with an air of odd reluctance.

"Indeed?" she said questioningly.

Tregarthen began to wish in a vague way that he had not mentioned this. His goddess might not care to know that one of her rarest charms had reminded him of an actress. But, having begun, he felt bound to go on, so he spoke with a feigned lightness, and looked anywhere rather than at his sweetheart's face.

"I suppose you don't know," he began, "what a lovely voice you have?" She made no reply to this, but still looked demurely on the ground at her feet. "When I first heard it I was dreaming, and I distinctly heard the words, 'Oh, Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!'"

"That was not strange," she answered, looking up at him, "I spoke them."

"*Did you?*" he asked with some confusion. All this seemed

have been said and done aforetime, and to have led to some unhappiness which now again threatened from the near future. Everybody has experienced that strange sensation.

"What was your dream?"

"Oh, my dream?" he answered. "It was nothing. I dreamed I was at the play, and I saw Rosalind upon the stage."

She looked up at him swiftly, with a hint of fear and half a hint of resolution in her face. He struck out with a transparent pretence of being perfectly at his ease, and cut down a nettle with his walking-cane.

"Your voice reminded me," he said, after a little pause, "of the most beautiful voice I had ever heard till then. I even thought I recognised it, and I walked down to meet you and found that I had made a blunder."

"In meeting me?" she asked.

He laughed again, and their eyes met. In hers there was a tender triumph and gaiety which answered her own question fairly well, even without the aid of his, which beamed with admiration.

"No," he answered, "but in dreaming that that lovely voice had ever sounded from the stage." He went on more at ease. "And yet the fancy haunted me all day." She was looking on the ground once more, and with the point of her parasol was turning a little pebble over and over. She stooped so that her face was hidden from him by the wide-brimmed summer hat she wore. If this were coquetry, the fashion of the day favoured it, for at the drooping edge of the width of plaited straw was a fringe of fine black lace some two or three inches deep, and he would have had to fall upon his knees to see her face. Could he have seen it he could not have failed to notice how flushed she was, and what a look of fear and shame was in her eyes.

"Who was the lady," she asked, "whose voice so resembled mine?"

"A Miss Churchill," said Tregarthen. "A delightful actress. The most charming actress I ever saw." It seemed necessary to make as much as might reasonably be made of Miss Churchill's perfections to excuse any comparison, however trivial, between her and the woman of his heart, who not only was not an actress and was a gentlewoman, but was also and of course beyond comparison with anybody. "I saw her play Rosalind," he hurried on, "and since the first words I heard you speak were the first words I heard her speak the resemblance of the voices was accidentally heightened."

"Did you wish very much to see Miss Churchill?" asked the young lady. "Were you very much interested in her?"

"Not at all," cried Tregarthen eagerly. "I had forgotten her—until I heard the voice."

"Were you disappointed when you found that it was only—me?"

"Only you!" said the lover, and would not condescend to add to that simple but sufficient disclaimer, except by possessing himself first of her hand and then of her waist. For a while she bent her head and

refused to allow him to steal the merest glance at her face, but by-and-by she turned upon him gently and gazed full in his eyes for a moment, whilst her figure yielded itself more freely to his embrace, and no longer repulsed him by its rigidity.

"If *I* had turned out to be Miss Churchill," she asked him, "should you——?" She paused, but the very silence was eloquent.

"Have loved you?" said Tregarthen. "No. I could not have fallen in love with an actress." It seemed to him that there might be a touch of jealousy in the appeal, and he was in the mood to be tender to all love's fancies, however shadowy and unreal they might be.

"Why not?" she asked. "There are many good women who are actresses, surely."

"No doubt," he answered lightly. "Many. But you rub the bloom from the peach if you handle it ever so gently. An actress gains something more than most women hope for or care for, but she must be content to lose something—a delicacy, a fineness, which is not easy to describe, but means much to a man with any refinement of mind."

He was far from being actually dishonest in saying this, and yet he was not precisely honest. Left to himself and his own judgment he would not have thought these thoughts at all, but the fancy that his betrothed had that visionary jealousy of the actress moved him to make the jealousy impossible.

"But if you had met her and had fallen in love with her," said the girl, "and had then found that she was an actress—that would have made no difference to you?"

"Yes," he said gravely, and as if considering the matter, "a serious difference."

"I fancied men thought differently," she said, with some little heat of scorn. "I fancied that they did not altogether care so much for those of us who live along in the one little groove of household cares and small accomplishments and silly joys and sorrows."

"I shall ask you to achieve no out-of-doors greatness," Tregarthen answered fondly; "though you are more fit to shine in the world's eye than any other woman now alive." The young man was not a fine judge of verse, and it was natural to think the Laureate's outpourings inferior to those of the woman he himself was in love with. "Be as great as you will, but shine at home, my dear, and let me worship you."

That was a pretty programme, and the girl found no fault with it as it applied to her own prospects. But she had rather—how much rather!—that her future husband should have thought better of Miss Churchill's profession. It was clear that he suspected nothing, imagined nothing, but it was a pain to have a secret, though it were as harmless as her own. For Miss Churchill, though an actress, was as pure as a daisy, and nobody knew better than Miss Farmer how little evil stage had taught her, though there are millions who know infin *better how* much evil it has the power to teach.

One unavoidable result came out of this conversation. Miss Farmer buried Miss Churchill, and resolved that the actress should know no resurrection. But then (as people unfairly or secretly entombed with fears and suspicions hanging about them have a prescriptive right to do) Miss Churchill assumed ghost-like airs and revisited the upper world and peopled the sexton's life with unreal terrors. Tregarthen had taught the girl to love him. She had been an apt and willing pupil, and had learned to love him well. She was of a large and generous nature, affectionate rather than passionate, but inclined to cling to the object of her affection with life-long tenacity. There are few women who would not have kept her innocent secret rather than run the risk of losing a lover. And Tregarthen was the one man in the world to her, as a woman's first love always is—the one possible idol. The mere thought of losing him was cruel beyond expression; the mere fancy that she might risk his loss was scarcely bearable. She so honoured and reverenced and loved him, that she was forced to deceive him. That is not good morality, but it is admirable feminine logic.

The courtship went on, and Gorbay and the county beyond the the limits of Gorbay discussed it, and on the whole were content with it. Tregarthen might have looked higher, in spite of those regimental escapades of his, for the last scion of one of the oldest houses in that part of England, where houses are so amazingly old, might think himself almost any man's equal. He was not a millionaire, but he had enough, and he was unusually personable. Everybody was persuaded that the match, from Miss Farmer's point of view, was all that could be desired.

Within nine months of their first speech with each other the young pair became man and wife, and set up housekeeping in Gorbay. They had an exquisitely appointed house, standing in the midst of some eight acres of well-timbered ground and surrounded by trim gardens. Whilst they lived here the old mansion on Tregarthen island was to be restored to something of its former grandeur, and Mrs. Tregarthen insisted upon sharing a hand in this. She insisted on having so influential a hand in it that she placed the whole of her own modest fortune in her husband's hands and bade him make that suffice.

"You bring me the grandeur of an old name," she said, "and I claim have my share in its honours. If you refuse me this I only half hide them."

Tregarthen, after many affectionate disputes, took the money.

"Whatever is mine is yours," he said, "and whatever is yours is ". It is like the right hand giving to the left."

"Precisely," said his wife, well pleased, and the architect was busy re. By the beginning of July the builders were at work, and the couple had great joy in crossing from Gorbay Head to Tregarthen watching the slow growth of the old place to a new being. Tregarfunds were snugly invested, and there were ample means to keep glorified house in reasonable state. Meantime, in other matters

they were content to retrench, and Mrs. Tregarthen wrote industriously at a romance on a large scale, determined not to cost her husband a penny in dresses, and to win an anonymous fame, of which he, who alone should have the secret, should be as proud as she was of him.

Visitors came thickly to Tregarthen that summer; some, who had archæological tastes, from afar, bent on seeing the house once before it assumed its new form. It was no matter for surprise, therefore, when a couple of sturdy boatmen pulled over a party of ladies and gentlemen with a fat and spectacled savant at their head, and the fat and spectacled one began to wander about amongst the stones and the mortar, delivering a little lecture to his following as he went. The married pair were in the habitable part of the house, and at the moment when the boat grounded at the sea-gate Mrs. Tregarthen was receiving a confession from her husband. He was standing at the window from which he had watched her on her first visit to the island, and was telling her, with no shamefacedness, how he had kept her in sight after he parted from her. It was not from any standpoint but her own a deed to be rewarded, but she kissed him for it with all her heart, and they went gaily out together for a ramble on the cliffs. Before they started, Tregarthen took a look at the approaching party through the single-barrelled opera-glass.

"We can go out with a clear conscience, my dear," he said; "there is no one we know amongst them."

They had not left the house long when an architect's clerk came racing after them, and asked Tregarthen's presence. The architect himself was on the ground, and desired his opinion on some question or another which could only be decided on the spot.

"Walk on," said Tregarthen to his wife, "I shall overtake you."

She answered with a smile and a nod, and rambled slowly over the verdurous slopes, and enjoyed the fresh sea-breeze. In a while she looked back, and, seeing no sign of her husband, she sate in the shelter of an overhanging boulder, and, sinking down in the soft mosses, surrendered herself to happy broodings upon her husband, her home, his love and her own, and the cloudless sky that overhung their sweet domestic life. She was so deep sunk in reverie, and the mosses hereabout were so soft and thick that a wandering footstep near at hand failed to reach her ear, and she was a little startled to find a picturesque young man baring his head before her with an almost theatrical air of homage.

"Miss Churchill!" said the picturesque young man in accents of delighted surprise. "I was assured the world was not robbed of you, but I am amazed to find you here. Amazed and charmed."

She did not recognise him, and arose with some indignation at the familiarity of his tone. She was startled by his sudden coming, too, and at the first flash she saw danger in the presence of any man who had known Miss Churchill.

"I am Mrs. Tregarthen, sir," she said haughtily and coldly.

"I beg pardon," said the picturesque young man, still standing, hat in hand, before her. "I cannot be mistaken. I had the honour to meet you at the 'Mirror.' My name is Marsh—Ronald Marsh. I owed the pleasure to Mr. Lorrimer."

"I have no recollection of the circumstance," she said even more coldly than before.

Mr. Ronald Marsh smiled with no touch of embarrassment. It was a little odd that there were people in the world who did not leap at the chance of talking to him, but the fact was indisputable, and he was used to it.

"I beg your pardon again," he said, with a graceful wave of his sombrero. "At least I may have the gratification of being assured that I am not in error in assuming you to be Miss Churchill."

Training tells in all things, and there was a little ring of the stage in her lovely voice as she answered him—

"I was Miss Churchill, sir; but I have no desire to resume acquaintance with any person who knew me by that name."

Mr. Ronald Marsh flushed to the roots of his hair, and donned his sombrero, with a final bow. She moved past him, with flashing eyes and head erect, and sweeping thus round the edge of the great boulder, met Tregarthen face to face.

Boys.

As a humble student of savage life, I have found it necessary to make researches into the manners and customs of boys. Boys are not what a vain people supposes. If you meet them in the holidays, you find them affable and full of kindness and good qualities. They will condescend to your weakness at lawn-tennis, they will aid you in your selection of fly-hooks, and, to be brief, will behave with much more than the civility of tame Zulus or Red Men on a missionary settlement. But boys at school and among themselves, left to the wild justice and traditional laws which many generations of boys have evolved, are entirely different beings. They resemble that Polynesian prince who had rejected the errors of polytheism for those of an extreme sect of Primitive Seceders. For weeks at a time this prince was known to be "steady," but every month or so he disappeared, and his subjects said he was "lying off." To adopt an American idiom, he "felt like brandy and water"; he also "felt like" wearing no clothes, and generally rejecting his new conceptions of duty and decency. In fact, he had a good bout of savagery, and then he returned to his tall hat, his varnished boots, his hymn-book, and his edifying principles. The life of small boys at school (before they get into long-tailed coats and the upper-fifth) is often a mere course of "lying off"—of relapse into native savagery with its laws and customs.

If anyone has so far forgotten his own boyhood as to think this description exaggerated, let him just fancy what our comfortable civilised life would be, if we could become boys in character and custom. Let us suppose that you are elected to a new club, of which most of the members are strangers to you. You enter the doors for the first time, when two older members, who have been gossiping in the hall, pounce upon you with the exclamation, "Hullo, here's a new fellow! You fellow, what's your name?" You reply, let us say, "Johnson." "I don't believe it, it's such a rum name. What's your father?" Perhaps you are constrained to answer "a Duke" or (more probably) "a solicitor." In the former case your friends bound up into the smoking-room, howling, "Here's a new fellow says his father is a Duke. Let's take the cheek out of him." And they "take it out" with umbrellas, slippers, and other surgical instruments. Or, in the latter case (your parent being a solicitor) they reply, "Then your father must be a beastly cad. All solicitors are sharks. *My* father says so, and he knows. How many sisters have you?" The new member answers, "Four." "Any of them married?" "No." "How awfully awkward for you."

By this time, perhaps, luncheon is ready, or the evening papers come in, and you are released for a moment. You sneak up into the library, where you naturally expect to be entirely alone, and you settle on a sofa with a novel. But an old member bursts into the room, spies a new fellow, and puts him through the usual catechism. He ends with, "How much tin have you got?" You answer "twenty pounds," or whatever the sum may be, for perhaps you had contemplated playing whist. "Very well, fork it out; you must give a dinner, all new fellows must, and *you* are not going to begin by being a stingy beast?" Thus addressed, as your friend is a big bald man, who looks mischievous, you do "fork out" all your ready money, and your new friend goes off to consult the cook. Meanwhile you "shed a blooming tear," as Homer says, and go home heart-broken. Now, does any grown-up man call this state of society civilisation? Would life be worth living (whatever one's religious consolations) on these terms? Of course not, and yet this picture is a not overdrawn sketch of the career of some new boy, at some schools new or old. The existence of a small schoolboy is, in other respects, not unlike that of an outsider, a half-trusted and half-contemned outsider in an Irish "Brotherhood," as the Irish playfully call their murder clubs. The small boy is *in* the society, but not *of* it, as far as any benefits go. He has to field out (and I admit that the discipline is salutary) while other boys bat. Other boys commit the faults, and compel him to copy out the impositions—say five hundred lines of Virgil—with which their sins are visited. Other boys enjoy the pleasures of football, while the small boy has to run vaguely about, never within five yards of the ball. Big boys reap the glories of paper-chases, the small boy gets lost in the bitter weather, on the open moors, or perhaps (as in one historical case) is frozen to death within a measurable distance of the school playground. And the worst of it is that, as a member of the great school secret society, the small boy can never complain of his wrongs, or divulge the name of his tormentors. It is in this respect that he resembles a harmless fellow, dragged into the coils of an Irish "Inner Brotherhood." He is exposed to all sorts of wrongs from his neighbours, and he can only escape by turning "informer," by breaking the most sacred law of his society, losing all social status, and, probably, obliging his parents to remove him from school. Life at school, as among the Irish people, turns on the belief that law and authority are natural enemies, against which everyone is banded.

The chapter of bullying among boys is one on which a man enters with reluctance. Boys are, on the whole, such good fellows, and so full of fine unsophisticated qualities, that the mature mind would gladly turn away its eyes from beholding their iniquities. Even a cruel bully does not inevitably and invariably develop into a bad man. He is, we hope, only passing through the savage stage, in which the torture of prisoners is a recognised institution. He has, perhaps, too little imagination to understand the pain he causes. Very often bullying is not physically *cruel, but only a perverted* sort of humour, such as

Kingsley, in *Hypatia*, recognised among his favourite Goths. I remember a feeble foolish boy at school (feeble he certainly was, and was thought foolish) who became the subject of much humorous bullying. His companions used to tie a thin thread round his ear, and attach this to a bar at such a height that he could only avoid breaking it by standing on tip-toe. But he was told that he must not break the thread. To avoid infringing this commandment, he put himself to considerable inconvenience and afforded much enjoyment to the spectators. According to most authorities, bullying is no longer what it was. Men of middle age, rather early middle age, remember the two following species of bullying to which they were subjected, and which, perhaps, are obsolescent. Tall stools were piled up in a pyramid, and the victim was seated on the top, near the roof of the room. The other savages brought him down from this bad eminence by hurling other stools at those which supported him. Or the victim was made to place his hands against the door, with the fingers outstretched, while the young tormentors played at the Chinese knife-trick. They threw knives, that is to say, at the door between the apertures of the fingers, and, as a rule, they hit the fingers and not the door. These diversions I know to be correctly reported, but the following pretty story is, perhaps, a myth. At one of the most famous public schools, a præpostor, or monitor, or sixth-form boy having authority, heard a pistol-shot in the room above his own. He went up and found a big boy and a little boy. They denied having any pistol. The monitor returned to his studies, again was sure he heard a shot, went up, and found the little boy dead. The big boy had been playing the William Tell trick with him, and had hit his head instead of the apple. That is the legend. Whether it be true or false, all boys will agree that the little victim could not have escaped by complaining to the monitor. No. Death before dishonour. This is an extreme example, and really the tale seems one of those best told to a gallant, but proverbially confiding branch of her Majesty's service. But the side not so seamy of this picture of school life is the extraordinary power of honour among boys. Of course the laws of the secret society might well terrify a puerile informer. But the sentiment of honour is even more strong than fear, and will probably outlast the very disagreeable circumstances in which it was developed.

People say bullying is not what it used to be. The much-abused monitorial system has this in it of good, that it enables a clever and kindly boy who is high up in the school to stop the cruelties (if he hears of them) of a much bigger boy who is low in the school. But he seldom hears of them. Habitual bullies are very cunning, and I am acquainted with instances in which they carry their victims off to lonely torture-cells (so to speak) and deserted places fit for the sport. Some years ago a small boy, after a long course of rope's-ending in out-of-the-way dens, revealed the abominations of some naval cadets. There was not *much* sympathy with him in the public mind, and perhaps his case was

not well managed. But it was made clear that whereas among men an unpopular person is only spoken evil of behind his back, an unpopular small boy among boys is made to suffer in a more direct and very unpleasant way.

Most of us leave school with the impression that there was a good deal of bullying when we were little, but that the institution has died out. The truth is that we have grown too big to be bullied, and too good-natured to bully ourselves. When I left school, I thought bullying was an extinct art, like encaustic painting (before it was rediscovered by Mr. Richmond). But a distinguished writer, who was a small boy when I was a big one, has since revealed to me the most abominable cruelties which were being practised at the very moment when I supposed bullying to have had its day and ceased to be. Now, the small boy need only have mentioned the circumstances to any one of a score of big boys, and the tormentor would have been first thrashed, and then, probably, expelled. A friend of my own was travelling lately in a wild and hilly region on the other side of the world, let us say in the Mountains of the Moon. In a mountain tavern he had thrust upon him the society of the cook, a very useless young man, who astonished him by references to one of our universities, and to the enjoyments of that seat of learning. This youth (who was made cook, and a very bad cook too, because he could do nothing else) had been expelled from a large English school. And he was expelled because he had felled a bully with a paving-stone, and had expressed his readiness to do it again. Now, there was no doubt that this cook in the mountain inn was a very unserviceable young fellow. But I wish more boys who have suffered things literally unspeakable from bullies would try whether force (in the form of a paving-stone) is really no remedy. But perhaps this is a relapse into the "wild justice of revenge," as they call it when one man shoots another in Ireland because he owes him money.

The Catholic author of a recent book (*Schools*, by Lieut.-Col. Raleigh Chichester), is very hard on "Protestant schools," and thinks that the Catholic system of constant watching is a remedy for bullying and other evils. "Swing-doors with their upper half glazed, might have their uses," he says, and he does not see why a boy should not be permitted to complain, if he is roasted, like Tom Brown, before a large fire. The boys at one Catholic school described by Colonel Raleigh Chichester, "are never without surveillance of some sort." This is true of most French schools, and anyone who wishes to understand the consequences (there) may read the recently published confessions of a *pion*—an usher, or "spy." A more degraded and degrading life than that of the wretched *pion*, it is impossible to imagine. In an English private school, the system of *espionage* and tale-bearing, when it exists, is probably not unlike what Mr. Anstey describes in *Vice Versâ*. But in the Catholic schools spoken of by Colonel Raleigh Chichester, the surveillance may be, as he says, "that of a parent; an aid to the boys in their games rather than a check." *The religious question* as between Catholics and Pro-

testants has no essential connection with the subject. A Protestant school might, and Grimstone's did, have tale-bearers; possibly a Catholic school might exist without parental surveillance. That system is called by its foes a "police," by its friends a "paternal" system. But fathers don't exercise the "paternal" system themselves in this country, and we may take it for granted that, while English society and religion are as they are, surveillance at our large schools will be impossible. If anyone regrets this, let him read the descriptions of French schools and school-days, in Balzac's *Louis Lambert*, in the Memoirs of M. Maxime du Camp, in any book where a Frenchman speaks his mind about his youth. He will find spying (of course) among the ushers, contempt and hatred on the side of the boys, unwholesome and cruel punishments, a total lack of healthy exercise; and he will hear of holidays spent in premature excursions into forbidden and shady quarters of the town. No doubt the best security against bullying is in constant occupation. There can hardly (in spite of Master George Osborne's experience in *Vanity Fair*) be much bullying in an open cricket-field. Big boys, too, with good hearts, should not only stop bullying when they come across it, but make it their business to find out where it exists. Exist it will, more or less, despite all precautions, while boys are boys—that is, are passing through a modified form of the savage state.

There is a curious fact in the boyish character which seems, at first sight, to make good the opinion that private education, at home, is the true method. Before they go out into school life, many little fellows of nine, or so, are extremely original, imaginative, and almost poetical. They are fond of books, fond of nature, and, if you can win their confidence, will tell you all sorts of pretty thoughts and fancies which lie about them in their infancy. I have known a little boy who liked to lie on the grass and to people the alleys and glades of that miniature forest with fairies and dwarfs, whom he seemed actually to see in a kind of vision. But he went to school, he instantly won the hundred yards race for boys under twelve, and he came back a young barbarian, interested in "the theory of touch" (at football), curious in the art of bowling, and no more capable than you or I of seeing fairies in a green meadow. He was caught up into the air of the boy's world, and his imagination was in abeyance for a season. This is a common enough thing, and rather a melancholy spectacle to behold. One is tempted to believe that school causes the loss of a good deal of genius, and that the small boys who leave home poets, and come back barbarians, have been wasted. But, on the other hand, if they had been kept at home and encouraged, the chances are that they would have blossomed into infant phenomena and nothing better. The awful infancy of Mr. John Stuart Mill is a standing warning. Mr. Mill would probably have been a much happier and wiser man if he had not been a precocious linguist, economist, and philosopher, but had passed through a healthy stage of indifference to learning and speculation at a public school. Look again, at *childhood of* Bishop Thirlwall. His *Primitiæ* were published (by Sa

ndon, 1808), when young Connop was but eleven years of indiscreet father "launched this slender bark," as he says, and rough three editions between 1808 and 1809. Young Thirl- taught Latin at three years of age, "and at four read Greek ase and fluency which astonished all who heard him." At composed an essay "On the Uncertainty of Human Life," but for poetry was not discovered till a later period." His sermons, , occupy most of the little volume in which these *Primitiæ* cted. He was especially concerned about Sabbath desecration. ," observes this sage of ten, "when I look upon the present tate of our public morals, and when I contrast our present ssipation, and depravity, with past frugality and virtue, I feel a sensation of regret, but also of terror, for the result of the "The late Revolution in France," he adds, "has afforded us a e lesson how necessary religion is to a State, and that from a on that head arise the chief evils which can befall society." ids us "remember that the Nebuchadnezzar who may destroy is near at hand," though it might be difficult to show how nezzar destroyed Israel. As to the uncertainty of life, he re- t "Edward VI. died in his minority, and disappointed his o whom he had promised a happy reign." Of this infant's e sermons (just as many as the Articles), it may be said that n no way inferior to other examples of this class of literature. ons are among the least "scarce" and "rare" of human essays, parents would rather have their boy patiently acquiring the ket-keeping at school than moralising on the uncertainty of ne. Some one "having presented to the young author a copy on the trite and familiar subject of the Ploughboy," he replied de on "the Potboy."

> Bliss is not always join'd to wealth,
> Nor dwells beneath the gilded roof,
> For poverty is bliss with health,
> Of that my potboy stands a proof.

lume ends with this determination,

> Still shall I seek Apollo's shelt'ring ray,
> To cheer my spirits and inspire my lay.

parent or guardian desires further information about *Les venus célèbres par leurs écrits*, he will find it in a work of that lished in Paris in 1688. The learned Scioppius published ixteen, "which deserved" (and perhaps obtained) "the ad- f dotards." M. Du Maurier asserts that, at the age of fifteen, ended causes at the Bar. At eleven Meursius made orations gues which were much admired. At fifteen Alexandre le te anacreontic verses, and (less excusably) a commentary on tions of Cajus. Grevin published a tragedy and two comedies of thirteen, and at fifteen Louis Stella was a professor of

Greek. But no one reads Grevin now, nor Stella, nor Alexandre Jeune, and perhaps their time might have been better occupied in bei "soaring human boys" than in composing tragedies and commentari Monsieur le Duc de Maine published, in 1678, his *Œuvres Diverses d'* *Auteur de Sept Ans*, a royal example to be avoided by all boys. The and several score of other examples may perhaps reconcile us to t spectacle of puerile genius fading away in the existence of the comm British schoolboy, who is nothing of a poet, and still less of a jurisconsu

The British authors who understand boys best are not those w have written books exclusively about boys. There is Canon Farrar, f example, whose romances of boyish life appear to be very popular, b whose boys, somehow, are not real boys. They are too good when th are good, and when they are bad, they are not perhaps too bad (that impossible), but they are bad in the wrong way. They are bad with mannish and conscious vice, whereas even bad boys seem to sin le consciously and after a ferocious fashion of their own. Of the boys i *Tom Brown* it is difficult to speak, because the Rugby boy under Arno seems to have been of a peculiar species. A contemporary pupil w asked, when an undergraduate, what he conceived to be the peculi characteristic of Rugby boys. He said, after mature reflection, that t *differentia* of the Rugby boy was his moral thoughtfulness. Now t characteristic of the ordinary boy is his want of what is called mor thoughtfulness. He lives in simple obedience to school traditions. The may compel him, at one school, to speak in a peculiar language, and t persecute and beat all boys who are slow at learning this language. A another school he may regard dislike of the manly game of football the sin with which "heaven heads the count of crimes." On the who this notion seems a useful protest against the immaturely artistic bein who fill their studies with photographs of Greek fragments, casts, etchin by the newest etcher, bits of china, Oriental rugs, and very curious o brass candlesticks. The "challenge cup" soon passes away from t keeping of any house in a public school where Bunthorne is a popul and imitated character. But when we reach æsthetic boys, we pass o of the savage stage into hobbledehoyhood. The bigger boys at publ schools are often terribly "advanced," and when they are not worshippi the sunflower they are vexing themselves with the riddle of the eart evolution, agnosticism, and all that kind of thing. Latin verses may n be what conservatives fondly deem them, and even cricket may, it said, become too absorbing a pursuit, but either or both are better th precocious freethinking and sacrifice on the altar of the Beautiful. big boy who is tackling Haeckel or composing *virelais* in playtime doing himself no good, and is worse than useless to the society of whi he is a member. The small boys, who are the most ardent of he worshippers, either despise him or they allow him to address them *chansons royaux*, and respond with trebles in *triolets*. At present many boys leave school, pass three years or four at the univer go back as masters to the place where some of their old schoo

still pupils. It is through these very young masters, perhaps, that "advanced" speculations and tastes get into schools, where, however excellent in themselves, they are rather out of place. Indeed, the very young master, though usually earnest in his work, must be a sage indeed if he can avoid talking to the elder boys about the problems that interest him, and so forcing their minds into precocious attitudes. The advantage of Eton boys used to be, perhaps is still, that they came up to college absolutely destitute of "ideas," and guiltless of reading anything more modern than Virgil. Thus their intellects were quite fallow, and they made astonishing progress when they bent their fresh and unwearied minds to study. But too many boys now leave school with settled opinions derived from the very latest thing out, from the newest German pessimist or American socialist. It may, however, be argued that ideas of these sorts are like measles, and that it is better to take them early and be done with them for ever.

While schools are reformed and Latin grammars of the utmost ingenuity and difficulty are published, boys on the whole change very little. They remain the beings whom Thackeray understood better than any other writer: Thackeray, who liked boys so much and was so little blind to their defects. I think he exaggerates their habit of lying to masters, or, if they lied in his day, their character has altered in that respect, and they are more truthful than many men find it expedient to be. And they have given up fighting; the old battles between Berry and Biggs, or Dobbin and Cuff (major) are things of the glorious past. Big boys don't fight, and there is a whisper that little boys kick each other's shins when in wrath. That practice can hardly be called an improvement, even if we do not care for fisticuffs. Perhaps the gloves are the best peacemakers at school. When all the boys, by practice in boxing, know pretty well whom they can in a friendly way lick, they are less tempted to more crucial experiments "without the gloves." But even the ascertainment of one's relative merits with the gloves hurts a good deal, and one may thank heaven that the fountain of youth (as described by Pontus de Tyarde) is not a common beverage. By drinking this liquid, says the old Frenchman, one is insensibly brought back from old to middle age, and to youth and boyhood. But one would prefer to stop drinking before actually being reduced to boy's estate, and passing once more through the tumultuous experiences of that period. And of these, *not having enough to eat* is by no means the least common. The evidence as to execrable dinners is rather dispiriting, and one may end by saying that if there is a worse fellow than a bully, it is a master who does not see that his boys are supplied with plenty of wholesome food. He, at least, could not venture, like a distinguished head master, to preach and publish sermons on "Boys' Life: its Fulness." A schoolmaster who has boarders is a hotel-keeper, and thereby makes his income, but he need not keep a hotel which would be dispraised in guide books. Dinners are a branch of school economy which should not be left to the wives of schoolmasters. *They* have never been boys.

Wild Shooting.

As things are going in a world of progress it seems likely that, so far as big game is concerned, wild shooting will soon be a pleasure of the past. The future of the migratory waterfowl is safe; they have their breeding places among the Polar ice-floes and on the desolate Siberian *tundras*, though the strings of swans and of wild geese are being steadily scared away from the lochs and sea-arms that were their favourite southern resorts. But the big game are being gradually hemmed in and hunted down, and the unfortunate animals cannot help themselves, since their instincts have been outraged and their habits revolutionised. They have no longer the range of limitless natural parks, or of forests and impenetrable jungles where the savage seldom dared to follow them. Civilisation has been clearing them off the face of the earth, while commerce has hitherto made handsome profits of them. The labours of the modern Hercules have often been severe, but he kills his lions and wild bears for the sake of the skins, which are to be converted into luxurious rugs and carriage wrappers, while the latter-day Nimrod travels for some trading firm that equips him for his sporting adventures by contract. But business of the kind cannot be pushed indefinitely, and the more briskly it goes forward the sooner it must slacken. Each trading post and mission station established in the wilds has become a separate centre of organised extermination; and even the mighty Hudson Bay Company itself, the society of sporting capitalists *par excellence*, after ruining or absorbing rivals who ran it hard, has resolved itself very much into a land corporation. The employés of the Company's trading forts along the Saskatchewan can no longer sally forth in parties for the fall hunts, and lay in unlimited supplies of "fat hump" and "tender loin" against the winter; they must be content with beef instead of buffalo flesh and import the pemmican that is made in the settlements. As yet, however, civilisation has barely touched these territories, and they are still, to all intents, a preserve and a sanctuary for fur-wearing animals. Yet even there the improvements in firearms have made themselves sensibly felt, and elsewhere they have been spreading death and destruction wholesale. It is not only that the white man goes to Liège and Birmingham for ponderous elephant guns discharging explosive shells, for repeating rifles and heavy-bore six-shooters; but serviceable rifles, of somewhat antiquated make, have become regular articles of barter with tribes of savages who make a profession of hunting, and who have generally discarded the muskets that had replaced their bows and arrows. Bu

ingham firms can turn out, for trade purposes, a "gun that shoots" 7s. 6d. The barbarians used prudently to give the rhinoceros a wide rth, knowing that he was viciously resentful of interference as he is cased impenetrable folds of leather; nor did any but the Hamram Arabs re to come to close quarters with the elephant, and their practice of ord-slashing resembled sleight of hand. Those monsters were the marchs of all they surveyed, and took their ease among the mimosa ves and wait-a-bit scrub like the show cattle in an English park. But w they are stalked and ambushed by gangs of skulking enemies, who y drop them with broadsides even unskilfully directed; and the mere und of the file-firing clears whole districts which were undisturbed by e silent flight of the arrow.

The story of wild sport in Africa is romantic enough, and brief ough; for already it is well-nigh brought to an end. Harris was the t to write a book upon it, which was the delight of our boyhood, and which we still turn with pleasure, partly perhaps from old associations' ke. There may not be much of the refinement of art in his coloured tches of animals, but there is an abundance of realism, and that is tter. The crouching lion is switching his tail, meditating a spring on e oxen loosened from the trek rope in the night lager; the camelopard, th a graceful sweep of the head, is nibbling at the drooping boughs a em of feet above the herbage; mixed multitudes of gnus, elands, and aggas are scouring through the sand clouds of their own raising, and have a picturesque panorama of the windings of a well-timbered lley, dotted as far as the eye can reach with the groups of gigantic phants that melt away in the dim perspective. The sensational ctures seem meant to "draw," like those shown on the stage of the velling menagerie; yet, in the main, we doubt not that they were true ough, for then it was almost impossible to exaggerate the masses of e game that had been increasing and multiplying from time im-morial. Then the Boers, though they had migrated to outlying rms, had not trekked very far into the interior. They were kept in eck by such sanguinary potentates as the late lamented Moselekatse, e founder of the Zulu kingdom. But they had shooting to their arts' content with their unwieldy *roers*, without riding beyond their ndaries. Great droves of antelopes in the migratory season "stam ded" their sheep, and ostriches dropped their eggs among the waterless nthills, like the wandering turkey hens that are the despair of the glish farmer. It was a bold thing for any white man to venture ong the savages, who detested the Dutchmen and were perpetually war with them; but the risk was well repaid by the shooting, and, er all, the chance of being murdered was only one danger among ny. Nothing is more heart-stirring than the narrative of Harris's periences, and nothing but the passion for sport could have made them asurable. His horses gave out with short commons and hard work; guns were smashed when "he came croppers" in his gallops, and he

had to hammer the locks into working order again, and splice the shivered stocks with hippopotamus hide. He was charged by misanthropic rhinoceroses, which, sticking to him with pig-headed perseverance, went nearly as lightly as his jaded steed; he had wounded bull elephants trumpeting at his heels, with lowered tusks and uplifted trunk; and he turned into the waggon, after a day's exertions, to symphonies of lions answering each other in the darkness as the cats squall and screech in a suburban back garden. We say nothing of such incidental dangers as being misled in the wilderness by native guides, or finding fetid mud at the fountains where he looked for drinking water, when the dregs of the fluid had evaporated in the water casks and the panting oxen were tumbling over in the traces. Excitement supported the ardent sportsman through everything; and as lead was shot away, and he was lightened of the presents he had brought, he loaded up the waggons with sporting trophies and ivory. And it is suggestive of the manner of sport of a couple of generations ago that these trophies were comparatively hardly come by. A modern elephant hunter sends a miniature shell into the animal, aiming at lodging it anywhere in the vitals behind the shoulder. The shell explodes like a subcutaneous mine, smashing the bones, rending the sinews, sending puffs of grey smoke through the gaping orifice, and the strongest elephant is very effectually "stopped." If Harris hoped to kill by a single shot, he was bound to cover a particular spot below the forehead, for the slightest deviation meant a scramble for life; and, indeed, his humanitarian critics had some reason for reproaching him with cruelty when he tells of galloping behind the giraffe, firing fifteen up to thirty shots into the shoulder, till the death film veiled the reproaches of the imploring eye and the most stately of the antelopes tottered and succumbed.

Harris was followed by Gordon Cumming, at a very considerable interval. Paragraphs in northern journals published rumours of a well-born Scottish gentleman, somewhat notorious in his younger days as an amateur poacher, who had taken kindly in middle age to semi-barbarous life. He was said to have penetrated to the interior of South Africa, where he supported himself by the rod and the rifle. It is significant of the rarity of that kind of adventure at the time, that these stories were generally taken to be *canards*. But Cumming came back to make an exhibition of his spoils, and to publish a couple of volumes—edited, we believe, by literary lady relations—which were very fascinating reading. The contents were very similar to those of Harris's book, although by that time the frontiers of the inhospitable wilderness had been pushed further to the northward. But Cumming had the same tales to tell of ivory in any quantities to be had for the shooting, of lions charging in upon the waggons when night storms had deluged the fires, and of nig watches in the moonlight by lonely fountains, where he passed all spectral forms of the desert in review to a howling serenade of hy and wild dogs.

We have had many a book of South African adventure since that, but Cumming may be said to have been among the last of the gentlemen pioneer-errants. The English settled up the Transkei and Natal; the discontented Dutch trekked out into the Transvaal. Livingstone had made friends with the wild tribes on the Zambesi, and had sent the travelling gentlemen of the period on pilgrimages of admiration to the Victoria Falls. These tourists into the interior, on expeditions "personally conducted," tried to pay their way, and not unfrequently nearly succeeded. A race of heavily-armed elephant-hunters arose, who organised themselves in small parties, and were regularly equipped by their sleeping partners for slaughter or barter. Beads of the fashionable colours and breadths of scarlet cloth with robes of tawdry embroidery were exchanged for tusks, skins, and karosses. Though most of these men had primarily an eye to the main chance, many of them were as keen sportsmen as Cumming; and if the life was rough there were the seductions of romance in it. There were other dangers besides the risks of the actual chase. Astute chiefs "pounded" the waggons for frontier-duties, arbitrarily imposed; the poisonous *tsetse* fly killed horses and draught oxen; fountains gave out on the long desert stages; or the rains descended and the floods fell, changing meadows in the river valleys into malarious swamps. The strength of the traders was sapped and they were shaken to pieces by fevers; venomous snakes, on the look-out for snug quarters, coiled themselves in their blankets and under their pillows; and their cattle were "lifted" by tiny barbarians, armed with poisoned arrows, who could scarcely be tracked over the stones to their earths and lairs in the *kranzes*. But the danger and the profit continued to draw these men like magnets, till the beats they were wont to traverse have been pretty nearly cleared of big game. And where sporting adventure has ceased to tempt the shooting trader the savage has been left to pick up what is left; so there is a rising market for the dwindling supplies of ivory, &c., drawn from the elephant districts that are yearly more remote. A precisely similar process has been going forward from each commercial centre on the coasts of the continent. Arab traders, with their head-quarters at Zanzibar, meet the merchants of the Congo or Niger, who do business on the western watersheds. A Colonel Grant might walk across Africa now, and never stumble by any accident on the tracks of an elephant; and although the southern frontiers of Abyssinia have been comparatively undisturbed, we suspect that rifles consigned to the merchants of Khartoum have been spreading desolation in Baker's sporting paradise on the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile. Yet it is not so very many years ago since, while sitting like the patriarchs at the door of the tent, he saw giraffes and elephants parading themselves in troops in the well-timbered savannahs in the valleys beneath him. It is true that certain animals are born with a luck of their own, seeing that nothing but danger is to be got by pursuing them; and the danger is of a singularly disagreeable kind. We can conceive nothing

more horrible than the embrace of the gorilla, who is said to have the superhuman craft of the carcajou with the habit of dropping on the sportsman from the branches overhead; and should your nerves have stood the terrors of his nocturnal growlings, and if you should succeed in turning the tables on him, the sole satisfaction is in having the monster stuffed and gifting some provincial museum with the grotesqueness of a nightmare incarnate.

So Africa as a shooting ground is nearly "played out," unless you are to content yourself with wild boars and waterfowl in Morocco, or with shooting pigeons from a *dahabeah* on the mud banks of the Nile. Nor do we find that matters are much better in the overgrown territories of the American Union, naturally suggested to us by the Yankee expression of "played out." The Mormons who settled up the Utah district have much to answer for, since they gave the Gentile hunters and the pioneers from the eastern States a fresh base of departure. It is only a question of a generation or so, more or less, since Washington Irving, a home-staying mortal if ever there was one, went running buffalo on the prairies within an easy ride of the Mississippi, and wrote the sanguinary biographies of notorious trappers and half-breeds; since Brillat Savarin, sojourning in the homesteads of Illinois, saw deer and wild turkeys scientifically cooked, that had been shot in the coppices of the backwood farms; since Ruxton went his famous solitary ride through the wilds of New Mexico, when Apaches and Comanches were abroad on the war path; and since the educated English traveller cast in his lot with the mountain men, graduating among the most skilful of them as a deacon of their craft. We have considerably mixed the dates, as we well know; but really the trivial details of chronology are of little consequence. All we have alluded to only happened the other day; yet it is all become matter of ancient history. If the American desert does not exactly blossom like the rose, if there are visitations of tornadoes and flights of locusts, spreading destruction broadcast among the crops of the farmers, at all events it has been cut up, built over, and allotted, while it is intersected in all directions by railway lines and telegraph wires. The savages have been swindled and starved out, or relegated to the miserable "reserves," where they are never safe from intrusion. What has happened to the lonely scenes of many a tragic incident of the trapping business and the border warfare? The streams where the trapper used to set his snares, casting stealthy glances over his shoulder and keeping "his eyes skinned for Indian sign," turn the sawmills and manufacturing machinery of flourishing communities. The news boys shout the sensational contents of a broad sheet where the echoes were never wakened but by the plaintive whine of the prairie wolf. The "Smoky Forks" and the "Bloody Bluffs" have given their names to railway stations, and the face of the country is absolutely changed. For a time the buffalo, or more strictly the American bison, held his own eve against the stokers. The exciting pictures with which we are famili

expresses stopped by irresistible buffalo charges, while em-
passengers were potting at the animals promiscuously, with
of rifles and revolvers, were founded upon actual facts. It
seemed impossible, indeed, ever to exterminate those number-
which swept the country in a billowy sea of horns, and were
reeptibly thinned even on the outskirts by the annual Indian
ut those who fancied that had no foreknowledge of the wasteful
hat was to be wrought by modern weapons. Some startling
o the slaughter were given some years ago in an admirable
prairie sport, written by the American Colonel Dodge. Bands
unters had followed up the herds for their skins, and the
e flesh that was left rotting on the prairies was something
. It was estimated that in a single year the rival railways
s the continent had carried freights that did not fall much
million hides and dressed robes; and these figures were of course
om representing the extent of the butchery. The authors of
published a diagram showing the contraction of the buffalo
ch had once embraced the whole of the central continent. In
it had been pushed up towards the settlements on the Red
le to the south it formed a shrinking ring in the more inhospit-
ess pastoral territories of New Mexico. Since then the ex-
n has slackened for want of sustenance, although it has been
dily on. To the south the retreating buffaloes have been in a
eltered in a wilderness from which colonists are secured by
waterless wastes and the bands of ferocious savages. But to
wards we fancy that they have been steadily hunted down,
have been driven back upon the settlers of the fertile belt
ading stations of the Hudson Bay Company.

nd of wild shooting is still to be found in the States, and that
oing very far from some of the new mining cities and prairie
nctions. The *moufflon*, or Rocky Mountain sheep, is still to be
among the peaks and precipices of the Alleghanies and the
vada; and no doubt there can hardly be prettier shooting
men who ought to be celebrities of the Alpine Club. It is
est deer-stalking, with the danger thrown in of being pre-
nto bottomless abysses and having your bones picked by the
er vultures have stripped the flesh. Every fair stalk involves
exercise, with the chance of seeing the game startled at the
nt, or missing the shot after which you have toiled so meri-
The Scottish red deer is generally to be sought in the shel-
es, and you crawl upon him through peat bogs that are
vely flat, or up streams, as Montgomery observed in a line torn
by Macaulay, "which meander level with their founts." The
sheep haunts the least accessible crags; he keeps a sharp
n the break-neck rock-landscapes beneath him, and the aim
my is to drop down upon him from the clouds; so that at

the object point, whence you catch a bird's-eye view of the tips of his gracefully bending horns, most probably you are hanging on by the eyelids to a shelving ledge of schist or gravel. The position would try the nerves of a veteran of the fire brigade, accustomed to make himself comfortable on seven-story zinc-gutters. The frame is shaking with excessive exertion and the pulses are throbbing with mad excitement. The shot is a long one at best, and there is no possibility of reducing the distance, unless it were given you to borrow the wings of one of the hill hawks. Lying quiet is scarcely likely to calm you, since the eyes are reposing themselves in unfathomable space. So you must take the aim, *tant bien que mal*, at an animal that is blessed with extraordinary toughness and is enlivened rather than otherwise by a bullet that flies wide of the vitals. And of all the minor bitter disappointments in life there is none, perhaps, more bitterly humiliating than the common one of missing the mark under these tremendous conditions. Success in his shot is the sporting zealot's ambition; but sometimes he goes stalking the *moufflon* with immediate objects more material. It is all very well for touring gentlemen, like Lord Dunraven or Mr. Pendarvis Vivian, to come back from one of their cloud expeditions with empty hands to the camp bivouacs they had established with reserves of potted meats; not that, to do them justice, they did very often come back gameless. But we sometimes read of that most precarious chase of the *moufflon* when gaunt famine was spurring the sportsman on, and when the excitement of the agitating climax was aggravated by hopes of a supper. As when Dr. Cheadle and "the Assineboine" went after those animals when making the North-West passage by land to the Pacific with Lord Milton, and, in their absorbing hunt after savoury meat, were all unconscious that the soles had been torn off their moccasins, though they might have been tracked by the bleeding of their lacerated feet.

The colonies of our North American Dominion have lagged behind the United States in point of immigration and the clearings that follow it. The climate becomes more inhospitable as we approach the frozen North, and so the scattered bands of stunted Indians still roam the solitudes where the trackless forests are intersected by rugged river-valleys. The consequence is that fair shooting is still to be had within easy reach of the capitals of the thriving settlements. There are men from our Canadian garrisons who return year after year to make flying trips in their short furloughs to the forests they fell in love with when on service. Salmon swarm in the season in such rivers as the Saguenay and its tributaries. And the colonial authorities, wiser in their generation than some of their more southerly neighbours, took legislative action in time to prot the moose and the carriboo. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick least—we know not whether it may be the case elsewhere—the b have a jubilee given them one year out of three, for in each season all shooting is forbidden under heavy penalties. The good *of that* wise measure are apparent, for already the game is fi

lentiful than some years ago. Nor did the legislatures interfere at all o soon, for when the moose gather into their "yards" no animal is ore easily slaughtered. Once the locality is "spotted" you have only walk up to the snow walls and shoot the animals point-blank from hind the barricades they have cast up themselves, like a Vitellius nocking over lions and giraffes from the imperial box in the Flavian nphitheatre. But stalking through the woods in the latest days of e fall, when the ground is sprinkled with the first snow of the season, a very different thing. Every Highland deer-stalker knows the diffilty of eluding the red deer's superfine sense of hearing, even when the pproach is over open heaths and bare hill. An approach through the lick fir-woods is of course infinitely more difficult when following up a ail towards an invisible object with eyesight that is infinitely keener an your own. The prolonged delays are apt to make one careless, d at any moment there may be the cracking of a rotten branch, a fallen twig may rustle under the foot. There are good stalkers mong our colonists and regimental sportsmen; but in such cases everying depends on the guide. There are Indian hunters, though by no eans too many of them, sober, steady, long-winded, and perseveringly liable on the trail, who seem to unite the infallible scent of the sleuth ound with the intelligent sylvan instincts of a "leather-stocking." ne down your impatient temperament to theirs; follow their stealthy ail in silent mimicry; learn to copy each movement almost mechanially, and to set your foot in the very spot from which the Indian's is ifted, and you will be brought within shot of the unsuspecting quarry, d possibly within a score of yards of the coveted horns. As for the oose meat, it is very well in its way, but we think on the whole that has been decidedly overrated, unless when a hunter's appetite is rown in by way of sauce. But there can be no doubt that the *mufle* a delicate morsel, and to be preferred to the hump of the finestavoured buffalo. And we may remark by-the-by, as a noteworthy rcumstance, that shooting in the backwoods of these colonies has been ttle spoiled by the railways—probably because there is comparatively ttle but through traffic, and the desolation comes almost to the sidings the solitary stations. But the fact is that the moose and the carriboo till feed up to the very borders of the lines, and scarcely lift their heads listen to the whistle of the passing engine.

Shooting in what may be called the home settlements is very much ke a picnic. You turn out with tinned meats and a concentrated *batterie de cuisine*; you are in the charge of a competent guide, whose single alling is his weakness for strong drink, and who may be trusted to take ou safely anywhere. He will grope his way through the falling now-drifts, complicated by the vapours of a Newfoundland fog; and hould game prove scarce, and short commons threaten starvation, you re always within easy reach of provision markets. It is, or rather it sed to be, a very different thing when a man undertook a real expedi-

tion to the wilderness; when he cast loose from the moorings that tied him to civilisation and launched into the limitless wildernesses of the prairies, among wandering savages who resented his intrusion. That is so much a thing of the past that we need hardly dwell upon it. The days are gone by when a Ruxton could ride out upon the plains, mixing with the mountain men like one of themselves, camping out and "*caching*" as if he had been to the manner born, "skinning his eyes" everywhere for "Indian sign," and "shooting plum centre" at a moment's notice, though he had been roused out of his beauty sleep by a volley and a war yell, and though his numbed feet could hardly support him, or his frozen fingers cast the flaps from the rifle-locks. Nor is there much temptation now to face death in somewhat different forms in the North-Eastern territories of our own dominions, where the savages are far less formidable, but where the weather is more unrelenting. When men used to be induced to winter out, starving on short commons of frozen fish, with precarious supplies of pemmican fetched on dog sledges from the trading posts, they were gradually led on, league after league, by the joys of the buffalo hunts in the fall and the prospect of renewing them next season. A singularly fascinating life for those who loved it, it is almost as difficult to realise its joys as its hardships. When one lived in a gloomy log-hut, or slept out in blankets frozen hard as boards in the open, in a temperature resembling that of the Polar regions, with few of the comforts that are carried in the Arctic ships; when English gentlemen were driven to conciliate the good graces of family parties of drunken savages, who were their patrons rather than their comrades; when in the shifting solitude of those wild night bivouacs they would fall back on the companionship of some gaunt old wolf, who, following their trail, sat howling near their fires, and cleared away any scraps they might have left for him in the morning—it seems strange to read of the sporting episodes that sufficed to cheer their dismal existence: how they followed the silver fox, like Dr. Cheadle, into wilds that were seldom trodden at that season even by the feet of the roaming Indian; how they set their wits against those of the Machiavellian carcajou, which vindicated its character for supernatural strength and astuteness by the cunning with which it robbed their traps and eluded their most ingenious snares. Considering the hardships they were called upon to endure, and the chances of a miserable death they volunteered for, we might call these enthusiasts the martyrs of field sports, were it not that they seem to have found an Elysium in what would be the purgatory of most of their fellow-men. And the climax of their joys was an encounter with some "grizzly" who can crack a skull like a walnut with a gentle pat from his paw.

Turn from that picture to another; and striding across the Straits of Behring in the foot-tracks of Eugene Sue's long-winded Wandering Je we are landed in all the luxuries of Asiatic wild sports—luxurious at le as far as our Indian Empire is concerned, where the sumptuous t

maharajahs and rajahs have been perpetuated by wealthy civil and by military sportsmen in comfortable circumstances. The in North America and in Africa will surely be killed down; must always be a future for the sportsman in India. So much r for energetic Englishmen in exile; so much the worse for the natives whose lines have fallen to them among their forests and Our English rural postmen often complain, with some reason, daily pilgrimages on miserably inadequate pay. The most of them all may consider himself fortunate when he compares ith that of some of his Indian *confrères*. The Hindu letter- who has his beat, or rather his swinging trot, through a jungle could hardly have his life insured on any reasonable terms by speculative assurance company touting for business. He starts of day to cover his distance, casting fearful glances over his oulder, and shuddering at every rustle in the twigs, as he nto the trail under the shadows of the jungle. Snakes, &c., are jected to, as one of the "inwadin' conquerors" at Pawkins's re- to Mark Tapley, when enlightening him as to the attractions of t. Tigers are continually "on the rampage"; as likely as not the tter-carrier may be stalked by some notorious "man-eater" as ly acquainted with his habits as himself. If he were to stop and some of the contiguous thickets, the favourite lairs of the strol- urge, he might come upon a deposit of bones and bangles, and lics of deadly springs and raids. But what is one man's meat is man's poison. The possible Presence that sends a thrill through s of the postman lends the solitary charm to the life of the ollector of Bogglewallah. There are always men who have terest to be sent up country simply because the mantle of has descended on them. What man of fifty or so does not er *The Old Forest Ranger* that was the delight of his boyhood, ged him, if he had friends in Leadenhall Street, to make interest itership? For *The Old Forest Ranger* had all the unmistakable of the veritable biography of an ancient sportsman, and Mans- a type that one must always meet, in spite of the influx of silken- competition wallahs. Your genuine Indian sportsman has y been an odd compound of modified sensuality and of courage uld be foolhardy were it not so cool and calculating. He faces n the way of daily pleasure, in all its forms. The chances of the harge are a matter of course; and he shoots the jungles at the adly hours and seasons, scarcely caring to prime himself with f quinine against the pestilence that walks in the darkness. But make himself more than comfortable so far as he can manage it. s an elephant sooner than go on foot, and rather to spare himself than to avoid danger. He comes back at dusk to a commodious here his servants have everything in readiness for the satrap. he luxuriously, and is leisurely shampooed; he fares sumptuously

on mulligatawny with curried entrées and game; he cools himself clarets and aërated waters, and sleeps within mosquito curtains folds of heavy canvas. Then in the morning with the day-dawn afoot again, and ready to ride any distance on the chance of a that has been arranged for him.

Shooting out of a howdah is all very well, although even that is without its hazards. But at any moment may come one of the epi which give its savour to the sport, and which try the nerve of "luxurious" Anglo-Indian to the utmost. The tiger may be sulki his lair among the rocks, and must be forced to "bolt" like a r Or he may be known to be skulking in the depths of some thicket, can only be penetrated on the hands and knees. The counsel of dence would be to leave him alone, but, with a character to support troop of native beaters behind, for the sportsman there is no mea retreating. Half melted with the heat, and excited in spite of hims has to crawl forward, with the ear keeping time to the eye, and the fingers ready to the triggers of his rifle. A crash that rend bushes in front, or a pair of gleaming green eyes flashing suddenly of the darkness, may be all the warning of the coming charge. then it is a toss-up between death or victory, between an obituary vertisement in the newspapers or an ovation in the nearest village.

Tiger-shooting is good fun in its way for those who like it, and who can afford to set climate and malaria at defiance. And it is marvellous how Englishmen who live well though temperately, and who breathe themselves besides with constant exercise, can acclimate themselves to trying extremes of temperature. But in the way of physical exhilaration it cannot compare with mountain shooting in Cashmere and in the mountains on our North-Western frontier. It has been the fortune of few to follow the shaggy yak over the storm-driven plateaux of Ladakh and Thibet, where the barren steppes that slope upwards to the "Roof of the World" are heaped with the storm-drift of countless ages. To say nothing of the certain scarcity of fresh water, you may be surprised there at any moment by one of those hurricanes which have been known to lift a camel bodily off its legs, and would sweep the most strongly pitched tent down the wind like a feather. But many of the officers in her Majesty's service, attached to the frontier irregular corps or quartered in cantonments within reach, regularly relieve their rather melancholy duties by combining Himalayan climbing with wild-sheep or hill-antelope stalking; and a man who has fairly taken to that kind of sport becomes loath indeed to change his quarters. There is all the excitement of Alpine Club work under skies that are generally blue and cloudless. The game is wary enough to give zest to the pursuit, and yet far from being so shy as to be hopelessly unapproachable. Except among the highest passes, where it may be disagreeably rarefied, the atmosphere is wonderfully pure and bracing; and while the tracks you follow lead through the grandest scenery of snowfield and glacier, on the most magnificent scale, the

ye views from each commanding point of vantage are simply lled. Except for the tiger and leopard shooting in other l countries towards the south, there is not much to tempt ortsman elsewhere in Asia. Be it remembered that we are speaking of big game; for nowhere, perhaps, on the habitable ould the wild-fowler indulge his tastes to such advantage. eat Indian bison is still to be found occasionally in its forest . Prejevalsky and other travellers have heard of herds of wild running loose somewhere on the northern Chinese frontiers, and so who might be hard enough of heart to face the dying camel's ful eye there would be rare sensation in the novelty of such But even assuming as fact rumours which seem more than l, the sensations might very easily be overdone. It would be d's play following a native of the waterless wilds, that lays in its in internal reservoirs as an ocean steamer fills its tanks, into the recesses of the Great Gobi Desert; and the outskirts of the are haunted by marauders who would ask nothing better than a n the sportsmen; while confinement for life with hard labour in an ment of wandering Mongols would be an unpleasant wind-up to ing trip from St. James's. Very much more accessible is the Cau- where fair bear and wild boar shooting are to be had in the covers the the sides of the hills and almost choke the valleys with their vegetation. The best account of Caucasian sport that we have een is that by Mr. Phillips Wolley, formerly our vice-consul at , and he gives very picturesque accounts of his occasional es in following up the game across the rugged watercourses, and h the labyrinths of the thick undergrowth, to the glades beneath l stems of the forest trees, where there was a better chance of in the open. But the man who goes to the Caucasus must be d to rough it, and, considering the sum total of the bags, it may estion whether it will repay him to go so far for so little. The f roads they may be called, are almost as primitive as the con- es; the companionship of Cossacks, Tartars, and Circassians is apt ; and seclusion through the winter in a lonely telegraph hut among w-drifts does not seem particularly inviting, especially when the exhaustion of the larder compels one to severe privations for the d anxious care for the morrow. You are as likely besides to catch as to come upon a bear, though for fever Mr. Wolley found a n specific. It consisted simply of sweating it away by excessive n, and resolutely following up the sport even when his legs ed to fail him; although it is true that if the sport should prove at disappointing you are recompensed in a measure by the icent scenery.

er going the round of the globe among elephants, and "man- " and "grizzlies," coming back to our own continent is com- ely tame. We are in the countries of game laws, and close

seasons, and strict proprietary rights; and the larger wild animals eith skulk in back-of-the-world corners or are preserved for the amusement monarchs and millionaires. The wolves in Russia may still be a nuisanc and occasionally they make havoc in the sheepfolds of the Pyrenee though they have been thinned since they put Crusoe in bodily terro But even the wolves are "managed" in the forests of Central Franc by the subsidised masters of the wolf packs, just as the masters o hounds in the English shires have a care of the foxes that have thei earths in the pheasant covers. Another of the volumes that hold cherished place in the recollections of our youth with Harris's *Wild Sport* and *The Old Forest Ranger* is Lloyd's *Scandinavian Field Sports*. An there will always be wild shooting on the Scandinavian wastes so long a there are woods so remote as not to pay for the felling and *fjelds* tha must be abandoned to the *ryper* and the reindeer. But times hav changed since Lloyd naturalised himself there, proving his quartering and taking out a patent of Swedish nobility that he might not have t yield precedence at the solemn shooting parties to each petty Governmen official. Then the great bear skals were common enough in district where the bears have since been extirpated, thanks to the prices set o their heads and the spread of population. Many of the forests in whic he used to shoot the surly lynx have been hewn down to feed th furnaces of iron works or to stoke the fires of railway engines and lak steamers; and not only do steamers ply upon the larger inlan lakes, but the regular lines of passenger boats from the English port have facilitated the annual descents of the sporting tourists; so tha sport is far harder to come by than it used to be, and the proverbial ho pitality of the Northman is much more charily exercised. But still bear may occasionally fall to the rifle of a stranger who has patienc and pleasant manners and good introductions; and men who are soun in wind and limb may start from their own snug little encampment t follow the wary reindeer over his native *fjelds*, and without going ver far afield either, as we may read in a lively little book published la season by Messrs. Longmans relating the adventures of *Three in Norway* By the help of rods, guns, and rifles the three adventurers had a live time of it; and though they climbed high and walked far, and had man a disappointing blank day, they brought home satisfactory trophies the shape of reindeer heads.

In striking contrast to all that tiresome hill-walking on the chanc of a sight or a shot, is the ceremonial sport of certain kaisers and king Those who have the distinguished honour of participating in an Imperi or royal German deer-drive should be happily destitute of all sense the ridiculous. The sum total of the animals slain will vary, but t relative proportions are religiously preserved. So many are consign to the death-dealing tubes of the Emperor, whose loaders pass the sp rifles to his court chamberlains and gentlemen in waiting. So ma fewer fall to the lot of Princes Imperial and Serene Transparencies,

we presume that everybody goes away content, because everybody knows very nearly what he may expect. We had nearly spoken of the slaughtered deer as "unlucky," but we do not know, on second thoughts, that they are to be pitied. They fatten on the sweetest pastures in the forests, with a superfluity of artificial food in the winter, and when the day comes they are paraded in formal procession past the stands, where for the most part they are "potted point-blank," and so put quickly out of their misery. The northern Germans may be born soldiers—we have nothing to say against that after the experience of recent campaigns—but assuredly in their field sports they are eminently artificial. We have gone to the chase in a humble way in charge of professional foresters, and certainly their tactics have not impressed us; for they are strategical and tactical in the forests, as on the battle-field. A German has no notion of giving an animal any law, and, were it not for the waste of good meat, would blow him to pieces from the muzzles of his gun-barrels. He has invented all manner of diabolical devices, which seem like the seething of the kid in its mother's milk, which the Levitical dispensation so properly condemned. He will call up the innocent roe-deer to his ambush by imitating the cry of the buck with such admirable realism that the oldest stager in the coverts may be deceived. The first experiment of the kind may be exciting to a stranger, but though it may be ingenious it is not *la chasse*. You hear the roebuck answering out of the distance to the piping, or rather the "belling," of the whistle; gradually his responses draw nearer and nearer, till at last, if you are down wind and well concealed, he will make his bound from the bushes within half a dozen yards of you, and stand palpitating, staring, and listening, till the charge of buckshot sets his curiosity at rest. We may remark by the way that very decent roe-shooting is to be had in the neighbourhood of almost any of the famous German baths, if you can make friends with some of the neighbouring landowners; and many of the landlords in the leading hotels can always let their guests in for a tolerable thing. Nay, even in the woods of Nassau, between the popular sanatoria of Schlangenbad and Schwalbach, and within sight of the tourist steamers on the cocknified and castled Rhine, the stranger may kill a stag that will compare more than favourably with the finest hart in Braemar or on the Braes of Athol.

To less aristocratic outsiders, who may possibly be envious, the shooting fashions of the German Emperor seem tame enough; but there is one rifle at least among the crowned heads of Europe who might easily "give points" to some of the best among us. Francis Joseph of Austria has been prematurely aged by his troubles; latterly he has always looked much older than his years; but we fancy he would have broken down altogether had it not been for his ardent devotion to the chase. He is happier on the mountains than his consort in the hunting field, and, overburdened as he has been with the anxieties of state, he has never missed an opportunity for a flying shooting trip. Ischl is perhaps the place of

his predilection, and there is no more enchanting bath in all the hill country of Europe. But the Styrian mountains have their regular turn in his sporting progresses; not unfrequently, like Rudolph, his son and heir, he follows the famous boars of the Carpathians; nor have his Magyar subjects in the hunting-grounds of Lower Hungary any reason to complain of neglect. Nor is the shooting of the Austrian Emperor light amateur work by any means when he has flung court ceremonial fairly behind him. He rises early, toils like any mountain-bred professional chamois-hunter, and his spare and sinewy form shows the severity of the training.

Perhaps no man in the world, his Bavarian neighbour not excepted, can boast of more magnificent preserves. The grand picturesqueness of the wildest of our Highland deer-forests is magnified indefinitely, and the ground often falls from almost inaccessible snow-peaks through a jumble of glaciers and snow-slopes, lakes and cataracts, to the fir woods and the "Alps" of the lower levels. The round of one autumn day may offer every variation of temperature, from icy hail-storms to scorching heat. Circumventing the chamois from the ice-bound latitudes above them, you may be caught in a falling veil of mist, that shrouds the barely practicable tracks, where only the hunter's eye can distinguish a possible foothold. Then there may be nothing for it but to wait till the cloud shall lift or its shadows lighten; and then in a moment the fog may thin as by enchantment, leaving everything above and below bathed in a flood of sunshine, with possibly a group of chamois within shot, as much surprised as yourself at the sudden transformation scene. Perhaps the most enchanting chamois-preserves in Europe are those in Bavaria overhanging the deep waters of the Königsee; and the Electors and kings of the House of Wittelsbach were wont to be a race of hunters. But the present king, as everybody knows, has gone Wagner-mad, preferring the scraping of his fiddle-strings to the snap of the rifle-locks, and trying costly experiments with the susceptibilities of his subjects.

The late King of Italy, on the other hand, was a man very much of the stamp of Francis Joseph, save that he was more entirely devoted to sport and paid less attention to statecraft. Victor Emanuel's happy hunting grounds in Piedmont, hold the *moufflon*, or Alpine sheep, as well as the chamois, and in spite of the flesh that the burly monarch would lay on, it took a stiff precipice to turn him when on the hill track. A conqueror and a politician in spite of himself, he would have been patriotically content to die King of Sardinia, since his heart was in his highlands, where he found his pleasure. In spite of himself he was compelled to go to Rome and Naples; and the half-tamed wild boars in the Agnano Park, or the pheasants that rose rocketing from the Bourbons' Capo di Monti coverts, were but poor consolation for the *moufflons* he had left behind. Yet even for those who have not the privilege of exte Alpine preserves nowhere is there more of the romance of wild sho than in Italy. There, as elsewhere, wild shooting is on the dec

in some districts great works of reclamation have been undertaken, while in others the communal authorities are become troublesome. They detest foreigners, though they like what may be made of them. They have been ravaging their woods and grubbing their undergrowth, and the men whose fathers did a flourishing business as brigands have turned respectable and fallen back upon poaching. Now that hampers may be promptly consigned to the dealers per train the game that used barely to pay for powder and shot represents a substantial market value. Yet there must still be happy hunting-grounds in the Tuscan Maremma, in the Roman Campagna, and in the Pontine Marshes, which the deadly malaria, that is always to be dreaded, does more to protect than any number of communal guards. In these the excitement of the shooting was always heightened by such a sense of encroaching on the realms of the terrible as the child may feel in lonely passages after dark, or the bumpkin who has blundered in the gloom against the wall of the village churchyard. You took your precautions, no doubt. You fortified the morning cup of coffee with cognac, and followed it up possibly with port and quinine. You were well fed and warmly clad; in very different condition from the cadaverous embodiments of famine and fever who tunnelled in their rush-thatched hovels among the reed-beds, and who, in the process of hereditary "seasoning," had lost both stamina and spirit. Moreover the seasons when you went out shooting were comparatively salubrious, and it is to be hoped that you were not fool enough to tempt Providence before the mists of the morning had lifted more or less. Nevertheless it needed no very fantastic imagination to have visions of presences from the invisible world, enveloping you in the breath of unwholesome influences. Grey vapours stretched in ghastly tapestries from tree to tree, distorted solitary bushes into spectral shapes, hung in heavy canopies over each stagnant sheet of water, and wreathed themselves in mid-heaven in changing clouds over the frequent thickets of luxuriant brushwood. Nothing can be more picturesque than those natural shrubberies and gardens of the Maremma, or even than the ranker vegetation of the more noxious Pontine Marshes. In the former there are thickets of the bay and laurestinus under the spreading branches of venerable ilexes, overgrowing the débris of tufa and sandstone which mark the sites of forgotten cities or of homesteads. There are great beds of flowering reeds or of broad-leaved water lilies, that must have been many-hued blazes of gorgeous colour or sheets of snowy white in the spring. As you thread your way alternately through tangled jungle over the slippery, sun-burned herbage, or sink ankle-deep in the tenacious soil that overlies some half-dried swamp, or as you may be poled by a native over the lagoons or along some sluggish canal that looks much like a natural wild-duck decoy, you listen to unwonted sounds and are on the look-out for unexpected sights. You hear the booming of the bittern, the whistle of the snipe, and the whir of the wings of invisible waterfowl. You may stumble at any moment on a sounder of

wild swine, scattering itself through the bush with savage gruntings, considerably more trying to the novice's nerves than the rise of a constellation of rocketing pheasants; or you hear the pounding of hoofs upon the hard-baked ground, which is the galloping of some startled troop of wild horses; or you are charmed by a group of graceful flamingoes, so many patches of rosy light on a swampy landscape done in browns and sepia; or you catch the glare of the twinkling eye under the crumpled horns of some bodily submerged buffalo luxuriating in his mud bath, with his leathern hide enviably impervious to marsh fever, and lungs that draw life and vigour from the most foully pestiferous marsh vapours. At first, even if you are tolerably unsusceptible to ominous forebodings, you shoot these plague-stricken solitudes with a certain sense of apprehension. Nor are the hollow-cheeked shepherds stalking about in their sad-coloured draperies figures that are greatly fitted to reassure you. But as these first impressions fade away, and as you familiarise yourself with funereal suggestions, the sport and the life become strangely exciting. There is a thorough game flavour in all you do or think, and all the romance of the unexpected in probabilities or possibilities. If you are to be ready for what chances that may come to you at any moment, you should have your right barrel rifled for ball for boar and your left charged with cartridges for snipe or woodcock; and, if you are to be armed at all points, you ought to have a third chamber in reserve against the nimble roebuck or the down-quilted wild duck.

After breathing the sickly air of the Italian solitudes, where the fading autumnal colours seem the hectic flush of disease, and where the soil is tainted with the dust of departed civilisations, a change to the Highland hills is wholesome and invigorating. There are no wild boars to be bayed there nowadays, though "Mountain of the Sow" is the Celtic designation of the loftiest summit in her Majesty's dominions. It is long since the last of the wolves was killed somewhere in Lochaber, though men were so familiar with those ferocious skulkers in comparatively recent historic times that one of the most formidable of the northern marauding leaders was known far and wide as the Wolf of Badenoch. But there is no more exhilarating sport than deer-stalking, when the red deer has fair play given him in his native wilds. Look, in the first place, at the scenery in which you seek him, as gloriously diversified in its grand picturesqueness as the exciting variations of the weather. "It winna deny," as Baillie Nicol Jarvie might observe, that the Himalayas and even the Alps are on a more magnificent scale. We have already remarked on the thrilling sensations of balancing the body on a slippery ledge between a bottomless abyss and an overhanging ice-wall; but danger may be easily overdo when we go abroad for amusement: there is monotony in the dazzl expanse of limitless snow-fields and glaciers, and the mountain go and chamois are scarce at the best, considering the exertions indisp able to circumvent them; while merely drawing the breath becom

n itself at altitudes of from ten to eighteen thousand feet above level. Away among the Scotch hills there is just wildness to make you sensible that you have left "society" far behind d must absolutely rely on yourself and the gillies. There is t of risk in the rough scrambling to make you feel that a slip ve untoward consequences, as, for instance, when you are ing up" some natural gutter in the rocks, lubricated by the g of the tiny waterfall over the mosses or the water-weeds. Then scenery! There are forests and forests, and some are relatively tame; but, as a rule, a perambulation round any one of the f them will show you a panorama of the beauties and glories of hlands. Hill rises above hill, as the amateur learns to his cost, fter scaling what seemed the summit, he finds himself merely landed oulder. Valleys wind away into ever-narrowing recesses, where s close in upon gloomy gorges, where you hear little but the croak aven, or perhaps the melancholy moan of the wild cat. There s, and precipices with waterfalls tumbling over them; streams w in silvery threads over their gravelly beds through the s, and suddenly swell into foaming torrents in the rains; g expanses of purple heather and black bogs, intersected by renches and pitted over with duckweed-covered "moss-pots." nd there, in a lap of the hills, lies a storm-twisted plantation of d pinewood. Round the next turn of the ridges and you are in red corry, carpeted by the softest and sweetest of turf and d through the hottest summer by the streams from its bubbling ns. On the lower grounds the covers of natural birches stretch ing down to the glassy waters of the lakes, throwing shadows eir glistering white stems across the mirror-like surface. Philan- ts may protest against the depopulation of the Highlands, and that the bulk of the Celtic aborigines have become prosper- oad while those that are left behind earn handsome wages and the tips of the Saxon in the local savings banks. It is sometimes admit, to come on the hearthstones of a deserted hamlet, or on s of a forgotten graveyard where its rude forefathers were laid. most prosaic must be conscious of an agreeable poetry in the s where, walking on from sunrise to sunset, he never can set a human being save the gilly who has his lonely lodge in the ness and is on duty in some particular glen.

ile as for the hill weather, that is so generally abused, the stalker loves it for its very fitfulness. Of course on any fine may desire to have everything in his favour, and he may weary of a term of imprisonment in the shooting lodge when the rain n beating relentlessly against his windows while the mercury ng persistently refuses him a sign of promise. But, after all, the which he learns by experience is a virtue sure to be richly re- The weather must change at last, and the clouds hold up. Then

the sun flashes out in his splendour to brighten even the dissolving mists and nature, emerging all dripping from her bath, reflects her beaming smiles from all the surrounding objects. We must wait perforce till the water drains off a little, and then we shall scarcely object to the hard walking. The muscles, cramped by disuse, feel the better in the meantime at least for severe stretching. Streams that are usually to be crossed dry-shod on stepping-stones must now be waded thigh-deep and aslant, with many misgivings as to the security of the footing. But the stalker ought to take to the water like an otter, and if his knickerbockers should be soaked there is the sun to dry them. Nor, if we turn to the reverse of that picture of sunshine following the rain, is excitement wanting, or even a certain pleasure. The morning has been hot; the skies were almost cloudless. As you stretched yourself by the spring-side for the midday meal you saw the warm strata of rarefied air flickering and dancing over the parched heather. As the day drew on the atmosphere became more oppressive, though the azure of the skies was more lustrous than ever. Then the almost unnatural stillness was broken by a distant muttering. Pricking your ears, you knew what that meant. The muttering grew to a growl, and the growling rose into longdrawn thunder-peals. Louder and louder became the portentous roar, as report succeeded to report, till all the heaviest artillery of the heavens seemed to be firing an incessant salute and awakening every echo in the glens. Scarcely less swift than the ascending scale of the sounds was the approach of the black cloud bank from behind the peaks, that drew itself in a sombre canopy across the skies; and the face of the landscape changed as by magic. Smiles darkened to scowls as the light turned to blackness, and, while even the peat bogs had been gleaming brightly before, now the heather bloom and the green slopes have gone into mourning. You have but brief time to make these observations, as indeed the transformation scene was well-nigh instantaneous. A few warning drops about the size of shillings, and then the sluices of heaven are opened, and five minutes of the downpour has drenched you to the skin. Yet, *à propos* to transformation scenes, almost more impressive is the startlingly sudden descent of a fog. One moment things are bright as we have described them; the next a grey cloud-wall may be gliding down upon the stalker about as swiftly as a stout pedestrian could walk; and, once enveloped in its dripping and impalpable folds, the situation may well become excessively dangerous. Each well-known landmark has been hopelessly swallowed up, nor is there a breath of wind to indicate direction. The veteran forester, who knows his own hills "like his hand," may be as absolutely puzzled as the merest tyro, unless he have the luck to find a familiar stream for his guide, and follow it downwards in its windings. Nay, the very birds of the air appear to have lost their heads; and when beset by mists high up among the ptarmigan we have had our cheek lite *brushed* by the wing of an eagle.

g of eagles, the extermination of what keepers are pleased to vilify as "vermin" is much to be regretted by the High-hooter from the picturesque point of view. A price is set on the nobler birds of prey by the ornithologists, who ought to ed in preserving them; and more seductive sums are yearly their eggs as the supply annually diminishes. As for the ecimen of the Highland keeper, he shoots or traps everything le, putting lucre out of the question. Yet it is certain that les nor mountain cats of any kind, nor for the matter of that in foxes, will do any appreciable damage in a deer forest so e Alpine hares are plentiful. The neighbouring shepherds nay have "crows to pluck" with the foxes in the lambing that we say nothing. But at present, except in the most tricts of the more northerly counties, it is comparatively see the golden eagle sweeping in circles overhead, or the leaving the air like an arrow in its deadly stoop on the heather. sights which, when on the deer-stalk, we are sorry to miss; walking to his beat, or when "prospecting" the ground, the imated nature will have all his eyes about him.

e are bound to say that when he has sighted the noble game alties are concentrated on the success of the stalk. We are g, of course, of the mere slaughtering automaton who places missively in the charge of the keepers. The keen and prac-r, while glad to profit by their experience, has nevertheless a judgment of his own. In any of the grander forests there is lack of deer; indeed, as a rule a successful stalk is likely to ssed by their excessive numbers. Nevertheless, owing either l or their caprices, a great extent of tempting-looking country wn blank. Time after time you may have dragged yourself to the crest of some eminence which commands an extensive Highland landscape. The staff which supports your steps has into the heather; the weather-stained glass has been drawn teadied against it, but the eye has travelled in vain over the e of your vision. The perplexed forester scratches his grizzled wonders "where the camstairy beasts can have got to;" nothing for it but to pluck up the staff and start upon ge in the survey. At length, and it may be before the flying has been set up, the forester raises his hand, accompanying the unnecessary "Hush!" Instinctively, though the deer may miles away, you are stifling the sobbing of the labouring chest. they are, and clearly to be distinguished by the naked eye— a following of half a dozen hinds, the monarch of the wilds lle of his seraglio. And a fine hart he is, as harts go nowa- the pride of their antlers is being perpetually and prema-ght low by the improvements in modern weapons of precision. ay best be circumvented is matter for consideration, depending

on the ground and the wind and half a score of other circumstances. But brilliant strategists seldom hesitate long, and a plan of operations is quickly decided upon. It boots not to dwell on all its details. Possibly we begin by turning our backs on the objective point, and making a cast of about the compass of a couple of English parishes, before we can again come in sight of the quarry. Possibly the stalk is complicated by sending a gilly to "give the deer his wind," on the chance approaching to certainty of their shifting off in a given direction. Assuredly we shall have much rough work to undertake before dragging our palpitating limbs to the final point of aim, where we prepare to stake our fortunes on the crowning shot. The stalker should be entirely indifferent to excoriations which on the knees of a young chimneysweep would draw the tears of benevolence; he should be able to clear the most broken ground at a hand-gallop doubled up in a half-circle, with the suppleness of an acrobat; he should be capable of gliding through tenacious peat mosses like an eel, and of submitting in all the bitterness of a cold autumn day to face the trickling flow of icy water between his overheated chest and his clothing. And all these trials of the flesh should be ignored or made pleasant to him in the abounding excitement of the approaching *dénouement*. After such an ordeal it is not difficult to conceive the intensity of that excitement as the climax approaches. The slightest mistake in the last yards that are to be covered may sacrifice all the fruit of his labours. At last he has wormed himself within fair shooting distance, and the next minute must make or mar him. It is astonishing how naturally the veteran calms himself, in the confidence that he must infallibly kill at the distance. But with the *ingénu*, with a reputation to make, it is a very different thing; and now is the time to test whether he has the true stuff of the stalker in him. His pulses will go jumping madly, though the mere exertion he has gone through may go far to account for that. A film may be drawing over his eyes, or distorting lights will be dancing before them. And perhaps the stag will be covered by the group of hinds, or will persistently turn his hind quarters so as to protect his vitals. In the latter case further patience only can be prescribed; in the former a quiet pull at the whisky flask may be advisable. But, come it slow or come it fast, the moment of the shot will come at last. The barrels are levelled, and either they tremble in the hand or they are steadied by an effort of the will, as if they were firmly secured in a gun-rest. The report of the shot rings through the hills, and the deer either drops or goes off in a gallop. In the latter case all need not be necessarily lost; many an animal will gallop for many yards even when clean shot through the lower vessels of the heart. But the practised ear will listen for the thud of the ball, and the experienced eye will speedily decide whether or no the deer is gravely wounded. Nor do we know a more thrilling moment in all the wide range of wild shooting than that when the amateur has dropped his maiden deer with a clever shot after a creditable stalk.

Al Hariri.

are, says La Rochefoucauld, two kinds of curiosity: one of
, which causes us to desire the knowledge of things which may be
o ourselves; the other, of pride, which induces us to learn that of
thers are ignorant. Both these feelings may be gratified by a
ation of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Al Hariri. It abounds with moral
for the guidance of life, and it has for the majority of Europeans
charms of novelty, though its mediæval reputation extended from
antic to the Bay of Bengal, and the name of its author even now
his countrymen possesses a fame which is called by mortals im-
In the East, a knowledge of Al Hariri, as of Milton with us,
necessary to the formation of a scholar and a gentleman. He is
varied instruction, but he amuses as well as informs. Though we
with one of his enthusiastic admirers, think it almost worth while
him for the sake of observing with what dexterity he uses a
Arabic particle of varied power, he can happily lay claim to our
n on other grounds, wider, more popular, and more pleasing.
bic names surpass in length those of Spanish hidalgos. The full
Al Hariri is the Shaykh al Rais Abu Muhammad al Kasim
ibn Muhammad ibn Uthman al Hariri al Basri al Harami.
f all this string of appellatives, Al Kasim is the only name which
iri received at his birth or circumcision. This is therefore his
ne, and under this his works are properly classified. The title
ariri, by which he is generally known, signifies the silk mer-
nd originally designated his father or some one of his ancestors who
on a trade in silk. D'Herbelot, by the way, tells us that Harir
name of a town in Persia where he resided, but this is probably
t. Ibn Ali ibn Muhammad ibn Uthman lets posterity know
was the son of Ali, who was the son of Muhammad, who was the
Uthman, after the familiar fashion of our Biblical genealogies.
hammad informs us that he was the father of Muhammad, his
on. The preliminary Shaykh is our own Sheik, signifying an
, an expression somewhat indefinite in English, but in Arabic in-
all over fifty. It is used in the present instance as a title of
and respectability. The Rais is a term of supremacy, frequently
to the captain of a boat. The only unknowns which remain in
ological problem are Al Basri and Al Harami. The former of
clares that he was a native of Basra, familiar to the reader of
Nights as Balsora, lying on the Shat el Arab, or western
the Euphrates, and the seat of a celebrated academy, the rival

of that in Kufa. The latter implies that he dwelt in the particular street or quarter of the Banu Haram, so called from a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, who had chosen it as their residence. The exact place of Al Hariri's birth was Masham, a little to the north of Basra, a place abounding in date trees, but of a bad atmosphere. It became, in consequence perhaps of this latter peculiarity, a sort of Botany Bay for Muslim reprobates. Of its date trees Al Hariri is said to have possessed 18,000. He was therefore in easy circumstances. He traced his origin to Abraham from Rabiat al Faras to Ishmael. His profession was that of a munshi, or a person employed by the Government to draw up official correspondence. In those days the munshi was little else than a Government spy. Al Hariri had probably wisdom bestowed on him while yet a child, as is related of John the Baptist in the nineteenth Sura, entitled "Mary." The academy of Basra, though it might have improved, could never have imparted to him that keenness of wit which has made celebrated his name. Letters had fallen into discredit in his time. He makes much the same complaint as his celebrated contemporary the mathematician Umar Khayyam—"Now," he cries in his preface, "the lanterns of literature are extinguished, and its wind is still!" Yet he managed to make himself known before his death from the frontiers of Persia to the Columns of Hercules. He died in 1122, aged 68.

Al Hariri is the author of several works. The *Pearl of the Diver* is a treatise of his on grammatical errors in the speech of educated Arabs and men of rank. It may be compared with the Dean of Canterbury's *Queen's English*. The *Delights of Syntax* is a short piece with a prose commentary written in rhymed couplets. He also wrote a diwan, or collection of epistles, and several poems. But the work by which he is best known, to which he devoted the last twenty years of his life, is his *Makamat*. Mutarrazi, one of his many commentators, explains this word as conversations in assemblies. It has been variously interpreted assemblies, conversations, sessions, stations, and common-places or general heads. As no single word in English can express it, it is perhaps best to leave it in the original. Of these *Makamat*, our author composed fifty at the request of one—it is uncertain which—of the two viziers of the Khaleefeh Mustarshid Billah: one, as he says in his preface, whose mere signal was a mandate, to whom obedience was a duty. There is no order of arrangement in the *Makamat*, not even that of length which guided Uthman in his disposition of the chapters of the Kuran; but as every one of them is complete in itself, their arbitrary assortment is of little consequence. All are distinguished by names, generally but not always denoting their particular place or venue. The first, for example, is called that of Sanaa, the metropolis of Yemen or Arabia Felix; the last of Basra, the native place of the author, which he celebrates in that *Makamah* with much fervour, reminding the reader of these his ultimate utterances of Antor, Evander's ill-fated friend—*Dulce moriens reminiscitur Argos*. With this exception, there is very

in his work. The conversations in Bagdad and Barkaid, in d Damascus, might as well have been held elsewhere. It is Hariri thus deprived his book of a mighty charm. But ption was not his business. In the few cases in which the e not called by any local name they bear a title referring to leading subjects. The last but one is called Sasan, a prince beggars; the forty-fourth, Winter; and that before it, The third is entitled the Dinar, and the important part played coin will be seen hereafter. Al Hariri was not the first to *kamat*. In his preface he makes mention, under the appel- "wonder of the age," of a certain gentleman, a part of whose 'l Fadl Ahmad ibn al Husayn, a most learned person of in Persia, called in consequence Al Hamadthani, who wrote *Makamat* a century before Hariri. They are shorter than successor, and of less wit. Al Hamadthani was the master ng memory and an egregious acumen. He was also an im- ich Al Hariri was not. Yet his condition was not in all sed. He appears to have been ill satisfied with his country. in some neat verse, the vilest of cities; its young men are in villany; its old men are like young men in intelligence. cover, buried alive at the age of forty. Of this circumstance, an, the famous biographer, has given us a detailed account, stantial horror. Let us hope, as the old lady said to the was for bringing her to repentance by what he had read to her gs of the damned—let us hope it is none of it true. Al Hariri speaks with extreme modesty in comparing himself with ani. He can but scoop up the overflowings of that passer of master of miracles. The lame horse, he says, never attains e of the strong-sided. He says also, "Al Hamadthani was f an age; I am not the wonder of a day." But towards the forty-seventh assembly the tables are changed. In that chief character, conversing with his son, cries out, "By fe of my heart, tell me if thine eyes have ever seen aught y opening by magic every lock, and taking captive by en- ery understanding, and kneading grave matters with the t. The chief character of Al Hamadthani was before me he drizzling rain comes before the heavy shower; but the the heavy showers belong not to the drizzling rain." This against the proverb quoted by Al Hariri, "The first is one."

madthan introduced two principal personages to his readers Fath, a clever scamp of Alexandria; the other, Isa or Jesus who continually encounters and is deceived by him. Both es are, as Al Hariri takes care to inform us in his preface, and unknown. Following the example of his predecessor, also has painted two figures of importance on his canvas,

Harith ibn Hammam, corresponding with Jesus ibn Hasham; and Abu Zayd, with the rogue of Alexandria. The learned Golius, by the way, looked on Al Hamadthani's characters as his living predecessors, and bewails the little we know about them. Of these men he laments *nulla feruntur superesse monumenta.* Concerning Harith and Hammam there is a tradition of the prophet that they are the truest of names for children, Hammam meaning one who is anxious, and Harith one who labours for his living. Combined, they represent the destiny of all men. Harith ibn Hammam always opens the assemblies, generally as a narrator of the pranks of Abu Zayd. He is of Bosra, and may perhaps be taken to represent the author. It is of little moment, for this person is almost entirely colourless. The name of Abu Zayd has as little definite meaning as that of Harith. Zayd is our own John Nokes or Thomas Styles, the familiar Balbus or Caius of oriental grammars. He is of Saruj, near Harran, a town in Mesopotamia, exposed, under the later Byzantine empire, to the incursions of the Greeks. Abu Zayd is supposed to have been himself driven from his home by the infidel crusade under Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey. He may perhaps be taken to represent one of the author's pupils. It is Abu Zayd who is the hero of the book. Continually appearing in different disguises, he is, like Don Juan, all things unto people of all sorts, and in this matter carefully follows the precepts of the apostle Paul. A very Vertumnus or Proteus is Abu Zayd. Now he is poor, and that almost always; now rich. Now he is blind, now halt, now paralytic. Now a suitor before the Kadi in a feigned cause, wherein his son or one of his two wives is his accomplice; and now a pilgrim with his staff and cup, his rosary and flannel robe. We meet him, this personification of luck, as a belated wanderer, a mufti, a slave-dealer, an old woman, a ragged mendicant, a preacher of sermons, a seller of charms, a cupper, a pedagogue, and a rhetorician. We meet him in the khan and the mosque, the meadow and caravan, the Bedouin camp and the court of justice, at a literary assembly of the learned and a marriage feast of beggars, on the desert and on the sea. Everywhere he can smell a dinar is Abu Zayd to be found. In his demands he is as free from any *mauvaise honte,* as, according to the Arabic proverb, the wolf from the blood of the son of Jacob. The author of the *Sentimental Journey*, moralising on the beggar's gain of two twelve-sous pieces from the two maiden ladies, vestal sisters unsapped by amorous solicitation, tells us that flattery was the secret of his success. Abu Zayd understands this as well as Sterne's beggar. Both were students of human nature. But with the Arab it is *quocunque modo rem.* If he cannot by fair means, then by foul. To his adulation when infructuose soon succeeds abuse. His "good and kind gentleman" when he gets nothing from him becomes a glittering white stone in the valley, his learned and pious doctor a mirage on the sandy plain. In a word he tells the subjects of his solicitation roundly that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. He is as liberal when he has money

tunate when he is without it. But whether rich or poor, whether
es things sacred with profane in the successive *rôles* of priest and
hee, or in those of moralist and grammarian combines Muhamma-
hics with experimental philology, he is commonly ready and desirous
d his night in carousing till the false dawn—an Arabic expression
morning twilight—or till the tail of the lion reddens in the east.
ating the philosophy of indifferentism, he seems, like the wise
in the *Ajax* of Sophocles, to look upon all men as nothing but
and idle shadows. Save the love of money, one only thing affects
the love of his home. He has travelled over many countries, but
t, like the cosmopolite of M. de Monthron, found them all equally
On the contrary, he says, with the French poet:

Plus je vis l'étranger plus j'aimai ma patrie.

moved to genuine tears, if aught in him be genuine, by the
tion of his home. The captivity of his daughter, if indeed he
ossessed a daughter, occasions most mournful utterances. He
a solemn oath by the sanctity of his house, if ever house was his,
high on columns, that he will consider his camel in the light of
, if it will bear him safely back to the green gardens and laughing
ws of Saruj. Thither the facetious improviser and Rabelaisian wit
returns. Constant only in inconstancy, this rogue and parasite,
oral juggler and literary prestidigitateur is kept, according to the
the Augustan critic, unto the end as he was in the beginning.
multimate oration is an animated and eloquent apology of the
s of begging, in which he exhorts his son by a sort of nuncu-
will to follow closely his father's footsteps. It is only in the last
ly of all that Abu Zayd—who, like the classical Spanish beggar of
ela picaresca, is, in spite of his impudent roguery, perhaps in con-
ce of it, always a public favourite—becomes a sincere penitent and
am or precentor of his parish church. It is a conversion as
and sudden as that of Aymon's famous son Renaud of Mon-
. There is no record of his subsequent behaviour. The sincerity
latest penitence is submitted to no test of carnal seduction. In
kamah the inditer and the narrator, Abu Zayd and Harith the
Hammam, part to meet no more.

Makamat are written in mixed verse and prose. The prose,
r, is of that kind which is called *saj'*, from a supposed resem-
in sound to the cooing of a turtle-dove, a sort of immetrical
in which the Arabic classics are commonly composed. In this
ic measure not only the different members of a sentence have
e ending, but often every word of one member finds its parallelism
nance in the other. These married words, as they are called, or
with similar fringes, have been ably reproduced by three of Al
translators, the Spaniard Al Harizi, the German Rückert, and
nch Monk. In the third *Makamah* the narrator says:

> Now while we pulled towards us the corners of recitations,
> And betook us to novelties of allegations.

The Frenchman gives this passage thus:

> Et lorsque nous engageâmes d'aimables conversations,
> Et que nous nous égayâmes par d'agréables improvisations.

The German *in freier Nachbildung*, as he himself confesses,

> Und während wir nun die Fäden der Reden hin und wieder spielten,
> Und im Schwanken der Gedanken uns unterhielten—mit Geschichten—und Berichten—und Gedichten.

Such translations, though scarcely consistent with accuracy, admirably display the form of their original. In a tongue so rich in words as the Arabic there is a tendency in those who cultivate this style to sacrifice the matter of their work to its form, the spirit to the flesh. The famous Moallakat are free from this, and from other literary devices which are frequent in our author's pages. The darkness of the *Cassandra* of Lycophron and the difficulties of many of the Psalms of David are principally owing to the fetters of literary form by which, in common with Al Hariri, the writers of those compositions bound themselves. But the literary style of our author seldom overbalances the interest of his subject. It is difficult to agree with those who think that his *Makamat* are mere scaffolds of linguistic ornamentation. He amused the ear, but he also interested the heart. He but yielded to the spirit of his age, as men have yielded in all time, from the days of the *Syrinx* of Theocritus to those of the literary curiosities which provoked the satire of Addison. The *Makamat* mix the sweet with the useful, and wed entertainment to instruction. Sentences from the sacred Kuran—for this prelate of his age, as Ibn Khallikan calls him, did not agree with Mrs. Adams in *Joseph Andrews* that the Scriptures out of church are blasphemies—rare old words and proverbs of the Bedouins, flowers of rhetoric and figures of grammar, enigmas and palindromes, puns and alliterations, linguistic *tours de force* which defy translation, take the reader's fancy at every turn. In his own words, to be found in his preface, the contents of these *Makamat* are serious and amusing, their language dignified and delicate. They contain the ornaments of eloquence and its pearls, the beauties of literature and its rarities. They are belted with fair metaphors and verses from the Kuran, they are studded with literary dainties and Arab proverbs. In them are grammatical riddles and quibbling decrees, virgin addresses and ornate orations, jests moving to laughter and counsels occasioning tears.

Commentators agree that in order of composition and of time the forty-eighth assembly is the first. In it alone Abu Zayd is the introductory speaker, and tells of himself his story, while in the rest Harith tells it for him. This assembly is called Harami from the name of the qu[illegible] in which Al Hariri lived. Says Abu Zayd: "After saddling my [illegible] long-tailed she-camel, and bidding farewell to my wife and fam[illegible] arrived at Basra, famous for its schools and the tombs of its ma[illegible]

one day I went out at early dawn, when the die of darkness was ting, and the father of admonition (that is the cock) was calling to the sleeper. And I threaded its streets till sunset, when I came osque wherein men sat discoursing on the interchangeable letters." Zayd shows himself here, as in other *Makamat*, well aware that when hot from pious discourse are most disposed to open their ts. He naïvely confesses that he entered the sacred shrine rather a sake of pecuniary assistance than grammatical enlightenment. nly, he tells us, sounded the muezzin's call, to that in due succeeded the precentor or imam, and then a middle-aged man sed the audience for advice. This middle-aged man had, from rn account, uttered a vow of abstinence from wine, but in an ious moment had laid aside respectability, suckled himself with unding liquor, and forgot his vow as the dead. He had gone as to get completely fuddled on the eve of the Sabbath. He now his hearers for their counsel. Abu Zayd sees at once a happy unity for his favourite hunt. In a *kasidah*, or long set of verses he same terminating syllable throughout, he tells the middle-aged a polite terms that he is acquainted with a specific for his malady, rthwith begins his own story. He is, he says, a native of Saruj, s people, and was originally a man of much authority and wealth. this comes a recital of his many acts of liberality. In his own , he bought praise with gifts. This, by the way, is the converse of neral behaviour in the assemblies, where he more frequently is buying gifts with praise. A fire was lighted on his hill when the extinguished theirs. The thirsty soul which looked for a shower he lightning of his promises never looked in vain. The man who r striking a light on his tinder-box invariably met with a re- nt spark. All these are common phrases in Arabic poetry for itable behaviour. This went on till God changed his condition, e people of Roum took his harem and his property. The people m are, according to some commentators, the descendants of Jacob, e generally understood to include all the Christians in that which uted the Roman Empire. His daughter was taken captive, and l no money left to procure her ransom. "Here now," says Abu addressing the middle-aged man, "is your remedy. Assist me, and pentance will be accepted before God." It is a leading doctrine Muslim faith, as in most if not all religions, that the giving of to the poor is the best manner of securing divine favour. It is mmonly understood that the priests are to be the collectors. Abu btains accordingly the wherewithal to enjoy himself at the nearest op, and trots off to his nest exulting in the success of his trick. is the theme on which most of the *Makamat* are but variations. h they appear in English without the concise nervous style of riginal, and necessarily denuded of its piquant form of expression, ubject story is seldom uninteresting.

The third assembly is called the Dinar, because the giving of two pieces of money of this name to Abu Zayd is its principal incident. It is also called Kaylah, the name of a noble lady from whom Abu Zayd, with his usual impudence, claims descent. "At a council," says Harith, "in which my friends and I were assembled, suddenly appeared a man, halt and attired in a tattered robe. He addressed the council, observing that he was a noble and generous person until calamities came, and the palm of his hand was empty, and his bed was of gravel, and his family howled, and he put on the shoes of pain, and was fed with suffocation, and painted his eyes with the kohl of wakefulness, and found tragacanth soft to his tread, and thought utter destruction a blessing, and the fated day long in coming." Now, this person is compelled to ask assistance of the "noble gentlemen" in the exact cant of a modern beggar. Harith offers him a dinar if he will sing its praise in verse. Abu Zayd—for of course the halt and tattered beggar is none other than he—does this in several most difficult and elaborate lines, in each of which the same rhyme occurs twice. They speak of the dinar as a mighty traveller, the general love of men as though made out of their hearts, of the boldness of him who has it in his purse, of its power to rout the army of care, of its ability to bring down full moons of beauty; "in fine," says Abu Zayd, "if it were not for my reverence, I would speak of it as a god." Harith gives him the coin, and he puts it at once into his mouth—a piece of politeness or superstition still observable in our own age and country—invokes God's blessing upon it, and tucks up his skirts to be off.

But Harith unsheaths another dinar, and offers it to him on condition that he will condemn money as ably as he has before praised it. Abu Zayd at once sets to abusing the "yellow slave" as it is called by Timon of Athens, and cursing the dinar as doublefaced, a thing the love of which invokes the wrath of the Creator, cuts off the hand of the thief, prevents the covetous from giving a lodging to the night-traveller, causes the creditor to complain of the debtor's delay, and invites the evil eye. It can help a man by fleeing from him like a runaway slave, and it is well for him who, when it whispers in his ear, bids it depart. Upon this Abu Zayd receives the second dinar, and casting it likewise into his mouth to join its twin brother, is for making tracks, congratulating himself on his morning's work. Harith then finds out somewhat late that the recipient of the dinars is his old friend, and bitterly reproaches him with counterfeiting lameness. But the latter excuses himself in some concluding verse with his usual plea of the force of poverty. Abu Zayd shows himself on this occasion as cunning a rhetorician as the founder of the New Academy, the famous philosopher of Cyrene. But the censor Cato was not so indulgent as Harith, when Carneades praised justice one day, and on the next refuted all he had said, in order to establish his doctrine of the uncertainty of human knowledge. He was for sending him back at once to Greece instead of presenting him with a piece of gold.

In the forty-first *Makamah* our hero may be said to reach the apogee of his impudent hypocrisy. It is known as that of Tinnis, a city in Lower Egypt on the Delta of the Nile, giving name to its Tanitic mouth. This city, now in decay, was once celebrated, according to the scholiast Zamakhshari, for its delicate robes and turbans and striped stuffs. Into one of its mosques Harith, tired of the folly of his youth, of his delight in the society of soft and tender women, and of his love of music, one day enters. Grey hairs, admonishers of the end, have come to him, and the golden days of his youth are gone. He is for giving Allah, according to our homely proverb, the devil's leavings, and for turning, like an old maid, to God when men will no more turn to her. He finds in the centre of a large throng one speaking with a resolute breast and a clear voice. He is denouncing, not without many puns, the *crassos dies lucemque palustrem*, as Persius calls them, the days spent in darkness of error and mire of lust. "Alas!" he cries, "for the misery of the son of man, who supports himself in a world itself without support, and seeks strength from that which is itself void of stability. He is sacrificed by his love of it in a lingering death without a knife. He perseveres in his attachment to it to his own folly. He is mad as a dog for it to his own perdition. He braves the place of flame to amass for his descendants gold and lands." He makes his supper in fact, as the Roman satirist says, of a dried pig's head and a nettle, that his son may grow fat on the liver of a goose. But now comes the practical part of the preacher's sermon, which, as the most important, is usually in Christian as well as Muslim pulpits reserved for the conclusion. "It is your duty," he cries, "to feather the wing of the noble when fortune has made it bald. May he who does not this soon cease to exist! Raise up the fallen, when he calls upon you; it may be you will be raised up by him in the last judgment." Upon this a lad, cast, as we are told in another *Makamah*, in beauty's mould, and cleaving the understanding by the fair order of his forelocks, presents himself to the congregation, and tells them now is their time to show that the words of the preacher have not been fruitless. Accordingly his purse is soon stocked, his well, as the narrator expresses it, is filled with water, and his desert grows green, and he steps off. The preacher follows him. Harith follows the preacher, and discovers that he is Abu Zayd, and the lad his son—in relation his thick, in business his decoy. Abu Zayd, no way abashed, invites Harith to take a cup of wine at his house. Harith is as usual indignant, and the assembly concludes with some verses of an Epicurean character improvised by Abu Zayd.

There is a well-known passage in the *Surat* called "Lokman," concerning the punishment of those introducing to public notice ludicrous stories or idle fables, or, as they are named in another chapter, vain conversations by night, which turn men from the right road. Al Hariri expresses in his preface, put first according to custom though written last, his fear of being mistaken for one of these, of being allied, as he

says in a quotation from the Kuran, to those who are most wanting in their works, men whose endeavours in this life have gone astray, and yet imagine they have done well. He can scarcely, he thinks, escape from the rude and ignorant and malevolent, who will detract from the merit of his composition, and declare it to be forbidden by the divine law. But the intelligent will consider it a profitable affair, and set it in the same file with those stories about brutes and inanimate objects to which none was ever found to deny his ear. He who tells such stories as these in due season cannot be blamed. Besides, the intention is everything. And the pleasant tales of Al Hariri are intended to awaken carelessness, not to gild over wrong; to teach amendment, not deceit. In any case, concludes the author, I am content if I obtain my desire, and come off without anything on the credit or debit side of my account. No man is better aware of the danger and difficulty of writing. He who draws up an army of words in haste will often gather as irregular and ragged a muster as Falstaff; and as for the danger, an Arabic tradition says, the man lives at his ease who never utters a poem nor composes a book; and there is a proverb, alluded to by Al Hariri, that he who strings a verse or two, or puts a couple of words together, sets himself up as a butt for criticism if he succeeds, and if he fail is assailed with stones.

Al Hariri may be compared with Shakespeare both in the liveliness of his fancy and the number of his commentators. Fifty are to be found in Arabic alone. Of these the most famous are Al Razi, Al Okbari, Al Teblebi, the guide and recourse of Schultens; Al Mutarrazi, who confined himself to the elucidation of the grammatical obscurities of his author Al Sherishi, so called from his being a native of Xeres, the most voluminous of all writers upon Al Hariri's work; and Al Zamakhshari, who set these Makamat in the same rank as the Mu'allakat, or the celebrated seven poems suspended in the temple of Mecca, whose notes are affixed to the convenient and excellent edition published in Bayrut in 1873. Most of these annotators wrote within a century after the death of their author. Most of them were used by De Sacy in his well-known and excellent edition. Most of them show large erudition, and most of them, after the fashion of their tribe, say least about the greatest difficulties. Portions of Al Hariri have been translated from the days of Yehuda al Harizi, a Spanish rabbi of the thirteenth century, to those of Mr. Thomas Chenery, a dozen years ago. Among the "eminent hands" or "able pens," which have laboured in this market, are John Fabricius, of Dantzig, Golius, Schultens, Peiper, De Sacy, Monk, Rückert, and Preston. Of these, Schultens and the Spaniard must be especially noticed. The former is remarkable for his enthusiastic admiration of his subject. "I took," he says, "a taste of Al Hariri as a boy with the edge of my lips, whereupon an ardent thirst crept through my veins, which drove me to seek the full and copious fountain, and there to irrigate and thoroughly soak my breast." Having done which, he tells us, he flourished more blessed than a Persian king. In Al

work called *Makhabberoth*, Ithiel stands for Harith, and he Kenite for Abu Zayd. The chief merit of this work is the with which its author has interwoven in its web passages from and and the Bible.

Hariri has received praises on all hands. Ibn Khallikan, who entury after the poet, speaks of him as one of the ablest writers e. He insists on his eminent merit, his vast intelligence, and nsive learning. His work is esteemed next in place to the Those, says Schultens, who have not well thumbed him and d his juices into their own blood and marrow, are thought by e erudite Arabs to have read and understood nothing. One he crowd of his admiring commentators finds in him a lively of that grandiloquence which astounds us in Job and Isaiah, in erbs and the Psalms; while another honours him as the Cicero Orient. Now he deserves to be consecrated as the Minerva of and set in the Eastern acropolis, and now his works ought to be d in cedar, and, as Zamakhshari, the famous Arab grammarian, s the neighbour of God, says with reference to their author's ritten only on silk in gold.

human happiness has always its abatements, and the sunshine of in the words of the moralist, is never without a cloud. Al as, like Æsop, of contemptible and deformed appearance. For ct he made up by the sharpness of his tongue, and was so, as ould put it, even with Nature. One day a visitor called on him, ved disgust at the personal appearance of the poet. Al Hariri ed some verses to the effect that his visitor was like a nocturnal who mistook moonlight for day, and like one in search of e who was delighted with the greenness of some herbs which d a deposit of dung. "I," concluded Al Hariri, "am like Al to listen to me is better than to look at me." Quoting Shikka, of Hinda, he thought men were not, like camels, destined for r, but were to be appreciated by their smallest parts, their d their tongue. It is also said that the poet was affected by an e itch known to the Arabs as the complaint of the fox. So as he distressed by this disease that his children were wont to their father's hands in his own pocket-handkerchief. One day, leased the predecessor of Mustarshid Billah by a display of his poetry, that sovereign offered him the choice of a province. said the poet, "I thank your Majesty, but my aspiration is mble. I wish only to be allowed"—and here he held up hands stumps of the luckless Lavinia in *Titus Andronicus*—"I wish e allowed to scratch myself at my ease, that my children may at Allah has given a man authority over his own beard." Of ature, if the whole story be not a fabrication of the ingenious or, was the thorn in the flesh of Basra's best poet, Al Hariri.

, though fully as much as the limits of a magazine article will

allow, has been here said of one of the strangest Eastern flowers ev transplanted into a Western garden. The far greater number of i characteristics have been left unnoticed. Nothing, for example, ha been described of those *difficiles nugæ* which have gone far to extend the author's influence from the Indus to the Guadalquivir, from the banks of the Niger to the borders of the Volga. Not a word is here of his "panther" compositions, in which all the letters are pointed, of those "brides without a stain" in which no letters are pointed, or of those in which the letters are pointed and not pointed alternately. Not a word is here of his metaphors, his synonyms, his verses, part whereof may be removed without altering sense or rhyme, or his palindromes, compared to which the famous S. P. Q. R. with its two interpretations, *Sancte Pater, quid rides? Rideo quia Papa sum!* is of little value. Not a word is here of his riddles, of which he has been gracious enough to append the answers, or they had been, like Samson's famous enigma, well nigh insoluble. Not a word of his prestigiatory artifices, by which he protects travellers from thieves, and brings childbirth to a happy issue. Not a word of his *double ententes*, which, it is sad to remember, led him occasionally from the straight path of decorum, and may well appear to us sometimes through a glass darkly, since some of them are so obscure as to make even the most erudite of his commentators despair. It is to these probably and his riddles that he refers in his preface when he prays for forgiveness should his evil passions draw him into the market of ambiguities. Perhaps he consoled himself with the hope that they might in time be regarded as the mystic monograms which are prefixed to some of the chapters of the Kuran, which nobody understands, and are naturally therefore considered divine. The literary *jeux d'esprit* of Al Hariri, his extemporary eloquence expressed in Arabic by a word corresponding with the Dutch *op staande voet*; his explanations of Muslim law, his palæozoic samples of beggar's slang, attract many millions of admiring readers in the Orient, but few elsewhere.

They are left, therefore, as the Arabs say, folded in the old folds, and we have not opened the mouth of our author to look at his teeth. But there is in him also that which attracts East and West alike. As a satirist he is ever ready to expose and correct popular error. Of that great and ever-increasing class of men, *qui Curios simulant, &c.*, none has painted the falsity in more lively colours. In the many vicissitudes of life he has carefully followed truth and nature. It is these qualities that have made the *Makamat* of Al Hariri survive many other *Makamat*. It is these that are likely to make the fame of Al Hariri, so far as fame of man may be so, everlasting.

The Sea Calls.

(THOUGHTS OF VENICE IN THE HIGH ALPS.)

I.

Broad shadowy mountains and the boundless plain
And silver streak of ocean part us, friend,
Since that last night in Venice and the end
Of our soul's conflict in a throb of pain.
The stillness of these hills, these woods, again
Folds me disquieted; while you ascend
Heights hitherto unsought, which lightnings rend,
Where strife and tumult and ambition reign.
Come back, come back! The smooth sea calleth you.
The waves that break on Lido cry to me.
England and Alps divide us; but the blue
Breadth of those slumberous waters, calm yet free,
The azure of those deep wild eyes we knew,
Will bring both home to Venice, to the sea.

II.

Away, away! The ruffling breezes call;
The slack waves rippling at the smooth flat keel
The swanlike swerving of the queenly steel;
The sails that flap against their masts and fall;
The dip of oars in time; the musical
Cry of the statue-poised lithe gondolier;
The scent of seaweeds from the sea-girt mere;
The surge that frets on Malamocco's wall;
The solitary gun San Giorgio peals;
The murmurous pigeons, pensioners of St. Mark;
The deep tongues of the slender campaniles;
The song that fitful floats across the dark;
All sounds, all sights, all scents born of the sea,
Venezia, call, and call me back to thee!

III.

To-night with noise of multitudinous rills,
Snow-swollen in full midsummer by the breeze
That blows from Italy, our silent hills
Plain to the stars; dry granite-grappling trees,
From whose hard boughs the unwilling gum distils,
Yield, as in grief, Arabian fragrances,
Waving their plumes, which the wild south wind fills
With moaning music, plangent litanies.
I through this clamour of hoarse streams, this wail
Of woods despoiled that weep beneath the storm,
Too soft, too sweet for our stern upland vale,
Hear only one deep message borne to me,
From dark lagoon, from glimmering isle, from warm
Venetian midnight—hear the calling sea.

IV.

Lightning; and o'er those hills the rattling shock
Of Alpine thunder, short, a dropping fire;
Unformidable here, but on yon spire,
Where snow lies ridged, splintering the solid rock.
Slow heat; the stout hinds swink in sweating smock;
The milking maidens pant by ben and byre;
No sooner cut than carried, high and higher
The scented hay is stored by swathe and shock.—
Such is our summer. Village greybeards swear
They nor their fathers felt so sultry air.
But I sit mute: how metal-molten glows
Thy burnished sea; one flame; flamboyant dyes
Of sulphur deepening into gold and rose!
How o'er thy bell-towers boom those thunderous skies!

V.

Thou art not clamorous. Nay, thy silvery tongue
And rhetoric that holds me night and noon
Attentive to one tender monotone,
Are clear as fairy chimes by lilies rung.
They speak of twilight and grave ditties sung
By seamen brown beneath a low broad moon;
And breezes with the sea-scent in them blown
At sundown, when the few faint stars are hung
Dim overhead in fields of hyacinth blue;
When, lifted between sea and sky, those isles
North-gazing change from rose and blossoming rue
To privet paleness; and dark harbour piles
Bar the wide fire-irradiate west; wherethrough
Declining day, like a dead hero, smiles.

VI.

Hours, weeks, and days bring round the golden moon;
While I still wait. I 'mid these solemn firs,
Late-flowering meadows and grey mountain spurs,
Watch summer fade and russet hues imbrune
The stern sad hills. All while thy smooth lagoon
Invites me; like a murmured spell recurs,
When south winds breathe and the cloud-landscape stirs,
One sombre sweet Venetian slumberous tune.
Arise! ere autumn's penury be spent;
Ere winter in a snow-shroud wrap the year;
Ere the last oleanders droop and die;
Take we the rugged ways that southward lie;
Seek by the sea those wide eyes sapphire-clear,
Those softened stars, that larger firmament.

J. A. SYMONDS.

Le Marquis de Grignan.

Among the points which give to the reign of Louis XIV. a special and lasting interest, is the circumstance that then was formed and developed that high and charming ideal of social intercourse and manners which, through many changes and vicissitudes, remains as the permanent characteristic of the French. Its roots were struck in a time of great prosperity, when the triumphs of a splendid reign had made the supremacy of France unquestioned in Europe: it has outlived the institutions which fostered it. Of the stately court of Legitimate royalty not a vestige has survived; of the brilliant and chivalrous aristocracy of France little more than the tradition remains; yet even her bitterest enemies do not dispute her right to rank as the most civilised of nations. From Madame de Rémusat's Memoirs, and many other sources, we know that this lofty and refined ideal was all but crushed under the *cuirassier régime* of the First Napoleon. It has run in our own times the perhaps greater danger of being "Hausmannised" by the Third; but, with some limitation of sphere and action, the winning, softening tradition still is handed on as one of the glories of France. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the names of the representative spirits of the period which produced it have become household words in their own tongue, and that concerning many of them there has sprung up, in process of time, a distinct literature. With Madame de Sévigné, whose pictures of a France that no longer exists have been the delight of many generations, this is specially the case; the wand of that wise and witty enchantress conferred immortality on whatever it touched, and even her grandson, the Marquis de Grignan, though he died comparatively young, leaving no other reputation than that of a brave and honourable gentleman—courteous, agreeable, and kindly—has been made the subject of memoirs which, from the glimpses they give of a society whose unwritten laws have survived the Revolution, may be rated at something more than their intrinsic value.

In the autumn of 1668, Madame de Sévigné wrote to her cousin, Bussy de Rabutin: "I must tell you something that will give you pleasure. The prettiest girl in France" (for so Madame de Sévigné's friends used to call her daughter) "is going to marry, not the handsomest, but one of the best and most honourable men in the kingdom, M. de Grignan, whom you already know. And a few months later the marriage of Mademoiselle Françoise Marguérite de Sévigné was celebrated in the presence of a brilliant company, and the marriage contract

signed by a long array of historical names; for, modestly as Madame de Sévigné introduces her son-in-law, her readers are made aware that he was the head of one of the noblest families of France. It is said that out of respect for the Bourbons, the Grignans were wont to pass lightly over the tradition which traces their origin back to the sixth century; but there was no question that in the twelfth they were independent suzerains of Monteil and Castellane, appointing judges and coining money with their effigies, and that, after they had succumbed before the rapidly advancing power of the kings of France, their names frequently recur in lists of crusaders, ambassadors, knights of the Holy Ghost, and Governors of Provence. But the long line had thrown out no collateral branches; so that it was a matter of condolence rather than of congratulation, when, in November 1670, Madame de Grignan gave birth to a daughter, instead of the son so eagerly looked for. However, in the year following all was made right—the Marquis de Grignan "se donna la peine de naître" —and that precisely at the moment when the States of the Province were assembled at Lambesc. The happy event was announced to them by M. de Grignan in person; whereupon it was voted that the expenses of the christening should be borne by the States, who stood collectively as godfather to the boy, who was named "Louis Provence."

It had been a great day for Madame de Sévigné when the courier brought to "les Rochers" the news that her daughter had her *dauphin* at last; and as years roll on, amid the piquant anecdotes, the sparkling epigrams, with which her letters are filled, her grandson is seldom forgotten; her eager questionings make him as well known to her readers as we are told he was to her friends. Especially after a long visit to Grignan, her interest in him redoubles; she gives advice as to his education, and, with her usual energy, loses no time in turning precept into practice. Friends are consulted, and (it is somewhat a surprise to find) they decide that the little Marquis is to begin his education by learning German; for, notwithstanding the King's frequent wars with his German neighbours, the relations between the two countries were far more cordial than they have become in recent times. It was in Germany that the King selected his sister-in-law and his son's wife, while the Court was filled with Germans who had come in their suites. So "Le Pichon" is to have a German tutor; but he must on no account be a Swabian or a Swiss; he must teach the purest Hoch-Deutsch, such as is spoken by princesses. A little later we hear of another tutor who, without prejudice to the German, is installed at Grignan; and when he had reached his tenth year Louis Provence was able to send his first letter to his grandmother. Pleased though she was, his writing did not quite satisfy her. The boy's pride was roused; he worked diligently until he had acquired the firm, clear, oval hand, the letters somewhat upright, always perfectly formed, by which, whether at court or in camp, his letters are always distinguished. It is, in fact, the typical writing of the *ancien régime*, of which royalty set the fashion (that he

wrote beautifully is about the only good thing recorded of Louis XV.). But on one point Madame de Sévigné was thoroughly satisfied. At the age of twelve her grandson already danced to perfection, "keeping his mouth shut," she writes, "turning out his toes, making his *petits souts*; then, as he raises his head, throwing back his wig. Be assured the little man will make a figure in the world: I fancy I read his horoscope." Then, as if conscious the occasion hardly justifies such enthusiasm, Madame de Sévigné apologetically adds: "For, after all, to be bold and self-reliant at the right moment, to do what is expected in whatever post one has to fill, is the secret of success, both on the field of battle and elsewhere."

In 1680 Madame de Grignan came to Paris, and remained at her mother's house two years, chiefly in order to watch over her children's education; so that a break occurs in the hitherto active correspondence. But a letter written during some temporary separation mentions incidentally that Louis Provence is in the rhetoric class at his college, and before very long the serious business of life began for the little Marquis. When he had reached his fifteenth year, he was commanded to appear at Court and be presented to the King; and on his demeanour at that critical moment much depended. Any want of self-possession or awkwardness of gesture might create a prejudice not easily removed. It was a severe ordeal, for no monarch ever inspired more awe in those who approached him than did Louis XIV. Calm and cynical as St.-Simon affects to be, every page of his Memoirs shows that even as he criticised he trembled; even the haughty Madame de Grignan herself, in Provence almost a queen, when once unexpectedly summoned to play at the King's table, so lost her self-possession as to overturn with her hanging sleeve the pile of gold placed before the King. So it is a relief to find that on this important occasion our little friend bore himself simply and well. His grandmother's intimates came trooping in with the joyful news, "He pleased."

The next few years passed without much incident, but in 1688, just as young De Grignan was about to begin in earnest the life of a courtier, warlike sounds were heard on the Flemish frontier. "I have a son of seventeen," writes Madame de Grignan, "and am told it is just the right age to begin campaigning. For my part, I wish either he were a little older, and so better fitted to bear the hardships of war, or else younger, that I might keep him at home. But it is an ill for which there is no remedy." Remedy there certainly was not without loss of honour; of the youthful courtiers of Versailles not one was absent from the *rendez-vous* at Philippsbourg. Monseigneur, the heir to the throne, was there, awaiting his baptism of fire; the Dukes de Maine, de Luynes, de Valentinois, and Soyecourt, and Bezencourt-Brionne, Chateaurenaud, Broglio, Novion, and the rest; for in those days every gentleman as a matter of course was a soldier. There was no drawing of lots, no seeking a substitute; others might pay their taxes

in money, theirs were to be paid in blood. And the discipline was strict; the King's orders were that each gentleman volunteer should choose a regiment to which to attach himself, and then follow the routine of duty without exemption or indulgence. That attendance on the princes might not be pleaded as an excuse, the Dauphin was to hold no court, and to be escorted only by the soldiers of the royal guard. But, to do the volunteers justice, the chief difficulty seems to have lain in preventing them, whenever a skirmish took place, from rushing into the thick of it; till at last, the penalty of imprisonment in a fortress until the close of the campaign had to be imposed. De Grignan attached himself to the famous "Régiment de Champagne" formerly commanded by his father. Meanwhile, his mother, in her distant Provence home, was going through agonies of suspense and fear, while Madame de Sévigné remained in Paris in order to get the latest news and despatch it without delay to Grignan. She strove to lighten the anguish she herself felt almost as keenly, congratulating her daughter that their child is sharing with his future king the dangers and the glories of a first campaign—"saluant peut-être les mêmes boulets, quelle date!" However, she is soon able to give more substantial consolation; good news came from the camp, the child is bearing himself well; he is brave, serious, and self-possessed. His uncle, himself a distinguished soldier, speaks of him as a comrade. Then comes a letter, *toute radotante de joie*. "Philippsbourg is taken. Your son is safe!" It was hoped the army would now be moved into winter-quarters, but instead Monseigneur pushes on to Manheim and all their anxiety is renewed. Nor was it without cause, for on November 14 the Chevalier de Grignan, on his way to Versailles, was met by the Abbé de la Rochefoucauld, who stopped him to say that he had just heard from the King himself that the little Marquis de Grignan had been wounded; but not to signify, he was in the saddle next day. The wound can be fairly counted as a piece of good luck; every one crowded round the chevalier to compliment and congratulate him, and when, in speaking of it to Madame de Maintenon he treated it as a mere nothing, she answered with an admirable air and tone, "Monsieur, cela vaut mieux que rien." It certainly was not the Marquis's fault that the ball had only grazed him; no wonder that when he arrived in Paris a fortnight later his grandmother made much of him. "He came in looking so gay, so handsome," she writes to her daughter; "he wanted to kiss my hands, and I to kiss his cheeks, so we had a dispute which ended in my taking his head between both my hands and kissing him as I pleased, all of which he took with the best grace possible." There was pleasant news too awaiting him. He was already captain of a company of chevau-légers, which his mother, assisted by the Marquis de la Garde, an old friend of the Sévignés, had raised for him; she had herself designed the uniform, selected the horses, and taken care that the men should be even in height, all so successfully that Valcroisant, who had been sent by Louvois to inspect the cavalry recruits, pronounced M. de

Grignan's company to be the finest. Madame de Sévigné, delight her daughter displaying a new talent, is eloquent in her praises; ar young hero himself, who has brought back from the wars a cavali which suits him to perfection, sits down to add a postscript t grandmother's letter.

I have arrived, madame, and have already been on my own account to see M de Coulanges; I have chatted with M. de Lamoignon at his chimney-corner, and coffee with Madame de Bagnoles. Is not that conduct worthy of a man who h been through three sieges? You cannot think how delighted I am at having s a troop; and I owe it all to you! When it is at Chalons I shall go to see it. A a good troop, a good lieutenant, and a good maréchal de logis! As for the ca he is young, but I can answer for him. Adieu, madame; permit me most respe to kiss both your hands.

That winter, which her grandson spent with her, was a very b one for Madame de Sévigné; both she and the Chevalier de Gri who occupied the ground floor of the Hôtel de Carnavalet, threw t selves into all his interests and amusements with that intense sym which, while strictly insisting on the observance of certain rul *convenance* and barriers of etiquette, elderly French people so often with the young. And then, the boy is only seventeen, there are things in which he needs to be instructed and counselled. Madan Sévigné impresses on him the necessity of listening attentively to others say, so as to be able to reply pertinently and quickly, not yie to the natural inclination to speak without thinking. Then he study the humours of those with whom he converses; when he cal M. de Lamoignon, for instance, who hates silent people and i customed to the chatter of little Broglio, he must bring plenty t It is not sufficient to observe certain conventional forms, he habituate himself to move freely within them while still keepin own individuality. But even with an instructress so skilled as Ma de Sévigné, it was no easy matter to acquire the art of talking as i understood in the society of which Talleyrand used to say, "Those have not lived before '89, and did not take part in the conversati those times, will never know the highest enjoyment allowed to mank Then on more serious matters, on points which concern reputation honour, it is his uncle's turn to advise him; he preaches economy and and has to warn him against the *nonchalance de grand seigneur*, the *la faire* which leads to all kinds of injustice and evil, and finally to Both grandmother and uncle are a little sorry he has no inclinati continue his studies; but so much wisdom could hardly be expected a young head that had already enough to occupy, perhaps to tu and that his days were pretty well filled, a letter to his mother, an account of his visit to Versailles, shows.

I have just returned from Versailles, Madame, having gone there on Sunda I went first to M. le Maréchal de Lorges, to ask him to present me to the Ki promised to do it, and told me to wait at Madame de Maintenon's door

Majesty to pass out. As I made my bow, the King stopped, and nodded to me smiling. The next day I made my obeisances to Monseigneur, to Madame la Dauphine, Monsieur, and the Princes of the Blood, and was well received by all. I dined with Madame d'Armagnac, who said a thousand kind things, and desired me to send you her compliments. From thence I went to M. de Montausier, where I stayed till the play began. It was *Andromaque*, which was quite new to me, so you may guess how much I enjoyed it. In the evening I attended *les Soupers et les Couchers*; the day following, which was yesterday, I went to the *Levers*, then I passed the rest of the day at the bureau with M. Charpentier; dined with M. de Montausier, went after dinner to see Madame d'Armagnac, and thence to *Sertorius*. This morning I was at the *Levers*; after that M. de la Trousse took me to M. de Louvois, who asked about my company; I replied it was already raised. M. de la Trousse added it was "ballissime." And now, madame, you have a precise account of all that passed at Versailles. I am looking at your picture; permit me to complain that I cannot throw myself at the feet of the original, kiss her two hands, and aspire to her thanks.

In Paris, now lacking the sunshine of royalty, society was less ceremonious than at Versailles, but seems to have enjoyed itself more. We hear of visits without end and pleasant little suppers; balls are improvised at Madame de Castelnau's. The Marquis brings his hautbois, and they all dance till midnight. On January 11 he attends Monseigneur at the first representation of Colasso's opera of *Thétis et Pelée*; then he goes again to Versailles, where, the Duchesse de Chaulnes writes, "le petit compère" amused himself well.

But his success, for unquestionably he is the fashion, has not turned his head; he is still so truthful and frank that his grandmother has christened him "Monsieur le pied de la lettre," and well as he can amuse himself at Versailles, his heart is in his profession; once February was come, all his thoughts turned on joining his regiment. "I do not understand the young men of the present day," Madame de Sévigné writes; "they think of nothing but their camp equipage." However, an officer's equipage was in those days no trifling matter. Macaulay has told us that the Duc de St.-Simon (who, a little younger than De Grignan, afterwards became one of his dearest friends), when he joined the King's army in Flanders as a stripling of seventeen, brought with him thirty-five horses and sumpter-mules, though his family were at the time very hard pressed for money. At last the final purchase of horses was made one Tuesday morning in the market of the Faubourg St. Victor, a farewell supper was given by the little La Martillière, who is extravagant and spares no expense, and early in the morning of March 5 Louis de Grignan rode away from the Hôtel Carnavalet, leaving its inmates in floods of tears, to join his regiment at Philippeville. The campaign opened late that year; so for two months he remained quietly learning his business. However, in July fighting began in earnest, and the "Régiment de Grignan" was sent to join the army of the Moselle under Boufflers. When the news came of the taking of Kockheim, Madame de Sévigné wrote in much excitement to announce it to her daughter. "To think of that child entering the castle sword in hand, and killing or

taking prisoners eleven or twelve hundred men! Can you fancy him a warrior, a burner of houses!" The little Marquis certainly did not, as his grandmother's words might imply, take Kockheim singlehanded, but Boufflers seems to have treated him with marked favour, giving him opportunities of distinction which he was quick in turning to account; and before the campaign had ended, unlooked for, almost unwelcome promotion, came to him. In October 1689 an order was issued requiring all colonels of regiments who were unable to command them in person, to retire on receiving the regulation price of 22,000 livres, and the Chevalier de Grignan, once a distinguished soldier, but now completely crippled by rheumatism, was one of the first to be affected by it. The loss of the regiment, the raising of which had cost a large expenditure of money and of credit, would have been a terrible blow to the not too prosperous fortunes of the Grignans, so every effort was made to secure the succession from the uncle to the nephew. After a period of anxious suspense the favour was granted, and thus, before he was quite nineteen, Louis de Grignan became colonel of one of the finest regiments in the service of France. It numbered twenty companies, who, in their almost white uniforms, with scarlet facings, red and black galloons, broad-brimmed black hats, and blue saddlecloths; with their standard of rich crimson silk, with long flowing fringes, on which was embroidered the motto chosen twenty years before by Madame de Sévigné for the then brilliant Chevalier de Grignan, "Che pera purche m' innalzi" must have made a goodly show. But the favour was a costly one; though the Chevalier, with characteristic generosity, sacrificed his own claim to compensation, the outfit of the new colonel and other expenses were exceedingly heavy; money had to be provided to pay the regiment; to keep up a suitable establishment; to receive the officers; to raise recruits and keep everything in proper order, besides the young colonel's personal expenses. Not that there was a moment's hesitation as to accepting the burden; to spend and to be spent in the service of the state, was, to a family with the traditions of the Grignans, a matter of course. Nor was Madame de Grignan a woman likely ever to tell her son of the sacrifices she was making for his advancement; only to her mother did she confide them; the Marquis was to see only the sunny side of things. And to be at nineteen colonel of a regiment was certainly a very brilliant bit of sunshine, yet not without its drawbacks, as the more prudent uncle, Charles de Sévigné pointed out clearly enough.

If he is easy going he will be thought weak, and advantage taken of his inexperience. He will do well to be strict and somewhat haughty, but then he must also take care never to be in the wrong. Should he ever be obliged to act with severity, it will be a dangerous matter with those old *chamois* and *mustachois*. I am sorry his promotion has come so early.

And it appears some difficulties did arise, in consequence of which it was thought better the young colonel should not remain with his regiment *during* the first winter. In the following spring of 1690 he rejoined it at

n. When the brilliant victory of Fleurus had practically closed mpaign in Flanders, the Régiment de Grignan was sent by quick es across France to join the army of Catinat, then occupied in ng Savoy and Piedmont. Nice was besieged March 27, 1691. t fascines!" writes Madame de Sévigné; "bundles of orange and ranate branches; their perfume is almost oppressive." The siege t a bloody one; after ten days the citadel surrendered, and the was able to spend a month at Grignan. But he had no sooner l than he was prostrated by a fever which had attacked him for t time at Grenoble, and it was not until June that he was able to s regiment again. However, he had not missed any action of ance; the Régiment de Grignan had the good fortune not to have part in the siege of Coni, where the French troops, under M. de le, seized by a sudden panic, had retreated precipitately. The r campaign ended without further incident; owing to the y of forage the cavalry were sent unusually early into winter rs, and De Grignan having obtained leave to spend the winter in took up his quarters once more at the Hôtel de Carnavalet, and nself to regain the ground he had lost by two years absence from ively and critical society. Madame d'Uxelles, to whom he made t visit, pronounced him to be handsome, agreeable, and extremely so it was doubtless not very uphill work.

anwhile he had reached his twenty-third year, and as very early ges were then the rule among people of quality, the world was ing to wonder why the Grignans, who had hitherto been so active king honours and promotion for their son, who had made him a before he was seventeen, were now dilatory in providing him wife. It was for them to take the initiative in the matter, for gh the excessive and arbitrary power which French fathers and rs now have over their children could not be legally enforced the comparatively recent date of the *Code Napoléon*, yet it has been the custom in France to look on marriage merely as a al arrangement concerning two only; in so serious a matter, not the parents, but also all the elder and more important members nnections of the family were consulted. All possibilities and proba- had to be pondered over, the advantages and disadvantages of eighed and measured, until as many elements of success as human ght could collect were secured. And in De Grignan's case there pecial difficulties. The historic lineage of his family, his father's position as Governor of Provence, a dignity which there was to hope he would inherit; his personal qualities, and the favour which he had been distinguished at Court, made him an equal for the daughters of the greatest houses. But on the other hand, nancial position of the Grignans was a terrible drawback. Even time of M. de Grignan's marriage with Mademoiselle de Sévigné, than half her dowry went to pay his most pressing debts, and large

as was the official income of the Governor of Provence, it was very far from defraying his semi-regal state. No wonder that M. de Lavardière, when overtures were made for his daughter's hand, replied that his son-in-law must be free from debt; or that the Lamoignons made much the same answer. Mademoiselle d'Ormesson was thought of, but she had an odious father; charming as was Mademoiselle de Castelnau, her fortune would not suffice, so the Marquis was forbidden even to think of her; Madame de Nogaret refused to marry again; in short, all the families who by rank and position were equals of the Grignans asked to be excused. At last, M. de Montmor, a devoted friend of the family, proposed a young and charming girl, daughter of a rich M. de St.-Amans, possessing every qualification save that of birth. The impediment was not a trifling one, for the escutcheon of the Grignans, with its ducal crown and its countless quarterings, could not be tarnished with impunity. By a single intermarriage with the "noblesse de finance," the honour of occupying a seat in the royal carriages would be forfeited for generations, the head of the house would be shut out from the more illustrious orders of knighthood, the younger sons and daughters lose all claim on the great Chapters. It cost the haughty Madame de Grignan, whose enemies used to call her "L'orgueil fait femme" a severe struggle to give up these privileges for her posterity, but the arguments and entreaties of her mother and of the friends of the family at length prevailed, and it was arranged that Mademoiselle de St.-Amans should spend a few weeks at Grignan. The ordeal was rather trying for a girl of eighteen unused to the world, but she passed through it well, and the numerous letters crossing to and fro in the family unite in describing her as pretty, amiable, well-educated, and well-bred. Between her and the young daughter of the house, Pauline, afterwards Madame de Simiane, a friendship which lasted all their lives sprang up at once. Still the bridegroom does not appear on the scene. Until all doubts and all impediments have been removed and the serious difficulty of drawing up the settlements got over, he has to content himself with the vivid description of the most brilliant of letter-writers, his eagerly interested grandmother. And the difficulties were unquestionably very serious. Of Mademoiselle de St.-Amans' dower of 400,000 livres 300,000 had to go to the payment of pressing liabilities. However, M. de St.-Amans took care that the money was all secured on the Grignan estates, and that, in the event of the bridegroom dying without issue, it would return to the St.-Amans, although, when Mademoiselle de Sévigné, with her ancient lineage and her triumphant beauty, brought her 300,000 livres of dowry to M. de Grignan, there had been no such saving clause. However, as regarded his daughter's trousseau, M. de St.-Amans w lavish in his generosity, expending 50,000 livres on lace, dresses, a jewelry without a murmur. All preliminaries being now conclu the Marquis de Grignan was sent for to Montpellier, where Mada St.-Amans was staying with her daughter, and a month given

people to become acquainted, after which the marriage was cele-
in the chapel at Grignan—if the magnificent edifice, a hundred
height, which terminated the façade of the château, could be called
odest a name. From the church the bridal party walked in pro-
to the house. There a sumptuous repast was served on tables laid
great gallery—its vast fireplaces piled up with blazing logs; music
during the banquet, and afterwards the long suite of apartments
own open to the company; all with a stately dignity which Madame
gné wrote was the prettiest thing she had ever seen. When the
r campaign opened, the bridegroom had to return to his regiment,
his wife at Grignan until the autumn, when her father was to
er to Paris. Some misunderstanding about money matters caused,
hile, a coolness between the heads of the families, but they did not
e with domestic harmony, and when all was made right, M. de St.-
came to Grignan to fetch his daughter. "We did not," writes
e de Sévigné, "let her go without tears, and she on her part, wept
rly when bidding us farewell, that no one would have guessed she
out to enter on a life of pleasure, surrounded with every luxury."
he month of November following, De Grignan rejoined his wife and
n-law in Paris, when it was decided that the young couple should
heir home with the St.-Amans, keeping their servants and equipages
her house taken for the purpose. Their establishment was not a
ne, and the young Marquise de Grignan might undoubtedly have
a brilliant position in society. But she seems to have been of a
tiring disposition, preferring to keep within her own family circle
han pleased Madame de Sévigné's friends and correspondents.
oon, however, the bride had sufficient excuse for her retired life in
ourning. Madame de Sévigné, who had been spending the winter
gnan, nursing her daughter through a long and trying illness, fell
rself, and in a few days small-pox carried her off. With her, most
brightness of the family circle seems to have passed away; there
nger the crowd of eager, interested friends, coming to hear and to
every little incident with genial sympathy, but what remains
told is from the pen of St.-Simon, who, though he speaks of the
is as his dearest friend, never leaves a bitter word unwritten. He
s Madame de Grignan, the winter following, as having much
to regain her position at Court after years of absence, and bring-
ward her daughter-in-law with many shrugs of her shoulders while
ring confidentially to her friends, "Il faut quelquefois engraisser
ses." But St.-Simon was, probably, not exempt from the common
of wits—of giving his friends credit for many smart things they
have said but did not say, and it must be allowed that the famous
which has become almost a proverb, is far more in his own style
that of Madame de Sévigné's stately daughter. At any rate, it
anter to trust to Madame de Grignan's own account, written to
ghter, Madame de Simiane.

My daughter-in-law has had great success. You know her noble, dignified manner, her modest, self-possessed way of never allowing any novelty to disconcert her: she appeared in that character, and has been much praised.

And a letter from Gabrielle de Martillac, Madame de Grignan's devoted *suivante*, describes a dinner given by the St.-Amans to the Duc de Chaulnes, where the fare was costly and exquisite, the honours done in perfection—"M. de St.-Amans and Madame la Marquise were enchanted to see Madame de Grignan, who on her part was most charming to all" —showing the relations were cordial.

The long series of summer campaigns was brought to a close in 1697 by the Peace of Ryswick, but the breathing time thus secured was occupied chiefly in preparing for the fresh wars which would inevitably break out on the death of the King of Spain; and the Court was entertained by one of the most magnificent military spectacles that had then ever been witnessed. From August 31 to September 21, the flower of the French army was encamped at Compiègne. What those ten days cost the country and all those who by their official position were obliged to entertain, would be difficult to calculate. "M. de Grignan held his own," writes Madame d'Uxelles, "and his regiment was particularly admired." He arrived at the camp on September 4, and nothing could have been more effective than his entry, drums beating and trumpets sounding; the drummers and the trumpeters wore the colonel's livery of blue and buff, while the soldiers were clad in stout grey cloth, relieved by the red and blue facings and saddle-cloths. The ground the regiment was to occupy had been previously railed off; on reaching it the men were drawn up in order of battle, the standards planted ten feet in front of the line; then the tents rose up rapidly, forming regular streets.

With the breaking-up of the camp at Compiègne, all prospect of gaining military honours ended for the time. The Marquis de Grignan was therefore doubly gratified at receiving, in the month of February following, an invitation to Marly. The guests were mostly Princes of the Blood: Monseigneur, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, the Duke and Duchess of Bourbon, the Dukes of Anjou, Berri, Chartres, the Comte de Toulouse, the Lorraines; to these were added the King and Queen of England, and a few of the highest nobility. The King had pointedly expressed the wish that the Duchess of Bourgogne should be amused; so to this end all the energies of the courtiers were directed; and the lively, bustling little Princess, nothing loth, inaugurated at once a series of ballets and masquerades in which most of the guests took part. We read of a Venetian masquerade, then a Basque ballet followed by the happy thought of some more inventive mind—a Sian dance, and finally a *chasse de loup*, the prettiest thing possible; in a which the Marquis de Grignan, an admirable dancer, much disting himself. But invitations to Marly were not extended to the less *trious* guests merely in order for them to show their skill in da

nasquerading, but also to enable the King's quick, searching eye to n other qualities likely to do him service. In his military capacity Marquis de Grignan had sustained his part well; his regiment had d efficient in the field, brilliant and well-disciplined in camp. But ng man of position was expected to serve the State with his brains ll as with his sword. Short as might have been the period of his tion, it was taken for granted that he had learned, not only to and fence, but also to speak with clearness and think with pre-, and that in the atmosphere of Versailles, where the highest sts were habitually and familiarly treated, he had imbibed con-ble knowledge of contemporary history and policy. The King's e included statecraft as well as warfare—one merged into the; and a diplomatic mission, no matter how trifling, was considered tical test of a young man's ability, of his perception and tact, of gree to which his fidelity to the instructions he received could be on. So that when De Grignan was named Envoy Extraordinary vey to the Duke of Lorraine the King's condolences on the death infant son, the appointment was looked on as a probable stepping-to higher things. The memoir of instruction, which still exists in rench archives, is, considering the slight importance of Lorraine as dependent State, singularly minute as to the ceremonial to be ob-d by and towards the Envoy, who is desired to give his Majesty a nd precise account of the way in which the audience is conducted. rignan's report, which still exists in the archives, bears no trace of randmother's brilliant, picturesque style, which would, however, been out of place; but it is well worded and clear. The mission urely one of etiquette, and to this he restricts himself. A note in ing's writing, ordering a gratification of 3,000 livres to be paid to Marquis de Grignan for his services on this occasion, shows that he atisfaction.

n December 1700, the Dukes of Burgundy and Berri accompanied brother Philip, King of Spain, to the Spanish frontier. It was ht a good opportunity for making the heirs to the throne known e people of the southern provinces; and a progress was arranged gh Bayonne, Carcassonne, and Montpellier to Marseilles. From the they crossed the boundary of Provence, M. de Grignan became their and on March 3 he went, accompanied by his son, the Marquis de an, and by two hundred gentlemen of the province, to await his guests at Beaucaire and conduct them to Tarascon, where began es of fêtes and ovations which lasted several weeks. At Aix the tion was *grandiose*. Five triumphal arches were erected on their ge; a guard of honour of the citizens, "lestement vêtus en habit rme," lined the streets leading to the Archbishop's palace, where lodging was prepared; there were illuminations, fireworks, accla-ns, and all that can express the joy of a people. The first night e Grignan gave a ball; the next day he offered the princes

the diversion of a "combat d'oranges," which they witnessed from a balcony in the Cours, followed by a ceremonious collation. On the 7th they left Aix for Marseilles, where the Governor, having preceded them, came out to receive them at a place called "La Pinade," where the vast Bay of Marseilles lay beneath their feet, and the city, the harbour, with the forts and batteries constructed by M. de Grignan in 1696, could be seen at a glance. All the batteries saluted the princes three times; at the gate of the city the nobles and principal citizens received them, and the gay procession passed on under triumphal arches, one of which is described as a specially grand and imposing structure. The burghers were under arms, the streets hung with tapestry, salvoes of artillery repeatedly discharged scarcely drowned the rapturous acclamations which rent the air; for here again we are told, "nothing could exceed the transports of joy of the people, which MM. les Princes seemed to witness with pleasure." One wonders if there was really no discordant sound, no stifled murmur to warn the Sons of France that, before the century closed, there would rise from those same Mediterranean shores the first strains of that terrible hymn in which seems to be condensed the hatred of centuries; how the waves of sound, as they rolled up the valley of the Rhone, would gather in their onward course strength and volume far greater than that of the descending waters, till, breaking at last against their palace walls, would flood its courts with blood. But if any such warning note was heard, the chroniclers of the province did not record it; they only tell of an uninterrupted series of festivities and rejoicings, lasting till March 22, when M. de Grignan escorted his guests back to the frontier of Provence.

In the October following there came another royal progress. The young Queen of Spain, Gabrielle de Savoie, accompanied by the Princesse des Ursins, passed through France; and, as if to give the Grignans their *coup de grâce*, they had to receive, in the spring following, the Comte de Toulouse, and in October, the King of Spain, who, in order that the people might have the joy of seeing him, made a public entry into Marseilles. Chamillart, writing privately to M. de Grignan, said it was hoped that more even than the King could ask would be done to make the reception of his Catholic Majesty worthy of Provence; a hope which was so lavishly fulfilled that even Paris was astonished by the accounts of the fêtes. It would be hard to say what all these receptions must have cost the Grignans, especially as some of these illustrious persons, out of consideration for the provinces through which they passed, travelled *incogniti*, the result being that the whole expense had to be borne by the Governors.

Early in 1702 it was plain that the hollow truce following the treaty of Ryswick would not last much longer, and preparations for the war of Spanish Succession began on all sides. The armies of France were pl on a war footing, and a batch of brigadier-generals created, among v De Grignan ranked as fourth. The promotion, acknowledged in

pest gratitude, was, however, fairly earned. De Grignan had more than fifteen years; from 1688 to 1698 he had not missed n, and had proved himself a brave and gallant soldier. The f general officer obliged him to renew his camp equipage; a ears later, the great leather trunks which held it were brought nd their contents, carefully listed in an inventory which still w something of the wearer's habits and tastes. The list begins es of apparel; among which was a red cloth surtout with gold suit of brown camlet with silver filagree buttons, a linen coat buttons, a damask dressing-gown with gold flowers, a *just-au-* silver buttons, and a silver-hilted sword. Then comes an plement of *lingerie*, table linen, and plate; in a little casket by were eight books of devotion, bound some in calf, some in These seem to have been the only books he took about with vithstanding all his grandmother's hopes and efforts, the love had not come to him.

return to the camp, De Grignan, at the opening of the cam- 702, was placed under the orders of the Marquis de Bedmar, anded a Franco-Spanish corps destined to keep the lines and aces of Brabant, and to support the main army, which was d by M. de Boufflers, under the Duke of Burgundy, generalis- e army of Flanders. M. de Bedmar's corps was composed of alions and twenty squadrons; the brigade of Grignan, formed nents of Grignan and of Pelleport, was intended, in conjunc- another cavalry brigade, to form the left wing. De Grignan fter sent with a detachment of two cavalry regiments and six of infantry to protect a convoy of 800 waggons sent from Diest on July 10. He brought it safely, and had rejoined M. by the 20th, but only for a few days, as on the 31st the Duke ly ordered all the troops disposable to join the main army at eat battle was hoped for, but did not come off; the month of s spent in marches and counter-marches which had no effect f wasting the strength of the army. In September the de Grignan had lost, since the opening of the campaign, 22 7 horses, and was now reduced to 211 men and horses. All ecisive battle was now over for that year, and on September 6 Burgundy left for Paris. The campaign of 1703 was hardly ful, save for the brilliant victory of Eckeren, where De rigade formed the reserve guard.

1704, the army of Flanders reassembled at the camp of n. But when it became known that the allies were in e on the German frontier, it was decided that Villeroy at once to join Tallard, leaving in Flanders only a corps of During the march an order came direct from the King hment of five regiments, among which was that of Grignan, forward to support Tallard. They arrived just in time to

take part in the disastrous battle of Hochstedt; De Grignan's brigade of eight squadrons covering Tallard's right wing. An anonymous writer, quoted by M. Masson, says that after M. de Tallard was taken prisoner the cavalry retreated hurriedly, and one portion (with characteristic ignorance of the country) got on to an island of the Danube, and would have been made prisoners but for the Brigade de Grignan, which was retreating in another direction, but came at once to help them, driving the enemy from the ford and keeping the heights of Hochstedt, till all, even including the wounded, were able to get away. The incident is not mentioned in the despatches, but in those days they were far less detailed than now, and both Chamillart and St.-Simon speak of De Grignan as having distinguished himself at Hochstedt.

After this defeat the only course remaining to the French was the immediate evacuation of Germany; this Marsin effected quickly and skilfully; Villeroy, coming up with fresh troops, was able to cover what remained of Tallard's army, and to oppose a firm front to the enemy. At Hochfeld, near Strasbourg, the cavalry re-formed, and it was found that besides the losses in battle, the mortality among the horses had been so great that what remained of four regiments and ten squadrons barely sufficed to make up four squadrons of the Brigade de Grignan; while the Régiment de Grignan was reduced to a single squadron of 104 men. Nor was the mortality confined to horses. Small-pox raged among the troops; M. de Coigny, who had been sent by the King to form a new army of the Moselle, reviewed the troops on October 4, and was dead on the 10th. The courier who brought the news announced likewise that M. de Grignan was also attacked by smallpox. His wife started at once in a postchaise for Thionville, where he was said to be. Four days later, M. de Saint-Aulais writes—"M. le Marquis de Grignan died yesterday of small-pox at Thionville;" and this brief notice is the only record left of the close of a life of which the opening years had been so minutely chronicled.

However, of the esteem in which the Marquis de Grignan, short and uneventful as his life had been, was held by those who had come in contact with him, some testimony yet remains. Chamillart, writing to assure the bereaved father of his deep sympathy, alludes to the Marquis's brilliant conduct at the unfortunate battle of Hochstedt, adding that it may be a consolation to his family to know that the King had heard of it with particular satisfaction, and it had been his Majesty's gracious intention to raise the Marquis at once to the rank of maréchal-de-camp. Donneau de Visé, writing of him in the *Mercure*, says that "he possessed all the good qualities of his profession and of his rank. Nothing had been omitted or neglected in his education, and few men of his age and quality have been so faithful to their principles." St.-Simon, usually so chary of words of praise, when alluding to the disastrous campaign says, "Je perdis un ami avec qui j'avais été élevé, le Marquis de Grignan, qui était un très galant homme et promettait fort."

But the chief mourner was the heart-broken mother. Madame de nan is usually described as a somewhat cold-blooded person, who ted the wealth of love lavished on her by her adoring mother with cking calmness; yet the care with which, during more than thirty , she cherished every note and letter in that mother's writing, es that her feelings, if not demonstrative, were deep and lasting; it was on her son that her strongest affections had centred. Writing months later to Madame de Guiteau, she says—"Religious con- ations are the only ones which can give support in these cruel trials, ow far am I from finding in my own mind the help I so much . I can only think and feel very humanly, weeping and regretting I have lost." Death, however, cut her mourning short. One is urprised to hear that when, within the year of her son's death, the ale malady which had already carried off two generations of her y, attacked her, the poor woman had not the strength, nor perhaps vish, to resist it, and passed quickly away.

he younger Madame de Grignan, the Marquis's widow, survived many years. Quiet and silent by nature, she had not, even in her ied life, seemed to care much for the world, and now she passed at into the ranks of those who are widows indeed. St.-Simon wrote r—"She was a saint, the saddest and most silent saint I have ever rn. She shut herself up in her own house, where she remained for est of her life, perhaps twenty years, without ever leaving it save to church, and without receiving anyone." There is probably some geration in this; at any rate, despite her silent sanctity, the Mar- de Grignan cherished one mundane taste of her day, that which Comtesse de Paris has lately done so much to revive in the Faubourg Germain, the love of rare and exquisitely bound books. At her she left to her husband's sister, Madame de Simiane, her library, h was even then valuable, and would now doubtless be priceless. eat writer, lately passed away, has taught us that the tastes and ces of individuals struggle vainly against the stronger instincts of ; and so, notwithstanding his preference for the pleasures of court amp to those of literature, it came to pass that the armorial bear- of Madame de Sévigné's grandson are to be looked for, not on en steel or sculptured stone, but in delicate tooling of calf and ern, among the literary treasures of the *grand siècle*.

M. F. DOMVILE.

Pictures for the People.

"It is folly, if nothing worse, to attempt it. What do the people wa with fine art? They will neither understand nor appreciate it. Sho them an oleograph of 'Little Red-Riding-Hood,' or a coloured illust tion of 'Daniel in the Lions' Den,' and they will like it just as mu as Mr. Millais's 'Chill October' or Mr. Watts's 'Love and Death.'

Such opinions met us at every turn when we first began to think having an Art Exhibition in Whitechapel. But we knew that it is oft not indifference only which keeps the people living in the far east aw from the West-end Art Treasures. The expense of transit; the ignoran of ways of getting about; the shortness of daylight beyond working hou during the greater part of the year; the impression that the day wh they could go is sure to be the day when the Museum is "closed to t public;" all these little discouragements become difficulties, especially the large number who have not yet had enough opportunities of knowi the joy which art gives.

"Well, I should not have believed I could have enjoyed myself much, and yet been so quiet," describes a lesson learnt from an hour Mr. Watts's Gallery at Little Holland House; and once, after showing party of mechanics a large photograph of the Dresden Madonna, I w asked, "Where now can we see such things often?" Further talk the picture elicited from another of the same group: "But that's mo the philosophy of pictures; one wants to see a great many to learn h to see them so."

Such remarks, by no means isolated, and supported by the propo that we should "get up a Loan Exhibition" from one of our acti working-men friends, brought the inclination to a determination.

The resources at command were hardly enough to promise success the undertaking. They were but three schoolrooms, thirty feet by six behind the church, not on a central thoroughfare, and approached b passage yard; the light was much obscured by surrounding buildings; doorways were narrow and the staircase crooked. But friends came ward to help, and there was soon formed a large committee, which, a meeting two or three times to discuss general principles and pl divided itself into sub-committees to carry out special branches of work. And the work, though to a large extent one of detail, was no means slight.

The hanging committee undertook to measure space; obtain the of pictures; and see to the strength of rods, and thickness of walls; bu the general committee was left the duty of refusing undesirable-size

priate pictures. This last was by no means the least difficult so extraordinary were some of the loans offered to us; a dreadful of an uncomely old lady was sent because "she was the maternal other of a man who used to keep a shop in the High Street," ommendation being considered sufficient to obtain for the picture in an Art Collection; a pencil drawing "done by John when only fifteen, and now he's doing well in the pawnbroking line," sidered worthy by a proud mother; while the curiosity com- had to refuse numbers of things, of which the only apparent hey could lay to relationship with curiosities was that they had who thought them so.

if, on the one side, we were somewhat overwhelmed with offers s of doubtful description, on the other we were not unfrequently d at the unwillingness of art owners to lend their treasures. ere promises of safety and insurance. "I don't fear for the pictures, on't like to have my walls bare," was the too common answer; and ument, "Not for a fortnight, to enable thousands of people to see rarely penetrated the coat of selfishness which incases such owners. the hanging committee by no means had the monopoly of work. was the decorative committee, whose duty it was to provide gs, flags, bunting to hide natural schoolroom suggestions, and to he place attractive to the passing crowd. The advertising com- undertook the difficult and expensive work of making an under- known: always difficult, but especially so when the people whom the information has to be spread can neither read nor The finance committee did the dull but necessary work con- with money.

the first Exhibition 3*d.* was charged for admission during seven nd free admittance granted for two days. On the threepenny 000 people paid or were paid for; on the free days, including , 5,000 came to see the show. The box for donations contained seven paying days 4*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*; on the two free days 6*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* cond Exhibition was opened free. In the thirteen days 26,492 came to see it. The boxes contained 21*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.*, and 4,600 cata- were sold at 1*d.*,* realising 20*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.* the cost of printing of was 17*l.* 16*s.*

t the least weighted with responsibility was the watching com- whose work was the safe guarding of the loans, both by night and olicemen, firemen, and caretakers had to be engaged, not to mention anisation required to arrange for the eighteen or twenty gentle- o came down daily to "take a watch" of four hours in the rooms; their presence not only served to prevent unseemly conduct, but scriptions of pictures, and homely chats with the people, made often difference between an intelligent visit and a listless ten minutes'

* st edition was sold at 3*d.*; and some on the first day at 6*d.*, while a few were ay.

stare. The work of borrowing was everybody's work; and generous, indeed, has been the response met with, particularly from the artists and those owners whose possessions were few.

The first Exhibition included—besides pictures—pottery, needlework, and curiosities; but, interesting as these were, the expense of getting them together, providing cases for them, and showing them thoroughly under glass, was so great that in the second Exhibition it was determined to exhibit only pictures, and such works of art and curiosities as the Kensington Museum would lend us, the latter already in cases, and with their own special caretaker to boot.

The cataloguing and describing committee comes last; and its work, though done in a hurry, bore no slight relation to the success of the undertaking.

It is impossible for the ignorant to even look at a picture with any interest unless they are acquainted with the subject; but when once the story is told to them, their plain, direct method of looking at things enables them to go straight to the point, and perhaps to reach the artist's meaning more clearly than some of those art critics whose vision is obscured by thoughts of "tone, harmony, and construction."

Mr. Richmond's fine picture of "Ariadne" elicited many remarks. "Why, it is crazy Jane!" exclaimed one woman, following up the declaration in a few moments by—"and it's finely done, too;" but the story once explained, either by catalogue or talk, the interest increased. "Poor soul! she's seen her day," came from a genuine sympathiser. "Oh, no! she'll get another lover; rest sure of that." "'T'aint quite likely, seeing that it's a desert island!" was the practical retort, which rather dumbfounded the hopeful commentator; but, woman-like, she would have the last word: "Well, I would, if it were myself, and she'll find a way, sure enough, somehow." "The light is all behind her," showed a delicate perception of what, perhaps, the artist himself had put in with the truth of unconsciousness.

Mr. Briton Rivière's representation of the "Dying Gladiator" was the subject of much conversation. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to remind any one of the picture, which was in the Academy but a year or two ago. The splendid painting of the tigers, both dead and living, with the vividly-depicted physical agony of the martyr, in spite of which he feels triumph, as, faithful even in death, he makes the sign of the cross in the sand; would probably make an impression on and be remembered by those who saw it.

"There, my boy, there's your ancestor in the lions' den!" was the paternal explanation of one of Abraham's descendants to his small son; but a reference to the catalogue changed his opinion on the subject, if not on the goodness of the cause for which the gladiator suffered. The description in the catalogue for this picture was: "The Romans, for their holiday amusement, made their prisoners fight with wild beasts. The young Christian has killed one of the tigers; but is himself mort

nded. His last act is to trace in the sand the form of a cross, the of the faith for which he dies. The shouts of the excited crowd, the of the baulked tiger, are fading in his ears. God has kissed him, he will sleep." Somewhat fanciful, perhaps, but reaching, may-be, spirit of the picture more truly than a plainer statement of facts d have done. "'God kissed him,' it says: I should have said the clawed him," was the one adverse criticism I heard on the detion. As a rule, the subject of the picture once understood, the le stood before it in thoughtful consideration.

Mr. Richmond's "Sleep and Death," as well as Mr. Watts's "Time, h, and Judgment," both ideal, rather than historical or domestic, res, were greatly enjoyed, and this by a class of people whose exl lives are drearily barren of ideals.

"Sleep and Death" was not successfully described in the catalogue, "Time, Death, and Judgment" was exhibited at the first Exhibition, the descriptions were only written and put upon the frames; fore neither had all the help that was possible from explanation.

But an interpretation offered by any one who had studied the parable res was eagerly accepted, and further thoughts suggested. "You see Judgment's face for his arm," perhaps had, perhaps had not, meaning in it than the speaker meant; while in reference to the an's listless dropping of her flowers from her lap in "Time, Death, Judgment," the remark, "Death does not want the flowers now got 'em," told of thoughtful suffering at the apparent wastefulness eath. "Time is young yet, then," made one feel that the speaker caught a glimpse of the idea of eternity which probably any number milies had failed to give him.

"Sleep and Death," depicting the strong, pale warrior borne on the lders of Sleep, while being gently lifted into the arms of Death—so le in colour, pure in idea, rich in suggestion—was good for the poor e, among whom Death is robbed of none of its terrors by the coarse liarity with which it is treated. With them, funerals are too often ne of general rowdiness, and "a beautiful corpse" a fit spectacle for he neighbours—even the youngest child—to be invited to see. Death ed as a tender mother-woman, hidden in the cold grey vastness bunding her, was a bright idea, producing, perhaps, greater modesty t the great mystery. "That's the best of the whole lot, to my l," came, after a long gaze, from a pale, trouble-stricken man, whose ws Sleep had not always helped to bear, whose loveless life had e Death's enfolding arms seem wondrous kind.

Sometimes there were discussions as to which was Sleep and which h, ended once summarily by the loudly-expressed opinion, "It don't matter which. I don't call it proper, *anyhow*, to see a man pick of an angel!"—a hypercritical sense of propriety which was ly to be expected from the appearance of the critic.

Munkacsy's picture of the "Lint Pickers," lent by Mr. J. S. Forbes,

aroused much interest. In the catalogue, after a short account of l
and works, it was described thus : "A soldier, with a bandaged
telling the story of the war to the women and children who are p
lint to dress wounds. The different feelings with which the news
ceived are shown with wonderful skill in the different faces. Son
waiting to hear the worst; another has already heard it, and ca
bury her face in her hands. To others it is but an interesting
while the little child is only intent on his basket of lint.

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

The gloom of the picture, the utter dejection of the workers, re
nowhere by a gleam of light—even the child (around whom hope
have hovered) finding a grim plaything in the lint—all combine
the tale of what the artist evidently felt—the cruelty of war.
interest was taken in finding out, amid the darkness, the different f
in their various attitudes of active or crushed woe. It spoke, th
a little sadly of the want of joyousness in East London entertain
that more than one sightseer, *before* reading the catalogue or
helped by a verbal explanation, thought "it was a lot of poor
at tea."

The frames of all the pictures excited wonder, sometimes admi
not accorded to the pictures themselves; and the oft-reiterated que
"What, now, is it all worth? How much would it fetch?" bec
little wearisome, not the less so because expressive of one of the si
the times.

"All beautiful! and most of them [the pictures] done by mach
I suppose," showed more mechanical than artistic appreciation;
the cross-examination to which we were put as to why the Exhi
was held, was sometimes interesting rather than edifying. "Oh
it'll pay, sure enough, if you only go on long enough," was one wo
comforting assurance; and the answer, "I hardly see how, consi
that it is open free," carried so little force to her mind, that its
effect was to make her repeat her belief in a still more confidently
tone. But many and hearty were the thanks that were given at th
of some of such chats; and the gentlemen who explained the pi
and talked to the little groups which quickly gathered round "son
who would tell about it all" were more than once offered re
money—a flattering tribute to their powers, and illustrative of the
sense of justice in the workmen's mind and the conviction that
labourer is worthy of his hire."

The pathetic pictures were, perhaps, the most generally appre
Israel's "Day before the Departure," lent by Mr. J. S. Forbes, w
scribed thus: "The widow, utterly sad, has shut her Bible and
heartbroken and hopeless. The child does not understand everythin
she knows her mother is sorry; the toy is forgotten, while she

love in her desire to comfort. Her love may be the light which will lighten the future," often reduced the beholders to sympathetic silence; while warm was the praise given to Salentin's "Foundling," a pretty picture of an old yeoman giving the forsaken babe into the arms of his kindly daughters. The bright evening sky, the tender springtime, the interest of the farm-boy, and the curiosity of the sheep, all hopefully express that the little one's short, troublous day is over, and that its happier spring-time has dawned.

"Our Father's House," by Wilfrid Lawson; the little, ragged girl peeping wistfully round the church-pillar at the fashionably-dressed congregation, who too often monopolise "Our Father's House," had always around it some quiet and earnest students. It aroused in them, perhaps, the sleeping sense, now so often forgotten that it is almost ignored, that the church is the people's possession, and, may be, it awakened the hope, deep down (if sometimes visionary) in every breast, of the coming of the "good time" when all class and unworthy distinctions will be lost in the Father's presence.

Israel's works, of which in the last Exhibition there were five, were duly appreciated, not perhaps by the mass, but by the more thoughtful of the spectators. "The Canal Boat, a picture full of sadness; the man and woman look weary and worked. Nature is in tune with their hard life; still there is progress," said the catalogue. I overheard one man say, "Ah! poor chap, he's got into a wrong current, but he'll get out all right. Pull away." The picture, sketchy as it was, had taught in Israel's style the lesson he loves to give—the pain and dreariness of life interlaced with the bright thread of hope

which is out of sight:
That thread of all sustaining beauty,
Which runs through all and doth all unite.

Mr. Walter Crane's picture of "Ormuzd and Ahriman," which he kindly lent, awoke much interest. The people read, or had read to them, the description which told that the Persians believed in two gods—the god of good, Ormuzd; the god of evil, Ahriman—and how the picture expressed the fight between the two; a fight going on in every nation and every heart, all nature being represented as standing still during the conflict; while the river of time wound gently on past the ruins of the Memnons, the Acropolis, the Grove, the Altar, and the Abbey—the symbols of the world's great religions. "I expect that's true, though we don't seem to see much of the *fight* about here," was one cogent remark; though most frequently a picture will draw forth no expression—for with the unlettered all expression is difficult, and we know how, in the presence of death, of a grand sunset, or of anything deeply moving, silence seems most fitting.

Sometimes, though, one overhears talks which reveal much. Mr. Schmalz's picture of "Forever" had one evening been beautifully explained, the room being crowded by some of the humblest people, who

received the explanation with interest, but in silence. The picture represented a dying girl to whom her lover has been playing his lute, until, dropping it, he seemed to be telling her with impassioned words that his love is stronger than death, and that, in spite of the grave and separation, he will love her *forever*. I was standing outside the Exhibition in the half-darkness, when two girls, hatless, with one shawl between them thrown round both their shoulders, came out. They might not be living the worst life; but, if not, they were low down enough to be familiar with it and to see in that the relation between man and woman. The idea of love lasting beyond this life, making eternity real, a spiritual bond between man and woman, had not occurred to them until the picture with the simple story was shown them. "Real beautiful, ain't it all?" said one. "Ay, fine, but that 'Forever,' I did take on with that," was the answer. Could anything be more touching! What work is there nobler than that of the artist who, by his art, shows the degraded the lesson that Christ Himself lived to teach?

The landscapes were, perhaps, the pictures least cared for; and this is not to be wondered at, considering how little the poorer denizens of our large towns can know of the country, or of nature's varied and peculiar garbs, that artists delight to illustrate. "How far is it to that place?" was eagerly asked before a picture of Venice, by Mr. R. M. Chevalier, a picture of which the description told how the Grand Canal was the "Whitechapel Road" of Venice, and further explained the relationship of gondolas to omnibuses and cabs—a relationship not seen at first sight by the untravelled world. "Would it cost much money to go and see that?" was often provoked by such pictures as Elijah Walton's picture of "Crevasses in the Mer de Glace," kindly lent by Mr. H. Evill, or Mr. Croft's "Matterhorn," lent by Mr. T. L. Devitt and described: "A peak in the Alps too steep for snow, and until lately too steep for mountaineers. Chains have now been placed at the most difficult places, and several English ladies have reached the top. The artist shows the loneliness of greatness:

> 'The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
> But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams;
> Alone the sun rises, and alone
> Spring the great streams.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.'"

With the knowledge of the indifference, because of the unhelped, and inevitable, ignorance of the town poor in respect to landscape art, special pains were taken with the descriptions, endeavours being made to connect the landscape with some idea with which they were already familiar, or to inject into it some moral association which would attract notice to its qualities; for instance, Mr. John Brett's "Philory, King of the Cliffs," was brought nearer to the spectators by the suggestion that "the coast of England was, like its people, cool and strong, and not to be hurt by a storm;" and Mr. W. Luker's picture of "Burnham Beeches," lent by Mr. S. Winkworth, gained in interest because the catalogue said it was "A

Forest near Slough, about eighteen miles from London, bought by the City of London, and made the property of the people."

Mr. W. S. Wyllie's "Antwerp," a grey, flat picture, had its idea partly embodied in "Sea and land seemed to end in the cathedral spire;" while the familiar proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," drew attention to Mr. W. C. Nakken's "Harvesting in Holland;" and the suggestion that "the horses are enjoying the wind which is blowing up the rain, the farmer's enemy in harvest," showed the standpoint from which the picture could be looked at.

Not that the catalogue was intended to contain exhaustive explanations of the pictures, but only indications of the lines along which the people could make their own discoveries. Full, however, as some of the descriptions were, they were not full enough to prevent misconceptions. A little copy of Tintoretto, lent by Mr. E. Bale, depicting the visit and embrace of the Virgin Mary and Elizabeth, simply entered in the catalogue as the "Meeting of Mary and Elizabeth," was mistaken for an interview between Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth, and produced the reflection, "I suppose that was before they quarrelled, then" —a sign that historical had, in this instance, made more mark than religious instruction.

Information about Darwin, concerning whose work the catalogue was silent, was finally volunteered by one of a little group who pronounced him to be "the Monkey Man;" and another knew no more about Gladstone than that "he was the chap that followed Lord Beaconsfield."

"Lesbia," by Mr. J. Bertrand, explained as "A Roman girl musing over the loss of her pet bird," was commented on by, "Sorrow for her bird, is it? I was thinking it was drink that was in her"—a grim indication of the opinion of the working classes of their "betters;" though another remark on the same picture, "Well, I hope she will never have a worse trouble," showed a kindlier spirit and perhaps a sadder experience.

But the catalogue once studied, it was clung to with almost comical persistency. A picture by Jacob Maris, lent by Mr. J. S. Forbes, of a "Street in Amsterdam," was next in the catalogue, though not in the room, to one of Mr. F. F. Dicksee's of "Christ Walking on the Water." The Amsterdam picture was one in Maris's best style—a row of quaint, irregular houses, boats by the wharf, still, cold water from the midst of which a post protruded, catching the light. "No doubt a fine picture," commented a spectator, "but it requires a deal of imagination." "Why? I don't see that; it's plain enough; there are the ships, houses, wharf," explained a friendly neighbour. "Yes, I see all them; but it's the rest of it that wants the imagination." Further pause, and then, "Oh! I see; I've got the wrong number; I thought it was Christ walking on the water—that's what I was looking for."

The historical or domestic pictures, such as J. B. Burgess's "Presentation," the English ladies visiting the house of a Moor who is presenting

his children to them; or Edwin Long's "Question of Propriety," the priests watching the dancing-girl to decide if the dance was proper or not, perhaps attracted the most immediate attention, just in proportion as they told their own tale; but, aided by catalogue or talk, the pictures embodying the highest spiritual truths became the most popular.

The sentiment pervading J. F. Millet's "Angelus" which makes prayer—the communion with the "Besetting God"—at evening time, "Earth's natural vesper hour," seem right and fitting, was an unspoken sermon beyond their comprehension as art critics, but within their reach as men and women capable of communion with the highest. And, at present, when ordinary religious influences appear to make so sadly little impression, shall we not use such pictures also as stepping-stones towards the truer life, as idea inspirers?

Some amount of fine art is now lost to the world because the construction of most modern houses puts narrow limits to the size of pictures. "We are often unable to express our best ideas for want of room," I was told by a living artist whom this or any age would, I think, call great; and another painter has had what he considers his finest picture left on his hands because it is too big for any drawing-room and most galleries.

Is there not a double work here, for the rich to do? Might they not, by buying such pictures, encourage the artists to paint their best thoughts, whatever size they require, thus making the world richer, enabling it to possess a little more of the knowledge gained by those who "hang on to the sunskirts of the Most High"? Might they not put them as gifts or loans on the walls of churches or hospitals, making bare walls speak great truths, not the less audible because of the murmur of the people's thanks, real, if unheard by the donors?

Pictures will not do everything. They will not save souls, for "it takes a life to save a life;" but shall such works be kept only for the amusement or passing interest of the rich? Shall not we, who care that the people should have life and fuller life, press them into the service of teaching? Words, mere words, fall flat on the ears of those whose imaginations are withered and dead; but art, in itself beautiful, in ideas rich, they cannot choose but understand, if it be brought within their reach.

Art may do much to keep alive a nation's waning higher life when other influences fail adequately to nourish it; and how shall we neglect it in these hard times of spiritual starvation? In Mrs. Browning's words:

"The artist keeps up open roads between the seen and the unseen. Art is the witness of what *Is* behind the show."

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

No New Thing.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Philip Finds Out All About It.

HANKS to the good offices of Signora Tommasini, Philip found Florence a very delightful place of residence. There, as in all other European cities to which her avocations led her from time to time, the Signora had a large acquaintance, and there, as elsewhere, she led a merry and a busy life. She only sang three times a week, and on the alternate nights she either received her friends in an easy, informal manner, or, with that strange hankering after the familiar scene which is common who make their livelihood upon the stage, she went to the Opera, istened to the performances of her colleagues. Either method of g the time was equally agreeable to Philip, who loved society in hape, and was greatly pleased with the reception accorded to him e incongruous assemblage of young Italian nobles, and actors, and sors of music, and wandering Englishmen who frequented the ra's ever-open *salons*, or jostled one another in her dingy little box e theatre. His voice was extravagantly praised; and as he was rally understood to be a wealthy amateur, the manager of the a and others felt no hesitation in assuring him that he was capable tshining Mario. He did not, of course, take any steps for securing ervices of the professors who were so civil to him. Under existing umstances, it did not seem likely that he would ever be called upon pend weary hours in practising scales again, and the delight of

absolute idleness, which had always been very dear to him, was doubly so in the land which is proverbially the best fitted for its enjoyment.

One or two disagreeable emotions prevented his happiness, during the ten days which intervened between his arrival and that of Signor Cavestri, from being quite complete. Margaret's telegram gave him a shock and an uneasy afternoon. The brief episode of his married life had dropped so far back into the mists of memory that he had long since ceased to think of it as a possible source of trouble, and it may be supposed that his feelings towards Hugh Kenyon, when he heard of that officious person's behaviour, were not of the most charitable kind. Again, he could not shake off a haunting dread of what Margaret might say or do upon hearing the true nature of his business in Italy, and if he could have recalled his confession five minutes after he had committed it to the charge of the post-office, it is certain that he would have done so. But in due time a very kind and affectionate letter from Longbourne set his mind at ease upon both of these points; and he had the justice to thank Signora Tommasini for the good advice that she had given him. "I shall always come to you in future when I am in any difficulty," said he; and she answered, "Upon my word, I think you might apply to a worse person."

In writing to Signor Cavestri Philip had found it unavoidable to acknowledge his identity, and from this it resulted that, as he was breakfasting one morning, the Signora Bonera rushed into his room like a whirlwind, enveloped him in a highly perfumed embrace, kissed him on both cheeks, and reproached him shrilly for having concealed the fact of their relationship. Signora Bonera, when arrayed in her best clothes, was not a cousin to be received enthusiastically by persons of fastidious tastes. Her hair, which was liberally oiled, was arranged in a towering curly mass above her forehead; upon the top of this was perched a yellow bonnet adorned with large red roses; she wore a silk gown of a tartan quite unknown to the highlands of Scotland; and she diffused for many yards around her person an odour of patchouli powerful enough to have sickened a fox.

Her heart, she said, had spoken the moment that Philip had entered her door. She had felt that this was no stranger. She had experienced an irresistible impulse—— Here she started to her feet, and Philip, fearing lest the impulse might be coming on again, rose hastily, and placed the table between himself and his visitor, as a measure of precaution.

"My dear Signora Bonera——" he began.

"Don't say Signora Bonera; say Lucia."

"Well, my dear and warm-hearted Lucia, let me implore you not to give way to impulse. You must remember that I am an Englishman, and in England we do not give way to impulse; we dislike it very much. Perhaps you would not mind my mentioning another of our peculiarities. We never kiss our cousins."

"Is it possible?"

"Never, I assure you. In fact, we consider it quite a scandalous thing to do. We are not," continued Philip, speaking slowly, and watching the effect of his words upon the lady, "we are not in any way a demonstrative people. When we like our cousins very much, we do not embrace them, but we endeavour to improve their circumstances."

Signora Bonera nodded, as though to imply that that form of acknowledging the ties of consanguinity struck her favourably.

"But then," Philip went on, "our cousins must not be troublesome or intrusive people. Indeed, such is our eccentricity that, in a general way, the less we see of them, the more likely we are to be liberal towards them. I myself have been thinking that if I should succeed in establishing my claim to the Brune estate—a very poor estate you will be sorry to hear—it would be one of my proudest privileges to increase your annual income, my dear Lucia. After what I have said, you will understand that I could only do so subject to the restriction I have hinted at. In point of fact, if I ever saw or heard of you again, I am afraid you would lose your allowance. Now, what should you say to 2,500 *lire* a year?"

Signora Bonera, who had shown no signs of taking offence at this plain-spoken offer, shrugged her shoulders, spread out her hands, and made a hideous face. Philip rightly interpreted this pantomime to mean that the sum was paltry, but that she would accept it, if she could not get more.

"Lucia," said he, "I fear that you are greedy. And that is a pity, because it lessens my interest in you. You see, there really is no reason at all why I should increase your income."

"When one is ashamed of one's relations, one must pay to get rid of them," remarked Signora Bonera quite good-humouredly.

"Just so; but as you will not come to England, and as I can very well exist without visiting Florence again, I can virtually get rid of you gratis. There is the post, you will say. Well, I offer you 2,500 *lire* a year not to write me letters; and I consider that a very fair price. Think it over, my dear Lucia, and I am sure you will consider it so too."

Philip would hardly have dared to be so impertinent if he had not seen by the woman's manner that impertinence was not likely to affront her. She answered him by another shrug and another grimace, and then held out her hand to him frankly.

"It shall be a bargain," said she; "only you must say nothing about it to *lo zio*, or——"

"Or he will want it all for himself. Do not alarm yourself, he shall be kept in ignorance. And, by the way, when is that estimable uncle going to make his appearance? He has already kept me waiting a week."

"Eh! he is an old man; and what was the hurry? I had a letter from him this morning, saying that we might expect him to-morrow. I

was going to ask you to come in the evening and meet him; but since you are so proud——

"I assure you I am not in the least proud, and I shall be delighted to spend the evening with you some other time; but perhaps *lo zio* and I could hold our first conference more comfortably if he would do me the honour to dine with me here to-morrow."

"As you please," answered the accommodating Lucia. And when she was gone Philip began to think that she had got her promise of a hundred a year upon tolerably easy terms. "I would have promised her more, though, if she had stuck out for it," he said to himself laughing; "I shouldn't much care about introducing these noble Italian relatives to Nellie. What will the old man be like, I wonder? I hope *he* won't kiss me."

But when Signor Cavestri was announced, the next evening, Philip perceived at once that there was no fear of his doing anything of that kind. He was a dapper, consequential little gentleman, with grey hair, a dyed moustache, carefully-brushed threadbare clothes, and a snuff-box. He paused at the door, drew himself up to his full height of five-foot-six, and bowed. Then he advanced a few steps, and bowed again. Finally he held out his hand in a somewhat patronising manner, and said it gave him infinite pleasure to find himself in the presence of his sister's son. He was so dignified, so affable, and declined with such inexorable suavity to speak a word upon matters of business until he should have eaten his dinner, that Philip was charmed with him, and thought to himself that, if this relative wanted to be pensioned off, he was playing his cards unskilfully.

"He would pass muster anywhere. 'My uncle, the Marchese Cavestri'—it sounds very well, and I don't know why he shouldn't be a marchese; he looks like one, and he is pompous enough to be a grand-duke. I daresay he manufactures Bologna sausages though, when he's at home." Philip, to whom any new type of humanity was a godsend, was so well entertained, during dinner, by studying his uncle, drawing him out, and taking mental notes of his peculiarities, that he felt no impatience to begin questioning him upon the subject which he had been brought thither to discuss, and it was Signor Cavestri himself who first introduced it.

"You wish, as I understand," said he, "to have proof of the legitimacy of your birth. It gives me much satisfaction to be in a position to furnish you with that proof. In my presence, on the 25th of April, 1853, Signor Bruno was married to my sister, the late Lucia Cavestri, at the church of Sant' Onofrio, in the city of Florence." And, having delivered himself of this announcement with the air of one who challenged contradiction, Signor Cavestri crossed his legs, threw back his head, and took snuff.

"You said Signor Bruno, I think," observed Philip, his heart beating a little more quickly.

"Signor Bruno; or, as you would say in English, Meestare Braoun. He afterwards, as you are aware, assumed the title of Count Marescalchi."

"The difference of Bruno and Brown is of some importance. I presume there is a register kept at the church."

"At Sant' Onofrio? Certainly there is; and with your permission we will examine it together to-morrow morning. Sincerely rejoiced shall I be, my dear nephew, if I can be the means of restoring to you your family estates. That I have a disinterested wish for your welfare I have, I think, already shown," continued Signor Cavestri grandiloquently. "I resigned you—not without a pang, believe me—to that wealthy English lady whose name is so extraordinary a one that I will not attempt to grapple with it—I resigned you, I say, to her, feeling that I was best consulting your happiness in so doing. My own means alas! suffice barely to provide me with the necessaries of life; and for myself, when I am powerless to offer assistance, I withdraw—I do not intrude upon those whom I cannot serve. Thus I saw but little of your lamented mother during the last years of her life; and for the same reason I have refrained from even writing to inform myself of your health and prosperity throughout this long period of separation."

He did not mention that he and his brother had received handsome sums of money from Margaret in acknowledgment of their written promise that they would at no future time attempt to exercise control over their nephew's education or liberty.

Philip said he fully appreciated this delicacy, and Signor Cavestri resumed: "It is at the cost of some personal sacrifice that I am here at this moment; but it is painful to speak of such matters. Poverty is an evil to be borne with fortitude. To conceal it is impossible; to parade it is unworthy."

"Shall I?" thought Philip, "or shan't I? Really, I think I will." He produced a bank-note, and began hesitatingly: "It should be a matter of course that any expenses incurred on my behalf—I hope you will allow me to——"

In another moment the note was in Signor Cavestri's pocket.

The old gentleman took it with an air of such kind condescension that Philip could not help thanking him. "I am sure I am very much indebted to you——"

"My dear nephew, do not distress me by mentioning it. I am entirely at your orders. Early to-morrow morning I will give the necessary notice, and at eleven o'clock the register of Sant' Onofrio shall be ready for your inspection."

Shortly after this Signor Cavestri retired, wishing his entertainer good-night with a happily-blended mixture of respect and avuncular affection. The next morning, punctually at the appointed hour, he reappeared; and after a short drive, which seemed rather a long one to Philip, the pair were admitted into the sacristy of the church of Sant' Onofrio by a black-browed priest, who was awaiting them.

All at once it flashed across Philip that he had reached the crowning and decisive moment of his life. In one word of the open volume there on the old oak table lay all his future, inexorably predestined and waiting for him. "Either I am somebody, or I am less than nobody," he thought. "I am a Brune, or I am only a doubtful sort of a Brown. I am to have a fresh start and a fair fortune, or I am to drop back into the old life of obscurity and drudgery and debt, and to be laughed at for having made a fool of myself into the bargain. Two wretched little letters of the alphabet to settle it all, one way or the other!" He positively did not dare to look; his heart stood still. The dim sacristy, with its old carved-oak presses, the vault-like chill of the air, the faint, musty smell of dust and stale incense, the old man and the priest gazing at him curiously—all these, for one bewildering instant, seemed part of a nightmare which he would have given the world to be able to shake off.

Then he held his breath, and looked—and broke out into an irrepressible exclamation of joy. There, on the page before him, in a large, distinct handwriting, was the signature of "George Brune," surmounting that of "Lucia Cavestri." "And it's all right, by Jupiter!" shouted Philip, unable to control himself; "and I can pay every penny I owe, and Meg shall live with me, if she will, and the stage may go to the devil! Hurrah! 'The gates are passed, and Heaven is won!'"

The priest, who naturally had not understood a word of this excited declamation, looked slightly scandalised, and crossed himself, while Signor Cavestri took snuff, and laughed a short, dry laugh.

"Allow me, my dear nephew," said he, "to congratulate you in advance upon coming into your fortune, and myself upon having been the humble means of leading you towards it."

Philip shook hands warmly with the old gentleman; he shook hands also with the priest; he emptied his pockets of all the money that was in them, and poured it into the various boxes which the church contained, so that the poor of the parish received an unusually large donation that week, and his Holiness the Pope benefited to the extent of five napoleons in the form of Peter's pence.

"Eh, eh!" exclaimed Signor Cavestri, who had watched this prodigality with raised eyebrows; "it seems, then, that your estate is a large one, my nephew."

"No; it is not large," answered Philip, laughing a little at himself. "I shall not be a rich man. I suppose that, strictly speaking, arrears will be due to me; but I should never think of claiming them."

Signor Cavestri smiled half benevolently, half compassionately. "Such generous sentiments do you immense credit," said he; "but justice, we must remember, is justice. Might I venture to suggest that the half only of these arrears should be claimed?"

"You don't understand," replied Philip. "Mr. Neville Brune is a great friend of mine—a very particular friend. It would be out of th

or me to make such a demand upon him. Besides, he couldn't

" said Signor Cavestri, with an expressive dropping of his
hoist of his shoulders.
now," Philip resumed, " let us take a copy of this entry in the
nd be off. I must write to England immediately."
ok leave of his uncle at the church door, and hurried back to
treading upon air. He had never known how much he had
is thing until it had come into his possession. He had never
hat a weight those five thousand pounds that he owed to
ommasini had been upon his mind until he saw a near prospect
ng able to return them to her. For he had never dared to
ch about it before, and, as we know, he had a remarkable
putting away from him all reflections that were disturbing to

rest Meg," he wrote, "I have been to the church of Sant'
nd there it is in black and white—'George Brune' and 'Lucia
I know you will give me joy. You don't need me to tell
Longbourne will be your home as long as ever you like to
, and I am quite sure that Nellie will say the same. Isn't it
he end of a fairy-tale?—Longbourne in the hands of the old
ain; you with all your dreams about to be fulfilled; nobody a
worse (for of course I shall not let Mr. Brune suffer any loss,
hat can't be helped); and your unworthy correspondent an
nt man! I can hardly believe it all, and have to keep looking
y of the register which lies beside me to convince myself that
ke. Now that it is all over, I may tell you in strict confidence
ver half liked the idea of exhibiting myself upon the stage;
I know, always hated it. However, all's well that ends
, &c.
perhaps hardly necessary to quote the letter at full length.
ribbled on for the best part of an hour, and, with a thrill of
and exultation, signed himself, for the first time, "Philip

eturning from her drive that afternoon, Signora Tommasini
r. Marescalchi extended upon one of the arm-chairs in her
lon; and as soon as she saw his face, "Ah!" she cried, "I
at is the news you have brought me."
ave brought you good news," said Philip. "At least, I hope
think it so."
know I do not think it so," returned the Signora pettishly;
lisappointed and disgusted, and I don't mind telling you as
wish that meddling old housekeeper had been hung before she
his mischief! Don't expect any congratulations from me; I
more sorry for anything in my life. Your career is spoilt,
e lost my friend."

"Do you know, I am not so certain that I had a career to spoil and as for your friend, since you are good enough to call me your friend, I promise you that you will never lose him, if you care to keep him."

"You couldn't very well say less than that; but it doesn't alter the fact, unfortunately. Will you ask me to go and stay with you at Longbourne? I should like to see you attempt such a thing! No; the day will come when you will think that you have done a great deal if you shake hands with me after a concert. I know what English society is. I might be invited to stay with dukes and duchesses, and grandees of that sort; but to a house such as yours will be—never in the world! The people amongst whom you are going to live never heard of the Tommasini; or, if they did, it was only as a woman who sings at the Opera, a person whom they would rank a little above their upper servants and decidedly below the village doctor. You would not be allowed to know me, if you wished it; but you will not wish it. You will always be what those about you are; and you will become a caricature of a country squire, whereas you might have been a famous singer. It is a thousand pities. Well, what are you going to do next?"

"I suppose," said Philip smiling, "that the next thing for me to do will be to go back to England, bearing my sheaves with me."

"Your sheaves? You haven't got your sheaves yet; and I shouldn't wonder if you had to wait some little time before you did get them. I don't know what Mr. Brune and Mrs. Stanniforth and the rest of them may be inclined to do; but it strikes me that, if I were in possession of a nice property, you wouldn't get me to drop a curtsey and hand it over to you by flourishing the copy of a register before my eyes. I wonder, by the way, whether there could be any hope of that precious old uncle of yours having played tricks with the register?"

"How disagreeable you are!" exclaimed Philip, laughing outright. "My venerable uncle may be capable of committing forgery—indeed, I should not imagine him to be the man to stick at a trifle—but no one but an Englishman ever wrote that 'George Brune.' Besides which, the ink was quite faded, and there was no trace of an erasure. Melancholy as it may be, I am afraid there is no disputing the genuineness of the entry."

"You will have to prove it, though, and a good deal more besides, I suspect, before you can enter upon your inheritance. Were I in your place, I should go and see the English Consul, and ask him what is the proper course to pursue. If you ask me my candid opinion, I should say you were in for a long lawsuit."

The Signora was so put out that she would predict nothing but unpleasant things; and although her prophecies were evidently inspired rather by annoyance than conviction, Philip's exuberant spirits were a little damped by what she said, and he willingly left her when she exclaimed, after looking at her watch, that she had only just time to dress.

"Are you coming to hear me sing to-night?" she called after him, as he was leaving the room; and Philip answered, "Yes, of course." He did not, however, keep his promise. Upon thinking things over, he decided that it would be just as well to follow the Signora's advice, and see the British Consul before starting for England; and accordingly he wrote to that official, stating the circumstances of his case, and inquiring whether there were any formalities which might be gone through while he was on the spot. He would call on the following afternoon, he added, for his answer. It took him some little time to compose this missive, and when he had finished it and despatched it by a messenger, it was almost too late to go to the theatre; so, feeling an urgent need to talk to somebody about the subject which was uppermost in his mind, he strolled off to the Via San Giorgio, and spent the remainder of the evening with his relatives there.

They, at all events, did not discourage him. Signora Bonera was affable and respectful, her husband was subserviency itself, and Signor Cavestri beguiled the time by relating anecdotes of the late Mr. Brune, whose oddity appeared to have been equalled only by his arrogance, and who, as the old gentleman very candidly admitted, had never allowed his wife's relations to come near him after his marriage.

"Once," said he, "I was in the neighbourhood of Naples, and I thought I would go and see my sister, who was living at that time in the villa that her husband had purchased there. I have never been one of those heroes who adore danger for its own sake; so I refrained from entering the house. But I had not been five minutes in the garden when out came Signor Bruno, and caught me. 'What the devil do you want here?' says he; and before I could answer a word, he had gripped me by the collar, and was pushing me before him towards the gate. 'Now, let me see your ugly face here again,' he called out, 'and'—I give you his very words, I assure you—'and I will break every bone in your skin!' He would have done it, too; for though he was a small man, he had the strength of a horse and the temper of a fiend. *Eh! che animale!* Pardon me, my dear nephew, for speaking so of your father; but you will allow that I had provocation."

"You shall not be treated in that way when you come to see me at Longbourne," said Philip.

But Signor Cavestri declared that he was much too old to think of leaving Italy now; and so the evening passed away pleasantly enough.

The foreign custom of making a light breakfast off coffee and rolls immediately after rising was a very congenial one to Philip's tastes. By means of it, and of taking a long time over dressing, he managed to dawdle away the morning with little more exertion than if it had been a part of the night. At half-past twelve he partook of a more solid repast, which occupied him agreeably for another hour and a half; and so, towards three o'clock, he strolled leisurely away to the Consulate.

He was at once shown into the presence of Her Britannic Majesty's

representative, who looked up from his writing, and said: "Oh, Mr.—er!—Brune?"

Philip bowed.

"I have been looking through the papers relating to the year 1853, and I am sorry to say that I can find no record of the marriage which you mention in your note."

"I have already got a copy of the marriage certificate," answered Philip, holding out the document in question. "The marriage took place at the church of Sant' Onofrio, in the month of April."

"Oh, that," said the Consul, tossing the paper carelessly on one side—"that is of no use whatever."

"How do you mean, of no use?" asked Philip, rather startled.

"Why, a marriage of that kind is no marriage at all, legally speaking. Of course I don't say that the parties may not have acted in perfect good faith; I know nothing about that. But in the eyes of the law such a ceremony could not make them man and wife."

"But, my good sir, they were married in church."

"Exactly so. They were married in church, when they ought to have been married at the Consulate or the Embassy. This is by no means the first case of the kind that has come under my notice. It seems hard, no doubt, that such a severe penalty should attach to ignorance; but if people will not take the trouble to inform themselves of the law, they must suffer for it; and the law is that, when a British subject wishes to be married abroad, he must be married under the British flag."

Philip dropped into the nearest chair, and sat speechless. He could hardly believe in the possibility of such a grievous stroke of bad luck as this having befallen him. It would not have surprised him to have learnt that his father had gone through a mock marriage, or that he had never been married at all; but that the man should have intended to act fairly, and should have failed to do so through mere carelessness and stupidity, was simply heartrending.

"Perhaps," he said at last, "they may have been married at the Consulate before or after the religious ceremony took place."

"Yes; I thought of that, and I have already made a thorough search. I am sorry to tell you that no person of the name of Brune has ever been married here."

"Well, I shall not give it up," said Philip, rising, and addressing his informant as defiantly as if that obliging gentleman had been a personal enemy. "If they were not married here, they may have been married somewhere else; and I suppose time and place are not of much importance."

"Well, no. A marriage contracted within a certain period of time would serve your purpose, no doubt. Of course you are aware t subsequent marriage does not legitimise children born out of w lock."

With that parting word of caution ringing in his ears, Philip stumbled down the staircase and out into the sunny street. The game was not up, he kept repeating to himself, as he made his way back to the Lung' Arno; there was Naples, and there was Rome, and there were many other places to be visited before he would abandon all hope. In the sequel he did institute investigations in all these cities; and, indeed, he has not yet given up a habit of searching the archives of any Consulate within reach of which he may happen to find himself; but never to this day has any record been discovered of a marriage between George Brune and Lucia Cavestri.

Probably, if Philip had felt any real hope at the time, he would not have found it necessary to buoy himself up with so many inward asseverations that there was no reason to despair. When he reached the hotel, he shut himself up in his bedroom, and gave way utterly. It was too bad—it really was too bad—he thought, to be shipwrecked in this way within sight of port. And he had meant to make such an excellent use of his money, too, and to turn over a new leaf, and to promote everybody's happiness! It was almost a question now whether the human race deserved that any trouble should be taken to promote its happiness. A world in which there could exist such criminals as men who would not be at the pains of ascertaining whether they were married or not, and such laws as to render a *bonâ fide* marriage no marriage at all, was indeed a miserable sort of contrivance to call a world. "Good heavens! how I wish I hadn't written that idiotic letter to Meg last night!" he exclaimed. "Of course she will tell everybody; and a precious fool I shall look when the truth comes out! I can see that old harridan of a Winnington grinning from ear to ear at me. I won't go back and face them all—hanged if I will! I'll go and drown myself in the Arno."

Instead of adopting that extreme measure, Philip went downstairs, after a time, and poured forth his sorrows into the ear of Signora Tommasini, from whom, as might have been expected, he received but scant commiseration.

"The very best thing that could possibly have happened to you!" cried the hard-hearted Signora. "Sant' Onofrio shall have a pound or two of the biggest wax candles that money can buy for this. Now there is some chance of your enjoying life and making it enjoyable for others, instead of being an utterly useless and miserable member of society, as you were in a fair way towards becoming."

"Oh, go on!" said Philip; "if anybody wants to kick me, now is his time. I shan't resent it; I am far too crushed to resent anything. I haven't a grain of spirit left in me."

"You ought to be ashamed to say so!" cried Signora Tommasini truly. "Crushed indeed! Crushed because you turn out to be yourself, and not somebody else!—crushed because you have to make your own way in the world, instead of finding it made for you!—crushed

"You are a positive virago."

The Signora went on scolding for some time; but very lik did not mean the half of what she said, and was only scolding view to rousing her friend from his state of moral collapse. If was unsuccessful. Philip sat in a lump on his chair, his arms his head sunk on his breast, and only smiled faintly, every now an when the speaker struck a specially dramatic attitude, or indul some particularly lofty flight of eloquence. Had she known him she would have left him alone, in perfect assurance that another t four hours or so would see the mercury of his spirits rising again did, however, know him well enough to be aware that, when s would not do, petting might be employed with advantage; and s a time, she changed her tone, sat down beside him, told him ho sorry she was for his disappointment, agreed with him that his c in many respects a very hard one, and comforted him after mu same fashion as a nurse comforts a baby. And then some casual dropped in; and in the course of about five minutes Philip was la and talking with them quite as usual.

From that day forth Signora Tommasini began to exercise fluence and authority over him to which he submitted half wil half apprehensively. It was very pleasant, and saved a deal of t to have things settled for him, to be told good-humouredly—but p torily—what he was to do, to be provided with a singing-mast with occupations as well as amusements; and it was a great bles have a resolute friend, able and willing to deal with the incensed C clan in a more or less summary style; but Philip had an uncomf and increasing feeling of doubt as to what might be the true m and nature of all this affection. He was very much afraid indee

debt rose up before him in the silent watches of the night, and caused him to groan in spirit. There were moments when he felt almost ready to sacrifice everything—Nellie, Margaret, Longbourne, and all the past—to marry the Signora, and start afresh in the world under those novel conditions. He had made an egregious failure of the old life, and it seemed to him as if nothing but worse failure was likely to come of a return to it. It was more in accordance with his system of philosophy to cast aside failures than to attempt to convert them into successes.

But it was only at night that such gloomy self-communings forced themselves upon him. During the day he was merry enough, and had little difficulty in ridding himself of dull care. After his triumphant letter to Margaret, he found it impossible at once to confess the extent of the fiasco; but he wrote to her evasively, saying that he had been too hasty; there was a slight hitch; the necessary proofs were not so easy to get at as he had supposed they would be; he must exercise a little patience, &c., &c. And he considered himself justified in so writing, since he had not yet received answers from the Consuls at Leghorn, Naples, and other places, with whom he had put himself in communication.

In this state of enjoyment, tempered by anxiety, Philip spent several weeks, during which time other persons, who have dropped out of sight for so long that it is to be feared that the reader may have forgotten all about them, were working out their several destinies under circumstances which must now be recorded.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Walter Goes to a Ball.

It is probable that, for the first few months after Walter's departure from home, the whole City of London did not contain a more thoroughly disconsolate young man than he. He had known that he would dislike sitting upon a high stool, that he would find the persons with whom he would have to associate uncongenial in most respects; but the reality far outdid his expectations. More than once he was sorely tempted to look back, like Lot's wife; especially as he was unable to detect any signs of a Zoar in the distance to compensate him for this toilsome march through a dreary waste of ciphers. Not only did he abominate his work; but it must be confessed that he did it badly. He had no head for figures, and indeed was not quick at acquiring any fresh branch of knowledge, nor did he receive the smallest assistance or encouragement from Mr. Boulger, a surly, burly old man with a red face, who seldom spoke to his subordinates, and, when he did speak to them, did so in such a manner that they would willingly have dispensed with the attention.

But, if Walter Brune was not dowered with a large supply of br he possessed no bad substitute for them in the shape of plent perseverance and a strong will; and so, in process of time, he conqu the first difficulties of the business which he had set himself to learn was rewarded by a grunt or two of approval from his uncle, who began to take a little more notice of him. Every Thursday he invited to dine at the large, cold, and uninhabited-looking hou Clapham where the old banker had resided for close upon half a cen and where Walter's young face made an odd contrast to those o half-dozen or so of elderly gentlemen who usually completed the p In private life Mr. Boulger was gruff, but not particularly ungrac He seemed rather to like talking to his nephew, and Walter somet had a hope that mention might be made of him in his wealthy relat will. As for the partnership of which he had once spoken so dently, that appeared to be very far off indeed. Mr. Boulger made the most remote allusion to the subject, and did not hesita give expression to the poor opinion that he had formed of his nepl business capacities.

"You will never make a banker," he said; "you will never ma man of business at all. It isn't in you. But it will do you no har work. Slave away, morning and night, summer and winter—t what I did at your age, and you see I am none the worse for it, a good deal the richer. I am an old man now—I go with the centu and never had a day's illness in my life, sir, that I can recollect. your idle people who grow sickly; we busy men haven't the Why, I could walk from here to Lombard Street and back again and eat my dinner all the better for it afterwards."

It was all very well for Mr. Boulger, who had been taken partnership at the age of thirty, to boast of his health and wealth to a young man who had little prospect of the one to console hin the possible loss of the other the career thus described was sca fascinating. Walter, however, was not discouraged. He could b his best, he thought to himself; and even if nothing came of it a hard labour at least prevented him from brooding over certain pr sorrows of his own that we know of. Moreover, he was beco accustomed to the life, as every one becomes accustomed at last to e thing in this world; and from time to time he came across a co friend, and had a refreshing talk over old days, which, together those Sunday dinners, during the winter, at Marescalchi's club, him feel that he was not altogether an outcast from civilisation.

Had it not been for such occasional glimpses as these of his world, he would have led an existence of complete solitude; fo Brunes were not people who had a large acquaintance, and Walter abstained from calling upon the few friends whom he possesse London, being, like most young men crossed in love, in a tempo condition of enmity against the whole of the other sex. It was ther

with some surprise that, on returning to his rooms one evening in the beginning of June, he found upon his table a square envelope addressed in a lady's hand, which envelope, when opened, proved to contain a formal invitation to dinner from Lady Travers.

Walter's first impulse was to write a refusal. He was shy, and he was rather afraid of the magnificent people whom he supposed that he would meet at Travers House. Besides which, he did not wish to have anything to do with any one who had ever borne the name of Winnington. So he sat down and wrote that Mr. Walter Brune regretted that he would be unable to dine with Lord and Lady Travers on the day named. Then he frowned thoughtfully on this missive for five minutes, and ended by tearing it up. It was true that Edith had shown herself unworthy of an honest man's love; it was true also that he had himself got over a boyish affection so obviously misplaced. Still, he would rather like to know what had become of her. He had been too proud to mention Miss Winnington in his letters home; but the fact was that he did feel some curiosity upon this point, and no doubt Lady Travers would satisfy it without any questions being put to her. Accordingly, he took another sheet of paper, and wrote that Mr. Walter Brune would have much pleasure, &c.; and ten days later, exactly as the clocks were striking eight, Mr. Walter Brune was mounting the great staircase of Travers House. If he had learnt nothing else in the City, he had at least learnt to be punctual; whence it resulted that he had to spend a quarter of an hour by himself in a vast drawing-room, feeling very hot and uncomfortable, before Lady Travers came in and apologised.

"I am afraid," she began, "I have kept you waiting, Mr. Brune—or may I not say Walter? I have been so accustomed to hear you talked about as Walter, that I can hardly think of you by any other name."

Walter said that he much preferred to be called by his Christian name; he, too, was much more accustomed to that mode of address than to a more formal one. He added, rather disingenuously, that he did not know by whom Lady Travers could have heard him spoken of at all.

"By Margaret, of course," she answered laughing. "Who else should have talked to me about you?"

And then she looked so hard at Walter that that bashful young man became very red, and said it was a hot day for the time of year. "What an ass she must think me!" he ejaculated inwardly. "Of course she knows all about it, and I believe she's laughing at me. I wish to goodness I hadn't come."

But Lady Travers did not seem to notice his embarrassment, and gave him time to recover himself by talking without intermission until the arrival of other guests obliged her to leave him. The room was soon full of people; and Walter lost his self-consciousness in pleasure and curiosity when he found himself close to a knot of celebrities, amongst whom were a Cabinet minister and two foreign ambassadors.

He was not introduced to Lord Travers, a fierce-looking old man who was wheeled into the drawing-room in a chair, but who did not appear at the dinner-table, his gout forbidding him to touch any of the delicacies set before his guests. At dinner Walter was placed next to a good-humoured lady who knew all about him, having had a son in the Oxford eleven, and who talked quite knowingly on the subject of cricket; so that, upon the whole, our young friend spent a pleasant enough evening; though he could not quite understand why he should have been asked.

"Going away already?" said Lady Travers, when he went up to bid her good-night. "Why are you in such a hurry? I wanted to have a chat with you about dear old Crayminster; but you must come and see me again soon. You will be almost sure to find me any day between five and six, and I shall always be at home to you. It is so seldom that I meet anybody who belongs to our part of the world now. I suppose you know that my mother and Edith are in London."

Walter said No; he had not heard.

"Oh, yes; they have taken a house in Park Street for the season. By the way, I have a little dance next Thursday, and I shall be so glad to see you, if you care to come."

Walter was completely mystified. Why all this excessive cordiality? And what did Lady Travers mean by talking about her mother and sister? One thing was certain, she could not be aware of the circumstances under which he had seen them last, and in any case he was determined not to run the risk of meeting Edith at this dance. He began some unintelligible excuse, which Lady Travers cut short without ceremony.

"I think you had much better come," she said.

"I can't come," answered Walter in despair. "If you will allow me, I will call upon you some day, and tell you why. I can't explain with all these people in the room."

"Explanations are not required," she answered smiling. "I know what your reason for refusing is; but it is such a bad one that I cannot accept it. Why, my dear Walter, if everybody felt the scruples that you do, society would come to an end, because half the men in London would be afraid to go out anywhere, lest they should meet—somebody whom they didn't want to meet." She added in a lower voice, "Don't be so faint-hearted."

"What do you mean?" Walter began eagerly. But Lady Travers was already speaking to some one else, and only looked over her shoulder, as she shook hands with him, to say, "I shall expect you on Thursday, then."

Walter trudged homewards in a state of much wonder and excitement. If Lady Travers had meant anything at all, she must have meant that there was hope for him; and, if there was hope for him, Edith must have mentioned him to her; and if Edith had mentioned

— But at this point Walter called common sense to his aid, and
mself that he was not going to believe anything of that sort. He
ard from the girl's own lips that she did not care enough about
face any trial for his sake; that, surely, was conclusive enough
fy anybody. And then he recalled those fatal words, and went
h the conclusion of that melancholy interview at Longbourne
ore, as he had done many and many a time before, when he had
mpted to think that he had been too hasty, and that, after all, it
have been nothing but sheer terror of Mrs. Winnington that had
l Edith to dismiss him. Nevertheless, the more he thought of it
he thought of very little else for the next few days and nights—
re he became convinced that Edith must have taken her sister
r confidence, and surely Lady Travers would not have been so
as to encourage him unless there were some real ground for
agement. He made up his mind that he would speak to Edith—
ould be no harm in his doing that; for Mrs. Winnington herself
mitted that they must speak, if they met—and then he would
oon find out the truth. In the meantime, he could not help
ing a delightful suspicion into his mind that Edith had taken the
rst possible means of communicating with him that had come
her reach since their severance. Even if she only wanted to tell
at she was sorry for having treated him with so much heartless-
at would be something. He pictured her seizing an opportunity
sper a few hurried words of penitence to him in the ball-room, her
coming and going as of old, and he could very easily imagine
f forgiving her. Walter was nothing if not practical; yet the
t of a romantic leave-taking and of two faithful hearts destined
t for ever apart was not without its charms for him.

nursed these pleasing illusions up to the supreme moment when
sted Edith on the Thursday evening, and then was robbed of
ll at a blow; for her start of surprise and her face of consternation
ntly convinced him that this meeting had been entirely unforeseen
r. She was looking radiantly beautiful; she was exquisitely
l; she wore about her neck the magnificent pearls which had
o Mrs. Winnington by inheritance, and which had enhanced the
of each of her daughters in succession; half-a-dozen men were
g round her, begging for a dance, and Walter had time to say no
than "How do you do?" before he was jostled beyond speaking
ce. For the "little dance" to which he had been invited was in
a crowded ball.

ve minutes afterwards, the good-natured lady who had sat beside
r on the night of the dinner-party said to Lady Travers, "Would
e to see a banker's clerk in a towering rage? If so, just cast a
at poor Mr. Brune. Has the girl of his heart thrown him over,
t only that somebody has trodden on his toe?"

dy Travers hastened to join her young friend, who indeed was

leaning with his broad shoulders against the wall, looking as black as a thunder-cloud.

"What *is* the matter?" she asked, trying hard not to laugh.

"Why did you make me come here?" returned he. "You knew quite well what it was that induced me to accept your invitation, and I suppose you knew, too, what I should get for my pains. Well; it was a capital joke, and I hope you are satisfied. Your sister stared at me, as if she had seen a ghost, when I spoke to her; but the shock hasn't upset her much. You see she is enjoying herself immensely, dancing with that curly-headed fellow—whoever he may be."

"My dear Walter, you must not speak so loud; and you are not to scold me in my own house, if you please. If you are so ungrateful and unreasonable, I shall send you about your business. Can't you understand that, if I had told certain people that you were to be here, certain people would probably have remained away? I have put your foot on the first step of the ladder; but I really cannot carry you up upon my shoulders. Now do, like a good, sensible fellow, watch your opportunity and take advantage of it, and don't make me a rebuke to the foolish by standing sulking there till people ask me who you are and what is the matter with you."

"I'm afraid I was awfully rude," said Walter, contritely; "you have been very kind to me—I'm sure I don't know why—and I beg your pardon for speaking as I did. But look here, Lady Travers, I'm the worst man in the world at understanding hints. I wish you would tell me plainly whether there is any hope."

"There is always hope for a man. If a man does not get what he wants, he has himself to blame; it is only women who are condemned to be hopeless. Women are very often obliged to say things that they don't mean, and to do things that they don't want to do; they have no choice. However, there is one thing that a woman can do; she can always throw over a partner in favour of some one else whom she likes better."

Fortified by this hint, which, at all events, could not be complained of on the score of obscurity, Walter shouldered his way by degrees to the open window, where he could see Edith talking to the curly-headed youth whom he had mentioned so contemptuously, and hovered about within a few yards of her until the music struck up again, when he boldly advanced, and said: "I think this is our dance, Miss Winnington."

Edith gave him a scared look, turned pink and white, and white and pink again, and at last answered hurriedly: "Oh, no; I think not. I think you must have made a mistake."

"No mistake at all," returned Walter firmly; and he offered his arm, which she took after a moment of hesitation.

"Oh, not into the room, please," she said, with a little nervous laugh, as he began to follow the crowd. "I can't dance with you unde

the eyes of my partner, and mamma would be so angry if she saw us. It was very wrong of you to claim me in this way, when you know you never asked me for a dance at all; but perhaps, just for once, as we are such old friends——"

"Yes; let us do wrong for once—as we are such old friends," said Walter, drily. "Where can we go to get out of this crush?"

"That window opens on to a balcony; we might go out there for a few minutes. Only for a few minutes, though; I ought not to be speaking to you at all. How do you come to be here?"

"Oh, I assure you I was asked. It is very extraordinary that I should have been, no doubt; but fashionable society is getting so dreadfully mixed nowadays, you know," answered Walter, for he had not quite expected to be greeted after this fashion, and it struck him that there was a shade too much of patronage in Edith's tone.

"I don't think it is very kind of you to speak like that," she said, in a low voice.

They were out upon the balcony now, and Edith, who had removed her hand from Walter's arm, was leaning over the cushioned balustrade, looking down upon the passing vehicles in Park Lane, and upon the dark trees beyond.

"Kind?" returned Walter. "No; I daresay it is not particularly kind. Perhaps, if you were in my place, you wouldn't be very much disposed to be kind. No; I didn't mean that! Don't go, Edith—don't be angry with me. You know I would not be unkind to you for the whole world. Of course my being here is odd; I never go anywhere; I haven't been to a single ball all the time that I have been in London, and I suppose I was a great ass to come to this one. But when Lady Travers told me that I should meet you here, how could I help myself?"

Edith, who had made a movement as if to return to the ball-room, had resumed her former attitude, and now stood silent, with her back turned to her companion.

"Won't you at least say that you are a little bit glad to see me?" he pleaded, after waiting in vain for her to speak.

"I am very glad to see you, Walter; I should always be glad to see you," she answered quickly, without looking at him. "And we *are* old friends, you know; though you don't seem to like my saying so. I thought you had forgotten me altogether. You never inquired whether I was dead or alive when you wrote to Nellie."

"You did ask Nellie about me, then?"

"I seem to be losing all my old friends," Edith went on, ignoring this interruption. "Nellie will hardly speak to me now; I suppose I must have offended her in some way. Are you pleased about her engagement? I never thought she cared so much for Philip—did you?"

"It is not always easy to tell whom women care for. Nellie is a

girl who knows her own mind, anyhow. She wouldn't have taken him unless she had cared for him; you may be quite sure of that."

"Wouldn't she? She would have been very foolish if she had, certainly, considering that she is perfectly free to do as she likes. A great many girls are obliged to accept men whom they don't care for, and——"

"Edith, if you have accepted somebody else, for God's sake say so, and let us get it over. You told me you did not care for me. Whether you quite meant that at the time, or whether you were frightened into saying it, I don't know; but it comes to much the same thing; for you could not have said it if you had really cared for me——"

"If you think that," interrupted Edith, "what is the use of alluding to the subject at all? We had much better not allude to it. I have not accepted anybody, and I think most likely I never shall; but that can be nothing to you. I did not expect that you would ever speak to me again. You have every reason to hate and despise me."

"Ah, but I don't; I love you."

"You must not say that, Walter. Even supposing that it were true——"

"I certainly should not say it if it were false."

"But you must not say it at all. If we are to meet sometimes now, we must never talk about that; we must talk about other things. What do you think of this extraordinary discovery of Philip's? Do you believe he is really your cousin?"

"I don't know what to think. My father believes it. It is a bad look-out for us, I'm afraid. But I can't discuss Philip now. Edith——"

"I don't want to discuss Philip either; I would much rather hear about you. Are you getting on well? and do you dislike your work very much?"

"I can't say I like it; but it gives me something to do, and leaves me little leisure for thinking—which is a blessing."

"Do you ever play cricket now?"

"No; I haven't the time. Edith, I don't want to take an unfair advantage of you; but you don't know what a difference it would make in my life if you could tell me that you still cared for me, ever so little?"

"You said I could not really care for you——What a lovely night! Is it not, Mr. Lovelace? I came out here to get a breath of fresh air; it is so stifling indoors. Our dance?—and nearly over? I am so sorry; but if you had been searching for me high and low, as you say, you could not have helped finding me. I only left the room a few minutes ago. Good-night, Mr. Brune. Are you coming to lunch here on Sunday by any chance? Oh, I thought perhaps you might be."

And so Edith was led away into the throng by her justly-incensed partner, and Walter understood that he was dismissed for that evening. If he could have seen Lady Travers, he would have asked her boldly whether he might call upon her on Sunday; but Lady Travers was

nowhere to be discovered, and the only familiar face that he came across in the course of his search was that of Mrs. Winnington, who stared very hard at him, and gave him an undecided sort of bow, as he brushed past her.

It was only just past midnight when he emerged upon Park Lane; and as he felt quite certain that he would not be able to sleep if he went home, he thought he would walk down to the New University Club, of which he was a member, and think things over there with the help of a pipe. Turning the corner of St. James's Street, he met a tall pedestrian of military bearing, who peered at him in the light of a gas-lamp, stopped short, and then said, "Is that Walter Brune?" And the next minute he was shaking hands with Colonel Kenyon.

"It is rather a piece of good fortune, my meeting you," the Colonel remarked. "I heard something to-day which I think you ought to know about. Could you spare me a quarter of an hour?"

Walter said, "An hour, if you like," and proposed that they should walk on a few steps to his club, where Colonel Kenyon said what he had to say at greater length than need be reported. In fulfilment of the resolution which he had made some time before, while at Longbourne, he had been to Conduit Street, and had heard from Philip's former landlady the whole history of Mrs. Marescalchi's illness and death. Thus the mystery was at last solved, and the only question was whether it would be right that he should make the matter known to Miss Brune, or not. It was upon this point, Hugh said, that he had been anxious to consult her brother.

"The business is not quite so bad a one as I was afraid that it might be; but in all conscience it is bad enough. Why, at the very time when he proposed to your sister his wife can hardly have been dead a month! Can you imagine a man being such a heartless scoundrel?"

Walter shook his head. He had not spoken during Colonel Kenyon's recital, except once, when he had ejaculated under his breath, "So that was what became of poor little Fanny! What an odd thing that I should never have suspected it!"—and although he looked a good deal vexed and distressed, he had hardly expressed so much indignation as his informant had expected that he would do.

"Somebody ought to tell Miss Brune," said Colonel Kenyon, decisively; "the more so as I don't for one moment believe that the fellow himself will tell her, unless he is obliged. I might write to Margaret; but the fact of the matter is that I have given so much offence already by what I have said from time to time about this precious young rascal that—that in short, I would much rather leave it alone. I think you would be the proper person to write to your sister."

"I suppose so," said Walter, doubtfully. "Only, don't you think it would look rather like stealing a march upon Philip?"

"Stealing a march upon him!" repeated Hugh, scornfully. "I is one to deal with a fellow like that, unless one steals a march u him? I confess," he went on, with some impatience, "that I c understand the weakness that all you people seem to have for M scalchi. Here is a fellow who sneaks off to Italy to try and do y father out of his property, who coolly proposes to your sister wher hasn't a sixpence to bless himself with, who keeps a wife in Londo the sly, breaks her heart, I suspect, and rushes off to engage himsel somebody else before she is cold in her grave—a fellow who laugh you, and humbugs you, and tells lies right and left, by George!— upon my word and honour, I believe you think it's all right. If I ture to suggest to Margaret that it would be as well to look after hi little more closely, she turns her back upon me; and now, when I you to tell your sister a plain and simple fact which no gentlema Marescalchi's place would have concealed from her, you talk a stealing a march upon him! I must confess that I can't make it It fairly beats me."

Walter smiled deprecatingly. "You see," said he, "we have kn Philip all our lives, and—well, it is not very easy to make a stra understand how we feel towards him; but the truth is that one c help liking Philip. I never met anybody yet who didn't like him."

"I beg your pardon," said Hugh, with hearty emphasis; "you met one man who don't like him, never did, and never will."

"Ah, well; you are the exception that proves the rule, I sup I quite agree with you that it would have been better if Philip been more straightforward; but then again there are lots of people would say that a man isn't bound to tell the whole story of his pas as soon as he becomes engaged. We don't know what he may hav say for himself either; and I am sure you are wrong about his ha broken Fanny's heart. Philip is just the same now that he used at school. He does a heap of things that he ought not to do; bu never intends to hurt anybody—he never means any harm."

"Of all the noxious reptiles that crawl the earth, commend m the man who doesn't mean any harm!" called out Colonel Ker whose heat was greatly increased by the other's misplaced leni "Well; do you mean to write to your sister, or don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll write," answered Walter; "there's no doubt tha ought to be told."

"And I sincerely hope and trust," said Hugh, getting up, "tha will break off her engagement. There's no saying what she may though, or how she may take it. I don't profess to understand w myself."

"They are curious creatures, certainly," agreed Walter, thinki his own experience of the sex.

"Most extraordinary," said Hugh; "most extraordinary. W good-night, Walter. If you could see your way to telling this

without bringing my name into it, you know, I should be just as well pleased."

And, having given this incidental proof that he understood something of the nature of at least one woman in the world, Colonel Kenyon struggled into his great-coat and went away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Tom Stanniforth Finds His Match.

If Walter had not been in such a desperate hurry to leave Lady Travers's ball, he might probably have been called upon to shake hands with an old acquaintance, in whose movements he had good reason to be interested. Tom Stanniforth, in this month of June, when public business was being rapidly pushed forward and philanthropic measures were in imminent danger of being shelved by an impatient Legislature, was too actively occupied a man to have much time for dancing; but between twelve and one o'clock he did manage to hasten up from Westminster to Travers House, and the first person to whom he spoke, on his arrival, was Edith.

"How late you are!" said she. "I thought you were not coming."

"So did I, I can tell you, at one time. I got away as soon as I could; but I was bound not to miss the division. When I saw Torkington get upon his legs, I gave myself up for lost; but happily he had forgotten his notes, so he treated us to a confused oration, which was quite short for him, and soon after that we were let out of school. I hope you got the flowers I sent you?"

"Thank you, yes; they arrived quite safely, and they were very pretty."

"You have not brought them with you though, I see."

"They did not match my dress. And, Mr. Stanniforth, I hope you will not take the trouble to go to Covent Garden, or wherever it is that you buy flowers, any more on my account. I am sure it must be a great bar upon you."

"Good gracious me! I haven't the time to go to Covent Garden. I send out to the florist's to order them."

"I see," said Edith, with a quiet smile. "But in future your servant might be spared the walk to the florist's. I don't think I care much for bouquets."

"Don't you? Well, I rather agree with you. They are a barbarous sort of things in themselves, and they must be a great nuisance to carry about; but I thought——"

"You thought it would be the proper thing to send them, and I am sure you are very kind; but henceforth we will take the will for the deed. Don't you want to go and dance with somebody now? It is

useless to ask me; I am much too tired and too hot to move from t seat, now that I have found one."

It will be seen from the above that contact with the world h rubbed off a good deal of the shyness with which Edith was afflict when we first made her acquaintance; but that she was still subje to timidity, under certain circumstances, was plainly shown when M Winnington came sailing up to say—

"Oh, Mr. Stanniforth, how kind of you to send those lovely flowe I hope you will forgive me for not allowing Edith to bring them; b pink and green, you know! I have such a dreadfully sensitive eye colour; it is quite a misfortune to me; and I really *could* not let h carry them with that dress on—though she was very angry with about it. Weren't you, Edith?"

And Mrs. Winnington accompanied this query with a look whi caused her daughter to cast all regard for truth to the winds, and answer, "Yes, mamma," with the utmost promptitude.

"Miss Winnington has been telling me that she doesn't care bouquets," observed Tom.

"What nonsense!" Mrs. Winnington was beginning; but T went on—

"Nor do I, I must say. So we are agreed. I like nothing bet than wild flowers myself."

"Well, perhaps bouquets are rather stiff; still you could hardly w into a ball-room with a bunch of buttercups and daisies in your ha By-the-bye, Mr. Stanniforth, I want to tell you how very much terested I was in reading your speech of last night. So telling, and perfectly unanswerable! The poor Home Secretary! I felt quite so for him; though I suppose you would say that he deserved it all. I I must not keep you from dancing."

"I am not going to dance," answered Tom. "That is another po upon which your daughter and I are of one mind. We think it is m better fun to sit still and look on in such weather as this."

It was quite the same thing to Mrs. Winnington whether this cou sat still or danced, provided that they remained together; so she o exclaimed playfully, "Oh, you shockingly lazy people!" and passed in high good-humour.

It would occupy rather too much space to record the gradual pro by which Mr. Stanniforth had been brought, or had brought himself the point of paying serious addresses to Edith Winnington. When had been rejected by the only woman whom he had ever loved, he made up his mind, as a natural consequence of that disappointment, t he would remain a bachelor for the rest of his days; but since then had seen reason to reconsider this determination. His father, who growing alarmed lest the family of Stanniforth should become ext in the zenith of its glory, and its wealth be distributed among dist collaterals, urged him frequently and piteously to take a wife with

further loss of time; Tom himself began to think that it was almost his duty to do so; and while he was still wavering—these considerations alone being not quite weighty enough to decide him—came the news of Nellie's engagement to Philip, which clinched the matter. There was, of course, no good reason for its doing so, since he had abandoned all idea of gaining Nellie's love for himself; but the feeling was not, perhaps, an altogether unnatural one. Thus it came to pass that, when Mrs. Winnington let him know of her arrival in Park Street by an invitation to dinner, he not only accepted this hospitality, but came to the conclusion that he might do a great deal worse than accept what was delicately offered at the same time; and from that day forth he set himself to prosecute his suit in the intervals of business. The House of Commons, the habitual drunkards, and the oppressed railway-servants occupied by far the most important place in his thoughts (for he was firmly resolved to think no more of Nellie); but there still remained to him, under the head of relaxation, an hour or two out of every day to be devoted to Miss Winnington, whom he considered a very nice girl, and much improved in manner of late. He was not in love with her, and did not attempt to persuade himself that he was so; but he believed that he could make her happy, and that, in a comparative fashion, she would make him happy too. Indeed, so long as there were habitual drunkards and other such unfortunates in the land, he was not likely to be dependent upon domesticity for comparative happiness.

Mr. Stanniforth, then, became so marked in his attentions to the ladies in Park Street that Mrs. Winnington, feeling this bird to be well in the hand, began to beat the bush in search of other and rarer ones, and had fairly good sport with a few young peers, until their respective mammas turned upon her, and gave her to understand that such poaching would not be permitted. Edith, for her part, gave Mr. Stanniforth no little encouragement. She had the weakness of will innate in her father's family; but she had also, as many weak persons have, a considerable power of passive resistance, when driven to extremities. Mrs. Winnington could lead her to the water any day with the greatest ease; but it was not quite so certain that she could be made to drink. Her present idea was to temporise; and this, she thought, could be best accomplished by allowing Mr. Stanniforth and others to suppose that she meant to accept him. She had measured quite accurately the extent of his affection for her, and knew that there would be no difficulty at all in staving off his proposal until the end of the session. If, in the meantime, she could use him as a weapon to keep other admirers at a distance, there would be that much, at all events, gained. And he was really a very pleasant kind of man to have for a friend. He knew all sorts of people, and could provide anything that was required of him at a moment's notice, from a box at one of the theatres to places in the ladies' gallery of the House of Commons. He had even, upon

more than one occasion, procured invitations for Mrs. Winnington and her daughter from ladies with whom they were not upon visiting terms; though this last was a proof of friendship with which Edith would willingly have dispensed.

Nobody, however, need hesitate about asking for an invitation for a man; and that was why, after Mrs. Winnington had left Mr. Stanniforth and Edith to entertain one another, as already related, the latter broke in upon the *résumé* which her neighbour was giving of the Prime Minister's speech, by saying—

"You know Lady Cecilia Caroll, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; I know her."

"I want you to get me a card for her concert on the 5th. Do you think you can manage it?"

"But I thought you told me that you were going."

"So we are. It was not for myself that I wanted the invitation, but for a friend of mine, who was here this evening—Mr. Walter Brune."

"What, young Brune from Broom Leas? Dear me, is he in London? Well, I'll do what I can; but I rather expect I shall be snubbed. Old Lady Cecilia is not the most amiable woman in the world, and she prides herself upon never crowding her rooms. I was rather surprised at her——"

"At her asking us?"

"No, no, my dear Miss Winnington," cried Tom, who may, nevertheless, have had some such thought in his mind when he checked himself; "I was going to say that I was surprised at her asking me. Do you very particularly wish for this invitation?"

"I should have liked Walter to have it. He is very fond of music, and I don't think he often gets a chance of hearing any; but pray don't trouble yourself, if there is any difficulty about it."

"He shall have it," answered Mr. Stanniforth confidently. "I can bring pressure to bear upon the old lady through her son, who is a red-hot Radical, and looks up to me with admiring eyes. Will you give me Brune's address, or shall I send the card to you?"

"You can send it to me," answered Edith; "or, rather, you can give it to me the next time we meet. And, Mr. Stanniforth, you needn't mention it to mamma, please. She—doesn't much like the Brunes."

"All right; I won't say a word. Do you ever—ahem!—hear anything of the Brunes now?"

"I saw Walter to-night for a few minutes. I hear of the others through Margaret every now and then."

"And are they all quite well down there? Miss Brune in the seventh heaven of happiness, I suppose—that sort of thing," said Mr. Stanniforth, with somewhat exaggerated carelessness.

"I don't know about that. She did not seem to me to be parti

rly happy when I saw her last; but I suppose she ought to be so. r. Brune is not much pleased with her engagement, I believe."

"One could hardly expect him to be pleased, young Marescalchi aving no money and no profession," said Mr. Stanniforth, who of course ad heard nothing of Philip's supposed claims to Longbourne; "but at only shows all the more that it must have been a love match, don't ou see?"

"Did anybody ever suggest that it was anything else?" said Edith, miling. "People may be in love and yet not be happy, you know. Iow tired I am! I wish it was time to go away. Would you mind unting up mamma, and persuading her to move? I shall meet you ere at luncheon on Sunday, shall I not?"

Mr. Stanniforth said that Lady Travers had been kind enough to sk him, and then went off in search of Mrs. Winnington, as he was old.

It will now be understood why Walter had not been bidden to this Sunday feast. A meeting between him and Tom Stanniforth might, or might not, be awkward; and as a matter of fact Lady Travers had at fest fully intended to ask him; but, after witnessing his behaviour in he ball-room, she had perceived that he was not nearly man of the orld enough to be trusted in a situation requiring some patience and elf-control. She liked him none the less for his lack of these serviceable qualities; but she dared not run the risk of a scene—especially as Lord Travers was accustomed to honour her with his company in the middle of the day.

This last consideration likewise prevented her from including her mother in the party. Lord Travers, who hated a good many people, hated his mother-in-law more than his wife, his doctor, and his lawyer all put together—which was saying a great deal. He had not spoken to her for years, and had long ago given orders that she was upon no pretence to be admitted into his house at any time when there could be a possibility of his meeting her.

Mrs. Winnington was very forgiving about it. She went to the large entertainments at Travers House, and sent Edith to the small ones, saying that one really could not bring oneself to cross or contradict poor George, who was such a constant sufferer; but that he held views upon religious subjects which she felt that she ought not to listen to without a protest; and therefore it was just as well that they should not often meet. Furthermore, she could not quite approve of Sunday entertainments for herself, though she was far from condemning others who saw their way to participating in them.

It may be taken for granted that this orthodox churchwoman was not missed by any of those who assembled at Travers House on the day in question; and probably by none of them was her absence less regretted than by the daughter whom she had dropped in Park Lane on her way back from church. It was not often that Edith escaped from

her mother's tender supervision, and when she did so, she enjoyed her liberty to the utmost. She would have enjoyed this luncheon-party had it consisted entirely of elderly spinsters, instead of being composed, as it was, principally of very agreeable young men, who vied with one another in their efforts to amuse her. The talk was general, and was entertaining enough in its way, and there was a great deal of laughter, to which Edith contributed her fair share. The old man in the wheeled chair, at the other end of the table, did not act as a damper upon the spirits of the younger people. He had a few friends of his own around him, who talked to him about racing and the prospects of the moors—for he had been a great sportsman in days gone by—and he took not the slightest notice of his wife's guests.

"Here is your card," said Tom Stanniforth, when luncheon was over and he had an opportunity of speaking to Edith in private.

"Oh, thank you!" she answered gratefully, taking the envelope and slipping it into her pocket. "I hope you didn't have a great deal of trouble in getting it."

"There would be no pleasure in obliging a friend, if it did not cost one a little trouble to do so," answered Mr. Stanniforth, who indeed had carried his point after an interview with Lady Cecilia which had been almost too much even for his indomitable good-temper. "It is to be a very good concert, I am told, if Brune cares for that kind of thing. I didn't fancy he was musical."

Edith looked rather guilty for a moment, but recovered herself quickly. "I don't know that he is exactly musical," she replied; "but he likes music; all the Brunes do. Nellie delights in it."

"Does she? Perhaps that was one of the things that attracted her to young Marescalchi, who is going to be the great singer of the day, I hear. When is he expected back from Italy?"

"I don't know. Mr. Stanniforth, you saw a great deal of Nellie at one time; I wish you would tell me whether she really cares for Philip, or not."

"Now, my dear Miss Winnington, is it likely that I should know that, if you don't? Have you any reason for doubting it?"

"Yes, I have a reason; but it is only a sort of a kind of a reason; and Nellie never tells me anything. I thought perhaps she might have been more communicative with you."

"Oh, dear no! Miss Brune never liked me, I am sorry to say. Have you heard the rumour that there is a split in the Ministry?"

"Yes; you told me. At least, I don't quite remember; but I shall read all about it in the *Observer* when I go home, I dare say. I never can take an interest in politics, and I daren't open my lips when people get upon these subjects, lest I should display my appalling ignorance."

"I am afraid I must often have bored you beyond endurance," said Mr. Stanniforth, with tardy compunction.

"By telling me of all those wonderful schemes of yours? Oh, no;

u have not bored me; only I cannot always make out what it is all out. Now, Nellie takes the greatest interest in everything of that nd, and has the whole Act or Bill, or whatever you call it, at her gers' ends in no time. She was quite excited over that Anti-Vaccina-on Bill that you used to talk about—no; not anti-vaccination. What as it?"

"The anti-vivisection measure?" suggested Tom wonderingly. The rtinacity with which Miss Winnington recurred to Nellie's name zzled and rather annoyed him. He did not want to talk about ellie; nor was it agreeable to him to hear comparisons drawn between e girl whom he wished and the one whom he intended to marry. "I d that all the ladies are with me upon the subject of vivisection," he gan, by way of gently leading the conversation towards generalities.

But Miss Winnington was not to be baffled. "Nellie certainly ould be," said she; "for she is so devoted to all animals—horses and gs especially. I never heard the true history of that escape of hers t hunting. Wasn't it you who picked her up, and dressed her wounds, d set her upon your own beast?"

It was in this wily manner that Mr. Stanniforth was lured into the ginning of a dialogue long before the end of which Edith had found out l that she had wanted to do, and knew as well as if she had been told in so many words that her companion's heart was no longer his own dispose of. For more reasons than one, the discovery gave her a good al of satisfaction; and she determined to use it for her own purposes, ling no scruple in so doing. For what business has a man to be pay-g court to one lady when he is manifestly and ridiculously in love ith another? Edith had no manner of doubt but that her admirer ould throw her over ruthlessly, if Nellie were free and willing to cept his hand; and that, thought she, was a game at which two could ay.

Before she went away, she found out Walter's address from her sister, d posted the card which had been given to her for him, writing the itials E. W. in the corner of the envelope in order to prevent miscon-ptions. It was quite possible that Walter, who knew so little of London e, might be surprised at receiving an invitation from a total stranger, d might have the stupidity to decline it.

As for Tom Stanniforth, he left Travers House, that afternoon, more posed to be in love with Edith than he had ever been before. He was tonished to find how much he had enjoyed talking to her, and how ickly the time had passed. She had been lively, she had been quacious, she had actually, once or twice, been amusing. And she ally was a good girl. How kindly and pleasantly she had spoken bout Nellie! and how very seldom it is that you hear one woman praise nother in that hearty and unreserved way! The poor man is hardly to e blamed if he fancied that it was the sunshine of his presence that had used this shrinking flower to expand so charmingly, and he should

surely be praised in that he resolved, for the hundred-and-fiftieth time, to think thenceforward more of her and less of Nellie.

It was a few days after this that Walter thought the time had come for him to call upon Lady Travers, whom he was fortunate enough to find sipping her afternoon cup of tea alone, and who began to laugh as soon as she saw him.

"Now I do wonder what you are laughing at," said he rather crossly.

"I am laughing at you, Walter," she answered; "so now you know."

Walter sat down, and looked indignant notes of interrogation.

"Don't you think you are very funny?" asked Lady Travers, still laughing.

"I think you are making fun of me, if that's what you mean."

"No, I am not; but why do you march into the room in that defiant way, looking as if you were not to be trifled with and wouldn't stand any nonsense?"

"I suppose I look as I feel," replied Walter curtly.

"But you really must not feel like that. Of course, if you choose to go at things in a hammer-and-tongs style, and demand a plain Yes or No to every question, you will get your answer. You will get a plain No, if that will do for you. If you want the answer to be Yes, you must try to be a little more humble."

"Lady Travers, I will be as humble as you please; I am ready to kneel down in the dust before her. But I won't be played fast and loose with; I won't be flirted with for a season and then pushed on one side and told that I ought to feel very thankful for having been admitted into the society of my betters. Either Edith loves me, or she doesn't. If she doesn't, well and good; I have no right to complain. But if she does, I think she ought to say so."

"I have had to do with a good many dense and obstinate people," remarked Lady Travers; "but never yet have I met your equal. I am not at all sure that I should not not do more wisely to send you away and encourage Edith to marry some decent old man with plenty of money, who would buy pretty things for her and get on well with my mother. By the way, my mother is laid up with the gout again."

Walter said he was sorry to hear it.

"Yes; I thought you would be sorry. You will not have the pleasure of meeting her for some time now; and I suppose I shall have to act as Edith's chaperon."

At this Walter grinned; but presently heaved a deep sigh. "It doesn't make much difference to me," he said despondently; "I don't live in your world. She sent me this," he added, pulling an envelope out of his pocket. "It's an invitation to a concert from a Lady Somebody Something, whom I never heard of. I've a great mind not to go."

"I wouldn't go, if I were you," said Lady Travers calmly. "I would display a proper spirit by remaining away, and sulking like a

at baby, and showing Edith how stupid it was of her to move heaven d earth to get an invitation for you which has been refused to hun- ds of people. That is the way to make yourself appreciated at your ht value."

Walter lifted both his hands to his head and rumpled his hair pairingly. "What are you driving at?" he asked. "What would u have me do?"

"I would have you remember that it was not Edith who enticed you t of your seclusion. You have no right to stalk up to her looking e an angry turkeycock, and ask, 'Why did you send for me, if you re nothing to say to me?' You might also remember that you are not t in a position to marry."

"I admit all that," answered Walter; "and if you tell me that I re no right to think of marrying Edith, I shall not contradict you. e only right that I do claim is that of being told whether I am to pe or not. I care for Edith a great deal too much to enjoy the chance an occasional flirtation with her on the sly. I would rather never see r at all than be allowed, as a great favour, to see her sometimes in that ay."

"If I were not the most patient woman alive," cried Lady Travers, I should wash my hands of you. You are impracticable! You ought understand that it is not always possible to state things in such very ain terms as you seem to require. But I am exceedingly patient; d I don't wish Edith to be as unhappy as—as some people are who arry for position and wealth. You must be aware that that is the sort marriage which she will be forced to make, unless somebody holds t a helping hand to save her. Now, you know, Walter, I like you ry much, in spite of your bad mnnners, and I should be delighted to anything that I could to oblige you; but you won't mind my saying at it was not out of pure affection for you that I took the trouble to scover where you lived and to drag you into society by the hair of your ad. I thought that you and I could save Edith between us; and I ink so still—though you are most discouraging. How am I to make u understand things? Try to imagine yourself in Edith's place—ightened to death of somebody whom we need not name, in daily peril receiving an offer which you could hardly dare to refuse, miserably nhappy at home, and longing above all things to escape from it—don't u think you would feel as if it was not much use to fight against fate? lot if you knew that there was some one who cared for you a great deal, nd that he was content to wait patiently for better times and trusted to ou to be patient too, and if you could see his face, from time to time, o give you a dose of courage—then, perhaps you would be able to go on ighting."

"Ah! but will she be content to wait patiently?"

"That depends very much upon you, I should think. I can't say whether she would or not; but I am afraid she might not, if you were

rough with her and frightened her. You don't know, and you are a great deal too stupid, my poor Walter, to take in, how brave and how cowardly women can be. You yourself, I suppose, are afraid of nothing. You would like to settle all difficulties, literally and metaphorically, with your fists. But we don't fight with those weapons, you see, and they would be of no use at all to you here. If you must fight, fight in another sense. Fight your way up in the world: that is what I should do, if I were a man. I should make up my mind that I would be a partner in Boulger's bank, for instance."

"That is easy to say," observed Walter.

"And if it is not easy to do, let it be done with difficulty!" cried Lady Travers intrepidly. "A man can have anything in the world that he wants, if he will only determine to have it. Look at Napoleon; look at Washington; and—and——"

"And Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London," said Walter, laughing. "Well, if trying is any good, I'll try; you may be sure of that. And, Lady Travers, you'll let me see her as often as you can, won't you?"

"Yes; but not too often. And you are not to take things too much for granted, please, or to expect her to throw herself into your arms, or to look black when she talks to another man."

All these injunctions Walter promised that he would faithfully observe; and so, after a little more good advice, he was dismissed.

"THE MOUNTAIN WAS SAVED FROM THE FIRE."

THE

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By the Gate of the Sea.

CHAPTER I.

HUSBAND and wife looked at each other for a moment, and then the wife's eyes drooped guiltily. Not that anyone, of people at large to be when about other people's affairs that they are always doing—being found, by the one man of opinion a clumsy—and always anybody sees are that although there were spikes, yet for a charitable moment, there was no reason to regard the problem of things as being essentially simple. You must endure a good deal before you may turn well from your lawyer with [illegible] with the one thing that shared each of them [illegible] was a lifelong and inevitable separation.

"I have doubted him," said the wife, with such a cold anguish of [illegible] as could only come of desertion. "He will never believe me [illegible]

"Is this thing true?" asked Tregarthen coldly. The speaker was [illegible] and he turned away. As he was to look at, [illegible]

he was afraid of himself, and felt that he was not to be trusted with many words. He would go away therefore, and would think how best to bear himself in this terrible and unsuspected condition of affairs. He had not gone far when it came into his mind that the condition of affairs —however unexpected it might be—was scarcely so terrible as it had seemed at first. He began to think how strongly he had spoken, when —as it now appeared—his wife had wished to take him into her confidence. After all there was no sin or shame in having been an actress. Colonel Pollard had said things of that very Miss Churchill with whom his wife was now identified which were hideous if true or possible, but he knew them to be false. The more he thought about it the more he was persuaded anew of what he had always known as only a lover knows anything—the purity of his wife's mind and history. She had deceived him in one matter, but then he had forced deception upon her. And after all they were man and wife, and he loved her as he had never loved anybody in his life before or could hope to love a second time. The revelation he had surprised was a thing to be made the best of, to be understood and accepted once for all, and then buried and forgotten.

This resolution was not arrived at in a hurry, and it took him an hour or two to put himself into the new mental attitude necessary to its acceptance. When he had succeeded he went home and awaited Mrs. Tregarthen's return, intending a serious conference and a perfect understanding. When he took her back to confidence there should be no lingering doubt in his mind. She should know all that had been charged against Miss Churchill, and she should deny it, and there should be an end of the episode. He was not shaken in his belief in his wife's honour, and if she had not given him all her confidence it was because she had thought it would imperil his love for her.

"Has Mrs. Tregarthen returned?" he asked the servant who admitted him.

"No, sir."

"Let me know when she does so."

"Yes, sir."

He sat a long time silent and alone, and there came into his mind the not too delicate commendations bestowed upon Miss Churchill by the Captain and his echo the Lieutenant. He went with them into the theatre, and the magic of the beautiful voice touched him again. He went anew through his pleasant fancies of her, and his defence of her against Pollard, and his first meeting with her, and his second, and his third—all the story of his courtship floated through his mind—and he would have sworn to her immaculate purity, or would have died to prove his faith in it.

It grew dusk, and the early summer moon was already shining with a ghostly silver gleam in the darkening violet of the sky. Fears began to rise in his mind, and he pictured the delicate sensitive thing in shame and soreness of heart over this pardonable secrecy of hers, hiding her and fearing to approach him. He remembered how he had asked his

tion, "Is this thing true?" and how without a word from her in answer he had turned away and left her. His fears began to rise higher and to take one or two horrible forms, which presented themselves persistently.

It neither increased nor dissipated these fears when he had run down to the Gate of the Sea and had learnt that she had left the island two or three hours ago, and had returned to the mainland, sending the boatmen back to await his pleasure. He took his seat in the boat at once and bade the men give way. Before they were half across the narrow waters he could see his own house on Gorbay Head, and could make out that the one light which twinkled in it came from his wife's room. His heart seemed almost to fly from his body as he sent before him his message of forgiveness and affection; and when the nose of the boat ground against the shingle he left the little vessel with a leap and ran to the house in haste. A man-servant met him with an uninterested face, and handed him a letter on a salver.

"Mrs. Tregarthen ordered this to be given to you, sir, on your return," he said.

"Where is Mrs. Tregarthen?" asked the husband.

"She went up to town, sir, by the seven express," returned the servant.

"Alone?" inquired his master, turning away to hide his face and toiling with the letter in his hands.

"Took Miss Farmer with her, sir—and the maid."

The servant followed him into the room he entered, and there turned up the lamps and laid hands upon a trifle or two upon the sideboard and the table.

"You may go," said his master quietly.

The man retired, and Tregarthen sat down by the centre table, drew the lamp closer, and opened the envelope. For a time the slender letters danced before his eyes, and he could not make out a word, but in a while he mastered himself and began to read. What he read was incoherent and agonised. It was written in haste, with blots and erasures, and there were blisters upon the paper where the writer's tears had fallen. She had known her own unworthiness in keeping her secret all along, she wrote, but she had never dared to tell him what her past life had been. And now he had discovered her duplicity and wickedness, and she could not bear to face him. She had gone away, and she begged him to forget her. But she loved him, and she prayed heaven to bless him.

There was much more to this effect, and, whilst he read, the shadow of a horrible doubt fell closer and darker round his heart. What was there in the mere discovery, taken by itself, to excite such anguish as the letter displayed? What lay behind the discovery? Was it likely that a wife would run away from her husband and her home on a provocation so trivial as the discovery of itself afforded? Then all his heart rose up to defend her, and he was torn between doubt and trust, and love and fear, and the little mild passions that had dwelt within him dilated to giant

size on a sudden, and took his soul for a battle-ground, and shook it with their conflict.

There was no sleep for him that night, and all next day he wandered vaguely, trying to make up his mind to some course of action. His wife had given him no address, but it did not seem to him at first that it would be difficult to discover her in London. But was her flight in itself a confession of worse than he knew, or could he bear to hear that confession if it had to be made, or to bear her denial of it and to have to doubt her still?

If people always did the plain common-sense thing, always spoke the plain truth, and always looked circumstances in the face, the world would be improved out of knowledge. Mrs. Tregarthen had taken perhaps the most foolish of possible steps, had disguised the truth, and now ran away from the circumstances she had herself created; and yet you shall not despise her if I can help it. It was an innocent courage which had led her—more for her sister's sake than her own—to the stage. It was a pardonable fear which had kept her silent as to that episode in her life. It is one of the ways of women to look their best in the eyes of the people they love, and this leads them to reservations and pretences. A weakness characteristic of a whole half of humanity must not be judged too severely. When she ran away she did so because a tender conscience, hitherto void of great offence, exaggerated her little folly into a crime. She made up her innocent mind that she was one of the wickedest women in the world. She had married her husband under false pretences.

When Tregarthen turned his back upon her she read a final renunciation in the act, and was persuaded that she had lost him for ever. She had no blame for him then or afterwards, and she recognised the justice of the imagined sentence even at the moment when its weight first crushed her. The perfect trust which love should have in love is a flower of slow growth indeed. Often enough life is over before it has reached to its full bloom, though there is this compensation for its laggard coming, that when once it blossoms it can know no decay.

Mrs. Tregarthen went to London, and naturally enough sought the one place there which she had known before—a respectable, if somewhat dingy, boarding-house off the Strand. The stout landlady had not forgotten her, and received her kindly. There was a faint flavour of home in the stuffy bedroom, and at least it was better to be there than to find a nest altogether strange. But the foolish fugitive had run away without any prevision, and had made no arrangements for those bodily needs which continue their claim in spite of sins or repentances. She had twenty pounds in money, and her maid, being bidden to pack for London, had naturally foreseen festivity, and had put up all the hapless lady's jewelry. There was no fear of immediate starvation therefore but none the less that terror loomed from the future. She was sure that she was for ever parted from her husband, and when the first a

of that certainty had settled down into a dull pain, she had to think of ways and means for her sister's sake, and in a little while (for a reason she had not hitherto dreamed of) for her own.

The maid, who was for the first time in London, was but poorly impressed with town life, as may be fancied. The stuffy lodging-house was not the sort of place in which Mrs. Tregarthen's position gave her a right to bestow herself, and the maid knew it. Once or twice she had surprised her mistress in tears, and she had found out very early in the history of the expedition that there were no ideas of festivity in Mrs. Tregarthen's mind. She began to put two and two together, and after a week she spoke.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but it is my wish to leave."

"How is that, Mary?" inquired the mistress with a sinking heart. The heart had sunk low enough already in all conscience, but it fell lower yet when the maid spoke of leaving. Tregarthen had himself engaged this woman to serve his wife, and the exile was ready to cling to anything that bound her, however slightly, to her home and him.

"Well, ma'am," returned the maid, "since you ask me, I don't understand things, and I'd rather go."

There would be one mouth the less to fill, but that was little. The maid received her wages and went away, though she kept an eye on Mrs. Tregarthen, having fancies of her own concerning the reasons for this curious escapade. The expected gallant never appeared, however, and when Mrs. Tregarthen went abroad, she took the child with her, and, after a purposeless walk, returned without having spoken to a single creature. In these circumstances the maid's interest in her late mistress declined, and she found another place and went her way, content to have a mystery unsolved.

The poor lady set aside all her gayer dresses and attired herself in sombre raiment as typifying mourning, and when one day Mr. Lorrimer caught sight of her in the street by accident, he took her for a widow.

"Ran away from the stage to be married, did she, poor thing!" said Lorrimer to himself, not unkindly. "Well, if love's young dream is over, she'll be back again. I'm a business man, and I can't afford to miss a chance like Miss Churchill a second time."

So Mr. Lorrimer, without particularly violating his conscience, lit a new cigar, cocked his hat a little, and dogged Mrs. Tregarthen home.

"Boarding-house. Mrs. Barnley. Respectable poverty. Widow left hard up. Encumbered with little girl. Married a widower. Poor thing! poor thing! Get her now on easy terms."

Mr. Lorrimer cocked his hat anew, bit off the end of a second cigar, struck a brown-paper fusee on his trousers, lit the cigar with an air of victory, and walked homewards. Shortly before nine o'clock, being by that time in the full glory of evening-dress, he strolled past the house a dozen times or so, and had begun to examine the windows with some impatience, when a servant girl came up the area steps bearing half-a-

dozen jugs of different sizes, and made her way towards the corner public house. Mr. Lorrimer intercepted her.

"Good evening, my dear. Don't be frightened." The girl had pranced into the middle of the roadway. "I only want to ask you a question—quite a harmless question. Half-a-crown, my dear." The coin rattled into one of the jugs. "There's a lady staying at Mrs. Barnley's—a young lady, dressed in mourning—goes about with a little girl. I want to call upon her—quite honourable and correct—I know of something to her advantage. I used to know her maiden name—Miss Churchill. What is her name now?"

"Mrs. Tregarthen," said the girl. "That's her sister she's got with her."

"Mrs. Tregarthen," said Mr. Lorrimer. "Thank you. I've got the name all right, have I? Tre—gar—then?"

"That's right, sir," responded the servant, polishing her nose with the bottom of a beer-jug. "Tregarthen. Thank you, sir."

"She's at home now, I think?" said Lorrimer.

The maid nodded, and he marched at once to the door of the house and knocked. Mrs. Tregarthen, sitting in her own room, heard the knock and felt her heart so leap at it that she was fain to rise and open her chamber door to listen. But that was a common experience. Not a knock had come to the door of Mrs. Barnley's establishment, since the unhappy lady had entered it, without shaking her heart and fluttering her nerves in this way. She heard the door flung open, and then came the murmur of a male voice, indistinct and low. The maid's voice cackled shrill and clear in answer.

"Mrs. Tregarthen, sir? Yes, sir. Walk in, sir. What name shall I say, sir?"

It had been in Mrs. Tregarthen's mind from the first, or almost from the first, that Arthur might love her so well that, in spite of her wickedness, he would seek her out and forgive her, and this hope had buoyed her up and weighed her down as such things will. Now she believed that he really had traced her, and her knees were so weakened that she could scarce let go the door and creep back to her chair to be in readiness for the servant's coming. Lodging-house maids are not more observant or sympathetic than their neighbours as a rule, but even by the light of the one pale candle on the table Mrs. Tregarthen's face had so much trouble and terror in it that the girl, when she entered with Lorrimer's card, caught fright, and begged to know what was the matter.

"Nothing," said the poor creature, with her eyes wide open, and her face as white as the lace about her throat. "Is that for me?"

She stretched out her hand for the card, and when she had read the name upon it she dropped it with a little moan of escape and disappointment, and one or two half-hysterical tears ran down her cheeks. The servant bustled about the room and got her a glass of water after an unnecessary clatter. Lorrimer, waiting in the room below, had un

notions of a cavalry skirmish floating through his mind. A moment later the servant, a petticoated avalanche, precipitated herself downstairs.

"The lady can't see you, sir. She's took quite ill."

"Indeed?" said Lorrimer, politely regretful. "Nothing serious, I trust."

"I ain't so sure o' that," returned the maid. "She's like a ghost, and she can't scarcely sit in her chair, sir."

Lorrimer opened his eyes with unfeigned fear. He saw thousands of pounds in Mrs. Tregarthen, and, being a sanguine man, as theatrical managers nearly always are, he had already arranged terms with the lady and had her enthusiastically trumpeted, and conducted her first performance with prodigious *éclat*. At the very moment when the cavalry skirmish began overhead he had been returning thanks for a piece of plate publicly presented to him (in recognition of his having made a fortune out of her) by the celebrated actress herself. The servant was really frightened, and looked so, and Lorrimer himself caught the infection.

"Back as soon as possible," he murmured. "Gone for a doctor." And he shot from the room to save his thousands and the lady who was to make them.

He had noticed in the course of his peregrinations to and fro before the house that a doctor lived next door, and he rang a startling peal at the medico's bell. The professional gentleman ran wildly into the boarding-house without his hat, and was ushered into the presence of a lady who received him with perfect self-possession and assured him that she had no need for his services. He was not to be got rid of, however, until he had felt her pulse and asked a question or two, and prescribed a tonic.

Before Lorrimer called next day the servant had told Mrs. Tregarthen of the interest he had displayed. The actress remembered the manager kindly, but she had no mind to renew their old acquaintance. She sent word down to him in answer to his inquiries that she was very much better and was very much obliged to him for his kind inquiries. Some people would have accepted this as an intimation of polite dismissal, but Lorrimer was not one of them.

"That's right," he said cheerfully. "I'm glad to hear it. Just say I should like to see her—will you?—if it's quite convenient to her. If it isn't, ask when I can call again."

"Show Mr. Lorrimer into the visitors' room," she said in answer to this message. It might be as well, she thought, to get Mr. Lorrimer over at once. If it were impossible to avoid recognition, it was still possible to let those who recognised her know that she desired privacy, and it was not likely that all who had known her would care to make pursuit of her. She touched her hair and the lace about her throat and wrists with delicate fingers as she stood before her mirror, with no result perceptible to man, and having thus made herself fit to be seen, she descended the stairs and found Lorrimer awaiting her in the visitors' room—a carpeted box with an odour of dry rot.

A stage manager who could feel any sense of *gaucherie* in approaching an actress must have had the practice of his profession wasted upon him. With Lorrimer any sign of dignified reserve, which expressed itself without the pronounced standoffishness of a stage attitude and gesture, was lost. He had played many parts in his time, and to him the saying of the melancholy Jacques was literal—all the world was a stage. He took out the confidential-family-adviser stop, and addressed Mrs. Tregarthen in tones of genial sympathy.

"You left us, madam, in a somewhat sudden and unconventional way, but it was impossible for that or anything else to mitigate the pleasure and advantage of having known you. You have our profoundest sympathy in the calamity which has brought you back to us, but that is tempered by the hope that you may ultimately discover that the profession of which you might have been the brightest ornament has still an attraction for you, and that its triumphs offer a consolation not to be despised."

This was spoken with the air natural to a master of the art of conversation. Lorrimer was one of those people who take their theories so to heart that they make facts of them. His theory was that Mrs. Tregarthen was a widow, and in reduced circumstances. He was quite certain that she left the stage to be married, and was equally sure that she would now return to it.

"Do you mean," she asked, "that I shall go back to the stage, Mr. Lorrimer?" He spread his hands abroad and bowed, with a sweeping gesture of assent. "No, I shall never go back to the stage."

The wrinkles of his smile remained for a second or two, but the light went out of his eyes at once, and the wrinkles faded slowly after it.

"Not go back to the stage, madam?" he cried. "Waste the superb talents God has given you on the mere desert air of private life? Cast away the splendid fortune which only needs an extended hand to grasp it? Impossible, madam—impossible."

Mr. Lorrimer spoke with so evident an amazement that he impressed the listener in spite of herself. She had gone upon the stage simply and purely to make bread for herself and to find an education for her sister. Few of the triumphs or joys of stage life had come home to her, and even when they seemed all to lie waiting for her, she had been able to surrender their promise for the quiet routine of domesticity in Gorbay. They could scarcely have seemed very valuable to her since she had left them so easily. But Lorrimer put the case strongly, if grotesquely, and there could be no doubt of his sincerity.

She was but a simple-minded creature in spite of the talents of which Lorrimer spoke so highly, and she had a way of speaking straight out the thing that was in her mind.

"My husband—" she began, but there she stopped with a sudden sense of heartache at the vast emptiness of the world. There is no p the human heart can feel which is heavier to bear than that.

"Your husband, madam?" said Lorrimer, prompting her with a tone of respectful sympathy.

"My husband," she began again, "had a profound dislike for the stage, and I must respect his opinion."

"That is natural and commendable, madam," returned Lorrimer with the family-adviser air more strongly marked than ever. "But when—in the course of a week or two—the healing hand of time has softened the sense of loss, you may find yourself less inclined to elevate his scruples into absolute commandments."

She shook her head with an expression so mournful and so resolute that Lorrimer felt it necessary to clear his throat before he spoke again.

"Well, madam, well," he said rather hastily. "If you *should* change your mind, you will know where I am. Fortune lies at your feet. You have only to stoop to pick up wealth and fame. And—as I say—if you *should* change your mind you will find nobody so devoted to your interests as myself. I have made the fortune of a nincompoop before to-day, madam, and genius is the lever Archimedes wanted. With such genius as you possess I could move the world. I ask nothing but my poor share of the glory, and half profits. But I will not further intrude upon you now. Good day, madam, good day."

He was gone, but he left a seed behind him, and though it fell on ground unwilling to receive it, it took root and grew.

To have done a thing, with ninety-nine people in a hundred, is the best of all possible reasons for continuing to do it, especially if the thing is to be done passively. We like or dislike our everyday acquaintances on this principle, and it guides us in more matters than we often care to think of. The runaway wife had never written to her husband to apprise him of her whereabouts, and silence, which at first was hard, had grown into such a habit that by this time nothing could have forced her to break it. She suffered, and she told herself that she deserved to suffer. She trained the thorns of remorse with a hand of constant care, and cultivated unhappiness as only a penitent and a woman could. And all the time she waited in a sort of hopeless hope for her husband to make some effort to recover her. Had he found her he could have taken home, not merely a wife, but a lover so full of love and penitence that she would have been his lifelong slave for no more than the privilege of seeing him. But he also waited with a heart that grew bitterer and heavier day by day, until at last the true masculine impatience of the slow suffering which women bear until they learn to cherish it, bade him throw the burden away. He seemed to cast his heart away with it, but it had to go, and he went back to his mad-brained books again.

That so fine a triviality as that which separated these two hearts and lives should breed a day's coldness might surprise a lover. But there is no measurement for human folly, and the fools, as often as not, are lovable, pitiable, admirable. If only the people who are objectionable all round made fools of themselves, what a charming world we should live in!

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Ronald Marsh gave his poems to the world, and they made almost as much noise as he had hoped. But when one goes forth to make a noise in the world, the character of the clamour which arises is as important as the volume of it, and the public reception of Mr. Marsh's muse, though loud enough to satisfy anybody, aroused the bitterest scorn in the poet's heart. Such a charivari of chaff, such a Jovian roll and peal of laughter arose from the great reviewers, and was taken up by the little ones, as has rarely rung in any poet's tingling ears since reviewing came into fashion. The *Times* set him down to roast at a whole column, the *'Tiser* branded him with one red-hot paragraph, and from every point of the compass the critics big and little heaved the coals of fire of friendless criticism at him by the shovelful. But the poet, as Mr. Tennyson had already written, is at the moment of his birth "dowered with the hate of hate—the scorn of scorn," and Mr. Marsh was not easily to be discomfited. He bought sombreros of a wider brim than he had ever worn until then, he vowed in his inmost heart that the shears of the barber should invade his rolling locks no more, and he ordered his tailors to add an inch or two to the poetical cloak in which he commonly went about London. The faithless few who had worn his livery and gone about in his likeness fled from their colours. They had their hair cut in the normal way, and began to attire themselves in the conventional garb of gentlemen. When friends talked about the Leader they made a weak pretence of having been in the secret all along, and tried to make it appear that they had been hugely tickled by the fustian which had thrilled their simple souls. The Leader had lost his following, as most leaders do when they lead to ridicule, but he faced the world alone and meditated fresh poems with an undaunted heart.

He abandoned none of his old haunts, but he found many of his old friends pitiless. There are few men who need sympathy more than the man whose book is a failure. Within it, tangible and visible, lie the nerves of his soul, if he has one; he has put into it his acutest discernment, his sweetest fancies, his loftiest thoughts, his most cunning invention; he has glowed with hope and gone cold with fear about it; he has loved it tenderly and admiringly, as a good wife loves her husband, and with a growth of joy in its strength and beauty, as a father loves his child. Then comes the grim reviewer (born, surely, with bowels of brass and heart of adamant), and slays this darling of the author's heart, scalps it, slits its dear little nose and tender ears, wreaks on it all his barbarous humour of wicked invention, and throws its remains aside without even the poor satisfaction of a christian burial. Who *can* need sympathy more than an author in such a case? But there is no more mercy in the world for him than there is milk in a male tiger.

Yet in the conclave of ten which met in the cramped back parlour in the Strand, the murdered poet found men who had suffered aforetime,

and had known the joy of resurrection. The man in the corner tossed the light quillets of the brain hither and thither, but he aimed them not at the unsuccessful. He had himself tried to stay the tempest, and had written that the book was not so bad after all. Had the poet known him as the dealer of that unkindest cut of all, he would have slain him in his corner before the spectral nine. When he entered and took his seat amongst them, they greeted him more kindly than of old, and made more of a comrade of him. Lorrimer, who was talking, made a point of addressing him personally, so as to make a feature of him.

"Your worship was the last man in our mouths. You remember being here one day, long ago now, when I sang the praises of Miss Churchill!"

"Perfectly," replied the poet. "I went with you to the final dress rehearsal, and you put into my hands the letter she left behind her."

"I was saying so as you came in. That brings the history up to the end of her connection with the stage. Well, everybody knows what a mystery that looked. Not a soul had an idea where she disappeared to."

"I know," said the poet. "I met her afterwards. She married a fellow named Tregarthen—disreputable fellow who was dismissed the army; insisted on using such fearful language at the mess-table that the other men wouldn't stand him. Well-connected fellow—I believe he's the last of one of the oldest families in Cornwall—but an awful blackguard, so I'm told."

"Well, upon my word," said Lorrimer, "that's a pretty sort of cove to forbid his wife with his dying breath to go upon the stage."

Mr. Lorrimer's theory carried him that length.

"Dead!" said the poet. "Is he dead? Well, she's very attractive and quite young. With such a fortune as he could leave her she won't be long without a husband."

"Fortune!" echoed Lorrimer. "She hasn't any fortune. Bless your soul, she's as poor as a church mouse. Living in a boarding-house—and a dam seedy boarding-house it is, I can tell you—just off the Strand."

"I suppose he made ducks and drakes of everything," said the poet. "My father had a place at Gorbay years ago, and they had a good deal of land in those days—the Tregarthens. Poor thing!"

The poet held no malice, except for his reviewers. Outside his verses he was a harmless man, and had not the least desire to hurt anybody. He had long ago been able to forgive Mrs. Tregarthen for snubbing him, and he was sensitive to a tale of beauty in distress—as a poet ought to be.

Lorrimer told his story of the interview between himself and the lost star of the stage, and everybody agreed that the dead Tregarthen of Mr. Lorrimer's imagination was the last sort of person who had a right to have his dying wishes gratified. When the conclave parted and the

poet walked into the Strand, he dived into the street Lorrimer had mentioned and read the doorplates with some little trouble in the gathering dusk until he came upon the boarding-house. He remembered the brilliant and stately creature who had swept so haughtily away from his impertinent presence at Tregarthen, and felt unhappy to think that she was housed in this frowsy caravanserai. He had but seen her twice, and she had certainly ill-treated him, and yet he felt such an interest in her as few women had inspired him with. She was poor and in grief and a widow. Mr. Ronald Marsh left the street slowly and sadly, and thought how full of trouble was the world, and mused on Death and the Reviewers, and such grisly themes.

It was no business of any man's, but two or three people who knew him caught the poet at odd times in the act of leaving that street after dark, with a certain marked air of furtive adventure. If any hope of seeing Mrs. Tregarthen again drew him that way, or if he merely went to moon in the neighbourhood because it induced that curious sense of the abolition of moral responsibilities with regard to language which is so valuable to poets, would seem to be uncertain. When you relax your brains for the manufacture of verses, and allow them to flow out where they will, diffuse and devious, a remembrance of some person of the opposite sex serves as a sort of centre for the tides, dissipating or rallying them quite apart from the will of the patient.

It had grown into winter time, and the rainy night had fallen upon London, and the streets had a fungous odour in the rain, and were inch-deep in mud, when the poet, bearing his demon with him, slashed past the lodging-house—top-booted, with his sombrero picturesquely flapping and his long cloak picturesquely flying in the wet wind which blew up from the river. He was scathing a reviewer, and would have thrown his annual income into Thames to have secured a stately rhyme to "viper;" but just as he passed the boarding-house door it opened, and the merest glance assured him that Mrs. Tregarthen stood there attired for the street. A second or two later the wind caught the door, and it slammed noisily. The poet moderated his headlong pace, paused and turned. Mrs. Tregarthen's tall and graceful figure went fluttering Strandwards.

Ronald Marsh knew perfectly well that it is not counted a gentlemanly thing to follow a lady without her knowledge and consent, and he piqued himself on being a gentleman almost more than on being a poet. He did not think it honourable to dog a lady's footsteps, and it was no affair of his to know whither she was bound on foot on a night so inclement. Whilst he thought thus he followed Mrs. Tregarthen, regulating his own pace to hers. This was shameful, and he turned away, but only for a second. When he looked again the fluttering figure was gone, though there was no opening on the street to right or left, and he had seen her outlined like a wavering silhouette against the Strand lights a mere fraction of time ago. A special puddle lay abreast of where

t seen her, noticeable because it caught the lights of the bright
ond and reflected them like a mirror laid aslant. He kept his
this landmark, and, though as he grew closer the light faded
e knew that he had not lost his place. He was sure—with a
ng than anything but the reviews had hitherto caused him—
ad not lost the place; for where the wind-beaten figure had
ed stood a swinging door, and above it the triune globes of gold.
storm drum is mast-high all the year round.
oung man drew into the shadow of a corner, and watched the
h no memory of his scruples of half a minute back. It was not
ess of the moment to analyse the motives which moved him,
were nine-tenths made up of pity and a helpless wish to be of
He had to wait in the wind and rain for full five minutes
e swinging door opened, and Mrs. Tregarthen reappeared,
veiled, and ran against the beating wind to the door of the
house, where she paused to use a latch-key, and then disappeared

e thought of youth, and grace, and genius brought to such a
his, the poet was grieved, and he walked miserably away, not
ow to be of use, but burdened with a heavy sense of the neces-
oing something. A man may be brimful of conceit and may
d verses, and yet have a good heart. He walked home and
or dinner, and dined moodily with people who laughed at him
moody. Then he went, at a late hour, to the theatre, and there
red Lorrimer. He had something of a struggle with himself
could take the manager into confidence; but at length he did
ing him to secrecy. Lorrimer heard him through with an ex-
of face bordering on the distracted.
I don't find out something about this by and by," said the
, "I shall go mad. Come here, into the box-office. Look at
rtisement in the *Times*. Where are we? Oh, here it is. Read

oet read—
s Churchill is requested to claim her private fortune at the
Messrs. Lowe & Carter, of Clement's Inn.—A. T."
w," said Lorrimer, when Ronald Marsh looked wonderingly up
"what the Moses is it all about? These people, Lowe and
vere the lawyers who paid me my claim against Miss Churchill.
money then, or the means of getting money, or she couldn't
t the stage and have paid my claim. Now, here she is in
difficulties, running to the pawnbroker's—and I'll swear she's
orn and bred—and all the while she's asked in the newspapers
d claim her private fortune! Because you know it's as plain
as on your face that it's the same woman."
o said Tregarthen was dead?" said the poet. "These are his

"*I* said he was dead," returned Lorrimer. "She told me so." was quite persuaded that she had done so. "It must be the same w Anyway, I'll tell you what I can do. I can go and see the lawye tell 'em her address. We have done business together already. S saw this advertisement I've had the curiosity to turn over the file *Times*, and I find that it's been published every day for nearl months. I wish I could persuade her to come back to the l Unless her private fortune is a precious big one, I'd guarantee to it for her. She's a perfect gold mine. There never was such a Ro and I don't believe there ever will be such another."

The sense of romance and mystery which seemed to grow up Mrs. Tregarthen helped to keep her in Ronald Marsh's mind, began to haunt the street she lived in, and, during hours of da to prowl about its neighbourhood, until the police set watchful eye him and booked him in their own minds as a person with an un purpose.

Lorrimer wrote to the lawyers, asking if the Miss Churchill tised was identical with the Miss Churchill in whose behalf th done business aforetime. Receiving an answer in the affirmati supplied them with her address, and waited to hear more. No reached him until the poet turned up one evening, with greatly dis aspect, and announced that Mrs. Tregarthen and the little gir lived with her had left the boarding-house and had taken new lo in a street off the Tottenham Court Road—that both she and the were poorly and scantily dressed, and that the house in which sh lived was fit only for the occupation of the very poor. Lorrime to the lawyers, begging to be enlightened. They, inquiring court into his right to claim enlightenment and finding it to be non-ex respectfully declined to satisfy him. He retreated, and had nev ferences with the poet, who was melodramatically gloomy, and l deadly hints about villany, and betrayal, and the wild justice of re perplexing Lorrimer still more. At last, spurred by his lofty ho the actress's possible future and his own, and moved at least in p the promptings of good nature, and haled towards a solution of th tery by a very cable of curiosity, he leaped impatiently into a ha carriage, and set out in search of Mrs. Tregarthen. He had her a from the poet.

Sun-blistered paint, years old, upon the door; thick veils o upon the windows; a mere well of an area, with rusted railings it: doorsteps cracked and sunken at the centre.

"She might have had a house in Park Lane by this time," th Lorrimer, as he scanned the place, "and yet she lives here. Wh her private fortune, I wonder? The last curse of a dying mother-i It looks like it."

When he tugged at the bell-pull, a long piece of rusted iron cam from the door-post with a reluctant creak. He pushed it back

and tapped the blistered door with his gloved knuckles. A slatternly woman came into the well of an area, wiping her hands upon a dirty apron, and, having inspected him, went leisurely into the house again, and after a pause which seemed long to his impatience, opened the front door an inch or two, and regarded him afresh in unpromising silence.

"Good morning," said Lorrimer, with smooth politeness. "You have a lady staying here, ma'am, I believe, and I should be extremely obliged if I might be allowed to see her. We are old friends, and I have been informed that she is in some distress." Lorrimer was gorgeous as to his attire, and his manner was almost monarchical. As he spoke he drew a half-crown from his waistcoat pocket, and holding it delicately between his finger and thumb, like a duke performing a playful conjuring trick, dropped it into the woman's palm, which came automatically to receive it. The woman opened the door a little wider.

"Do you mean Mrs. Tregarthen, sir?" she asked.

"That," said Mr. Lorrimer, "is the lady's name."

The woman opened the door still wider, and permitted him to enter. A ragged oilcloth clung somehow to the floor, but the unwashed stairs were carpetless.

"What name shall I say, sir?" asked the landlady.

"Say Mr. Lorrimer," returned the manager; but he followed closely on her heels as she mounted the stairs, and was resolved to present himself before he could be refused an audience. He could not have told then or afterwards whether pity, curiosity, or managerial enterprise drew him on more strongly. Either the first or last would have been in itself enough, and the three together were irresistible.

The woman paused on a dark landing, and knocked at a door invisible to Lorrimer.

"Come in," said a voice in reply; and the knocker entered.

"A gentleman to see you, ma'am," she said, in a voice for which Lorrimer could have thrown her down the stairs. He knew one side of the world and of human nature pretty well, and he read the hypocrisy and propitiation of the carneying tone. He could have sworn that the woman habitually bullied her lodger.

"Tell him," said Mrs. Tregarthen in a frightened voice, "that I cannot see him. I——"

Lorrimer was in the room already, and had taken in half its sordid details at a glance. A bed in a corner, with a little bundle lying on it; a chair; a table; a few dresses hanging on a wall from which the paper dripped in moist festoons; a rusty grate, empty.

"Madam," said the manager advancing, "you must not decline to see me. I come as a friend."

Pity had the better of managerial enterprise for a moment at least, and the room went dim to Lorrimer's eyes. Mrs. Tregarthen, in a shabby black dress which made her pale face look paler than it was, stood (in the attitude in which she had arisen from her seat on the side of the bed)

with both hands on the table, her whole figure shrinking like that weak wild creature when suddenly alarmed.

"Oblige me by leaving us, if you please," said Lorrimer to th lady. The woman reluctantly withdrew, and Lorrimer held th open to watch her down the stairs. He could not help being sta use is second nature, but he was thoroughly in earnest when he "My poor dear creature—don't mind me talking to you in this I'm old enough to be your father—my poor dear creature, what c do you mean by living in a place like this?" She had only m breathe since his first entrance to the room, and her eyes said, me for pity's sake!" if eyes ever said anything. But, as he pau bundle on the bed began to move, and a feeble cry came from i darted to it, peeled from it, swiftly and delicately, the shawl enfolded it, and took it to her arms. A baby. "Oh, Lord!" the manager, with the tears in his eyes again, "how can you h heart to throw away such prospects as you have, when you've g claims upon you?"

She looked at him almost wildly, and walked up and down th rocking the crying child in her arms. He thought the look defia broke out anew.

"Any grown-up creature has a right to starve and be wretch by God! ma'am, nobody has a right to ill-treat a baby. It's c Mrs. Tregarthen; it's nothing less than monstrous. How dare yo away that child's chances in the world?" Lorrimer trod the boar the air of amazed virtue.

"How dare you speak so to me?" she demanded, pausing sudd her agitated walk about the room. "What right have you here

"For God's sake, don't be angry with me!" said Lorrimer, des from his place of moral pride. "I'm the best friend you have world; I am indeed." He was no longer the representative o amazed, but had become the attached old family servitor, and with the last wilful descendant of the race he loved.

At this moment there came a rap at the door, and the landl peared, bearing a bulky parcel and a letter.

"This is underpaid, ma'am," said the landlady, laying the pa the table, "and the postman says there's tenpence on it."

Lorrimer drew a shilling from his waistcoat pocket.

"There, there, my good woman; don't interrupt us again, please." He walked to the window and looked out upon the "Pray look at your letters, Mrs. Tregarthen, and excuse me fo here at all."

He saw that she had glanced anxiously at the parcel, which as if it enclosed a box of some sort. She obeyed him without and he heard every movement she made as she uncorded the Then he heard the tearing of the envelope about the letter, rustle of the paper, as it shook in her hand. There was nothing

at in the street except a mangy cat who stalked a town sparrow, and missed the bird by a hair's breadth when she made her final spring. It began to strike Lorrimer that Mrs. Tregarthen was a long while silent, and when, at last, he turned round, he raised a yell of dismay, for the poor lady had fallen back upon the bed, and lay there in a dead faint, with the baby still in her lap. She looked so thin and pale and quiet as she lay there, that the manager, who was a bachelor, and knew nothing of women and their weaknesses, took her for dead, and rushed to the door with a tremulous call for the landlady. That good creature despatched him for brandy, and, he being gone, she proceeded very calmly to examine the contents of the packet and the letter. The packet contained a prodigious quantity of manuscript and nothing else. From the letter the landlady gathered (she could just read) that Messrs. Bilge and Barker regretted that they could not see their way to the publication of ———. A step on the stair warned her of the visitor's return.

"Look up, there's a dear creatur'," said the landlady in audible solicitude. "Ah, that's it, my pore darlin'. You'll be nicely by and by."

Lorrimer sweated with anxiety whilst the landlady poured a few drops of brandy through the patient's lips, but in a few minutes Mrs. Tregarthen began to move and moan, and to click her teeth together, and then he was ordered from the room, and paced to and fro upon the fragmentary oilcloth in the hall for the space of half an hour.

"How is she?" he asked, in a whisper, when the woman at last came down stairs.

"She's had a good cry, pore dear," said the landlady, breathing neat brandy at him; "and now I've persuaded her to lie down. She'd better not be disturbed again for a hour or two."

"Of course not. Of course not," said Lorrimer, fidgetting with his watch-chain. "She has been very hard up, I'm afraid?"

"Owes me three pound thirteen shillin' and sixpence for rent," returned the landlady, "and being but a pore woman myself, though with a feeling heart, I could not deny her nothing, and candles of a night extravagant."

Lorrimer was unhinged by the events of the morning, and for the moment he was half inclined to satisfy the landlady's claim upon the spot; but, not having taken a final leave of his business senses, he decided against that course.

"Whatever the lady owes," he said, "shall be paid." He drew his purse from his pocket, and the landlady's eyes glistened. "Get her," he said, slowly and thoughtfully, with a half-sovereign between his thumb and finger, "get her something nice and tempting and nourishing against the time she wakes. No. Never mind. I won't trouble you. I'll get it myself, and bring it round in two hours' time."

He was gone, and the landlady was staring after him with the look the lean cat had cast after the plump escaping sparrow a while before.

Lorrimer was driven to Oxford Street, and on the way he used much terrible language without particular application. He had pity enough to fill him to the brim, and curious bewilderment enough, and (when it could beat out the others) managerial enterprise inflated him. For each of these profane language seemed to furnish the only escape-pipe, and the manager's speech would have been appropriate to a deep-dyed villain bent on murder. He halted the carriage at a shop door, alighted, entered, and bought jellies and preserves, drove further and bought wine, drove further and bought fruit, a goodly pile, and a double handful of sweet-smelling country blossoms.

"Damme!" said Lorrimer, as he sat in the hackney carriage and surveyed these purchases. "I'll win the jade's heart. I'll *make* her act. I'll make her so grateful that she can't refuse me."

A brilliant idea struck him, and he arrested the coach once more. He entered a shop, and when, after the lapse of some two or three minutes, he came once more upon the street, he wore the smile of a man who has just said checkmate to opposition. He unfolded the tissue paper which wrapped his latest purchase.

"That ought to touch a mother's heart," he said, surveying it admiringly. "Real coral. Real silver bells, and the finest india-rubber to be had for love or money."

He took all his purchases to the shabby house in the street off the Tottenham Court Road, and he waited with such patience as he could command until Mrs. Tregarthen was reported to be awake, and he could be again admitted to her room.

"A little trifle of jelly," said Lorrimer, balancing the preparation. "Calves-foot jelly, my dear madam—a most nourishing article. Pray try a little. A glass of port. I am never to be taken at a disadvantage. I carry a pocket corkscrew. Try that, madam. I guarantee it excellent. A little trifle for the baby, Mrs. Tregarthen. I am a bachelor myself, but I am told that children value such gauds."

The baby stretched out her hand for the bauble, and Lorrimer surrendered it. The sense of his own goodness of heart was too much for him, and his eyes became so moist that he had to retire to the window, where he blew his nose and waved his pocket handkerchief with an air of great nonchalance. But Mrs. Tregarthen knew why he had retired, and she herself began to cry out of weakness and despair and gratitude, and Lorrimer blew his nose with violence, as if he were aggravated with it, and had a spite to wreak upon it. His emotion and his friendliness won upon the lonely woman's heart, and by and by he began to pour out golden promises upon her. She was silent for a long time, but at last he grew so warm that he asked her the one question in his mind.

"How do you hope to live at all unless you take the chances you have?"

"I thought," she said, "that I could make a living by writing."

The gesture she used sent his glance to the table. He appro

and picked up the letter which lay there, and then turned over a folio or two of the great pile of manuscript.

"Ah!" he said. "And you find you can't? Well, my dear madam, here lies El Dorado before you. You have only to say Yes to my proposal, and you can leave this wretched hole at once, and go to the best hotel in London. You can dress like a princess, and you can command comfort and refinement for your child. Oh, madam, madam," cried the manager, with tears in his voice, "for your child's sake do not let me plead with you in vain."

If Lorrimer were half a humbug, she at least was all in earnest in her thoughts.

"Yes," she answered; "I will do what you wish. I will go back to the stage again. For the child's sake."

Next day saw her once more attired like a lady, and located in sumptuous private apartments. Lorrimer was here, there, and everywhere, spreading the glorious news.

CHAPTER VII.

Whilst Mrs. Tregarthen was afflicting herself with unnecessary miseries her husband was suffering from griefs less easily to be avoided. The copy-books say that Innocence is Bold, and it is one of the conventional arguments against a Suspect that he runs away. As a matter of course the running away is merely an indication of character, and has nothing to do with guilt or innocence. The shrug of surprised pity at the benighted accuser, the placid mien of assured innocence, the martyr's resignation and the saint's forgiveness, are things familiar in our courts of justice, and are displayed there, never by the innocent, but daily by the branded rascals who use them as a part of stock in trade. But it takes much experience to kill a phrase, and Innocence is still Bold in the copy-books and the apprehension of the unworldly.

Mrs. Tregarthen's flight, her foolish innocent letter, and her continued silence were enough to prejudice the most trusting of men against her. The real motive for flight was absurdly inadequate to anybody who could survey the case dispassionately. To Tregarthen its inadequacy seemed exaggerated, because he, better than any outsider could have known it, knew his own readiness to forget and forgive the small deceit of which his wife had been guilty—if that were all. The agonised letter, with its talk about "guilty deceit" and "unknown past," seemed to point to more than the wickedness of a month or two upon the stage; and when week after week dragged by, and brought no news from the runaway, Tregarthen's first suspicions and fears were bit by bit confirmed, until they settled into dreadful certainty.

He dismissed and paid the architect and the builder, and brought the works at Tregarthen to a close. Blocks of stone, rough or trimmed,

balks of timber, mounds of mortar, and tracts of trodden lime de the grass before the old mansion, and were left there unheeded, a v sign of hopes abandoned. A new unfinished wall or two mocke ruins, and the whole place was desolate with the signs of raw r Tregarthen left the house in which he had resided during his married life, and went back to the home of his fathers.

As may be guessed, the whole countryside was alive with sp tion. Where everybody was equally ignorant, it was natural that should be many who were the sole repositories of truth; and i equally natural that all the versions set about by these enligh people should differ. But howsoever they differed in detail, it w markable to notice how they agreed in the main point. The old against Tregarthen revived and took additions to itself, and i settled by common consent that he had done something dreadfu that Mrs. Tregarthen had been compelled to desert him. Some hungrier after melodrama found shivery hints of murder in the and dropped dark sayings about convenient caves on Treg Island.

In Tregarthen's mind his wife's flight was a thing of long ago a somewhat obvious reflection occurred to him. She had given hi fortune to pay for the repairs of the old house, and he had no ri retain it. From the moment when he thought of this the money s to burn him, and he went off in hot haste to London. Messrs. and Carter, of Clement's Inn, had been his wife's solicitors, a naturally applied to them. The senior partner was a man of aspect, not at all legal in his looks; an elderly man, with a boyish ness of manner and a smiling eye.

Tregarthen told his story with a savage brevity.

"My wife for reasons of her own has left me. You know th made over to me the whole of her own fortune."

"In spite of my advice," said the lawyer.

"Precisely. I am here to return it. If you have no present ledge of her whereabouts——"

"None in the world."

"You may advertise, requesting her to apply to you, and that her fortune lies in your hands. If you will execute the nec instruments, I will sign them before leaving town."

"You wish the transfer to be absolute and unconditional?"

"Absolute and unconditional. Be good enough not to m my name in the advertisement. She will respond to the name of Churchill."

"Her stage name," said the lawyer, "before she married."

"You knew that?" said Tregarthen, looking darkly at him.

"We knew that. Certainly. We arranged her father's affair were in occasional communication with her until a few month Excuse me, Mr. Tregarthen. Men in my profession sometimes h

good deal of domestic discomforts, and sometimes succeed in patching up a difficulty."

"I shall not ask your mediation in this case, sir," Tregarthen answered. "I shall be obliged if you will delay me as little as possible. I have no other business in London."

He did not leave a pleasant impression on the lawyer's mind; and if he had known it, or had cared to know it, he had a disagreeable impression to clear away to begin with. The laywer had heard Tregarthen's unfortunate regimental story from the one quarter in which it was likely to be reviewed with the least mercy. Colonel Pollard was a client of Messrs. Lowe and Carter's, and when the Colonel told a story he had a knack of telling it to his own credit. In his narrative Tregarthen shone as a rowdy and a traducer of the sex, a roué, a boaster, and a blackguard.

The necessary documents were drawn up and signed, the advertisement was prepared and inserted, and Tregarthen went back to his island. Before he left town he was asked one question by the lawyer.

"Do you desire to entrust me with any message to Mrs. Tregarthen in case the advertisement should reach her, and she should apply to us?"

"None," said Tregarthen. His heart was sore, and he was weary of the world. There was no man in England more unhappy, and the very necessity of the case forbade him to repose confidence in any man.

He went back and lived almost alone, and loathed the world. There was no honour in man and no truth in woman, and he had learned this bitter creed by experience. To uplift a voice for Honour was to call down ruin; to love was to be betrayed; to be blameless meant that the human rarity who dared it should be shunned and hated.

For a long time his books were charmless, and day by day his heart's editor added Despite to Hatred, and found the sum total to be Misery. After a pause he learned that the lawyers had by chance discovered Mrs. Tregarthen, and that she had refused to touch a penny of the money from his hands. This might have puzzled him if he had been in the humour to be puzzled by anything. As it was, he wrote icily back that the money was none of his, but hers, and that she might please herself about accepting or refusing it. He at least had no claim upon it. The men of law wrote once more, saying that Mrs. Tregarthen had again disappeared, and asking for instructions. He had none to give, and Miss Farmer's fortune lay at interest therefore and remained unclaimed.

The blustering spring was back again, and March was wilder than it had been for many a year. For three days one tremendous gale blew from the west, and, gathering strength in the great ocean spaces, poured such a tide upon the coast as had scarcely been matched within the memory of living men. Storms of sleet and rain swept over the island, and communication with the mainland was impossible. It pleased Tregarthen to be thus shut out from the world, and the savage isolation

the tempest brought him was in rare consonance with his mood. T milder aspects of nature had ceased to attract him, but this mad m gling of the elements drew him continuously abroad, and he spent ho upon the western rocks when he could hardly stand against the wi and could not look to windward for an instant.

On the last night of this prolonged tempest the Atlantic rollers with such force and volume that they cast stones as large as a ma head forty or fifty yards inland. The east was as black as ink alrea and the west was a gruesome grey, when Tregarthen (clinging with b hands to the wet surface of a boulder which lay three hundred pa from the tidal line, and taking his last look at the sea-race as it w foaming back from the crags upon his right) saw a sudden tongue light flash out from the darkness, and heard, or thought he hear second or two later, the heavy boom of a gun. Crouching behind boulder, and so sheltering his eyes from the wind, he could dimly m out the form of a great vessel, and just as he was sure of her he sa second tongue of light flame out from her, but this time, though listened with all his soul, the gun was dumb in the prodigious noises the sea. Next, he lost her for a minute in the gloom, and found again by a third tongue of flame. Every second of that dread minute had brought the fancied sound of the gun's voice to his ears.

Each flash was nearer than the last, and he could see that the s was sweeping helplessly on shore. He made his difficult and danger way towards her, sometimes sheltered by the broken ground, but ofte so beaten by the wind that he could but crawl upon his hands and kn All the time, at intervals which seemed incredibly apart from e other, the noiseless lightning shot from the vessel's side. Whenever inequalities of the ground hid her from him he fancied he could hear gun boom and boom and boom, but whenever he saw the flash the g was dumb. He came breathless and panting upon the northern rocks a could make out the lines of the hapless ship more clearly. There was shelter for her on the leeside of the island, for, as Tregarthen knew, sea was running there like a mill race magnified a myriad times. drifted with huge lurches towards this channel, and Tregarthen rag with pity and helplessness tore along the rocks. If he could he wo have cast himself upon the ground and have seen no more until all over, but the fascination of horror was upon him, and he was as pow less to resist it as he was to save a life aboard the vessel. She was sight now continually, and he ran down the broad grass platform w the wind at his back, and kept alongside at a distance of little m than three hundred yards. What with the dashing spray and the wi and the gloom, he could not make out a soul on board, but the fl spoke twice more to his helpless heart, and then the great craft seem resigned to die in darkness, and even to leap at her doom, as despairi men have been known to do.

The score of men, women, and children who, apart from Tregarthe

household, made up the sole population of the island, were clustered on the northern rock above the Sea Gate. Tregarthen's housekeeper, maid, and man-servant were there also, and when he came amongst them they were all staring at the fated ship. Against the opposite rocks she scarcely showed at all, and she was as often fancied as seen; but now, in a strange way, the gloom began to lighten, as gauze after gauze of cloud was torn from the higher skies, and the moon showed through, at first in a mere broadly-dispersed but feeble gleam, but finally shining through a clear rift with a star or two about her.

"There's where she'll break!" said one old sea-dog, pointing to the southern wall of the Sea Gate. He roared the words, but only one man heard him in the howling of the wind and sea.

"You'm right," said the neighbour to whom he spoke. "The race sets terrible off Gorbay Head."

"See her acomin' now," cried a third, seizing Tregarthen by the arm.

The whole force of the main tide set westward. To the north-west of the island juts out a promontory four miles long and as many broad, and when a west wind blows upon this coast the chief force of the current makes for the narrow passage between Gorbay Head and Tregarthen. Gorbay forms an irregular semicircle almost due east of the island, and the tide, sweeping past the southern end of Tregarthen, raves round this arc until the narrower current meets it, when it turns and the two break together upon the southern Sea Gate wall. The engines were never built which could fight a ship's way against that awful race when the Atlantic swells it with a storm from the west, though at other times Gorbay is a sheltered harbour.

Between the Head and the island the opposing currents caught the ship, and spun her twice or thrice in a wild circle, and then she came howling down, swift and steady, as if there were a breeze abeam and every stitch of canvas had been set.

Everybody with one consent ran for the mouth of the Sea Gate, though they turned their backs upon the ship to do it, and, after a hurried clamber down the wet rocks, they stood upon the sand and watched the channel, and waited for the end. In spite of her broken masts, and the tangle of spars and cordage which encumbered her deck, she looked stately as she swept into sight and made for death almost at the watchers' feet. No ear on shore heard her when she struck. She touched the rock, and it seemed to have power to melt her. She fell back from the climbing seas and flying foam, and her ponderous bows had vanished. She drove forward again, and retired again, and again drove forward, and fell to pieces softly, melted away, dissolved, as if no force were used at all. The shriek and groan of severing timbers were no more heard than the cry of severing soul and body.

Those on shore who had the heart to look saw two or three wretches leap from the deck into the boiling waters, and two or three others

clinging here and there, until the ship had broken on the rock like a cloud upon a cloud.

As the vessel first touched the rock the moon was shrouded, and as she melted away the light grew again. Whilst the watchers stood with aching hearts, a sudden volume of water poured into the narrow gate and drove them back. When it fell again, reluctantly, as if its liquid fingers clutched at the sand, it left a fragment of a spar behind it, and almost before the quickest eye had seen this, another wave fell and hid it. When that wave retired it dragged the spar with it, and rolled it over and over. Tregarthen shrieked like a woman; for there, plain to sight, was a child strapped to the rolling spar. None heard the cry, but all saw the forward dash he made, and all realised the double hope and fear. He had reached the spar, and had wound the fingers of his right hand among the coils of rope which bound the child, when the next wave swept up, and tossed him high, as if he had been a straw. But he held on, and, when the wave cast him to the beach, he dug his left fingers in the sand and tried for a grip with his toes. Hercules would have had no more chance against that raging backwash than a baby, and Tregarthen went dragging down the sandy slope until the advancing wave swept up again, lifted him, rolled him over, and cast him and the spar down together. The spar fell uppermost, and struck Tregarthen so heavily on the head that, with a great crackle and sparkle of lights before his eyes, he swooned and lay like a stone.

The spar came end-on this time, and one Cornish sea-dog fell on it and gripped it with his might, and a second, falling on his knees behind the first, took him round the loins with knitted fingers, and a third seized the second by the leather belt he wore. The next wave came howling up; but before it had them fairly in its grasp, a fourth had seized the third by the hand, and a fifth the fourth, and when the great monster went grinding back with its reluctant fingers clutching at the sand, the line was sound. Before the sea came again, Tregarthen and the child were out of its reach; for the rope had miraculously tangled itself about the rescuer's arm, and when the men dragged at the spar he came with it.

There was no memory of the storm in the mild spring air when Tregarthen next awoke to a knowledge of the world. He was lying in bed in his own room, and the window, which faced to the south, was open, so that he could just hear the gentle chiding of the sea. He lay for a time without a care to remember anything; but when he tried to move he found head, hands, and limbs marvellously heavy, and he began to be aware that he ached all over. Then he remembered the storm, the shipwreck, and the rescue he had attempted.

"Is anybody here?" he asked, in a voice so feeble that he was surprised at it.

His housekeeper's voice responded with an ejaculation of pious joy, and the old woman was at the bedside in a moment.

"You know me, sir?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. "I have been ill? Who saved me? Did they save the child?"

"It was Reuben Pollarth," said the housekeeper, "went in after you first, sir. But they all helped."

"Did they save the child?" he asked again.

"The child's quite safe, sir. Don't you talk no more now, Mr. Arthur, there's a dear."

"Where is the child? In the house?"

"Yes, sir, yes," returned the old lady. "But don't you talk, dear heart, or you'll do yourself a mischief."

"It was a boy, I think," said Tregarthen.

"Yes, yes, sir, yes," said the housekeeper. "Here's your sleepin' draught, Mr. Arthur."

"Bring him here," said Tregarthen. "No, no!" moving his eyebrows impatiently at the draught. "The boy. Let me see him. Bring him here at once."

The old lady rustled softly from the room, afraid to deny him longer.

"The Tregarthens 'll have their way if they are dying," she said to herself. "It was their manner always." She returned in a moment. "I have sent for him, sir."

Tregarthen made a response with his eyes, and lay still. By and by there was a knock at the door, and the housekeeper, answering it, led into the room a little fellow of six or seven years of age, and set him where her master could see him. The child was pale, and his cheeks were hollow. He had a profusion of light hair, a shy but pleasant aspect, and large grey eyes.

"Let him be taken care of," said Tregarthen, in his feeble voice. "Bring him to me again to-morrow. A pretty child. Any one else?"

"No, sir," said the housekeeper, with a downward glance at the child.

"Bring him again to-morrow," said Tregarthen. "I am tired."

Early Spring in California.

April in California! What a dream of delight the words recall to the fortunate traveller whose times and seasons have been so happily ordered as to bring him to the Granite State at this favoured season; for all these Western States are like different worlds, according as we see them in the green loveliness of their fresh spring-time, or when the long summer's drought has transformed the flowery pastures into broad plains of yellow sun-dried hay and withered plants, all smothered in stifling dust.

Even when, forsaking the plains, the traveller turns his steps to the great mountain ranges, he only who arrives in the early spring-time can revel in their full beauty. For him, the hills are rainbow-hued with countless blossoms, and every streamlet, fed by the melting snows on the upper ranges, becomes a rushing river, and every waterfall is a vision of entrancing loveliness.

The summer wanderer travels in choking, blinding dust clouds. He finds the streams insignificant, the azaleas already on the wane, and even the largest waterfalls mere ghosts of their spring glory, while all the gleaming temporary falls, born only of the snows, have altogether disappeared.

I had, therefore, good cause to deem myself fortunate, when, owing to prolonged detention in the beautiful isles of the South Pacific, I landed in San Francisco on Easter morning, and received my first impressions of the New World from its exquisitely decorated churches, with their lavish display of flowers. Each church in the great city strove to outdo its neighbour in its profusion of roses and pure white lilies—chiefly the Calla lily, which we call Arum.

Throughout California the afternoon of Easter Day is the children's floral festival, and thousands of happy little ones march in procession, with gay banners and offerings of flowers, to take part in a joyous choral festival, and to present their gift of lovely fragrant flowers—perhaps also of money—for the poor and suffering.

After this glimpse of what Californian gardens can produce, we made various expeditions in the neighbourhood, and everywhere the prominent object was the wealth of wild flowers. We drove for miles through lupine scrub—hardy, perennial lupines, indigenous to California and able to flourish on the driest sand. So their growth has been greatly encouraged on the desolate sand dunes on which the great has sprung up; and these pioneer lupines are doing a mighty

reclaiming thousands of acres of the arid, shifting sands. Each bush bears countless spikes of blossom, pink, lilac, white, blue, pale lemon, or orange colour; and besides these shrub lupines, all other varieties grow abundantly—small lemon-coloured flowers, large succulent blue lupines, and all manner of dwarfs.

Elsewhere we passed by patches of intensely blue larkspur, and a scarlet flower called painted brush, and many another beautiful wild flower. But, above all, our eyes rested in wonder on broad sheets of the most vivid orange, scattered here and there over the green pasture hills. We were told it was the California poppy, and, on nearer inspection, recognised the familiar eschscholtzia of our own gardens, which here, in its native land, attains a luxuriance unrivalled in exile.

But not till we reached the flower-strewn slopes of the Coast Range could we fairly lay claim to having some idea of the glories of this great floral region. Here hills and meadows were all alike ablaze with bright-hued blossoms, scarlet and gold, pink, white, and lemon colour, blue and purple, of every shade. Flames of vivid colour lighted up the forest glades, and brightened the darkest ravines or the greenest grass slopes; scarlet and blue larkspurs, musk and mimulus, blue nemophila and scarlet columbines, dwarf sunflowers and fritillaria, heartsease and forget-me-not, golden ranunculus and dwarf blue iris—these, and a multitude of flowers familiar to us in gardens, here overspread the land at their own sweet will.

In one morning's ramble I collected upwards of a hundred different flowers, and I was told that in the course of a Californian spring and summer I might find no fewer than six hundred species!

It was a great delight to me to find the jovial round face of the familiar sunflower, beaming a cheery welcome to its Californian birthplace; but we saw only a few blossoms. I was told, however, that there are tracts in the mountain districts to the south where, for miles and miles, successive ridges gleam like gold, owing to the myriads of these gigantic yellow daisies, so closely packed that there is no green to be seen, only a sheet of saffron hue. The same glory overspreads Southern Colorado, where purple asters also abound, and both grow so freely that they even spring up from the turf sods with which the miners roof their huts, giving quite an æsthetic touch to the dingy camps.

Beautiful as were the plains in their robes of flower-embroidered verdure, I craved to reach the beautiful Sierra Nevada; and, hearing that the rapid melting of the snows had opened the roads to the far-famed Yō-Semité Valley, I resolved to start without delay. One afternoon on the railway, and two long days of coaching, brought us to the forest belt.

The railway ran us along a small portion of the vast wheatfield which now extends well-nigh six hundred miles from north to south. However dear to the farmer, it is not attractive to the lover of beautiful, uncultivated nature, and I was glad to escape from its monotony, and

arrive at a region of gently undulating hills, all clothed with rich tall grass of a peculiarly lovely light green, ideal pastures where happy cattle were luxuriating; and here, too, the beautiful grass was but a groundwork whereon were showered masses of vivid crimson and purple, white, scarlet, and gold.

Onward we toiled, uphill and down, winding round about among the foothills, which in places are densely clothed with chaparral (*i.e.* brushwood, with a large proportion of flowering shrubs), and elsewhere are grassy and park-like, adorned with fine clumps of buck-eye and live-oak—in other words, Californian horse-chestnut and ilex. And, far and near, the grassy slopes were tinged with rainbow hues where the bright sunlight played on banks of wild flowers.

As we reached the higher levels, we found deep banks of snow lying in places; but even close by these some kindly blossoms had contrived to expand, and in the shelter of the great pine forest I found some beautiful specimens of a plant altogether new to me (*Sarcodes sanguinea*), a strange, bright-scarlet crimson blossom, like a very fleshy hyacinth. It is called the snow-flower, because it rises right out of the earth as soon as ever the snow melts, after the manner of our snowdrop; but instead of being enfolded in smooth green leaves, each crimson bell is wrapped in a crimson leaflet, which uncurls as it rises above the earth, forming a sort of hyacinthine pyramid of blossom eight inches in height. It has only two or three inches of thick stem, and really suggests little tongues of flame darting out of the newly thawed earth, quite close to snowdrifts. I do not know whether it is found in any other country, but I have never heard of it elsewhere.

When we reached the higher levels, and caught sight of a succession of grand mountain summits all robed in dazzling white, we fully realised our good fortune in having arrived while there was yet sufficient snow to let us see the Sierra Nevada * in its true character.

One farewell shower swept down from the mountains and enfolded us, while we were passing through a belt of magnificent old pines. The falling flakes shrouded the mountains in a filmy gauze-like veil, while the distant clumps of dark pines, wrapped in grey shadow, were indistinct and phantom-like. Those nearer to us loomed gigantic, their vast size exaggerated by the magnifying mist and the swirling of the fitful snow showers. Silently, silently, the soft feather-like flakes fell, not a breath of air stirring to disturb them, as they settled on every twig and spray more lightly than ever butterfly rested on a flower.

Suddenly the clouds cleared off, revealing a heaven more intensely azure than I have ever seen even in the tropics; and then a flood of golden sunlight was outpoured on the beautiful, dazzling earth, and the glory of the forest was beyond all description. Each stately pi seemed transformed to a pyramid of glistening alabaster with strata

* *Sierra Nevada*, range of snow.

, as we caught glimpses of the dark-green undersides of the sweeping boughs, weighed down beneath their burden of myriad es.

very side of us, in the low-lying forest or the hanging wood that he steep mountain side, rose ten thousand times ten thousand te spires and minarets and pinnacles, as in some idealised city (but assuredly no marble ever gleamed so purely—not even n-like tombs of Agra).

very grassy reed, each hazel twig and manzanita bush, the light in fairy-like crystals—even the silken webs of the busy spiders ht their share, and now sparkled like jewels in the sunlight. And at rock-boulder was snow-capped, and each stern, rugged crag ned by a powder-like dusting, lightly sprinkled wheresoever a r a furrow gave it a chance of resting, and far above all uprose al hills, robed in spotless white, pure and dazzling.

alted for a couple of nights at a comfortable ranch, in the heart of t, beside a picturesque stream known to white men as Big Creek; ce explored a magnificent grove of glorious old pines, inter- with majestic specimens of the *Sequoia gigantea*, which people nd will persist in calling Wellingtonia, to the unmitigated and t annoyance of all Americans.

is such a forest as can only be seen in California, beauti- nd all words, with long arcades of stately columns, brown, ellow, representing pines, cedars, and firs of many sorts, each as an arrow, and towering from two to three hundred feet in o vanish in a crown of interlacing misty green foliage. Such should be the haunt of all good spirits, as in truth the Indians ieve.

be fifth day after leaving San Francisco, we reached a mountain out 7,000 feet above the sea. Suddenly we caught our first the Valley, lying about 3,000 feet below us, an abrupt chasm eat rolling expanse of billowy granite ridges, or I should rather it as a vast sunken pit, with perpendicular walls, and carpeted level and most verdant meadow, through which flows a river like quicksilver.

and there, a vertical cloud of spray on the face of the huge d where some snow-fed stream from the upper ranges had found o the brink of the chasm—a perpendicular fall of from two to usand feet.

fall nearest to where we stood was pointed out as the Bridal the Indians call it Pohono. It seemed a floating film of finest which played the loveliest rainbow lights; for the sun was lowering behind us, and the afternoon shadows were stealing Valley, though the light shone clear and bright on the cold white rags, and on the glittering snow peaks of the High Sierras.

mighty precipice, and rock needle, and strange granite dome,

was pointed out to us by name, as we halted on the summit of the pass ere commencing the steep descent. The entrance to the Valley is guarded by a stupendous square-cut mass of white granite, which the Spanish settlers have dubbed El Capitan. It is a grand massive cliff, projecting so far from the main rock wall as to suggest the idea of a huge keep, wherein the Genii of the Valley may have braved the siege of the Ice Giants.

I doubt if in the whole rock world another crag exists which can compare with this. Just try to realise its dimensions. A massive face of smooth, cream-coloured granite, half a mile long, half a mile wide, three-fifths of a mile high. Its actual height is 3,300 feet. Think of our beautiful Castle Rock in Edinburgh with its 434 feet, or Dover Castle, 469 feet, or even Arthur's Seat, 822 feet—what pigmies they would seem could some wizard transport them to the base of this grand crag, on whose surface not a blade of grass, not a fern or lichen, finds holding ground, or presumes to tinge the bare clean-cut precipice.

Imagine a crag, just the height of Snowdon, with a lovely snow stream falling perpendicular from its summit to its base, and a second and larger fall in the deep gorge where it joins the great rock-wall of the Valley. The first is nameless, and vanishes with the snows; but the second never quite dries up even in summer. The Indians call it Luny-oo-too-koo-ya, to describe the plaintive note of the wood doves which find shelter in the gorge.

Descending to the Valley, we forded the stream which forms "The Bridal Veil," and agreed that if Pohono be in truth, as the Indian legend tells, the spirit of an evil wind, it surely must be a repentant and glorified spirit, for nothing so beautiful could be evil. It is a sight to gladden the angels—a most ethereal fall, light as steam, swaying with every breath.

It falls from an overhanging rock, and often the current produced by its own rushing seems to pass beneath the rock, and so checks the whole column, and carries it upward in a wreath of whitest vapour, blending with the true clouds.

When the rainbow plays upon it, it too seems to be wafted up, and floats in a jewelled spray, wherein sapphires and diamonds and opals, topaz and emeralds, all mingle their dazzling tints. At other times, it rushes down in a shower of fairy-like rockets, in what appears to be a perpendicular column, a thousand feet high, and loses itself in a cloud of mist among the tall dark pines which clothe the base of the crag.

A succession of stupendous rock needles have been designated "Cathedral Spires," and one mighty obelisk, a thousand feet in height, towering from a pedestal of two thousand feet more, all of solid granite, is known as The Sentinel, keeping watch and ward over the peaceful Valley below, where greenest pastures lie, beside the stillest of waters.

Farther up the Valley, two gigantic Domes of the whitest granite are built up on the foundation of the great encompassing wall. One

on each side of the Valley. The north Dome is perfect, like the roof of some vast mosque; but the south or Hâlf Dome is an extraordinary freak of nature very puzzling to geologists, as literally half of this enormous mass of granite has disappeared, leaving no trace of its existence save a sheer precipitous rock face, considerably over four thousand feet in height, from which the corresponding half has evidently broken off, and slipped down into some fearful chasm, which apparently it has been the means of filling up.

Above the Domes, and closing in the upper end of the Valley, is a beautiful snowy mountain, called Cloud's Rest, which, seen from afar, is the most attractive point of all the mountains. But the chief interest within the Valley centres in the glorious falls from which it takes its name, and which burst suddenly upon our amazed vision when we reached the base of the Sentinel Rock. They are so indescribably lovely that I altogether despair of conveying any notion of them in words.

No wonder the Indians reverence the beautiful Yō-Semité Falls. Even the white settlers in the Valley cannot resist their influence, but speak of them with an admiration that amounts to love. Some spend the winter in the Valley, and they told me that if I could see the Falls in their winter robes, all fringed with icicles, I should gain a glimpse of fairyland.

At the base of the great fall the fairies build a real ice palace, sometimes more than a hundred feet high. It is formed by the ever-falling, freezing spray, and the bright sun gleams on this glittering palace of crystal, and the falling water striking upon it shoots off in showers, like myriad opals and diamonds.

But when first I beheld them, on a bright May morning, not an icicle remained, and the Falls were in their glory. I had never dreamt of anything so lovely. I confess that I am not a keen lover of waterfalls in general, and am often inclined to vote them a bore, when enthusiastic people insist on leaving the blessed sunshine to go ever so far down a dank, damp ravine, to see some foolish driblet.

But here we stand in the glorious sunlight, among pine trees a couple of hundred feet in height, and they are pigmies, like ourselves, in presence of even the lowest step of the stately fall which leaps and dashes from so vast a height that it loses all semblance of water. It is a splendid bouquet of glistening rockets, which, instead of rushing heavenward, shoot down as if from the blue canopy which seems to touch the brink, 2,700 feet above us.

Like myriad falling stars they flash, each keeping its separate course for several hundred feet, till at length it blends with ten thousand more in the grand avalanche of frothy, fleecy foam, which for ever and for ever falls, boiling and raging like a whirlpool, among the huge black boulders in the deep caldron below, and throwing back clouds of mist and vapour.

The most exquisite moment occurs when you reach some spot where

the sun's rays, streaming past you, transform the light vapour into brilliant rainbow prisms, which gird the fall with vivid iris bars. As the water-rockets flash through these radiant belts, they seem to carry the colour onwards as they fall; and sometimes it wavers and trembles in the breeze, so that the rainbow knows not where to rest, but forms a moving column of radiant tricolor.

So large a body of water rushing through the air naturally produces a strong current, which, passing between the face of the rock and the fall, carries the latter well forward, so that it becomes the sport of every breeze that dances through the Valley; hence this great column is for ever vibrating from side to side, and often forms a semicircular curve.

The width of the stream at the summit is about twenty to thirty feet, but at the base of the Upper Fall it has expanded to a width of fully three hundred feet; and, as the wind carries it to one side or the other, it plays over a space of about a thousand feet in width, of a precipitous rock-face, sixteen hundred feet in depth. That is the height of the Upper Fall.

As seen from below, the Yō-Semité, though divided into three distinct falls, is apparently all on one plane. It is only when you reach some point from which you see it sideways, that you realise that the Great Upper Fall lies fully a quarter of a mile further back than the Middle and Lower Falls, and that it rushes down this space in boiling cascades till it reaches a perpendicular rock, over which it leaps about 600 feet, and then gives a third and final plunge of about 500, making up a total of little under 2,700.

Now, if you can realise that the height of Niagara is 162 feet, you will perceive that if some potent magician could bring it into the Valley, it would be effectually concealed by trees of fully its own height, many far overtopping it.

Niagara of course makes up in width what she lacks in height. The Horseshoe or Canadian Fall is about 150 feet. The width is 2,100 feet. The American Fall is about 160 feet in height, and 1,100 in width. The total width, inclusive of Goat Island, is 4,200 feet.

Niagara not only owes nothing to its accessories, but actually benefits by the total absence of any scenery. There is absolutely nothing in the very uninteresting level country around it to distract the attention from the marvellous beauty of the majestic falls—from the indescribable loveliness of that heavy, waving curtain of emerald-green water, and the ethereal clouds of misty foam on which the rainbows never cease to play, whether in sunshine or moonlight.

Niagara is the type of force and irresistible might. Yō-Semité is the emblem of purity and elegance.

I deemed myself fortunate in finding quarters in the cosy little group of neat wooden bungalows which form the cottage-hotel known as Barnard's, which is by far the most pleasantly situated house in the Valley, and especially in securing a room commanding a perfect vi

e Falls. Indeed, I found my outlook so entrancing that it was three onths ere I succeeded in tearing myself away; and, truth to say, nother month was embittered by vain regrets that I had done so.

From my window I looked right down into the clear, peaceful river lerced, gliding onward almost imperceptibly through thickets of most agrant wild yellow azaleas, while an upward glance through a frame f dark pines and tremulous poplars (the Balm of Gilead) revealed the xquisite Falls, whose waters join the Merced a little further down the 'alley. So that at all times and seasons I could watch this most fasinating of shaggy "Grizzly Bears" (for such is the meaning of its name) -the ghost of a bear surely, for it is often an ethereal, floating thing.

In strong gales the wind carries the whole body of water high in air, ke a snow-storm or a white dust-storm, and sprinkles the mountain ummits; and at all times the spray flies like clouds of glittering dust, s if the granite walls were powdered by constant friction.

In a direct line the Falls are only about a quarter of a mile from the ouse, and sometimes their noise is like the roar of distant thunder—hen it comes softened and subdued. It is not quite continuous, but eems to pulsate, at short, regular intervals—a throbbing sound, as if he waters fell in successive leaps.

Sometimes the music of the waters sounds like the tremulous tones f some melodious harp, each vibration of the mighty strings heard eparately, in everlasting cadence. At other times, varying with the irection of the breeze, there seemed to be only a low musical murmur, ike the humming of a bustling busy bee. Then perhaps a rattle, as if f musketry, suggests the crash of loosened fragments of rock, though he sound is often produced by the mere concussion of air and water. To the same concussion is due the quivering and trembling of the ground, f which you are conscious when standing close to the Falls, as though he very earth were overawed by the might of the rushing waters.

One of my favourite short expeditions was an enchanting scramble hrough the pine woods, and up a steep canyon over piled-up fragments f rock, to the base of the Lowest Fall, or rather to a sheltered nook ust to one side of it—a little oasis of green grass and ferns, whence I ould get a view of the Fall *en profile*, and watch it rushing past, forming a most beautiful and unusual foreground to the green Valley seen far elow, and the great granite mountains beyond.

As seen from this point, this Fall is magnificent—complete in itself. Yet from a little distance it appears only an insignificant appendage to he Great Fall, and its base is altogether hidden by the trees. I sat or hours watching these falling waters; and attempted to sketch the unketchable, till I was fairly bewildered by the deep-toned voice of many aters, and the rushing spray, and was glad to return to the quiet reen meadows.

The snows on the Sierras were melting rapidly, and by the middle f May all the streams had overflowed their accustomed channels.

Several pleasant paths, which we had explored on first arriving, were flooded, for the Yō-Semité was "in spate"—a boisterous, whirling cataract, thundering and chafing among the boulders. Its waters were now divided into a dozen branches, each a foaming torrent, wearing a channel for itself, as it rushed headlong through pine woods, seeking the placid Merced river, which glides on a dead level from the moment it enters the Valley till it departs thence.

To any but a first-rate walker, a pony or a horse is a downright necessity to whoever wishes to see anything beyond the Valley itself, as it holds you fairly imprisoned till you can scale its walls. Not till then do you gain any idea of the vast expanse of Alpine scenery which lies beyond, range upon range, a world of grey granite and snow, relieved by tracts of dark pine forest.

When we first arrived we felt as if we never could escape from the Valley—there seemed no possible means for any but winged creatures to reach the upper world; but soon we learnt that patient men had devised cunningly contrived zigzag trails, taking advantage of every little ledge and crevice of rock; blasting here, and building there, till they had engineered excellent paths at a safe gradient along the face of what appear to be perpendicular walls of granite, and so, winding to and fro, here following the course of some deep gulch, there taking advantage of a patch of forest, they finally reached the summit, and could look down on the Valley as on a green and silver ribbon lying far below them.

Though the Valley is reserved by the State as a national park, all these trails have been made by private enterprise, at a considerable outlay of labour, time, and money. So the proprietor of each is allowed to levy a toll of from one to two dollars on each passenger. Having paid once, he is free for the season. But few indeed are the travellers who ever allow themselves time to go over any of these grand scenes more than once, and that at railway speed.

As a matter of course, one of our first days in the Valley was devoted to reaching the summit of the Great Fall. The only practicable route by which to reach the base of the Upper Fall is a very circuitous one, retracing the Valley till you ascend zigzagging through a belt of beautiful pines, and so gradually gain the high level.

Having hired sturdy and sure-footed ponies (of which a large number are kept in the Valley), we started one bright clear morning. The views at every turn were magnificent; each fresh aspect of the wonderful Falls helped us more and more to realise their might and majesty.

Can you picture them ever so faintly? The flashing, foaming cataract tumbling almost perpendicularly for half a mile from the brink to the base; first the wild leap of 1,500 feet, dashing headlong into the cup worn by its own ceaseless action on the hard granite rock, then chafing madly among the fallen boulders ere it rushes to the second ledge, ready to repeat the leap.

You look up at the never-ceasing shower of water-rockets til

are dazzled with their gleaming white, and rest thankfully on the blue heaven from which they seem to fall, and the floating spray s mist among the dark pines till a gleam of sunlight transforms it glittering shower of shattered diamonds.

When we reached the base of the Upper Fall, we dismounted, and bling over masses of rock, piled in chaos as they fell from the upper , we climbed to a great boulder just beyond reach of the spray, and sat gazing up at the living waters, ever falling, falling, in thousands parate tongues of foam. Some say it is like a waving plume of y feathers, but to me the form of inverted fire-rockets is the only one descriptive. Sometimes each rushes singly, preserving its perfect , while others are dispersed in mid-career by the rushing breeze.

n presence of that rocket-shower, falling from a height of 1,600 what dainty miniatures our favourite British waterfalls do seem! pose lovely Foyers is the finest fall in Scotland, but when reduced gures its height is only 212 feet. The Falls of Bruar are 200 feet, alls of the Rhine 100, and even the far-famed Staubbach only attains feet.

ou do not realise the full majesty of this most worshipful monarch e water-gods till you have crept meekly to his feet, as we did, and e remain spell-bound, overawed by the glory of the scene. The sense resistible power of that headlong rush of bright, gleaming waters, utter restlessness of their ceaseless motion, and their thunderous as they strike the rocky basin far below, soon become overpowering es and brain are alike bewildered. And besides the direct downward ement, spirit-like clouds of spray float around, drifting with every ent of wind, softening the too dazzling brightness of the white foam, adding to the giddy complex motion of the whole.

The face of the great crag overhangs a little, so that as the waters thrown forward, they leave a dry space behind the fall at the base of cliff, a long broad passage where those who are so inclined can enter, standing behind the curtain of falling waters, can listen to the ing wind, and try how near danger they can venture without acci- . When only a light summer stream is falling, and the sun is ing upon it, the effect produced is that of a shimmering shower of onds. But when the storm flood is heavy, a visit to this strange is risky, as the approach to it involves a drenching from the heavy y; so we were nowise tempted, but, tearing ourselves away from this tiful and most fascinating spot, we commenced the steep ascent ugh Comimi Canyon.

The trail is led up by such innumerable zigzags that a tolerably easy e has been attained, and my sturdy pony climbed up without the test hesitation. What with excavations in some places, and building ock foundation in others, the tracing and making of such a trail, and the constant repairs consequent on falling rocks or melting snows, ly both genius and ceaseless care.

The Canyon heads actually at the summit of the Falls, and there seems no sort of reason why the Yō-Semité Creek should not have rushed down the slope instead of selecting the headlong course which it has adopted; for which, however, we may be most deeply grateful to it.

By its ceaseless friction it has so polished the granite rock over which it flows, that to attempt a near approach is just like walking on ice. It is horribly dangerous, as the first slip would inevitably prove the last. Yet the fascination is irresistible, so I crawled to the brink on hands and knees, and there lay watching the leaping waters as they rushed past me, down, down, down, till the abyss of white foam was merged in the ever-swaying, ever-varying cloud of spray, while a thousand mingling echoes rose from the rocky world below. It was awesome beyond all words. Far, far beneath us, faintly seen through the floating mists, the Valley lay bathed in sunlight, like a dream of some other world.

The Yō-Semité Creek is a snow-fed stream which rises on the west side of the alpine group of which Mount Hoffmann is chief, lying about ten miles north-east of the Valley. The course lies over a bed of bare granite rock; and as it is fed exclusively by the melting snow, it follows that as the season advances it must shrink to a most insignificant rivulet.

We found the snow still lying deep in the unsunned gorges. There had been a "flurry," followed by a night of frost, and a light powdering of glittering snow crystals still sparkled in the bright sunlight, marking the intricate tracery of the leafless boughs. Every grassy reed was snow-tipped, and snow-feathers lay softly on the drooping brambles and the rich brown tufts of lichen.

We were anxious to reach a high point, known as Eagle's Peak (4,000 feet above the Valley), which commands a magnificent view of the Sierras on every side; but as we ascended the snow became deeper and deeper, so, as the ride was neither safe nor pleasant, we agreed to defer it till the season was further advanced.

As it was, we saw several fine snow-peaks in the distance, forming a dazzling crest for the interminable granite ranges, which lay upheaved all around, presenting a wilderness of bare ridges, with here and there a fantastic knob or pinnacle, and on every side patches of dark green forest. The general effect of the landscape was that of a troubled grey sea, here and there tinged with dull green.

Such a general view gave us a better idea of the relative size of the giant crags around us, especially of the stupendous granite Domes. This bird's-eye view also enabled us to realise the true geological aspect of the Valley itself, as a huge sunken pit—no chasm, but the blank left by a portion of the earth's surface having actually subsided.

Except in point of size the Yō-Semité is not unique in its formation; indeed, its name is now used to describe a type of valley of which several have been discovered in the Sierras. Such geological *faults* as have caused this very singular depression exist in many countries. Two

notable examples occur in the Blue Mountains of Australia, where two gigantic pits occur, known as Govat's Leap and the Weather-board, at each of which I have stood on the brink of a deep gorge enclosed by vertical cliffs as steep as these, and have looked on the crowns of giant ferns and trees lying apparently a couple of thousand feet below us—a sanctuary untrodden by human foot. But those cliffs of reddish sandstone do not give one the same feeling of solidity and strength as these granite crags, which fill one with ever-increasing wonder, the longer one gazes upon them.

Not very far from the Yō-Semité lies the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which, though on a somewhat smaller scale, singularly reproduces all the main features of its great relation. It lies on the course of a beautiful river, known as the Cathedral Creek, because it rises in a fantastic Gothic-looking rock mountain, which has been named Cathedral Peak.

There are some beautiful falls just where this stream joins the Tuolumne, and above these rises a stupendous mass of granite known as the Grand Mountain. It is a huge bare rock 4,000 feet in height. Just imagine what a great solid giant! nearly a thousand feet higher than the mighty crag, El Capitan, which guards the entrance of Yō-Semité.

Below this the gorge narrows and the river flows between steep rock walls till it enters the Hetch-Hetchy, which is a crescent-shaped valley about three miles in length and half a mile wide at the broadest part. It lies 3,650 feet above the sea, and, just as in Yō-Semité, its level green meadows are sunk between high vertical granite crags.

One of these is almost a fac-simile of El Capitan, but on a smaller scale, being *only* 1,800 feet high. When the snows are melting in spring it has just such a fall as that which beautifies its great kinsman at the same season. There is also a large rock 2,270 feet high, which strongly resembles the Cathedral Rock in the Yō-Semité.

Then the great Hetch-Hetchy Fall is almost a *replica* of the "Great Grizzly." Certainly it is *only* 1,700 feet high, and is less perpendicular than the Yō-Semité Fall; but it has a larger volume of water, and is exceedingly beautiful. In the spring-time many additional falls pour into the Valley, which terminates in a gorge so narrow that the waters thus accumulated cannot escape, but form a large lake, flooding the meadows, which later in the season afford pasturage to the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle which are driven up from Big Oak Flat.

There is a good deal of fine timber in the Valley, which is undoubtedly exceedingly grand, though it cannot wrest the pre-eminence from the majestic Valley, which, first discovered, is now the accepted type of all such.

Mr. John Muir describes several lovely valleys of the same formation further to the south, in the heart of that rugged wilderness of peaks and canyons where the foaming tributaries of the San Joaquin and King's rivers take their rise. He found the most beautiful of them all near the source of the former—a canyon two miles long and half a mile broad, hemmed in by perpendicular granite crags, and the crystal river

flowing through peaceful groves and meadows, haunted by deer and grouse and joyous singing birds.

Thence he passed into a wilder, narrower gorge, with walls rising perpendicularly from two to four thousand feet above the roaring river. "At the head of the Valley," he says, "the main canyon forks, *as is found to be the case in all Yō-Semitēs.*"

Mr. Muir, however, attributes the formation of that valley to the action of two vast ice-rivers in the glacial period. But now the free, beautiful San Joaquin river, new-born from its glacial fountain, enters the valley in a glorious cascade, its glad waters overleaping granite crags two thousand feet in height.

Truly these Californian Alps hold treasures of delight for lovers of all beautiful nature, who on their parts can bring strength and energy for mountaineering—a sure foot, a steady head, and any amount of endurance.

With respect to the marvellous rounded Domes, it is known that there are dome-shaped masses in all regions where granite prevails; but they are found in the Sierra Nevada on a grander scale than elsewhere. The only thing altogether unique is the Split Dome. The North Dome, on the opposite side of the Valley, has many near relations. They are built up of thick layers of granite, huge concentric plates, overlapping one another in some places, so as to render them inaccessible. Some of these granite flakes are about twenty feet thick, others only three or four feet, and they are curved much in the same way as the basaltic pillars in some of the caves in the Isle of Skye and on the Irish coast; but there is nothing columnar in their appearance, which is rather suggestive of armour-plating, and reminded me of the scales of a gigantic armadillo.

There seems to be no doubt that this peculiar formation was produced by the combined work of Fire and Frost; but opinions appear to be divided as to whether the granite layers were curved by the vast weight of ice as the glaciers passed over them, or whether the granite took these curves during the process of cooling, and the glaciers merely polished the outer surface as they passed over the mountains, grinding and furrowing them with deep seams, caused by the gravel and rocks they carried with them—a remarkably coarse form of sand-paper, applied with a very heavy hand! I believe the latter is the more generally accepted theory.

The North Dome is lower by 1,300 feet than its *vis-à-vis*. Its actual height above the Valley is 3,725 feet. It is built up on the summit of a curious rock face, which has taken the form of Cyclopean arches, and the whole is really suggestive of the great marble archway and silvery-grey cupola of some vast Eastern shrine. On the side facing the Valley great flakes so overhang one another that this mountain, though apparently forming an easy curve, is practically inaccessible from that direction; but on the north side it slopes away easily in a long r easy of ascent.

But the Split Dome is a very different matter. While the

ng the Valley is absolutely vertical, showing where the massive moun-
of rock was cleft in twain, the remaining half presents a rounded
mit, sloping downward at a very steep incline, which becomes
per and steeper as it descends, till at the base it becomes quite pre-
tous.

For many years it was considered altogether inaccessible, but at
th it has been scaled by an energetic, determined Scotchman, George
lerson by name, a Montrose man, who has taken up his abode in
beautiful Valley, and now looks on the Half Dome with such mingled
e and veneration that he is never likely to leave its shadow.

It was in 1875 that he determined to reach the summit, if mortal
could accomplish the feat; climbing goat-like along dizzy ledges,
clinging like a fly to every crevice that could afford him foothold, he
hed the point where hitherto the boldest cragsmen had been foiled.
re he halted till he had drilled a hole in the rock, and securely fixed
iron stanchion with an eye-bolt, through which he passed a strong
e. Then resting on his frail support he was able to reach further,
to drill a second hole, and fix another eye-bolt. From this point of
tage he could secure a third, carrying the rope through every bolt,
always securing it at the upper end.

Thus step by step he crept upward, till at last he had drilled holes
driven in iron stanchions right up the vast granite slab, securing
en hundred feet of rope. Then rounding the mighty shoulder, he
d triumphant on the summit, and there to his amazement he found
vel space of about seven acres, where not only grasses have spread a
en carpet, but seven gnarled and stunted old pines, of three different
ds, have contrived to take root, and, defying storms and tempests,
intain their existence on this bleak, bare summit.

Having thus made the ascent a possibility, Anderson's delight now
o induce enterprising climbers to draw themselves up by his rope
y, the manner of proceeding being to keep one foot on either side of
rope, and, retaining a good grip of the rope itself, gradually to haul
mselves up to the summit, there remain for a while lost in wonder at
grand bird's-eye view, and then climb down backward.

It is all right so long as the stanchions hold firm, and the rope does
break; but should this simple accident occur, there would not be
faintest possibility of rescue; indeed, it would be no easy task to
over the battered and mutilated remains of any poor wretch who
ght fall from this majestic Dome. A leap from the summit of St.
al's would be child's play in comparison; and a man troubled with
cidal mania would find it hard to look down from such a precipice—
beer fall of five thousand feet—and resist the temptation to cast him-
down. For my own part I concluded that there were views well-
h as grand to be obtained at far less risk, and so I resisted all my
ntryman's persuasions to attempt this difficult and dangerous feat.

Richard Crashaw.

No sketch of the English literature of the middle of the seventeenth century can pretend to be complete if it does not tell us something of that serried throng of poets militant who gave in their allegiance to Laud, and became ornaments and then martyrs of the High Church party. Their piety was much more articulate and objective than that which had inspired the hymn-writers and various divine songsters of an earlier age; an element of political conviction, of anger and apprehension, gave ardour and tension to their song. They were conservative and passive, but not oblivious to the tendencies of the time, and the gathering flood of Puritanism forced them, to use an image that they would not themselves have disdained, to climb on to the very altar-steps of ritualism, or even in extreme instances to take wing for the mystic heights of Rome itself. It is from such extreme instances as the latter that we learn to gauge their emotion and their desperation, and it is therefore Crashaw rather than Herbert whom we select for the consideration of a typical specimen of the High Church poets. Nor is it only the hysterical intensity of Crashaw's convictions which marks him out for our present purpose; his position in history, his manhood spent in the last years of the reign of "Thorough," and in the very forefront of the crisis, give him a greater claim upon us than Herbert, who died before Laud succeeded to the Primacy, or Vaughan, who was still a boy when Strafford was executed. There are many other points of view from which Crashaw is of special interest; his works present the only important contribution to English literature made by a pronounced Catholic, embodying Catholic doctrine, during the whole of the seventeenth century, while as a poet, although extremely unequal, he rises, at his best, to a mounting fervour which is quite electrical, and hardly rivalled in its kind before or since. Nor is the story of his life, brief and vague though its outline may be, unworthy of having inspired, as it has evidently done, that noble romance of *John Inglesant* which all the world has just been reading with so much curiosity and delight.

It has remained for Dr. Grosart to discover that Crashaw, who has hitherto been supposed to have been born in 1616, must really have seen the light in 1612. His father, the Rev. William Crashaw, Vicar of Whitechapel and preacher at the Temple, was a notable Puritan divine. Forty years of age when his son was born, William Crashaw had grown up within the vehement and instant fear of Papal aggression, and had but become fiercer in his love for a simple Protestantism under the vexatating pressure of James the First's decisions. His numerous tracts

ns are almost entirely devoted to an exposure of what he conceived the fatal errors of Rome, and their titles and contents have often referred to in order to emphasise the difference between their sturdy stantism and his son's adoring Mysticism. The suggestive title-page *Bespotted Jesuit*, however, is now proved to have been added by a as hand after his death; it is quite plain, at the same time, that he d not have shrunk from saying "bespotted," or something far worse, had occurred to him so to distinguish a Jesuit, a monk, or a friar. vigorous personage was the intimate friend of Usher, who is said to baptised Richard Crashaw, and to have buried a second Mrs. Cra-, stepmother to the poet, who died at the age of twenty-four, in 1620. pleasant to read the great divine's praise of "her singular motherly ion to the child of her predecessor." We learn also that she was a swoman of considerable beauty and accomplishment, a good singer dancer, and that she gave up the vanities of the world to marry a yman who may have been grim and who was certainly elderly. But rashaw's own mother we hear not a word, and even her Christian e is missing.

The boy was admitted to the Charterhouse. In October 1626 his r died, leaving him an orphan at fourteen. His childhood is an lute blank, until we find him elected, at the rather advanced age of teen, to be a scholar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, on July 6, 1. He became a matriculated pensioner of Pembroke on March 26, 1, a Bachelor of Arts in 1634, was transferred to Peterhouse on ember 26, 1636, was elected a fellow of that college in 1637, and me a Master of Arts in 1638. He was finally ejected, in company a large number of other Royalist gentlemen, by the Earl of chester, on June 11, 1644. These barren statements give us but e power of realising the poet's life at Cambridge during thirteen s of residence, but it is possible to supplement them with certain and illustrations which enable us to see the progress of this cate spirit through a rough and perilous age. The master of lbroke, Dr. Benjamin Lany, was an old friend of Crashaw's father, there can be little doubt that the boy was sent to that college to be er his personal protection. Lany, as far as we can collect an im-sion of his views, was a stout Protestant, whose opinions had at one e coincided with those of the author of the *Bespotted Jesuit*, but who was leaning more and more in a Laudian direction, and to whom ther ritual nor a flowery poetical diction was distasteful. We really w Dr. Lany almost entirely through a copy of English verses ad-sed by him to the elder Crashaw, and through another copy of in verses addressed to him by the younger Crashaw. In the latter is spoken of as one around whom young poets throng with their utes of verse, as "the dear guardian of the Pierian flock," and as whose habit it is to encourage and guide the children of the Muses. is, therefore, not unlikely that the transition between the grim

Puritanism of his father's household and the fervid Anglicanism of Cambridge was made easy to the youth by the personal character and guidance of Dr. Benjamin Lany. It would be interesting to know whether or not he had begun to compose poetry before going up to the University. It is at all events certain that he was busy versifying almost immediately on his arrival. He was stimulated into the production, or I am afraid we must say the manufacture, of an extraordinary number of exercises, in English and Latin, by the death of William Herries, a promising undergraduate of his own college, who seems to have died rather suddenly in October 1631, when Crashaw had been at Cambridge only three months. Four of these elegies on a single person pleased their author sufficiently to be retained by him for a prominent position in his *Delights of the Muses* fifteen years afterwards, and others exist and have been printed. Genuine grief does not bewail itself with this fluency, or upon so many stops, and indeed all these pieces seem to be dictated rather by an official than a personal regret. It is interesting, however, to find in them that at the age of twenty Crashaw already possessed the germ of that fine metrical skill and coloured fancy which afterwards distinguished him. The extreme vehemence of praise, the laudation of this youth for wit, learning, piety, and physical beauty, was not calculated to startle any one in the seventeenth century, and was probably accepted by the entire college, from Dr. Lany downwards, as being the proper and becoming, and indeed the only possible tone for a young poet to adopt on a melancholy occasion of the kind. The alternations of life and death are dwelt upon in flowing numbers :—

> For the laurel in his verse,
> The sullen cypress o'er his hearse ;
> For a silver-crownèd head,
> A dirty pillow in death's bed ;
> For so dear, so deep a trust,
> Sad requital, so much dust !

These verses belong to the school of Ben Jonson, but with a difference; there is an indefinable touch of brightness and colour about them, which may have suggested to Crashaw's college friends the advent of a new poet. Moreover these elegies on Herries are valuable to us as belonging certainly to the year 1631, when neither Donne, Herbert, nor Habington, although well known in private circles, had been brought before the world as poets. It is very important to observe that Crashaw had already formed the foundation of his lyrical style at a time when it is exceedingly improbable that he can have read a line of Donne's MSS. Certain tendencies were in the air, and poets in various provinces sounded the same note simultaneously and with unconscious unanimit

Crashaw's first public appearance was made in a little Latin an logy prepared in 1632 to congratulate Charles I. on the preservat his health. Repeatedly, through his college career, he was called

ıtribute to those learned garlands of respectful song which were
nembered against the University when that "nest of serpents"
to the hands of the Puritans. In 1634 Crashaw published a little
e of his Latin verses, entitled *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber*,
ing a fashion which was already antiquated, and of which John
's famous collection had been a typical example. One of these
ıns contains the celebrated conceit on the miracle of the water
d into wine, *Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit*, which has
very felicitously translated—

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

would be very interesting, but it is unfortunately impossible, to
the gradual transformation which the religious nature of Crashaw
went. He found a very fervid piety maintained by certain young
at Cambridge, and he adopted their doctrines while surpassing them
l. He had already, we cannot doubt, passed far from the narrow
r of his father's faith when he came under the influence of the
y Nicholas Ferrar, whose famous community at Little Gidding
a final stamp to his character. It is to be lamented that when
Ferrar wrote his deeply interesting life of his brother it did not
to him to give us fuller particulars of Crashaw; we must, however,
ateful for what he has given. The family of Ferrars and Colletts
d to their lonely manor-house of Little Gidding, in Huntingdon-
in 1625. Nicholas, already thirty-four years of age, and weary of
er of action, had determined to abandon the world and to adopt a
f pious retirement. The "Protestant Nunnery," a name given to
malice by the Puritans, was an establishment conducted on purely
ected principles, and took its peculiar colouring slowly and un-
iously, as these grave persons, all of one mind, and unopposed in
country solitude, found more and more opportunity of following
atural bent of their inclinations. Until the beauty of their books
the report of their singular devotion had attracted the personal
of the King, the colony at Little Gidding seems to have been but
distracted by visitors or perturbed by injudicious praise or blame.
he King passed on to Cambridge inflamed with the holy loyalty of
gentle people, and his subjects in the University woke up to the
rtance of the ritual and the monastic seclusion practised at Little
ing. Those who were like-minded contended for the honour of
ing Nicholas Ferrar from the oratory to the church and from the
h to the hospital in that round of devotion and benefaction which
life busy in the Protestant Nunnery.

ut it was when Mrs. Ferrar died in 1635 that the saintly life at
ing reached its final ecstasy and fervour. The old lady had watched
the physical welfare of the community, and had preserved sufficient
rity over her son Nicholas to prevent him from entirely neglecting
the body craves in sleep and food. But her death released him

from all such obligation, and after the day of her funeral he never slept in a bed again, but for the rest of his life wrapped himself in a bear-skin and lay upon the floor when nature overwhelmed him and obliged him to take brief snatches of sleep between his long prayers and vigils. He became more exalted, more unearthly, and of course more attractive than ever to those young ascetics who, like Crashaw, tried to imitate him in the churches and chapels of Cambridge, and who took every opportunity of riding over to Little Gidding to refresh their faith and passion by intercourse with the saintly household. We know that Crashaw was one of these, that he was in constant communion with Nicholas Ferrar until the death of the latter in the winter of 1637, and that when he could not join in the midnight functions at Little Gidding he would emulate the vigils of his teacher by nightly watches in the church of Little St. Mary's, which was close to his new college of Peterhouse.

If the civil war had never broken out, it is probable that Crashaw would never have left the Anglican communion. Nicholas Ferrar, who had sympathies for the ritual and even for the dogmas of Rome, which had been unheard of a generation earlier, stayed his foot very firmly outside the Papal precincts. He died deliberately satisfied with the English forms of faith. He had never taken orders, and, what is still more strange, it seems that Crashaw never did; but he took the warmest interest in ecclesiastical affairs, and was one of those who clamoured importunately for the restoration of the college chapel of Peterhouse, which was performed during his fellowship. And when no longer he was forced at midnight to cross the college bounds and enter the neighbouring chancel of Little St. Mary's, there can be no doubt that he spent more hours than ever in prayer under the shadow of the wings of the great gold angels of Peterhouse chapel, and among the hundred saints and cherubs, with "God the Father in a chair, holding a glass in His hand," which formed part of the ancient ornament of this splendid building. There, in a trance of orison, with the rich notes of the organ pouring upon him and the light from the antique windows surrounding him, the Puritan Commission found him unaware. On December 21, 1643, Mr. Horscot and his soldiers sacked the chapel of Peterhouse, pulling down the images and breaking the windows. This was but a local realisation of the universal fact that the reign of Laudian ceremonial was over. Laud himself was executed three weeks later, and the very foundations of episcopacy in England were shaken. Cambridge formed a helpless island in a sea of Puritan counties, and in the summer of 1644 the Earl of Manchester, on his way to the siege of York, lingered in the eastern University long enough to hold out the alternative of the Covenant or ejection to every master and fellow. On June 11 five fellows of Peterhouse, Crashaw of course being one of them, were forcibly driven out and five Puritans appointed in their place.

It seems probable that Crashaw proceeded at once to Oxford, w

he King was still for a few months undisturbed. It is at least natural that he should have done so, since in 1641 he had been incorporated member of the sister University, and had been that year in residence t Oxford. It may even be conjectured that the events which followed he execution of Strafford so terrified the timid scholar that he removed the western and more loyal University, and was ejected from Peterhouse during his absence. However this may be, his position must have become desperate soon after 1644, and he may even have been concealed at Newnham Paddox by his friends the Earl and Countess of Denbigh until the defeat at Naseby finally overwhelmed the Royalist party in ruin. It was at this time that the poet seems to have entered the Catholic Church. His religious nature possessed what Milton calls "a fugitive and cloistered virtue;" to him it must have seemed that the English ritual was destroyed, its bishops scattered, its creed disused, its authority ridiculed; and from the face of anarchy this shrinking soul fled to the staunch and conservative arms of Rome. He had long been meditating the possibility of this step, although very probably it was forced upon him at last harshly and suddenly. Cowley, who was always a sincere Anglican, refers to his friend's conversion to Rome with charming tact and delicacy:—

> Pardon, my mother Church, if I consent
> That angels led him when from thee he went;
> For even in error sure no danger is
> When joined with so much piety as his.
> Ah! mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief;
> Ah! that our greatest faults were in belief!

Regarding the sanctity and single-heartedness of the unfortunate Crashaw there is but one testimony. The only dissentient voice is that of the harsh and ribald Prynne, whose accusation is a eulogy. And now, having attempted to conduct the sacred poet to the great crisis of his life, let us leave him there for a while, and consider those poems which his first editor tells us were written beneath the wings of God, when Crashaw lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels at Peterhouse, "where he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God, and, like a primitive saint, offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day."

Crashaw's English poems were first published in 1646, soon after his arrival in Paris. He was at that time in his thirty-fourth year, and the volume contains his best and most mature as well as his crudest pieces. It is indeed a collection of juvenile and manly verses thrown together with scarcely a hint of arrangement, the uncriticised labour of fifteen years. The title is *Steps to the Temple, Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses.* The sacred poems are so styled by his anonymous editor because they are "steps for happy souls to climb heaven by;" the *Delights of the Muses* are entirely secular, and the two divisions of the book, therefore, reverse the order of Herrick's similarly edited *Hes-*

perides and *Noble Numbers.* The *Steps to the Temple* are distingui at once from the collection with which it is most natural to com them, the *Temple* of Herbert, by the fact that they are not poems o perience, but of ecstasy, not of meditation, but of devotion. Herbert with him most of the sacred poets of the age, are autobiographical; analyse their emotions, they take themselves to task, they record struggles, their defeats, their consolation. But if the azure cher of introspection are the dominant muses of English sacred vers flame-coloured seraph of worship reigns in that of Crashaw. H made himself familiar with all the amorous phraseology of the Ca metaphysicians; he has read the passionate canticles of St. John o Cross, the books of the Carmelite nun, St. Teresa, and all the othe and fiery contributions to ecclesiastical literature laid by Spain a feet of the Pope during the closing decades of the sixteenth cen The virginal courage and ardour of St. Teresa inspire Crashaw wi loveliest and most faultless verses. We need not share nor even sy thise with the sentiment of such lines as these to acknowledge that belong to the highest order of lyrical writing :—

> Thou art Love's victim, and must die
> A death more mystical and high;
> Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
> A still-surviving funeral.
> His is the dart must make thy death,
> Whose stroke will taste thy hallowed breath—
> A dart thrice dipped in that rich flame
> Which writes thy spouse's radiant name
> Upon the roof of heaven, where aye
> It shines and with a sovereign ray
> Beats bright upon the burning faces
> Of souls which in that name's sweet graces
> Find everlasting smiles. So rare,
> So spiritual, pure, and fair,
> Must be the immortal instrument
> Upon whose choice point shall be spent
> A life so loved; and that there be
> Fit executioners for thee,
> The fairest first-born sons of fire,
> Blest seraphim, shall leave their choir,
> And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee
> To exercise their archery.

Nor in the poem from which these lines are quoted does this dious rapture flag during nearly two hundred verses. But such tained flight is rare, as in the similar poem of "The Flaming H also addressed to St. Teresa, where, after a long prelude of frigi tuneless conceits, it is only at the very close that the poet sud strikes upon this golden chord of ecstasy :—

> Let all thy scattered shafts of light, that play
> Among the leaves of thy large books of day,

Combined against this breast at once break in,
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love,
By thy large draughts of intellectual day
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they,
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul and sealed thee His;
By all the heaven thou hast in Him,
Fair sister of the seraphim!
By all of thine we have in thee—
Leave nothing of myself in me;
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

Crashaw had left us nothing more than these two fragments, we l be able to distinguish him by them among English poets. He is olitary representative of the poetry of Catholic psychology which nd possessed until our own days; and Germany has one no less e in Friedrich Spe. I do not know that any critic has compared nd Crashaw, but they throw lights upon the genius of one another may seasonably detain us for a while. The great Catholic poet rmany during the seventeenth century was born in 1591. Like aw, he was set in motion by the Spanish Mystics; like him he stood e verge of a great poetical revolution without being in the least ed by it. To Waller and to Opitz, with their new dry systems of e prosody, Crashaw and Spe owed nothing; they were purely atic and emotional in style. Spe was born a Catholic, spent all his mong the Jesuits, and died, worn out with good works and immor- d by an heroic struggle against the system of persecution for witch- in the hospital of Trèves, in 1635, just when Crashaw was becoming alled by the delicious mysteries of Little Gidding. Both of them Jesuit eclogues. In Spe the shepherd winds his five best roses into land for the infant Jesus; in Crashaw he entertains the "starry ger" with conceits about his diamond eyes and the red leaves of his In each poet there is an hysterical delight in blood and in the s of martyrdom, in each a shrill and frantic falsetto that jars on odern ear, in each a sweetness of diction and purity of fancy that m a hundred faults.* The poems of Spe, entitled *Trutz-Nachtigal*,

As an illustration of almost all these qualities, and as a specimen of Spe's al gifts, I give one stanza from the *Trutz-Nachtigal*:—

Aus der Seiten
Lan sich leiten

were first printed in 1649, the year that Crashaw died. The chief distinction between Spe and Crashaw is, in the first place, that Crashaw is by far the greater and more varied of the two as regards poetical gifts, and, secondly, that while Spe was inspired by the national *Volkslied*, and introduced its effects into his song, Crashaw was an adept in every refinement of metrical structure which had been invented by the poet artists of England, Spain, and Italy. The progress of our poetical literature in the seventeenth century will never be thoroughly explained until some competent scholar shall examine the influence of Spanish poetry upon our own. This influence seems to be particularly strong in the case of Donne, and in the next generation in that of Crashaw. I am not sufficiently familiar with Spanish poetry to give an opinion on this subject which is of much value; but as I write I have open before me the works of Gongora, and I find in the general disposition of his *Octavas Sacras* and in the style of his *Canciones* resemblances to the staves introduced to us by Crashaw which can scarcely be accidental. We know that the latter "was excellent in Italian and Spanish," and we are thus led on to consider the more obvious debt which he owed to the contemporary poetry of Italy. One of the largest pieces of work which he undertook was the translation of the first canto of the *Strage degli Innocenti*, or "Massacre of the Innocents," a famous poem by the Neapolitan Cavaliere Marini, who had died in 1625. Crashaw has thrown a great deal of dignity and fancy into this version, which, however, outdoes the original in ingenious illustration, as the true Marinists, such as Achillini, outdid Marini in their conceited sonnets. Crashaw, in fact, is a genuine Marinist, the happiest specimen which we possess in English, for he preserves a high level of fantastic foppery, and seldom, at his worst, sinks to those crude animal imagings—illustrations from food, for instance—which occasionally make such writers as Habington and Carew not merely ridiculous but repulsive.

In criticising with severity the piece on Mary Magdalene which stands in the forefront of Crashaw's poems, and bears the title of "The Weeper," I have the misfortune to find myself at variance with most of his admirers. I cannot, however, avoid the conviction that the obtrusion of this eccentric piece on the threshold of his shrine has driven away from it many a would-be worshipper. If language be ever liable to abuse in the hands

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Rote Strahlen wie Korall;
Aus der Seiten
Lan sich leiten
Weisse Wässer wie Krystal!
O du reines,
Hübsch und feines
Bächlein von Korall und Glas,
Nit noch weiche,
Nit entschleiche,
O Rubin und Perlengass!

of a clever poet, it is surely outraged here. Every extravagant and inappropriate image is dragged to do service to this small idea—namely, that the Magdalen is for ever weeping. Her eyes, therefore, are sister springs, parents of rills, thawing crystal, hills of snow, heavens of ever-falling stars, eternal breakfasts for brisk cherubs, sweating boughs of balsam, nests of milky doves, a voluntary mint of silver, and Heaven knows how many more incongruous objects, from one to another of which the labouring fancy flits in despair and bewilderment. In this poem all is resigned to ingenuity; we are not moved or softened, we are merely startled, and the irritated reader is at last appeased for the fatigues he has endured by a frank guffaw, when he sees the poet, at his wits' end for a simile, plunge into the abyss of absurdity, and style the eyes of the Magdalen

> Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
> Portable and compendious oceans.

These are the worst lines in Crashaw. They are perhaps the worst in all English poetry, but they must not be omitted here, since they indicate to us the principal danger to which not he only but most of his compeers were liable. It was from the tendency to call a pair of eyes "portable and compendious oceans" that Waller and Dryden, after both of them stumbling on the same stone in their youth, finally delivered us. It is useless to linger with indulgence over the stanzas of a poem like "The Weeper," simply because many of the images are in themselves pretty. The system upon which these juvenile pieces of Crashaw are written is in itself indefensible, and is founded upon what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "an incurable defect of style."

Crashaw, however, possesses style, or he would not deserve the eminent place he holds among our poets. The ode in praise of Teresa, written while the author was still among the Protestants, and therefore probably about 1642, has already been cited here. It is an exquisite composition, full of real vision, music of the most delicate order, and imagery which, although very profuse and ornate, is always subordinated to the moral meaning and to the progress of the poem. The "Shepherd's Hymn," too, is truly ingenious and graceful, with its pretty pastoral tenderness. "On Mr. G. Herbert's Book sent to a Gentleman" evidently belongs to the St. Teresa period, and contains the same charm. The lyrical epistle persuading the Countess of Denbigh to join the Roman communion contains extraordinary felicities, and seems throbbing with tenderness and passion. We have already drawn attention to the splendid close of "The Flaming Heart." There is perhaps no other of the sacred poems in the volume of 1646 which can be commended in its entirety. Hardly one but contains felicities; the dullest is brightened by such flashes of genius as—

> Lo, how the thirsty lands
> Gasp for the golden showers with long-stretch'd hands!

But the poems are hard, dull, and laborious, the exercises of a saint in-

deed, but untouched by inspiration, human or Divine. We have to return to the incomparable "Hymn to St. Teresa" to remind ourselves of what heights this poet was capable.

There can be very little doubt that Crashaw regarded the second section of his book, the secular *Delights of the Muses*, as far inferior in value and importance to the *Steps to the Temple*. That is not, however, a view in which the modern reader can coincide, and it is rather the ingenuity of his human poems than the passion of his Divine which has given him a prominent place among poets. The *Delights* open with the celebrated piece called "Muse's Duel," paraphrased from the Latin of Strada. As one frequently sees a reference to the "Latin poet Strada," it may be worth while to remark that Famianus Strada was not a poet at all, but a lecturer in the Jesuit colleges. He belonged to Crashaw's own age, having been born in 1572, and dying in the year of the English poet's death, 1649. The piece on the rivalry of the musician and the nightingale was published first at Cologne in 1617, in a volume of *Prolusiones* on rhetoric and poetry, and occurs in the sixth lecture of the second course on poetic style. The Jesuit rhetorician has been trying to familiarise his pupils with the style of the great classic poets by reciting to them passages in imitation of Ovid, Lucretius, Lucan, and the rest, and at last he comes to Claudian. This, he says, is an imitation of the style of Claudius, and so he gives us the lines which have become so famous. That a single fragment in a school book should suddenly take root and blossom in European literature, when all else that its voluminous author wrote and said was promptly forgotten, is very curious, but not unprecedented. In England the first person who adopted or adapted Strada's exercise was John Ford, in his play of *The Lover's Melancholy*, in 1629. Dr. Grosart found another early version among the Lansdowne MSS., and Ambrose Phillips a century later essayed it. There are numerous references to it in other literatures than ours, and in the present age M. François Coppée has introduced it with charming effect into his pretty comedy of *Le Luthier de Crémone*. Thus the schoolmaster's task, set as a guide to the manner of Claudian, has achieved, by an odd irony of fortune, a far more general and lasting success than any of the actual verses of that elegant writer. With regard to the comparative merits of Ford's version, which is in blank verse, and of Crashaw's, which is in rhyme, a confident opinion has generally been expressed in favour of the particular poet under consideration at the moment, nor is Lamb himself superior to this amiable partiality. He denies that Crashaw's version "can at all compare for harmony and grace with this blank verse of Ford's." But my own view coincides much rather with that of Mr. Swinburne, who says that "between the two beautiful versions of Strada's pretty fable by Ford and Crashaw there will always be a diversity of judgment among readers; some must naturally prefer the tender fluency and limpid sweetness of Ford, others the dazzling intricacy and affluence in refinements, the supple and cunning implication,

ess and subtlety of Crashaw." It may be added that the only ce made by Crashaw in any part of his writings to any of the ists his contemporaries is found in a couplet addressed to Ford :—

> Thou cheat'st us, Ford, mak'st one seem two by art;
> What is *love's sacrifice* but *the broken heart*?

er "Music's Duel" the best known poem of Crashaw's is his es to his Supposed Mistress," a piece in forty-two stanzas, which lgrave reduced to twenty-one in his *Golden Treasury*. He neg- o mention the "sweet theft," and accordingly most readers know em only as he reduced and rearranged it. The act was bold, s, but I think that it was judicious. As Crashaw left it the xtends beyond the limits of a lyric, tediously repeats its senti- and gains neither in force nor charm by its extreme length. In lgrave's selection it challenges comparison with the loveliest st original pieces of the century. It never, I think, rises to the g tenderness which Donne is capable of on similar occasions. r never pants out a line and a half which leave us faint and ng, as if the heart of humanity itself had been revealed to us for nt; with all his flying colour and lambent flame Crashaw is not

But the *Wishes* is more than a charming, it is a fascinating he pure dream of the visionary poet, who liked to reflect that might marry if he would, and choose a godly bride. He calls er—

> Whoe'er she be,
> That not impossible She
> That shall command my heart and me;
>
> Where'er she lie
> Locked up from mortal eye
> In shady leaves of destiny—

ive the embassy of his wishes, bound to instruct her in that beauty of the spirit which his soul demands—

> Something more than
> Taffata or tissue can,
> Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

at he requires is not spiritual adornment alone; he will have her us and accomplished in the world's ways also, the possessor of

> Sydnean showers
> Of sweet discourse, whose powers
> Can crown old Winter's head with flowers;

ally

> Life, that dares send
> A challenge to his end,
> And when it comes say, "Welcome, friend."
>
> I wish her store
> Of worth may leave her poor
> Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

The same refined and tender spirit animates the "Epitaph u Husband and Wife, who died and were buried together." The lo rambling verses of "To the Morning, in satisfaction for Sleep," perhaps more in the early manner of Keats than any other Eng lines. In some of those sacred poems which we have lately been sidering he reminds us no less vividly of Shelley, and there are n few passages of Crashaw which it would require a very quick ea distinguish from Mr. Swinburne. We may safely conjecture that latter poet's "Song in Season" was written in deliberate rivalry of song of Crashaw's which runs—

O deliver
Love his quiver;
From thine eyes he shoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow,
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

But perhaps the sweetest and most modern of all Crashaw's sec lyrics is that entitled "Love's Horoscope." The phraseology of black art was never used with so sweet and picturesque an ingenu and the piece contains some of the most delicately musical cadence be found in the poetry of the age:—

Thou know'st a face in whose each look
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book,
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of Love's fate.
Ah! my heart! her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology.
Howe'er Love's native hours were set,
Whatever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye
If poor Love shall live or die.

It is probable from internal and from external evidence also that these secular poems belong to Crashaw's early years at Cambridge. pretty lines "On Two Green Apricocks sent to Cowley by Sir Crasha evidently date from 1633; the various elegies and poems of complim can be traced to years ranging from 1631 to 1634. It is doub whether the "Wishes" themselves are at all later than this. E regarding him as a finished poet ten years before the publication of book, however, he comes late in the list of seventeenth-century lyri and has no claims to be considered as an innovator. He owed all the h of his style, as has been already hinted, to Donne and to Ben Jons His originality was one of treatment and technique; he forged a m rapid and brilliant short line than any of his predecessors had done, for brief intervals and along sudden paths of his own he carried Engl prosody to a higher refinement, a more glittering felicity, than it ever achieved. Thus, in spite of his conceits and his roman colouring, he points the way for Pope, who did not disdain to borr

m him freely. It is unfortunate that Crashaw is so unequal as to be sitively delusive; he baffles analysis by his uncertain hold upon style, d in spite of his charm and his genius is perhaps most interesting to because of the faults he shares with purely modern poets. It would arcely be unjust to say that Crashaw was the first real poet who allowed mself to use a splendid phrase when a simple one would have better pressed his meaning; and in an age when all but the best poetry was t to be obscure, crabbed, and rugged, he introduces a new fault, that being visionary and diffuse, with a deliberate intention not only, as e others did, to deck nature out in false ornament, but to represent her tual condition as being something more "starry" and "seraphical" an it really is. His style has hectic beauties that delight us, but ude us also, and colours that fade as promptly as the scarlet and the ber in a sunset sky. We can describe him best in negatives; he is t so warm and real as Herrick, nor so drily intellectual as the other mnists, nor coldly and respectably virile like Cowley. To use an odd mile of Shelley's, he sells us gin when the other poets offer us legs of utton, or at all events baskets of bread and vegetables.

After the birth of the future Duchess of Orleans in 1644, Queen nrietta Maria fled to Paris, and held a kind of court there for the nefit of her husband's cause. The poet Cowley was her secretary, and ems to have introduced Crashaw to her. Tradition says that the unger poet found the elder in great poverty in Paris, and that his good ices with the Queen enabled him to secure for Crashaw one of the last gments of preferment still clinging about exiled majesty. To a fellow tholic Henrietta Maria could still offer an introduction to Roman iety, and it is said that she gave the poet a letter to Cardinal J. B. llotta, then the Governor of Rome, a post to which he had been raised, the flower of his age, by Pope Urban VIII. Pallotta was a man force and ambition, feared as much as honoured for the extreme erity of his morals. His influence over Innocent X. was so consider- le and so salutary that he was himself talked of as a possible successor the tiara. This man, as Canon Bargrave recounts in his *Pope and llege of Cardinals* in 1660, offered Crashaw the post of private retary to himself, which the poet seems to have held for about two ars. In the vivid pages of the close of *John Inglesant* the reader ll find a very correct and stirring picture of the condition of the Holy ty some six years after Crashaw's departure from it. He will easily lise, from that description, that although Rome had purged itself m its most crying scandals of a hundred years before, its society was from being calculated to soothe or delight the soul of a chaste mystic, n had seen no ruder side of life than was to be found in the quiet hall Peterhouse or the saintly society of Little Gidding. His soul burned thin him because of the wickedness of the servants of the Cardinal, d at last, like Joseph, he felt constrained to bring their evil report to father in God. We hear from Bargrave, who was in Rome at the

time, in common with all the exiled fellows of Peterhouse, that Pallotta took the hint and chastised his followers, whereupon they in revenge threatened to take Crashaw's life. The Cardinal, who came from Ancona, bethought him of the neighbouring sanctuary of Loreto, of which he was himself the patron, and on April 24, 1649, he procured for the poet a small benefice in the famous Basilica Church of our Lady.

We can imagine with what feelings of rapture and content the world-worn poet crossed the Apennines and passed down to the dry little town above the shores of the Adriatic, in which he doubtless pictured to himself a haunt of peace and prayer till his life's end. As he ascended the last hill, and saw before him the magnificent basilica which Bramante had built as a shelter for the Holy House, he would feel that his feet were indeed upon the threshold of his rest. With what joy, with what a rapturous and beating heart, he would long to see that very Santa Casa, the cottage built of brick, which angels lifted from Nazareth out of the black hands of the Saracen, and gently dropped among the nightingales in the forest of Loreto on that mystic night of the year 1294. There, like a child's bare body wrapped in the velvets and naperies of a princely cradle, the humble Casa lay in the marble enclosure which Sansovino had made for it, and there through the barbaric brickwork window in the Holy Chimney he could see, in a trance of wonder, the gilded head of Madonna's cedarn image that St. Luke the Evangelist had carved with his own hands. Here indeed a delicious life seemed planned for Crashaw—to minister all day in the rich incense; to touch the very raiment of Our Lady, stiff with pearls and rubies to the feet; to trim the golden lamps, the offerings of all the kings of the whole Catholic world; to pass in and out between the golden cherubim and brazen seraphim; to cleanse the mosaics of lapis-lazuli, and to polish the silver bas-reliefs till they shouted the story of the magic flight from Nazareth. There, in the very house of Jesus, to hear the noise and mutter of the officiating priest, the bustle of canons, chaplains, monks, and deacons, the shrill sweet voices of the acolytes singing all day long—this must have seemed the very end of life and beginning of heaven to the mystical and sensuous Crashaw. It appears, however, that his joys were brief. In August 1649, four months after his appointment, his benefice had passed into other hands, and we learn from Bargrave that he died a few weeks after he arrived at Loreto, not without suspicion of having been poisoned by those whom he had denounced to Cardinal Pallotta. He seems to have been in his thirty-seventh year. Cowley composed a lovely elegy for his funeral, promising him an immortality which he has in some sort achieved. He was a good man and a gentleman, an extreme instance of a remarkable type, and the only one of all the English divine poets of the century whose temperament drove them actually within the precincts of Rome.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

Azenor.

"Seamen, seamen, tell me true,
Is there any of your crew
Who in Armor tower has seen
Azenor, the kneeling queen?"

"We have seen her oft indeed,
Kneeling in the selfsame place,
Brave her heart, though pale her face,
White her soul, though dark her weed."

I.

Of a long-past summer's day
Envoys came from far away,
Mailed in silver, clothed with gold,
On their snorting chargers bold.

When the warder spied them near,
To the King he went and cried,
"Twelve bold knights come pricking here,
Shall I open to them wide?"

"Let the great gates opened be,
See the knights are welcomed all;
Spread the board and deck the hall:
We will feast them royally."

"By our Prince's high command,
Who ere long shall be our King,
We come to ask a precious thing,
Azenor your daughter's hand."

"Gladly will we grant your prayer:
Brave the youth as we have heard;
Tall is she, milkwhite and fair,
Gentle as a singing bird."

Fourteen days high feast they made,
Fourteen days of dance and song;
Till the dawn the harpers played,
Mirth and joyance all day long.

"Now, my fair spouse, it is meet
That we turn us toward our home."
"As you will, my love, my sweet;
Where you are, there I would come."

II.

When his stepdame saw the bride,
Well-nigh choked with spleen was she;
"This pale-faced girl, this lump of pride—
And shall she be preferred to me?

New things please men best, 'tis true,
And the old are cast aside.
Natheless, what is old and tried
Serves far better than the new."

Scarce eight months had passed away
When she to the Prince would come,
And with subtlety would say,
"Would you lose both wife and home?

"Have a care, lest what I tell
Should befall you, so 'twere best;
Have a care, and guard you well—
Ware the cuckoo in your nest"

"Madam, if the truth you tell,
Meet reward her crime shall earn;
First the round tower's straitest cell,
Then in nine days she shall burn."

III.

When the old King was aware,
Bitter tears the dotard shed,
Tore in grief his white, white hair,
Crying, "Would God that I were dead."

And to all the seamen said,
"Good seamen, pray you tell me true,
Is there then any one of you
Can tell me if my child be dead?"

"My liege, as yet alive is she,
Though burned to-morrow shall she be;
But from her prison tower, O King!
Morning and eve we hear her sing.

Morning and eve from her fair throat
Issues the same sweet plaintive note,
'They are deceived; I kiss thy rod,
Have pity on them, O my God!'"

IV.

Even as a lamb, who gives his life
All meekly to the cruel knife,
White-robed she went, her soft feet bare,
Self-shrouded in her golden hair.

And as she to her dreadful fate
Fared on, poor innocent, meek and mild,
"Grave crime it were," cried small and great,
"To slay the mother and the child."

All wept sore, both small and great;
Only the stepdame smiling sate:
"Sure, 'twere no evil deed, but good
To kill the viper with her brood."

"Quick, good firemen, fan the fire,
Till it leap forth fierce and red;
Fan it fierce as my desire,
She shall burn till she is dead."

Vain their efforts, all in vain;
Though they fanned and fanned again;
The more they blew, the embers grey
Faded and sank and died away.

When the judge the portent saw
Dazed and sick with fear was he:
"She is a witch, she flouts the law;
Come let us drown her in the sea."

V.

What saw you on the sea? A boat
Neither by sail nor oarsman sped,
And at the helm, to watch it float,
An angel white with wings outspread.

A little boat far out to sea,
And with her child a fair ladye,
Whom at her breast she sheltered well,
Like a white dove upon a shell.

She kissed and clasped and kissed again
His little back, his little feet,
Crooning a soft and tender strain,
"Da-da my dear, Da-da my sweet.

"Ah, could your father see you, sweet,
A proud man would he be to-day;
But we on earth may never meet:
But he is lost and far away."

VI.

In Armor tower is such affright
As never castle knew before,
For at the midmost hour of night
The wicked stepdame is no more.

"I see hell open at my side,
Oh, save me, in God's name, my son;
Your spouse was chaste: 'twas I who lied;
Oh, save me, for I am undone."

Scarce had she checked her lying tongue
When from her lips a snake did glide
With threatening jaws, which hissed and stung
And pierced her marrow till she died.

Eftsoons, to foreign realms the knight
Went forth, by land and over sea;
Seeking in vain his lost delight
O'er all the round, round world went he.

He sought her East, he sought her West,
Next to the hot South sped he forth,
Then, after many a fruitless quest,
He sought her in the gusty North.

There by some nameless island vast
His anchor o'er the side he cast;
When by a brooklet's fairy spray,
He spies a little lad at play.

Fair are his locks, and blue his eyes,
As his lost love's or as the sea;
The good knight, looking on them, sighs,
"Fair child, who may thy father be?"

"Sir, I have none save Him in heaven:
Long years ago he went away,
Ere I was born, and I am seven;
My mother mourns him night and day."

"Who is thy mother, child, and where?"
"She cleanses linen white and fair
In yon clear stream." "Come, child, and we
Together will thy mother see."

He took the youngling by the hand,
And as they paced the yellow strand
The child's swift blood in pulse and arm
Leapt to his father's and grew warm.

"Rise up and look, oh, mother dear;
It is my father who is here:
My father who was lost is come—
Oh, bless God for it!—to his home."

They knelt and blessed His holy name,
Who is so good and just and mild,
Who joins the sire and wife and child:
And so to Brittany they came.

And may the blessed Trinity
Protect all toilers on the sea.

LEWIS MORRIS.

A Study in Fool Literature.

The "Ship of Fools."

the literary products of man's scorn for man, the most finished
sical is the *Fool.* The rest betray the 'prentice hand; he is a
iece. The figures of the "dolt" or the "blockhead," for instance,
less shadows, without distinct colour or characteristic bearing;
the "dunce" has one feature clearly drawn—his pointed cap—
e rest vague; the Fool alone is completely imagined, vividly
and charged at every point with ridiculous expression. The
l ass-ears trimmed with bells, the short coat, the leather club,
pipe which he prefers to harp or lyre, the dull eye, the wide
g mouth, the retreating chin—all these features make up a
nd unique figure, which none of us ever saw, but which, if we
n, we should all involuntarily greet as an old friend.
might be supposed that a figure so distinct would have a
ly limited application. On the contrary, however, his very
y made him a favourite instrument with satirists who lashed
h an eye to literary effect; and he was used with indiscriminate
y to label a host of errors with which he was only remotely
ed, just as children defy nature by painting a whole landscape in
vourite red or blue. Or, again, the same thing would happen in
different way. When a man with a quick eye fixes his attention
mental trait, and sets himself to observe every shade and form
h it exists, he is pretty sure to hit upon analogies which the
sychology of popular language has missed. Thackeray pursued
ion of "snobbishness" so far, that the detection of an almost
ble grain of the quality sufficed to write a man down a snob.
"Dulness," which Pope celebrates in the *Dunciad*, becomes in
book so abnormally expanded that it can include even a
and a Bolingbroke. Partly through over-close observation of
d, partly through the loose usage of excited controversy, the
ol obtained in the sixteenth century an extraordinary currency;
hole group of writers is extant who used it (in logical language)
e utmost degree both of extension and of comprehension.
all men, we find, are "fools," and nearly the whole gamut of
d vices are implied in "folly." This literature of Fools is one
ost curious chapters of literary history, and, we can assure the
by no means without its amusing side. He must follow us,
, into scenery very unlike that of modern satire. He must leave

the elegant frivolities of Pope's "Twit'nam," and the refined fopperies of La Bruyère's Paris, the aristocracy of wit and the aristocracy of birth, and jostle the stout burghers of a mediæval German town, in their narrow, crooked streets, gloomy with the shadow of jutting gables and oriels.

The vogue was first established by the epoch-making *Narrenschiff* (1494) of Sebastian Brandt; and writers of all classes and opinions followed his lead. The impressive preacher, Geiler of Keisersberg, made each of Brandt's Fools the theme of a sermon; the impatient Bohemian Murner surpassed Brandt on his own ground, and produced in his *Narrenbeschwörung* (1512) and *Der grosse lutherische Narr* (1522), among the most inventive works of Fool literature; Pamphilus Gengenbach answered the attack on Luther with the equally effective *Novella*, in which Murner is swallowed by the "Great Lutheran Fool," whom he had vainly tried to exorcise. In the camp of Humanism, meantime, the *Ship of Fools* helped to evoke the most famous book of the time, Erasmus's *Praise of Folly* (1509); and another scarcely less famous, the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* (1515–17), though not precisely a part of Fool literature, belongs to it in tendency, and shows its influence in details. And finally, to pass over minor efforts, honest Hans Sachs devoted a good many of those Sabbath leisure hours of his to further working the same fruitful mine; and under his patient, genial touch, Fool literature, which had been steeped in all the venom of theological controversy, returned to the calmer region of social satire.

The *Ship of Fools* and the *Praise of Folly* stand at the two poles of Fool literature. The one is its most *naïve*, the other its most artificial, product. Erasmus's book is incomparably superior in learning, wit, and intellectual resource; but it is less sincere, consistent, and fervent than Brandt's sober rhymes. The *Praise of Folly* is the most brilliant work of German Humanism, a collection of the best things which had ever been said about Folly, woven into a continuous tissue, with the utmost rhetorical skill and the finest sense of congruity; the *Ship of Fools* is rather a growth than a creation—the outcome of mediæval wisdom flung, at the last moment of the middle ages, upon the dawning consciousness of modern times; and its materials, artlessly assembled like the items in a catalogue, betray an utter indifference to effective grouping. Brandt's work is like a bed of wild flowers, with their homely smell and sober colours; Erasmus's like a wreath woven of the most dainty and piquant exotics. And while the less pretending has at least the harmony of monotony, the more brilliant is marred by occasional lapses in its essential irony, attacking in earnest where it should defend in sport, and becoming at different times a *jeu d'esprit*, a diatribe, and a sermon. But both men, after all, are Teutons; and we shall seize the final note of Brandt's life and work better if we bring his shy and modest learning face to face with the blatant Humanism of Italy. Sandro Botticelli has a fascinating portrait* of one who

* In the Berlin Museum.

Pope, showed no love of Humanism, but who came of a great Humanist stock—Giuliano de' Medici, son of Lorenzo, and brother of Leo X.; and one sees his ancestry in the fastidious nostril, the haughty lip, the imperious but not indomitable chin, the ingenious rather than meditative forehead: an embodiment of enterprise, audacity, and defiance. Of Sebastian Brandt, too, we have a portrait. He is taken in his doctor's robes. Under the sober baretus, which covers the whole head from brow to neck, gleams a face somewhat pale and worn, yet not oppressively so, and bent a little downward, yet without any suggestion of abstraction. The eye is staid, melancholy, observant; the mouth refined, cautious, and not without a shade of pain; the nose sharp and sinuous; the forehead firm and strong. It is the face of a man whose strength and weakness lie in quiet moderation.

I.

The son of an innkeeper in Strassburg, Sebastian Brandt was born there in 1458. His father died while he was still young, and, it would seem, left his mother poor. For, instead of being sent to the great public school in the neighbouring Alsatian town of Schlettstadt, which attracted scholars from far and near—among them nearly all the other Strassburg Humanists—Brandt attended certain "elementary schools kept by private teachers." Here he learned to write Latin verses with more facility than elegance; and here he learned to love his life-long favourite, the pious and gentle magician Vergil. It was an epoch in his life when from this provincial air, from the widowed household and the obscure teachers, young Sebastian entered, at seventeen, what was at this moment the focus of the intellectual vigour of Germany, the arena of its fiercest conflicts, and the nurse of most that was to be brilliant in the next generation—the university of Basel. Here Reuchlin was preparing to be, with Erasmus, one of the "two eyes" of Germany. Here was the genial and highborn Johann von Dalberg, afterwards, as Bishop of Worms, to adorn the choice Humanist circle which Philip of the Pfalz gathered round him in Heidelberg castle; Rudolph Agricola, too, another ornament of the same court, of whom Erasmus said that he might have been the first man in Italy if he had not loved Germany better, and who might have been, still more unequivocally than he was, the first of German Humanists if his fine accomplishments had not been accompanied by a fastidious distaste for the trouble of communicating them. A little apart from this Humanist group was a little band of Alsatians distinguished rather by fervour than by lucidity, in whom the genius of Humanism half accepted or irresolutely repelled the embrace of its deadly scholastic enemy. Chief among these are two life-long friends of Brandt—Jacob Wimpheling, the most audacious of literary patriots, and the fiery coryphæus of the Strassburg Humanists, who dealt the first heavy blow at the mediæval barbarism of the schools, and then, when

age had revived the old Adam in him, soiled his laurels by a passionate assault upon the pagan poets; and Johann Geiler of Keisersberg, the last great preacher before the Reformation, who attracted multitudes with sermons as homely and vivid as Bunyan in spite of all the scholastic elaboration of their plan, and made the Strassburg minster classic ground before Goethe. There, too, was Tritheim, the laborious historian of Germany, who was to cultivate Humanism in the place of all others least accessible to it—an abbot's chair—making his abbey of Sforzheim a hostelry for scholars; until at length the Obscure powers, incensed at such an anomaly, drove him out to seek a calmer resting-place at Würzburg.

To be without speculative curiosity is no doubt to avoid one great source of mental revolutions, and men who begin with no more abstract faith than that the world is full of evil commonly carry it consistently to their graves. The life of Brandt, at any rate, who held this faith if ever man did, has a continuity rarely found in celebrated lives. His way is of an even tenor, without turning-points, almost without turnings. He is changed neither by obscurity nor by fame; he can be poor without bitterness, prosperous without pride. He keeps his simple creed unaltered by controversy or by persuasion. Half a century of momentous national life leaves him nearly where it found him; the youth who came to Basel in 1477 is something more than a father to the man who died at Strassburg in 1521: if one listens, one hears only a repetition—the same solemn wielding of the same moral lash, the same homely verses and the same false quantities. At the beginning one would think of him, but for his Mariolatry, as an early reformer; and when the Reformation comes he preserves his middle station, neither joining it, nor like Erasmus, Reuchlin, and so many others, receding the more the further it advanced. This is not the spurious consistency of one too proud to change his course, for no man was more inveterately modest than our Sebastian. But his very modesty heightened his natural inaccessibility to strange influences. Without either speculative intellect or restless ambition, he never struggled to escape from the charmed circle of his thoughts, the master principle of which was not understanding, nor imagination, but a hungry and imperious moral fervour, which reduced both to its service. Ingenious subtleties of the schools and airy fancies of the poets alike asked vainly for lodging within a mind which required of all its inmates the passport of ethical emotion.

It was natural, therefore, that Brandt, who had entered in the philosophic faculty, did not remain there; and that he chose instead one of the two professions congenial to a man of his earnest and didactic disposition—theology and law. He passed into the latter faculty during his third year, became licentiate in the canon law in 1484, and then taking up the civil law became in 1489 graduate in both—*doctor utriusque legis*. He lectured, published legal treatises, and served repeatedly as dean of the faculty. He might even be called a successful lawyer; though the phrase is somewhat inadequate to describe a man

orldly, so devoid of mere bustling activity, so impatient of the moral rality which may lurk behind the indignant phrases of the courts, so rvious to the suspicion that laws were perhaps invented for the of lawyers. Law, too, was only a part of his activity. He was an getic Humanist; and in those early days of the printing-press, a anist had no more important function than to multiply the classics s means. The famous press of Aldus, at Venice, was emulated that—scarcely less famous—established here by Bergmann von , which did for the Basel of Brandt what that of Froben, a genera- later, did for the Basel of Erasmus. Brandt was the editor-in-chief; under his supervision, classics and theologians, poets and jurists, hen fabulists and fathers of the Church were impressed with that o of Bergmann—*Nil sine causa*, which symbolises the self-reliance he Humanists, as Aldus's *Festina lente* their methodic industry. inal poems too, Latin as well as German, issued from Brandt's busy though his muse, if he had one, was certainly no classic damsel, but pious, true-hearted Teutonic maiden. There are devout addresses e Virgin, which read as if they came rather from a monk at his e than from a lawyer at his desk; and glowing odes to Kaiser Max, avourite of his unruly subjects, the genial type of a chivalry which dying, and which all his boyish devotion, his tournaments, and his nces could not revive.

The German poems have less elaboration of style; they are less lite- ; they are even less ambitious. And they have a distinct sphere. dt's mind, which hardly admitted of low tones of feeling, was divided what sharply into the two regions of his scorns and his admirations s attitude towards the man of men, who were "fools," and towards exceptional "wise." Speaking roughly, his Latin poems are odes, les, descriptions referring to the latter—to Geiler, A Lapide, Max, aints and the Virgin; while the German poems are a mass of stern pts designed to lead the host of infatuated wanderers into the right They are culled partly from ancients such as Solomon and Dionysius ; partly from the voluminous German moralists who had already ered in the same field, from Vridanc, Albrecht v. Eyt, Hugo v. berg. In dignity and generality they range from the Commandments to minute injunctions not to stuff the mouth or gaze on the food. few additions of his own, Brandt rearranges these useful directions e dialect of his own day and his own district. There is no attempt genious style, no frippery of many metres. His unvaried measure homely octosyllabic couplet, the degenerate offspring of the beautiful ures of Wolfram and Walther; a measure without subtle movement ry grace, offending alternately by hard regularity and by harsh ce, but serviceable enough as a medium for thoughts which, in a of any lyric suggestiveness, would have seemed as incongruous as s by Poor Richard set to music by Schubert. Moreover, his didactic made elegance of metre superfluous. What he needed was a line

not too long for a plain understanding, and a recurrent beat of rhyme to assist an unpractised memory.

The culmination of these collections was reached in the *Ship of Fools*, which, despite the allegory suggested by the title but rapidly forgotten in the book, is simply a series of invectives against 112 species of folly, in which the vast treasure of rules and precepts, saws and instances, proverbs and fables, gathered in a generation of moralising, is concentrated. Published in 1494 at Olpe's press, it at once became the classic of a didactic age. Its paper was scarcely dry when a Strassburg publisher paid it the compliment of pirating it with numerous interpolations; and the Strassburg preacher, Geiler, that of making its chapters (in the pirated edition) the text of a series of discourses. Abroad, too, it made rapid progress. An unknown hand translated it at an unknown date into Platt-Deutsch. In 1497 Jacob Locher, a pupil of Brandt's who was one day to assail his master's half-mediæval faith from the camp of pure Humanism, translated it into tolerable Latin hexameters. This put it within reach of all Europe. Two French versions (by Rivière and Droyn) immediately followed; and, twelve years after, the worthy Gloucestershire priest, Alexander Barclay, rendered its pithy phrases into elephantine stanzas of English rhyme-royal, with much solemn head-shaking at the evil of the times. In the same year (1509) another Englishman, Watson, translated it from the French version (J. Droyn) into English prose. In Germany the original itself was reprinted countless times during this same sixteenth century, which yielded neither to Reformer nor to Humanist its partiality for the homely pungent burgher-literature of which the *Ship of Fools* is a classic example.

II.

While Brandt was still a university student he received one day an anonymous letter, in which, with much superfluous insolence, and in a barbarous style, he was bidden write no more of his rough verses. He replied. The first part of his answer is what any one who condescended to notice such an attack at all might naturally write—conclusive refutation, sharp criticism in return, with a spice of obloquy. But the end is unique. He turns round to seriously exhort his assailant to give up his calumnious practices, and to let him know when he has done so; for then, he proceeds (to the man whom he has just called a "fanatical beast"), "thou wilt find me not only thy friend, but thy best of friends. If thou but knewest me, thou wouldst wish to be my friend! In the meantime enjoy the health which thou grudgest thy Sebastian." Thy Sebastian! The temper which Brandt showed at twenty-two he retained through life; and his famous work, the *Narrenschiff*, is distinguished by a decisive mark from such satires as the *Dunciad* or *Gulliver*. Its elaborate exposition of vices does not aim chiefly to expose, but convert. Brandt's indignation at folly has no touch of the tr

cynicism of Swift, or of the personal exasperation of Pope. The giant at bay against the world, the man of letters pouring venom upon a crowd of petty assailants, have nothing in common with the prosperous and honoured doctor of both laws, who wields his pen less as a keen weapon than as a useful instrument. Of the Roman poets his favourite is not among the satirists; neither Horace nor Juvenal attracts him so much as Vergil. He conceives his book as a "mirror" (Speculum, Spiegel), in which every class of men may see themselves as they are; and it is part of his *naïveté* to suppose that they have only to be shown their faults to correct them. He was one of those honest souls who felt a pang of disappointment that in spite of the rapid diffusion of Bibles since the invention of printing, men could still err. "All lands are full of Holy Writ," are his opening words; . . . . "yet is all Scripture despised; the whole world lives in dark night, blindly persisting in its sins; every street and alley teems with fools. . . . For there is no man that lacks nought, or who dares truly say that he is wise and not a fool." His book was in fact a task of patriotic duty, full of conscientious reading and steady labour, accesses of inspiration, and altogether smelling more of oil than of wine. Like Lucretius, he often spent the night hours in making the verses which were to save the world; and he reflects with pity how little his light-hearted Fools dream of the patient man who is crucifying them at his desk. "I have watched by night while they are asleep, or drinking, or gaming, and thinking little of me; or driving over the frozen snow, or sitting at home, reckoning up to-day's losses and planning to-morrow's lies: 'tis no wonder if I who must ponder all their follies, do watch when no man trows, to make my book worthy."

Most of the chapters, indeed, are rather treatises on folly than pictures of fools. Brandt's earnestness is too simple to maintain for long the indirectness of irony; and he rapidly falls into the more congenial method of invective. He sets his victim before him like a confessed culprit, allows him neither witnesses nor counsel, nor even to open his lips in his own defence; and then the slow, unerring finger of reproachful scorn is pointed at him, the solemn catalogue of his errors is proclaimed, and the wise and foolish of old troop along with heavy mechanic pace, a voice of pathetic indignation crying out at every turn: "O grosser dor, merk zuo und hör! O armer narr, wie bist so blint!"

But what did Brandt mean by calling his work the "*Ship*" *of Fools*? For, in fact, if about a score of lines were cut out, the acutest reader might go through it from beginning to end without a suspicion of nautical flavour. The "Ship" is a phantom ship, momentarily seen and instantly lost sight of. It has no secure existence in the mind either of reader or of writer. Sometimes we hear of a ship, sometimes of a fleet of ships; of its destination we hear only the name, "Narragonia," which we are at liberty to interpret, at pleasure, the "Fool's Paradise" or the "Fool's Hell." The indifference to purely imaginative effects which

we have noticed in Brandt's life pervades the whole structure of the *Narrenschiff*. The "Ship" is no organic part of the work; it is rather a shrivelled rudiment, which has survived the disappearance of its function. It is a survival of more fertile imaginations than Brandt's; the relic of a poetical tradition which associated the sea in a peculiar manner with Fools.

One germ of this association lay doubtless in the dread of the sea. To the inland dweller the sea abounded with perils, natural and supernatural, and the ship was a mode of tempting them upon which a wise man would not, if he could help it, set his foot. A *naïve* reading of the classics would bring to light several examples of "Ships of Fools." There was the expedition of Xerxes himself, with his colossal confidence and his colossal disasters, a stock hero in Fool literature; there were the Argonauts and the companions of Odysseus, drifting from coast to coast, from misfortune to misfortune, facile as children in running into error, and often amending it only with the children's remedy of tears.

The idea of a voyage of Fools is, no doubt, vaguely foreshadowed in such legends, and must have drawn new vigour from them when the Renaissance made them known. But far back in the Middle Ages there is evidence of a kindred conception in a form of unmistakable meaning. We speak habitually of persons suffering mental confusion, through drink or otherwise, as "at sea." By a similar inspiration, popular wit delighted to imagine the light-hearted revellers of the day collected in a ship, serenely unconscious of danger, heedless of helm or sail, shouting songs while the storm roars, and chinking glasses while the waves break over them. It seemed a piquant way of ridiculing careless security to represent it in a situation where it would inevitably go to the bottom. Thus, a Netherlandish poem, the *Blauwe Schute* (first adduced by Zarncke), opens with an invitation to all "ghesellen van wilde manieren" to come into the "blue ship." It is only a variation of the same notion when the ship is conceived as bearing the revellers to condign punishment after they have rioted all their substance away. Heinrich Teichner's *Schif der Flust* (*Verlust*), of the thirteenth century (first adduced by Docen), describes such a crew of beggared spendthrifts, who are borne from Linz, down the Danube, to regions of sparer, plainer living—to the towns of Narrowmouth and Hollowcheek, both naturally in the kingdom of Hungary. Perhaps a distant reflection of the notion may be found even in the famous *Wiener Meerfahrt*, another thirteenth century poem, by the Viennese Enenkel, in which a number of pilgrims, planning their journey in a tavern, persuade themselves, as the drink does its work, that they are already on ship-board. All these, however, are two centuries earlier than Brandt's poem; and it is not certain that he knew them. The clearest light was thrown upon the subject by another discovery of Zarncke's, the *Monopolium des Liechtschiffs*. This was one the mock academical orations which, in German university life, held t place of the mock trials practised among the law students of Paris.

was delivered at Heidelberg between 1480 and 1490; and the president on the occasion was Brandt's friend, Wimpheling. Its conception was exactly that of Teichner's poem, the *Liechtschiff* being a receptacle for those who, by "eating and drinking, carelessness, idleness, and sleep," had been "lightened" of the oppressive burden of their former wealth and honour—impoverished princes, ecclesiastics ruined by hunting preferment in incorruptible Rome, alchemists who have lost their good metal by trying to make gold of it, and a score of others.

A few years afterwards the student's *jeu d'esprit* was taken up by the grave doctor of Basel; its irony became grim earnest, its nautical machinery a shadow in the background, and the homogeneous crew of ruined spendthrifts a motley army of "Fools," among whom every variety of sinner would find his like. Such was presumably the origin of the *Narrenschiff*. Brandt's innovation lay in inviting the whole society of the infatuated into the vessel originally prepared for a small detachment of them; and though the vessel in the process became, as we have said, a phantom, the innovation nevertheless took. He extended the "monopoly" from the wasted prodigal to such very distant kinsmen of his as the miser and the would-be legatee, the usurer and the quack, the bad workman and the ambitious peasant, the adulterer and the sacrileger, the self-complacent and the over-sanguine—in a word, to all who offended against the simplicity, thoroughness, and modesty which were cardinal virtues with Brandt.

Clearly, so liberal a construction of the term "Fool" was likely to lead to some anomalies; and there are many less fascinating tasks than to wander through the quaint chapters of the *Narrenschiff*, with their quainter woodcuts, endeavouring to grasp the essence of this Protean "folly." At every step, moreover, we stumble upon fragments of old usage and old fancy; for Brandt is both a child and a learned child of his time, brimful of German nature and of German thought.

One is not surprised, in the first place, to find him, genuine townsman as he is, terribly severe with offenders against the democratic virtue of self-regard. "He is a wise man who knows his own business and no man else's." To ignore and despise the mass of men is the beginning of wisdom. "Whoever would satisfy all the wants of mankind must indeed rise early and rarely go to rest." "It takes a great store of meal to stop everybody's mouth." A casual reader taking up Brandt's chapter headed on "Forgetting Oneself" anticipates a tirade against selfishness. Nothing of the kind. He reads, on the contrary, that a man is a "fool" who runs to put out the fire in another man's house when his own is burning, or even he who pushes another's boat forward with a loss of speed to his own. "The father who gives his children bread when he is starving should be flogged to death." An attack upon the monks, who seek their own salvation by a selfish withdrawal from the world, is answered by the plea that every man must think of his own soul first. "If I had two souls," he says, with unconscious humour, "I would gladly devote

one of them to my fellows; but having only one, I must care for it." Nothing, again, is more piquant than Brandt's perfectly serious treatment of ingratitude as a lively sense of favours to come. "The willing horse soon stops if you don't feed him; the full cistern is soon dry if you don't fill it; and the generous friend soon ceases to be generous if you don't repay his gifts." All this, however remote it might be from Christian self-denial, had many analogues in the ethics of Greece. But ancient life, too, had its imaginative and enthusiastic side; and one opens Brandt's chapter on "Friendship" with a faint hope that we shall now escape from the calculating prudence of the town, and be led, like Phædrus, out of its gates to the shade of a plane-tree beside some Northern Ilyssus. But our good Baseler makes no attempt to play the Socratic part. It is true that he laments the lack of "true friendship," and denounces the associations for mutual service which passed under its name. "Wo gelt gbrist" (is lacking), "do ist früntschaft uss," he mourns. But even "true friendship" is for him a matter mainly of active hands and generous purses; a disinterested exchange of benefits as hollow friendship is a selfish exchange of them. It lay a little beyond the horizon of the fifteenth century to conceive friendship primarily as an enthusiastic relation between two minds, in which all outward service, however disinterested, has only a remote and, as it were, suburban function.

In one of his graphic renderings of old legends, Brandt has given a characteristic turn to the story of Marsyas and Apollo. The ungainly, bearded man who represents the "unhappy Faun," is being flayed upon a stretcher; the executioners are going jauntily to work—one sharpening his knife; the other, with a smirk of artistic appreciation of his own skill, carving the limbs. A little crowd of townspeople look on with open-mouthed compassion or curiosity. The Faun who ventured to struggle with a god, is the type, for Brandt, of all who attempt what is too hard for them. Let no one look for sympathy with heroism in his stern pages. Nature is to him a merciless Apollo, and man a feeble Marsyas, who, if he dares to struggle with her, well deserves the fate he is pretty sure to meet. The littleness of man is at the bottom of Brandt's philosophy; no name is too mean for him; even the fool is humbled by being reminded that he is a man,—in other words, clay and ashes, earth, dung,—the scum and the dregs of rational beings. "Happy is he who hath a terror, where'er he goes." This is the real source of Brandt's sharp condemnation of all flighty altruism. His self-regard is neither that of the proud man who despises his neighbours too much to care for them, nor of the Epicurean who dreads the pains of self-denial. It is primarily that of one who feels all interference with others to be a kind of presumption. The man who runs to put out his neighbour's fire when his own house is blazing, is reaching out of his province. The starving father who feeds his children, is reaching out of his province. The hero who ventures his life may do so with full conviction that he will lose it;

he may be absolutely without false hope, or unfounded self-confidence; none the less, in Brandt's view, is he playing the part of a presumptuous man—he is reaching out of his province. No doubt the action is made more "foolish" by the unpleasant consequences; the altruistic fireman is more of a "fool" because his own house is burnt, and the starving father because he dies. Still, it is the "presumption," not the imprudence, of the act which stirs the core of Brandt's contempt.

It is, however, when the illusions of complacency are added to the acts of presumption that Brandt pours out the full vials of his scorn. Pride, "which thrust the highest angel out of heaven and the first man out of Paradise," is in a hundred forms the mark of the Brandtian Fool. A girl, for instance, is complacently regarding her face in a mirror. At her feet lies a gridiron—not, as one at first imagines, the instrument of her neglected culinary duties, but that upon which she will herself, under other circumstances, play a leading and a terrible part. And we are sternly reminded of the Emperor Otto, "who took his mirror into battle, and shaved his two cheeks every day, and washed them with asses' milk." (What would Brandt have made of the ascetics of Aldershot?) A whole group of chapters lashes the Fools of social ambition; familiar types of all ages, like Ritter Peter* and Dr. Griff—honest citizens who have won their paper titles by backstairs influence; peasants who dress in slashed silk, gold chains, and Mechlin lace; artisans' wives who spend all they have in rings and dresses and bring their husbands to beggary. There is the kindred ambition of sightseeing: the fashionable Fools who travel and return no wiser than they went, according to the domestic-minded proverb which declares that "a goose flies away and a gander flies back," and the students who throng the foreign universities—Paris, Orleans, Bologna, Pavia—with more gain in folly than in learning; a cry heartily echoed by the translator Barclay, and after him in more classical prose by Ascham. The possibility of gaining wisdom by travel Brandt did not indeed wholly deny; but it was confined for the most part to wise heathens like Ulysses and Pythagoras; and a more sincere homage is paid to Socrates, who made Athens the bound of his feet as well as of his speculation. The kernel of Brandt's nature is uttered in the suspicion that "he who wanders cannot perfectly serve God." At other times he thinks rather of the perils of travel than of its futility. A wise man should stay at home, or, if by chance he find himself at sea, make for the shore as swiftly as may be. The Eldorado is far off, and you are more likely to be drowned than to reach it. Such is the deliberate view of a learned German doctor in one of the most noted cities of Europe, just two years after the discovery of America. Certainly, of adventure, of curiosity, of effort of every kind to be more than you are, Brandt is the coldest of preachers.

* A coat of arms is provided for the Ritter: a hawk of a heron's colour, and a hen sitting on a nest of eggs. Goedeke in his edition (p. 149) calls this "obscure," and its application to the knight's effeminate cowardice is surely obvious.

Vanity, ambition, and adventure, however, are pardonable offences compared with the incorrigible optimism of the born Fool—his happy faith that he is a favourite of gods and men, and that all that he doeth will prosper. It is in denouncing this to him peculiarly irritating complacency, that Brandt gives us the most interesting glimpses of his view of the world's constitution and government; a view no more purely Christian than his ethics are purely Christian, but mingled with the confused and faded paganism of the middle ages.

No faith could be more congenial to the gloomy, not to say morose, temperament of Brandt than that to which every religion has in its own way given a meaning—the uncertain tenure of happiness. The Greek would call no man happy till he died, and with his usual calm cynicism declared that the gods cut off the prosperous through envy. The Christian, vividly conscious of the perils of prosperity, saw in its sudden termination a loving chastisement. The Roman, more unimaginatively, held to the bare fact of change, and covered his ignorance of its reason by inventing a goddess of unreasoning change. Yet Fors Fortuna was but an abstraction while she remained a faith; and when she became a distinctly imagined figure, it was at the hands of poets to whom she was nothing more. It was reserved for the Middle Ages to develop the cult of Fortuna to its highest terms, with the help of the kindred Teutonic goddess, Frau Sælde. Standing on her wheel or driving it along, or supporting herself on a ball, she became a stock personage of the Middle High German poets. She was carved in the arcades and inlaid in the mosaics of cathedrals. She and her symbols entered into the very heart of mediæval thought. Theologians identified her wheel with the globe of the wicked world; poets with that of the changing moon, which thenceforth became the symbol of what the Germans still call *Laune* or *lunar* caprice.* In the fifteenth century the attempt to rationalise the conception of Fortune becomes noticeable among thoughtful minds. Her artless movements are subjected to more responsible guidance; sometimes they become divine; sometimes by a curious freak of Humanism the symbol of incalculable fluctuation is put in the hands of the determined and unalterable Fates. Brandt, in whose mind everything moral was written in brass, and everything imaginative in water, exhibits not only these two but several other conceptions of the wheel. He holds his doctrine with the tenacity of a vice, but the supernatural mechanism which supports it takes Protean shapes in his fluid imagination. Sometimes the wheel is still moved by Fortune. A rope tied to a crank draws it forward by an invisible hand, and the three Fools who are bound upon it successively mount and descend. In another chapter (56) God is its mover, and its course can be checked by prayer—obviously to the destruction of its fortuitous character. "Ye mighty ones," says the poet to the rulers of the world, "ye sit to the fore on Fortune's wheel. Be wise and consider the end, *lest God turn round the wheel for you!*" Or, again, when the

* Cf. Wackernagel in *Haupt's Zeitschr.* vi.

l fit is on, Klotho takes the place of Fortune. By a still stranger
n the wheel of Ixion and the stone of Sisyphus are pressed into
vice of Fortune, merely because they revolve, like her wheel, in
nous cycles of relief and misery. Gloomy imagery, no doubt;
w characteristic of the pessimist Brandt to illustrate the daily
of the world from the routine of Hell, and to find an analogue of
happiness in the "Fool" Sisyphus's moment of rest without
the hill-top! Shelley, who had moods of ecstasy rather than a
temperament, thought "this world's delight" like lightning—
even as bright." Brandt would hardly have allowed its
ess.

Fool who thinks he will always be happy is matched by him
inks, or acts as if he thought, that he will never die. Brandt
ters a field already occupied by popular humour in the "Dance
h"; but he added a new figure to the immortal series—that of
's Fool." In the *Narrenschiff*, as in Holbein's engraving, the
represented springing aside to deal his enemy a blow with his
ut the skeleton has caught his cloak and holds him fast.* Even
he rest of the Dance was no longer performed, the episode of the
as retained; and in England must have been still familiar at the
ng of the seventeenth century, since Isabella draws a striking
from it in her argument with Claudio. "Reason thus," she urges
ife: . . .

> Merely thou art *Death's Fool;*
> For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
> And yet run'st towards him still.

pecial class of Death's Fools are the expecters of legacies, other-
nmortalised in satire. It is Brandt's vein to think that un-
expectations are likely to be frustrated; and he applies to these
he piquant German proverb, which still survives: "Those thou
t to bear to the grave shall knock down nuts with thy shin bone;"
ch Barclay substitutes the not inferior English version according
h they will feed their geese on the grass of his grave.

the suggestiveness of the Fool's complacency was far from being
ed here. It was piquant no doubt to represent him in the
of the death or the misfortune he despised; but after all it
ed to show him in the days of his oblivious prosperity, revelling
in happy heedlessness of the morrow. For this, too, popular
d found a classical expression; and besides the *Fools of Fortune*
Fool of Death, a great host was assembled in the *Land of*
e. This *Schlaraffenland* (or "Lazy-ape-country") as the
s call it, was of course emphatically a land for the lazy. Labour
re not merely useless but hurtful; the servant with the easiest
d the largest wage, which was at once advanced if he gave them
eaven itself rewarded the idle by raining roasted pigeons into

* Cf. Woltmann, *Holbein*.

their open mouths. One of the most charming of these Utopias is that which Goethe's Rhapsode describes to the crowd upon the strand of Venice, where the inn-guest is received with open arms by mine host, entertained the more lavishly the longer he stays, and soundly beaten when he violates the sacred hospitality of the place by asking for his bill.* One of the mock orations of Brandt's own day gives another variation of the theme,—the description of a society grounded on a too literal obedience to the command, "Take no thought for the morrow." The *Schweinezunft*,† or "Gild of Pigs," holding that a happy heart was usually found above a full stomach and below a careless head, devised regulations of this kind :—To live without rule, to drink wine measures without measure, to eat more on Sunday than could be digested in the week; to be always in debt and take no bills in; to gather no wood in summer, and when winter comes to buy only green wood, and, if it will not burn, on no account to use any other fuel but the straw from their beds; and so forth.

Brandt, on his part, gives us no description of the Schlauraffenland itself. His chapter is wholly filled with an account of the voyage towards it, an ingenious parody of that of Odysseus. The Fools of Cockayne wander helplessly along the seas, searching every port and every shore, but vainly, for none knows where to land; a rout of gay fellows, profligates and courtiers, dreaming of an Eldorado, but heeding neither compass nor chart; half crushed in the Symplegades, hardly escaping Scylla and Charybdis; some lulled by the sirens to fatal sleep, others swallowed by the cyclops, and many more entertained by the cannibal Læstrygones,

> Who ever for their daily meat
> Naught but the flesh of Fools do eat,
> And drink the blood of Fools for wine.

At last, broken by the waves, borne astray by the wind, despoiled of its crew, and bereft of all help and counsel, the ship of misfortune is swallowed up in a whirlpool. Every one will recognise in this description a Brandtian version of those drifting vessels of revellers in which we found the earliest type of the *Ship of Fools*. It is characteristic of his loose grasp of imagery that the relation of the ship of Cockayne to the Ship or Ships of Fools in general is barely indicated, and that it should have been even possible to suppose them to be identical. Brandt's literary sense, though that of a lawyer, was strangely obtuse to confusing equivocations; and with the term "Ship" especially he plays fast and loose. At times it means no more than a "pack" or "crowd" of Fools; at others it stands only a little less vaguely for a whole fleet of such ships; at others again it is unmistakably the thing of sails and oars. The single chap[illegible] on the *Endkrist* uses the term in five different applications witho[illegible]

* Goethe, *Epist.* i.

† Printed in Zarncke, *Die deutschen Universitäten im Mittelalter.*

of warning. It is first as usual, the Ship of Fools; five lines r we hear suddenly of "the paper ship" of theological literature; hat further we find the servants of Antichrist in a ship; in the noment we are told that "St. Peter's ship" is in straits; and finally Antichrist sitting "in the great ship" (as if it had been men-) and diffusing his evil doctrines. The term had in fact begun to and dominate his pen; no sooner did he need a metaphor than the "Ship" slipped in to supply it; and his easy critical conscience no scruples.

the Ship of Cockayne the Fools are riotous as well as heedless opeful. They combine the two chief objects of Brandt's satire. ve followed one branch—the Fools of delusive hope—through all nifications. The Fools of Riot were equally repugnant to his r, domestic nature, and he assigns them quite as much room in ip. It was a gross age. Its manners were rude, its language its hunger and thirst stupendous. The very influences which d in one way depraved in another. The vigour of character which produce the Reformation found vent in quarrels unparalleled for y if not for bitterness. Humanism, which gave its devotees "wit" manners," was less serviceable to their "honesty;" while to the morality of the towns even their virtues of Humanism wore an ungodliness. Chivalry was gone, and with it the civilising power as it was—of "honour;" all that remained of knighthood was igh soldier who passed his days in plunder and his nights in riot. Huttens and Busches who were presently to dispel this reproach till children. In no age, perhaps, out of their own, would Frank r Jan Steen have felt so much at ease, or have painted with so eed of choice. One can fancy them sitting down to one of those nes described with such doleful humour by Erasmus,* and on his ity by Scott †—the big, comfortless *Gaststube*, dim with smoke eam and breath, thronged with guests of all classes, men and , sick and sound, astride on tables, or reeling over chairs, or prop- onderous frames on barrels, or washing in foul water, or pulling ts besmirched to the knee with the deep mire of German roads, or g away the long hours till supper with that great leveller of man- he dice-box; staring open-mouthed if a well-dressed merchant in, but heedless of the sick peasant crouching in the corner. Or group of good-livers round the table of a private house—one is ing at the glasses and lifting them with ineffable satisfaction to s; another has taken up a huge joint of mutton and is privately ng it; others are sitting over their heavily spiced wine, and mouth- t jests and anecdotes which can never be too coarse to please or ildish to amuse. So, too, there were special seasons of disorder. e small hours of the night the streets would be thronged by a ribald

* Colloquia: *Diversoria.* † *Anne of Geierstein.*

rout, with many a priest and many a student among them, shouting and singing, and pulling the house-bells to make the girls look out of the windows. At carnival time the *Vastnacht* 'prentices scoured through the town "as if hunting bees," extorting from every house the blackmail of Shrovetide honey-cake. Even the church is not exempt, and the prayers are often drowned by the rattling bells of hawks and the barking of dogs, both introduced by some sporting worshipper; and before quiet can be restored the hawks must be hooded and the dogs be turned out, and there is endless clatter of tongues and wooden shoes. All these varieties of unmannerly men are lashed by Brandt. He gives them at the same time a singular privilege. He invents a saint for them, who even bears their patronymic. This is the "new saint" Grobianus, to whom, if we are to take Brandt at his word, all his contemporaries did homage; at any rate the new saint's claims were eagerly taken up by future satirists, and all through the sixteenth century Grobianus was as emphatically the patron of the "*grobe Leute*," the unmannerly people, as St. Julian of travellers or "St. Loy" of nuns.

With the unmannerly Fools may be grouped the motley crowd of *impostors* and their dupes, the former being in Brandt's sense no less "Fools" than the latter. First comes the great army of sturdy and valiant beggars, who profited by the advance of wealth and the still vigorous faith in the duty of almsgiving. A few hundred yards from where the *Narrenschiff* was written, was a unique beggar-settlement, possessing its own constitution and rules, and a monopoly in Basel of what was no doubt a profitable trade.* A regular apprenticeship was served, in which the active youth learnt to crouch and limp, the task being sometimes facilitated by breaking a leg. Mothers mourned when they brought forth healthy children; while a child with an incurable disease, if it could only be kept alive, was a joy to the household it did not a little to support. Troops of them would throng the entrance of a town, exposing their sores to all who passed in and out; and an amusing story is told how a benevolent but simple-minded nobleman, anxious to end so much misery, one day ordered them all to be brought to his house and cured. No threat could have been more terrible; and when the messengers arrived, the beggars had vanished. It is suggestive of the temper of the time that Brandt couples with these rogues the beggar-monks, who for a full century had been a social pest; and the relic-mongers. With more effective satire than he always attains, he tells us how the mendicant friars go about with a bottomless bag, demanding alms to fill it; while their brethren attend every consecration, crying out the sacred contents of their wallets—the hay from the Bethlehem stable, and the bone of Balaam's ass, and the feather of St. Michael's wing. Brandt has in fact both the good sense and the imaginative temper which have saved many devout men from superstition. The same

* Cf. Zarncke, *Narrensch. ad. loc.*

rs decide him against some faiths which the learned had not yet
imously condemned—the love of astrology and the medicine of old
s. In condemning another doomed but not yet effete superstition
d at least all the Humanist camp on his side; scholasticism being,
the aged lion in the fable, the mark at which hardly a single young
ar failed at one time or other to have his contemptuous fling.
pared with the fierce assaults of Hutten or Erasmus, Brandt's contri-
n is certainly modest; a few words about the foolish students who
their time over the "idle babbling" of logical puzzles exhaust the
ct. Brandt's Humanism was not, as we know, that of Erasmus; it
d upon no such profound breach with the culture of the Middle
; and, moreover, satire against scholasticism could in no case have
up much room in a mind so careless of purely intellectual per-
ties.

'ope tells us that every one was anxious to prove the author of the
iad himself a dunce. The same disposition naturally showed itself
rds the author of the *Narrenschiff*; but Brandt, unlike Pope, boldly
ted the charge. He replies in the spirit of Touchstone's maxim,
he differs from his Fools chiefly in knowing that he is one. He
not even shrink from signing his name in the final couplet, habitual in
enth century poems, as "der Narr Sebastianus Brandt." "I know
I am still in the land of Fools," he says, "and though I shake my
they will not fall off; but I have the industry to learn wherein
s are Fools, and the courage, if God wills, to better myself in time."
sty lay indeed at the root of Brandt's nature, and it is the
ing-point of his satire. Unassuming yet cautious himself, he was
essed by the universal complacency with which men run into peril;
w crime and folly, riot and misery, everywhere springing up from
lusions, self-confidence, or the exuberance of untempered animalism.
world seemed a chaos of contending wills, of ambitious pride, pre-
e, envy, hatred, where every man was aiming out of his sphere,
tting what became him, ignorant of his place. He thus came to
ive all wrong-doing under the category, as it were, of Folly, and
the two terms for half a century to come synonymous. The very
of his work reflected his way of approaching the subject. If men
knaves because they were (in the narrow sense) Fools, to show
their folly was the best way of curing their knavery. So he con-
ted his *Narrenspiegel*, in which every man might see himself as he
and, that there might be the less mistake, headed each chapter with
enchant woodcut to betray in the plainest black and white "that
t to each fool, that he's an ass." Brandt was certainly not one of
modest men who make up for depreciating themselves by exalting
s. If he was severe with his own faults, he had no mercy for
men's; if he disparaged his own virtues, he had a somewhat dull
r those which might lurk even among Fools. In short, he was
st for mankind at large; a moral pessimist, to whom the world

seemed in so bad a case that even the few exceptions from the general Folly should hardly dare to be serene. If the *Ship of Fools* derived its form from his hatred of self-admiration, it owed its bulk to the gloomy severity which found little to admire in any one else.

It would be idle to infer from the unparalleled popularity of the book that its readers shared its pessimism. Men like to have their faults abused in pithy verses, and still more to have them illustrated in amusing woodcuts. At the same time, it uttered a note which is to be heard in the background of popular literature all through the century. The rude, vigorous voice of the towns, the buoyant ring of the popular lyric, the busy murmur of licentious tales, do not overpower the note of despondency which by a sort of inverted irony precedes the dawn of modern times. It is a characteristic note of incipient and half-conscious Humanism, with its backward look, its unconsciousness that it stood on the threshold of a civilisation far vaster than that it sought to revive; its inability to sound the trumpet-call of faith in the To-come; its learning, a man of words and names without historic proportion; its moral creed, timidly compounded from the well-worn prescriptions of Solomon and Seneca. All this was soon to be changed; the infant Humanism was to grow robust, to sever itself utterly from the Middle Ages, to refuse absolute subjection even to Greece and Rome, and to develop in the process plenty of the serene arrogance which Brandt called Folly. Hand in hand, however, with this robust youth went another not less robust but more devout. The Reformation was the issue of no single cause; but, among others, it was a religious expression of the moral despondency of the day. Brandt at his midnight desk exorcising the Folly of mankind, is near akin to Luther in the convent of Eisenach learning from Augustine to believe the world helplessly sunk in sin. Ardent Catholic as he was, his book is a testimony to that which made the Reformation something more than a political revolt against Rome. And when the word he had minted anew had been hurled to and fro in the religious war till all its spirit had perished and it had become a mere vague, abusive epithet, when the "great Lutheran *Narr*" and its genial satirist Mur-narr, and Hans Sachs with his *Narrenfressers* and his *Narrenbads*, were of the past, then the ill-used word was laid to rest, and with it the reputation of Sebastian Brandt, until the present century, at once more catholic and more refined than its predecessor, again revived the rough, homely, vivid, and epoch-making *Ship of Fools*.

C. H. H.

nal Mythology; or, Stories of Birds and Beasts.

pread and increase of knowledge naturally dispel many a conception ure that lent a certain charm to the older-world's philosophy of niverse; and science and poetry are accordingly to some extent onistic forces in human life. We are so accustomed to think of the imply as the sun, of the Milky Way as a vast multitude of unknown s, of the yellow primrose as no more than the yellow primrose, or ountain as a mere mass of rocks that are geologically explicable, we are apt to overlook a certain loss of interest which is involved is newer reading of our daily surroundings, and to underrate the al advantages of our distant forefathers, who could think of the as the Andamanese do still) as literally a woman with the stars for hildren; to whom the Milky Way spoke of the calm repose of dis- died souls; for whom a flower could unlock magic mountains or s otherwise inaccessible to love; or to whom a snow-mountain might for a god whose splendour and glory might be legitimately adored. n we compare civilised life with its ruder beginnings, it is a satisfac- o think that our ancestors, whose fancies about such things so far ented their actual thoughts that the very languages of Europe to lay bear the impress of them in their construction, had this ad- ge over our later and truer knowledge, and so much compensation ving lived at a time in no respects more miserable than in this, that was not yet laid up that capital of enjoyment accumulated from ast which gives to civilised life the greater part of its zest and st. But even here the preponderance of gain is decidedly with the time, for if we no longer mistake the stars for flowers, or for our ted friends, the red sunset no longer sends us dreams of worlds of or do we walk any longer with the fear of flaming nether gods be- ur eyes.

n relation to the animal world this change of thought and growth nowledge has produced mixed results. We no longer offer heca- of victims to heedless divinities, but the barrier is undoubtedly r between man and his humbler companions. No St. Francis could h as once to little birds, nor call the swallows his sisters; for it d deduct too much from the dignity of our place in the scale of ion to allow to the animal world generally the possession of souls the hopes of a brighter future which in earlier times were freely ded to them, and are still among sundry savage races.

But it is not merely equality with man, but even superiority to him, has been lost by what we now call the lower creation. We shall

perhaps never completely solve the problem, how it was that men ever came to pay actual worship to the rest of the animate world, and to pride themselves, as many savages do still, on their descent from a wolf, a bear, or, may be, even a worm. Probably the reasons were various. We may attribute something to the absence of any clear distinction of species in early life, there being so little difficulty of belief in the transmutation of even generic differences that there is no bird, beast, or fish into which not only men but deities are not instantaneously convertible. For instance, the belief that any man's soul or spirit may quit his body during sleep in the form of an animal supplies one of the commonest processes of conversion. To this day in Bohemia it is thought a dangerous thing to go to bed thirsty, lest the soul in the form of a mouse should wander out of the open mouth, and fail perhaps to find its way back;* and it is common in Germany for nurses and mothers to close the mouths of sleeping children, lest the soul should issue forth in mouse-like form, and the danger incurred by the mouse be shared by the sleeping infant.†

If the human soul can thus issue from the body in sleep, it is not unnatural to think of it as doing so at death; and the shamans or sorcerers, who fill so important a part in primitive life, would not be slow to avail themselves of an idea which would render death itself no barrier to the exercise of their power. By their survival in animal form they would retain after death the reverence paid to them in life, and thus the earliest notions of supernatural powers would confound the gods with the animal creation.

In this way any species of the animal world may be taken for departed generations of mankind; and it becomes intelligible that a Californian tribe should have held venison for unlawful food from a belief that the souls of bygone Californians animated the bodies of the larger game. How far all similar scruples with regard to particular forms of food—such as that of the early Britons to hares, or of the Jews to pigs—may have the same explanation at bottom, may be submitted to the speculation of the curious; but clearly the chase must have had an interest for our barbarous ancestors that it has lost in the garish light of modern civilisation, when bird or beast might be a friend in temporary disguise or possibly a relative of fond and recent remembrance.

A strong light on this method of regarding the animal world is afforded by very recent evidence from the Andaman Islands, the natives of which have always ranked among the lowest of the human race, and till lately were regarded as entirely destitute of religious ideas or traditions. Their theories of their relation to the animal world entirely accord with those which we may fairly suspect to have lain at the basis of the more advanced mythology of the Aryan nations. The first man, falling into a creek and being there drowned, was at once transformed into a whale, and became the father of all future cetaceans of that class; his wife and grandchildren, going in search of him in a boat, were by him

* Gröhman, *Sagen aus Böhmen*, 60. † Wuttke, *Deutsche Volksaberglaube*, 82.

capsized and drowned, she becoming a small crab and they being transformed into iguanas. A fish that is armed with a row of poisonous barbs on its back is a man who in a fit of jealousy killed another; and a certain tree-lizard retains the very same name that belonged to the unfortunate victim. Besides these, the rat, the pigeon, the parrot, the jungle fowl, the crow, the heron, the fish eagle, the porpoise, the shark, and various other fishes, are all transformed ancestors, with a definite legend to account for the transformation. It is even more curious to find the Andamanese in possession of a legend very like one told in Europe of the wren, that he once flew to heaven to bring down fire for mortals, and in consequence had his tail feathers burnt. A flood having extinguished all the fires of the people, and the four survivors of mankind being at a loss what to do, one of their deceased friends appeared to them in the form of a kingfisher. He flew up to the sky where the god Puluga was seated by his fire, seized and attempted to bear off on his back a burning log, but let it fall on Puluga, who in anger hurled it at the bold intruder, fortunately, however, missing him, so that the log descended on the very spot where the four fireless ones were deploring their fate.* To the Andamanese, therefore, it is evident that the greater part of the animal creation must appear in the light of transformed men and women rather than in that of birds, beast, or fish, which they present to less instructed observers.

The Zulus may supply us with similar evidence in their theory of the origin of baboons. To a Zulu a baboon is much less an animal than a man, whose transformation he is quite able to explain. It is one of Tusi's men, he says, when he kills one; and Tusi was a man of the Amafene tribe, a people so habitually idle that they would always eat at other people's houses rather than dig for themselves. Tusi, their chief, one day led them into the wilderness, where the handles of their digging implements gradually turned into tails, their foreheads became overhanging, and their bodies covered with hair; and from that time they went to the precipices and have had their dwelling among the rocks. So thought the Germans once of the storks; they were born as men in other parts of the world, and came to Germany in the form of birds.†

Nor should we forget the part played by hostilities in savage life as an element in the production of their natural philosophy. The great object being to inspire a hostile tribe with terror, a warrior calls himself for that purpose a wolf or a bear, or clothes himself and his followers with some part of their skins; and late generations of the same tribe come to believe that the original founder of their power was a real wolf or bear, and from either animal take their totem or crest.

But however much such causes as these contributed to the strange

* *Anthropological Journal*, Nov. 1882, 156–174.

† Gervasius of Tilbury. 'Sic ciconias asserunt in remotis orbis partibus homines esse et apud nos in avium specie vivere.' Kuhn's *Sagen aus Westfalen* ii. 69.

the rapid convertibility existing between every species of nature
pass to curious myths of the past or present, and find them mor
intelligible than by the popular explanation of them as sy
allegories of the phases of the sky. The interconvertibility of
Odin, or Indra with the animal creation is a point common to
and a point that connects them no less with the ruder god
aborigines of America or Polynesia. It is also a point that
them with actual mortals, and more especially with mortals
with the attributes of sorcery or magic. But it is a point that
very forced construction can connect them with the sun or the h

Zeus on his first visit to Here changed himself into a cucko
literally was this believed by the Greeks that the mountain
they met was called afterwards in historical times the cuckoo
(ὄρος κοκκύγιον).[1] His transformation into a bull or a swan for
purposes is one of the first absurdities that repel our minds
from classical lore; nor is it easy to read with patience in the
Apollo and Athene watching the combat between the Gre
Trojans from two beech-trees in the form of vultures. Yet
things seemed as natural doubtless to the early Greek mind as i
to the Norseman for Odin, his supreme deity, to become a snake
to creep through a hole, or an eagle in order to fly away, or for
become a fly in order to sting more effectually. From such
beginnings were the purer conceptions of Zeus and Indra in m
times evolved, till at last it became a source of wonder how suc
differing conceptions coexisted as that Zeus, who was the highe
gods, could also have acted as he did in the well-known story of

The Odjibwa myth of Manabozho, who appears to have
highest abstract personality known to Red Indian belief, afford
close parallel to the older tales of Zeus or Odin. There was no
life into which this strange being could not transform himself at
with which he could not readily converse. He had all the a
and desires of a man, yet to a great extent the powers of a god
superhuman sorcerer. His name long lived in connection with
the striking peculiarities of natural history. If, for insta
adjidamo or squirrel makes a barking or coughing noise on the
of any one to its nest, the Indian knows how to refer it to t

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[1] Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 644. Pausanias, i. 36.

zho once played upon the moose and woodpecker. He invited th to an entertainment of bear's flesh, which, as soon as they had t, turned into dry powder and made them cough; but as they great a sense of decorum and too much respect for Manabozho, ntinued to eat and to cough, till their clever host changed them into the coughing adjidamo.* Why, too, has the kingfisher a ark on its breast, and why are the feathers on its head tufted? Manabozho once gave it a white sort of medal for useful infor- and because the bird hardly escaped with the ruffling of its head the attempt of Manabozho to wring its neck whilst he was so ng it. Why again has the woodpecker red feathers on its head? , when Manabozho was once engaged in mortal combat with a Manito or spirit, the bird told the former the spot where his ist was vulnerable, and for reward had his head rubbed with the f the slain Manito.

l more absurd is the legend which explains why the bear is so fat hare so thin, and why the duck has so few tail feathers. Mana- nce killed a fish of such gigantic size that its oil and fat formed a ake, whither Manabozho invited all birds and animals to come fed, decreeing that the fatness of each should depend on the order h they partook of his hospitality. The bear came first, and is e the fattest of animals. The moose and the bison were slower ng, whilst the partridge looked on till the reservoir was nearly ed, and the hare and the marten, being the last to arrive, have ently no fat at all. After the feast Manabozho made them all ound him with their eyes shut, and so wrung the necks of the nes as they passed him; but a small duck, suspiciously opening s and observing the danger, instantly made for the water, only ching it, however, as Manabozho gave her such a kick that her as flattened by it, and ducks for all future time marked as a race enjoying but scanty tail-feathers.

logists, like Mr. Darwin and others, have of course long since tenanced this ready sort of explanation of natural peculiarities; cannot deny it the merits of ingenuity, and it at once supplies us e key to similar legends of other lands, like the tragic Greek of Philomela, the unhappy sister of Procne, bewailing in the form ghtingale the wrong done to her by her brother-in-law Tereus, who, ent her from informing her sister, deprived her of her tongue. e Bushman why the jackal's back is black, and he will tell you s because that beast once carried the sun on his back, when he found at luminary, yet a mortal on earth, sitting by the wayside aweary. e native of Vancouver's Island why the loon has so melancholy a d he will tell you of the fisherman whom his companion first of his fish and then cut out his tongue, so that when his friends

* Schoolcraft, *Algic Researches*, ii. 225.

enquired of him the sport he had had, he could only respond by a noise like the loon's, whose plaintive cry is still the voice of that luckless fisherman, trying in vain to make himself understood. Or ask again the Zulu why the hyrax has no tail wherewith to drive away the flies that trouble him, and you will be told that on the day when tails were distributed, the hyrax feared that it was going to rain, and so begged the other animals to bring him his tail, to save himself the trouble of going. Whence to this day, if one Zulu asks another to do or fetch something for him, simply out of laziness, he must expect to be met with the reproachful proverb, "The hyrax went without a tail because he sent for it."

Science has taught us that the action of natural causes now in existence—the action of rains, rivers, floods, and earthquakes—sufficed to produce all the great changes of geology which have turned many times the dry land into sea, and the seas again into dry land. So it is with mythology: the same causes produce it to-day that produced it long ago, when two goats led Thor's chariot through the sky, or when two ravens brought to the ears of Odin the news of the whole wide world. Disuse of language may now and again have necessitated an explanation of forgotten words, and so produced a myth, but the primary cause was the wonder and curiosity that seem natural to the human mind, and the play of imagination, founded on the facts of common experience, to which such curiosity has always impelled speculative minds. The following myths, therefore, from modern Europe may be adduced, as corresponding precisely in origin and construction to the essays in natural history already told by the Red Indian, the Aht, the Bushman, or the Zulu.

The nightingale's song, which it has often been attempted to arrange in syllables of human speech, is in Westphalia arranged in this way: *Ik tît, is tît, is tît, to wît, to wît—Trizy, Trizy, Trizy, to bucht, to bucht, to bucht.* Now, the last syllables form the shepherd's cry to his dog when he wishes the sheep collected. Here then lies the germ for a myth. *Trizy* must be the dog to whom the cry "*to bucht*" is addressed. Accordingly the nightingale is a shepherdess, who was once unkind to a shepherd that loved her; she was always promising but postponing marriage, till at last the shepherd could bear it no longer, and uttered the wish that she might not sleep till the day of judgment. Nor does she; for her voice may be always heard at night, as she cries *to bucht, to bucht, to bucht*, to her good dog Trizy.*

Why has the shard or flounder a face that is all awry, with its eyes on one side of it, and not straight like those of most other fish? Its face was like theirs once, they say, till it made a mocking face at a passing herring, and addressed it with an insulting question: For punishment, it could never draw its face back straight again.† But the

* Kuhn, *Sagen, &c., aus Westfalen*, ii. 75. † *Ib.* ii. 80.

count should be given of the turbot, the pole, the sole, the dab, f, the plaice, and the halibut, for they all have the same peculiar n of the eyes.

a common belief that the cuckoo is a transformed girl, calling her. In Servia the cuckoo, *kukavitza*, was a girl who lamented her's death so long that she was turned into a cuckoo.* This is not very circumstantial, but Albania supplies a more com- ry. There were once two brothers and a sister. The latter lly killed one of them, by getting up suddenly from her needle- d piercing him to the heart with her scissors. She and the g brother mourned so much that they were turned into birds; out to the lost brother by night *gjon, gjon*, and she by day *ku* , which means, "Where are you?"†

cuckoo, says the Bohemian legend, once had a crown on her head, wedding among the birds, at which the hoopoe was bridegroom, it and has never been able to get it back. He is always crying *ku*, which means "You rascal," to which the other replies *jdu*, come, I come," but comes not.‡

Bohemians also take the cuckoo for an enchanted miller or The latter is the more interesting story, as being either of istian origin, or else a pagan memory transferred, as so often , into a Christian dress. Christ, passing one day a baker's shop, of his disciples in to ask for some new bread. The baker refused , but his wife and six daughters, who were more compassionate, some secretly to the disciple. In reward they were placed he stars, as the Pleiades; but the baker was turned into a nd it confirms this story, that his cry is heard as long as those rs are visible in the sky.

land long ago it was a capital crime to kill a cuckoo. The reason was that Zywiec, who in old Slavonic mythology was of the universe, used to change himself (as Zeus once did and) § into a cuckoo, in order to announce to mortals the number ey had to live; a belief so real that multitudes used to flock every ywiec's temple on the mountain that was called after his name, r long life and prosperous health.‖ To this day it is a common folk-lore belief that so many years yet remain to a man of life rs the cuckoo's voice for the first time in the spring. And a historian has handed down, for the edification of posterity, the t worldly-minded brother who, tired of the monotony of convent ed to ask of the cuckoo the number of years yet allotted him The bird having said twenty-two, the monk resolved to devote r a season to the pleasures of this world and yet have time to prepare for the next; but, alas! the bird was a heathenish

m, *D. M.*, 646. † Hahn, *Griechische Märchen*, ii. 144.
man, 68. § De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, ii. 220, 231.
m, *D. M.*, 641.

and therefore a false oracle to listen to, and death surprised the recreant monk in the twentieth year, still absorbed in temporal enjoyments and vanities.

The introduction of Christianity into Europe made no difference to the formation of mythology, which only received the newer faith as a fresh source of nutriment, but otherwise continued with unabated vigour. The robin's breast was red, from the thorn he extracted from the thorn-crown of Christ, or from his daily visits to hell with a drop of water to throw upon the flames. That was or became the reason for never doing it an injury, and the older reason, derived from worship or superstition, was gradually forgotten. So the crossbill in Bohemia is sacred, because at the Crucifixion it endeavoured to extract the nails; whilst the actual Bohemian word for the bee is derived from its association with the same event, and its merciful efforts to afford relief.* In Iceland seals are regarded as the followers of Pharaoh who were drowned in the Red Sea and who on St. John's Eve land and resume for a brief period the shape of mortals. The cat in Iceland represents the devil's attempt to create a man, though he so far failed even in that, that St. Peter had in pity to add to it a skin:† a story which has a closely similar parallel as far off as Albania, where the same attempt resulted in a wolf, but in a wolf which required extraneous aid to endow it with life.‡ It is doubtless in consequence of some similar legend that a certain bird in Iceland goes by the name of St. Peter's puffin, and a certain fish by that of St. Peter's purse, as the dory is connected with him in England and France, being known in the latter country as the *poisson de St. Pierre*.

The Christian who has ever wondered why a cock on a church steeple should serve as a weathercock connects it naturally with the reproach that bird once conveyed to St. Peter. But the cock used to be placed on the tops of sacred trees before it was transferred to church steeples, and it is said to be still made to stand on maypoles in the north of Germany.§ Its function was formerly partly that of a watchman and partly that of a weather prophet; and by its crowing it could also dispersе evil spirits and all the train of approaching calamity. Cocks appear generally to have attracted feelings of sanctity, for in Persia and India their lives are or were sacred, and Cicero speaks of the ancients regarding the killing of a cock as equivalent in wrong to the suffocation of a father. It seems quite superfluous to connect all these and similar customs with a primitive personification of the sun applied to the domestic fowls; to say, for instance, that "the pearl which the fowl searches for in the dunghill is nought else but its own egg, and the egg of the hen in the sky is the sun itself;" or again that "the hen of the fable and fairy tales, which lays golden eggs, is the mythical hen

* Grohman, 84. "Die Biene (vcela) hat ihren Namen davon, dass sie sich auf die Stirne (na celo) des gekreuzigten Heilandes setzte und den Schweiss von ihm

† Maurer, *Isländische Volkssagen*, 190. ‡ Hahn, ii. 14[illegible]

§ Montanus, *Deutsche Volksfeste, &c.*, ii. 175.

r the sky) which gives birth every day to the sun." * How the solar mythologist connect with the sun the custom in the not letting a black hen live for seven years, from the belief that period she may lay an egg out of which may issue a dragon d to live a hundred years? †

return to the influence of Christianity on mythology. One result n, that in the attempt to dispel pagan superstitions, a half- often shows itself in the feelings with which certain objects in are still regarded. As a rule, Christian folk-lore should and verse the pagan estimate of things, honouring what was formerly dishonour, and despising what was formerly honoured. Thus or serpent occupies a place of evil augury and low honour, pro- d to the reverse position once assigned to it, when cats were worthy to draw the chariot of Freja, and reptiles of all eserving of worship. Yet the older feelings survive in the which in some places still protects the cat's life, and in the reve- t paid all over Europe to a certain kind of house snake which is d partly as a guardian angel and partly as the bearer of good to mankind. The idea of such snakes as embodying the dead, ccounts for precisely the same reverence being still paid to them uland, probably also accounts for the European superstitions re or have been attached to them. This sort of snake in Ger- nd Switzerland is commonly regarded as a most desirable guest, presence is a sure earnest of blessing, and who must, therefore, ccount be killed, but fed with milk and honoured in every way.‡ ber of them in a house are taken to represent each member of ily; so much so that the death of the reptile causes a fearful ing of the death of the individual whose representative it is. innocuous snakes were once worshipped, probably as dead ances- d are therefore to this day reverenced in secret, in spite of the posite associations of the newer religion, primitive philosophy o difficulty in explaining the existence of harmful snakes or other s of baneful tendency. It comes from a sort of curse put upon is said in the Tirol, for having escaped without a blessing at e of the creation. And it is still told there, how the blind adder ijoyed eyesight like other snakes, till, having frightened the n as she sat in the grass with the child Jesus, it was punished orth with total blindness. In the general German theory, that are really the old goddess Hertha and her train, so transformed time of the conversion of Germany from paganism, is a clear an attempt to counteract the more primitive view of snakes by e in accordance with Christian sentiment and belief.

t some creatures should have gained the reputation and character

* De Gubernatis, *Z. M.*, ii. 291-2.

† Wuttke, *Volksaberglaube*, 51.

‡ *Ib.*, 50.

of piety is perhaps another result of the influence of Christianity on mythology. Among animals, for instance, the deer is called "pious;" and the swallow, the stork, and the lark are all "pious" birds in Germany. It would almost seem as if early Christian thought did not regard the animal world as altogether outside the pale of religious feeling. The stag, in German popular belief, kneels down and weeps when it is wounded or dying.* The *pious* swallow twitters a song at dawn to the mother of God; the *pious* lark is sacred to her, and rises in prayer upwards, setting an example of grace-giving both before and after food, so that it is likely that a child will grow up pious whose first meat is lark's flesh; and the *pious* stork sets an example no less of matrimonial constancy and fidelity than of dutiful affection to parents.† On the other hand the unhappy bat early became associated with an irreligious character, its shrill notes being popularly taken for the utterance of wicked blasphemies; so that in France and Sicily it used when caught to be cruelly tortured, burnt, or nailed alive to small crosses; which of course made it blaspheme all the more and added confirmation to the popular fancy.‡

It is not always easy to account for the piety ascribed to particular species of creatures, and for the reverence consequently paid to them. The piety of the stag may be connected with its fabulous hostility to snakes, or with the tale of its having met St. Humbert in the chase, and converted him to Christianity by the help of the cross it carried on its head. Sig. De Gubernatis, as usual, recognises the moon in the hind which piously nourished the hermit Ægidius, dwelling in the forest; and of the primitive Christian custom of assuming the disguise of a hind or an old woman at the beginning of January, he says: "The old woman and the hind here evidently represent the witch or ugly woman of winter; and inasmuch as the winter is, like the night, under the moon's influence, the disguise of a hind was another way of representing the moon."§ If we lay aside altogether the aid of common sense, we may perhaps accept this rendering; but it will be more to the credit of our sanity if we simply take the facts as we find them, and admit that their origin has been not yet discovered, if we have no better one than this to give for them.

But the ingenuity of mortals has not always suffered itself to be thus baffled for the want of an explanation. Take for instance the pious swallow whose nest may not be disturbed and whose life is sacred under the sanction of severe penalties affecting the milk given by cows. In Germany the swallows are called the Madonna's birds, and in parts of France *la poule de Dieu*, all good French people (except, for some strange reason, those of the city of Arles) accounting it sacrilege to kill a swallow. The French have two stories to account for this sacred character of the bird. One is that at the Crucifixion they took away

* Montanus, ii. 167. † *Ib.* 177, and Solinus, *Polyhistor*, xl. 25.
‡ Rolland, *Faune Populaire de la France*, i. 5, 6. § *Zool. Myth.* ii. 88

the crown of thorns. The other is, that when Christ was one day resting in a wood after a pursuit by the Jews, the magpies came and covered him all over with thorns, which the swallows in compassion came and extricated. Therefore was it said to the magpie: "Thou shalt make thy nest on the topmost branches of the trees and be universally detested;" and to the swallow, "Thou shalt make thy nest in shelter from all danger and shalt be universally beloved."* But of course these stories may have been invented to account for pre-existing feelings, and not really have preceded them as their origin.

However that may be, the ingenuity of the myth-maker cannot be too much admired which accounts in one and the same story for the honour paid to one bird and the ill favour which is the portion of the other. The snake itself is scarcely less propitious than the magpie, which in Scotland used to be called the devil's bird, being credited with carrying in her tongue a drop of the devil's blood, and whose appearance in England still provokes the superstitious to an ill-becoming exhibition of their nervousness. One legend, of a similar kind to the preceding one, attributes the magpie's disfavour to its unseemly conduct at the Crucifixion, when in company with the robin it was present on that occasion. The magpie up to that time was the most beautiful of all birds, with a lovely voice and a tail like a peacock's, whilst the robin was only a poor grey insignificant little bird. But because the magpie was heartless and insolent, and the robin, on the contrary, extracted the thorns, the one was punished ever after with the loss of its voice and beauty, and the other rewarded with the permanent affection of mankind.†

It is curious to note these quasi-moral reasons given for the peculiarities of the natural world, and their close resemblance to the philosophy contained in the stories already told of Manabozho and the animals of North America. The following French legend of the woodpecker is especially remarkable for associating birds with theories of cosmogony, just as birds and animals were associated in similar legends across the Atlantic. When the seas and lakes and rivers were being made, all the birds were charged with the task of making the channels or reservoirs that were to receive the water, but the woodpecker alone disobeyed, and because he refused to dig the earth with his beak, he was condemned to dig with it the wood of trees for ever; and because he would lend no aid to construct the receptacles of terrestrial water, he was confined thenceforth to drink only of the water of heaven, and that is why his head is so constantly turned skywards, and why with his cry "plui-plui" he still invokes the clouds to send him rain.‡ According to North American belief, as reported by Franklin, after a deluge had resulted from an attempt of the fish to drown Wasackootacht, with whom they had quarrelled, and this mythical

* Rolland, ii. 320.

† Rolland, ii. 263. Compare *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, vi. 344.

‡ Rolland, ii. 63.

god or hero had ordered several kinds of waterfowl to dive to the bottom to bring back some earth, all of them were drowned till the musk-rat succeeded in returning with a mouthful of mud, with which Wasackatacht made a new earth, by imitating the manner in which rats construct their houses.* So the Minnetaree Indians held that everything was water, till the first man sent down a great red-eyed bird to bring up the earth. The French and the Indian legends are of a precisely similar kind, and the similarity between them is a yet further proof that, whether in civilisation or barbarism, the formation of mythology is conducted in almost identical grooves of reflection and fancy. Sitting round winter fires or resting under the shadows of trees from the solar rays, the imaginative heads of all ages and countries construct those ridiculous stories which come in aftertimes to puzzle the learned and to give birth to explanations almost as absurd as the legends they are thought to elucidate.

So strictly fettered, moreover, is human imagination that even in fables drawn from observation of the habits or appearances of the animal world the most striking similarity often makes itself apparent. Æsop's fable of the hare and the tortoise has long since entered into the intellectual treasury of the whole civilised world; but the Odjibwa savages had one so like it that but for trifling differences one might suppose it to have been of foreign importation, and a result of contact with European influences. The pigeon-hawk challenged the tortoise to a race, which the tortoise declined save on the understanding that the race should extend over several days. The bird naturally accepted the amendment readily enough, but the tortoise, who knew that his chances of victory depended on his diligence, "went down into the earth, and, taking a straight line, stopped for nothing. The hawk, on the contrary, knowing that he could easily beat his competitor, kept carelessly flying this way and that way in the air, stopping now to visit one and then another, till so much time had been lost that when he came in sight of the winning point the tortoise had just come up out of the earth and gained the prize." †

The names of those who invent or improve these fables and stories remain unknown to fame, but there is no peasant so lowly or humble but he may hope to leave some lasting impression on that class of the mental products of humankind which is called mythology, and is of almost indestructible tenacity. Why, we may be tempted to ask in wonder, should the Germans look on squirrels as transformed girls, or on storks as transformed men? Why should the native Americans have regarded the robin as a boy, so metamorphosed after over-fasting? Because such ideas enter naturally into uncultivated minds, and are therefore so easily propagated and retained. "It was a proud old molecatcher in Somersetshire to an inquirer a

* Franklin, *Voyage to the Shores of Polar S*

† *Algic Researches*

live on the face of the earth, and so God turned her into a mole her live under the earth; and that was the first mole." And nant appealed to the hands and feet of a mole, as clearly those stian, in support of his theory.* That is the sort of way these iginate, and the less we look to the skies, to the sun or moon, to to a rational understanding of them, the less are we likely to time or imperil the soundness of our understanding.

times the myth-making faculty directs itself, not to the animal to the word which denotes it. It is extraordinary how little lologists have as yet thrown on the meaning of the common plied to the animate creation. The French word *loup* for a f course from the Latin *lupus*, but whence and what is the of *lupus*? There is no explanation of such words as cat, horse, ven if we can carry them back to the Sanskrit. The French or a boar, from the Latin *singularis*, in allusion to the supposed ss of that animal, which is only true of the older boars, affords a nce of an intelligible derivation. But when the myth-makers s their field, the result is dreadful, if at least the following French n of the word *ours* (bear) may be taken as a fair specimen in tion:—"Du temps que Dieu vivait sur la terre, un homme ns un bois voulut lui faire peur, et écria brusquement oche. dit, Tu seras comme-tu as dit" (oche=ours).† It need hardly hat *ours* is from the Latin *ursus*.

efault of derivations the genders still belonging to birds and most languages suffice to carry us back to the primitive concep- hem as transmuted men and women, a conception, however, s by no means confined to the animate creation. The founders ill spoken languages must have dwelt in a magic world, where no essential difference, no impassable gulf, between themselves als and trees, nor between themselves and rocks and stones. Our still need time to learn the difference, and there is abundant of modern savages who have yet to learn it. No other theory lily explain to us why the hawk in Germany, for instance, joice, as the grammarians would say, in the masculine, and the he feminine, gender; or why the cat, which is feminine in Ger- *Katze*), should meet us in French in the masculine (*le chat*). ch such a theory is in keeping with the known facts of the growth logy is attested by such tales as have been already told of the mole, or the cuckoo.

asionally happens that the name of an animal, in itself of un- erivation, stands as the root to some other word, and thereby curious light on the mental state of those who framed the deri- The word *katze*, a cat, affords a good case in point. This word has baffled even Grimm himself, but the word *ketzer* or a heretic is admitted to be a derivative from it. How came

Notes and Queries, 1st series, v. 534. † Rolland, i. 42.

this about? The answer is tolerably clear. That a witch and a black cat were not merely invariably associated together, but very often regarded as one and the same natural phenomenon by that process of instantaneous conversion which has already been shown to be the key-note of all mythology, is known to all who have waded never so little amid the melancholy annals of the arts of sorcery. Thus in the Monferrato peculiar dread still attaches to all cats seen on the roofs of houses in February, from the belief that they are not really cats but witches, whom it is therefore desirable to shoot.* But it is perhaps less well known how intimate was the original connection in men's minds between witchcraft and heresy. In popular German imagination, the Waldenses, the Albigenses, and even the Templar knights were credited with worshipping a large black cat, and this association of ideas resulted in the word *kätzer* or *ketzer* for a heretic.† If, therefore, it was once the custom in France every St. John's Day, with hymns and anthems and processions of priests, to throw twenty-four live cats into a large fire, kindled by the bishops and clergy in the public square, the practice will appear to have been strictly in keeping with the ceremony of burning heretics, which, to the eternal discredit of the Christian Church, afforded interest and delight to our forefathers. It is a curious reflection for a Protestant to make when he beholds a black cat, that in the minds of good Catholics of bygone days himself and that vulgar animal would have stood for well-nigh convertible terms.

If primitive thought regarded mankind and other animals as interconvertible during life, it did not hesitate to carry this fundamental belief to its logical conclusion, and to see in the stars of heaven the continued life of the lower creation no less than of man. It must have often struck the most cursory observer of a celestial globe or atlas with wonder that the objects thereon depicted should have been ever imagined to have the least correspondence to the stars and planets. For the purpose of a convenient mapping out of the heavens these imaginary figures may have their use, but no scientific astronomer would have thought of arranging the stars in the form of a wolf, or a lion, or a scorpion, had he been set fresh to the task. He accepted the names as they had been handed down by tradition, without reflecting that the names themselves descended from a time when those and other forms of life were actually thought to be embodied in the stars. The Indians of America who told of the fisherman that once trespassed in heaven in the quest of perpetual summer, and was shot by an arrow from one of the celestials, could point to the very Fisher Stars, where the arrow could be actually seen in the fisherman's tail.‡ To the native Australians two large stars in the fore legs of Centaurus were two brothers who speared Tchingal to death, the east stars of Crux being the points of spears that pierced his body. The

* De Gubernatis, *Z. M.*, ii. 62.

† Montanus, ii. 166. Grimm, *Deutsches Wörterbuch*.

‡ *Algic Researches*, i. 66.

s in the Milky Way some wood ashes thrown up into the , that people might see their way home at night; and he nore conspicuous stars as men, lions, tortoises, and so forth. ells us that the notion of the Esquimaux about the stars e of them had been men and others different sorts of animals

, therefore, probable that our own ancestors, Aryans or preted the star-lit heavens in the same way, and that thus ose names and figures attached to the constellations which a perplexity to ourselves? Why should it be strange to us eks gave the name of Bear to that set of stars which we still te, or that the Hindus should have seen in them seven *rishi*, n? Perhaps the early Greeks worshipped among other r whom they afterwards placed on high, as the Norse-god ce thought of as a bear, and actually so called,* and as one s of Odin was Snake (Svafnir, Ofnir).† The fact that the does not shine more than other stars makes this theory ore probable than the theory which accounts for the name elopment of a root which meant to *shine*. "From a root t 'to shine,'" says Sir G. Cox, "the Seven Shiners received possibly or probably to the same root belongs the name of Bear (ἄρκτος and *ursa*). . . . and thus, when the epithet had es been confined to the Bear, the Seven Shiners were trans- into seven bears, then into one with Arktouros (Arcturus) arward. In India, too, the name of *riksha* was forgotten, of referring the word to bears, they confounded it with e Seven Stars became the abode of the seven poets or sages, e ark with Menu (Minos), and reappear as the Seven Wise llas, and the Seven Champions of Christendom."‡ The le, which Sir G. Cox refers to, of Kallisto, the mother of changed into a bear by the jealousy of Hêrê, and im- the Bear constellation, is altogether a more likely source of which it was known in Greece and is still popularly known for it is in perfect accordance with the way in which es are applied to the stars by all or most of the ruder races

gy and folk-lore are closely connected, but not necessarily as fect. Both spring up in the same low level of culture, and less the origin of superstitious ideas and customs than the of such pre-existing ideas and customs to the explanation of phenomena. Even when a myth is told as the direct explana- tom, as when for instance the Polish reverence for the cuckoo

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dt, *Götterwelt*. "In alten Zeiten ist Thörr selbst einmal als Bär n; er führte noch später den Beinamen Bjorn (Bär)."

Zur deutschen Mythologie, 53.

y of Aryan Nations, i. 47.

say that "all these are names under which the old mythical lan
spoke of the clouds, or the winds, or of the light which conquers
ness," * rather than that they formed natural and obvious ingredie
the story, like the aid given by the woodpecker to Manabozho,
jackal's kindness to the sun in South Africa?

With regard to beautiful princesses shut up in enchanted castl
guarded by dragons, whence they are afterwards rescued by wan
heroes (which, of course, may easily be forced to mean the sun re
Aurora from the night), a very realistic explanation applies to
stories in Northern lands. The rude castellated forts of the Scandin
were generally perched on the tops of rocks or precipices, surround
a wall often called by a word denoting a serpent or a dragon, wher
times of war it was common in former ages to secure the women
the assaults of the enemy.†

There are few animals round which more folk-lore still lingers
the horse, and we may take it as affording a good illustration of th
relationship between superstition and mythology. Horses are a
see the spirits of the dead, and houses at which they shy must
calamity. Their teeth are a preservative against toothache,
horse's hoof under a child's pillow will avert convulsions. We all
that the hoof is a marvellous luck-bringer, and in the mounta
parts of Germany a horse's head may still be seen over the do
cattle-stalls, or about the houses. This may all date from the
when, as Tacitus tells us, our ancestors kept white horses at the
expense in sacred groves, exempting them from all toil and pre
the future from their neighings. To a warrior the neighing of a
was a sure pledge of coming victory, as his silence was of defeat;

be primary, and delivers all superstition therefrom. It places the worship and the superstition first, and the mythology in the second place.

There is no difficulty in explaining the myths and legends of the Greeks or Hindus if we simply assume that their minds were constituted as the Zulu or Andamanese mind is constituted now, and found vent in the same inferences about the things around them. Nor need we even go so far as the Andaman Islands or South Africa in search of a parallel, for it has been shown that our European peasantry still construct mythology in the old fashioned way, and with difficulty depart from the anostral view of things. *Nequaquam licitum aliquem pro deo colere debemus*, "we should on no account worship any animal as a god," said a bishop of Prague even in the eleventh century; and who shall say that the old worshipful feelings are yet extinct? The sandy path is still shown on the left bank of the Rhine that the mice took on their journey from the Netherlands to Bingen, when they went to punish the bishop Hatto of Mainz for his destruction of the granaries, and *Mäusepfad*, or mouse-path, is its appellation yet.* The sorceress of France can still send swarms of rats and the like vermin against houses whose owners they may wish to spite, and since it is not lawful to kill rats or moles, inasmuch as they too are God's creatures, they are exorcised by writings on bits of paper suspended on trees. "Rats, male and female," writes the peasant, "I conjure you in the name of St. Gertrude to depart to the plain of Rocroi." Or, again, he will bid them leave his corn, and go for food to the *curé*:

> Laissez passer nos blés,
> Courez chez les curés,
> Dans leurs caves vous aurez
> A boire autant qu'il mangez.†

There is scarcely a village in Switzerland that has not its belief in and dread of some mythical beast, horse, or cow, of ghostly or unearthly character, the mixed product of fear and fancy. These animals are, as a rule, the form taken by some wicked celebrity of old times at the close of his or her mortal career. Thus about Brugg at Christmas-tide, a man should beware of meeting the cat, dog, calf, or ox, which is the form taken by a certain *ammann* of former days, who cheated the commune out of 100 guldens and was condemned to wander in animal shape for as many years.‡ So, too, woe betide the German who meets the white horse, that breathes fire, and careers about the Harz mountains, invariably visiting with death the unhappy victim on whose shoulders he springs with his forelegs.§

If, therefore, these things are not merely told but believed by a

* Montanus, ii. 172. † Rolland, i. 23–26.

‡ Rochholz, *Naturmythen*, 78. In the *Schweizersagen* by the same writer are numerous stories of the same sort.

§ Montanus, ii. 162.

great portion of the population of our own day, can we any longer wonder that they should have been as vividly believed thousands of years ago, or that a goodly mixture of legends should have resulted from similar conceptions of ghostly animals of human origin, or of real animals which might be men and might be gods, and might therefore be credited with the qualities of either? Need we any longer suppose that every myth and every custom of the past is derived from the poetical imagery in which our ancestors are supposed to have been always representing to themselves the sun's course from rising to setting, or its conflict with the clouds or the night? And if not, where is the value of the many volumes that have been written to prove that derivation?

J. A. FARRER.

No New Thing.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Peccavi!"

ARGARET STANNIFORTH was sitting in the library at Longbourne, enjoying the repose of solitude and of a lovely June afternoon. She was enjoying these things, that is, as far as it was possible to her to do so; for, unluckily for her, she was not one of those people who are good company for themselves. In order thoroughly to appreciate the charm of being alone, persons of her temperament must be very happy or very reverse; and at this time she was neither the one nor the e had, moreover, various causes for disquietude and anxiety, were apt to rise up before her in dismal array when she had e to do than to think about them. Philip's letters had of late nd short; it was only too clear that things were not turning ordance with his wishes; and what was worse than this was appeared, most unreasonably, to cherish a grudge against ccount of the course which he had seen fit to pursue, and y changed the subject when his name was mentioned. It on Philip's behalf that Margaret felt ill at ease; but there r small matter which disturbed her peace a good deal in these which was certainly not among the annoyances to which any have supposed her likely to be liable.

dding her income!—exceeding fifteen thousand five hundred xclaimed old Mr. Stanniforth, when Hugh journeyed to Man- the express purpose of making a singular communication to

him. "Then all I can say is that she must have a nest of first-class robbers under her roof!"

The old gentleman had, however, made no great difficulty about authorising his co-executor to sell out certain securities; and in this manner the cost of Mrs. Winnington's residence and entertainments in Park Street had been defrayed.

Given a proportionate style of living, it is not much more difficult to exceed fifteen thousand than fifteen hundred a year; and poor Margaret's financial talents were of the slenderest order. During the first days of her wealth, when it had seemed to her that her income was practically boundless, she had responded liberally to every appeal for charity that had been made to her, and she would not now reduce subscriptions which were really out of all keeping with her resources. Later on, the charity which begins at home had been forcibly brought to her notice by her mother, who knew how far money would go, if any one did, but who not unjustifiably argued that Margaret was quite the richest woman of her acquaintance. The expense of living at Longbourne this economist assessed at about one-third of her daughter's income, leaving a balance of at least 9,000*l.* per annum to be devoted to the relief of the deserving. As a matter of fact, Longbourne cost Mrs. Stanniforth very nearly double the sum assigned thereto by her mother; and when to this was added the maintenance of such very expensive persons as Mrs. Winnington herself and Philip Marescalchi had become, it will be seen that not much margin was left for unforeseen calls.

So it came about that Margaret, instead of laying by money, often found herself pinched for the want of it; and this it was that caused her pangs of self-reproach, and, among other things, made solitude distasteful to her. She moved about the room restlessly, wondering—as she had so often done in the course of her rather unhappy life—why responsibilities which she was utterly incapable of exercising should have been cast upon her, and whether, upon the whole, it would not have been a great deal better for everybody if she had never been born.

"I wish somebody would come and see me," she thought; "I wish Hugh would come. And, oh! how I wish Philip would come back!"

She was standing by the window when she uttered this last aspiration aloud, and hardly had she done so when her eye was attracted by a slowly-moving black object which was advancing far away across the sunny expanse of the park. This, by degrees, took the distinct shape of one of the ramshackle flys from Crayminster station, and as it drew nearer it became evident that there was luggage upon the box. Then Margaret drew in her breath, while her face lighted up with joyous surprise; for who but one person could be driving up to Longbourne provided with two large portemanteaux and a hat-box?

All doubt was soon at an end. The fly rolled up over the gravel, and stopped at the door; a dusty traveller descended; and in another minute Mr. Marescalchi was in Margaret's arms. Philip wore a ri

countenance. When the first inarticulate sounds of welcome and salutation had been interchanged, he dropped down upon a sofa, made gestures intended to simulate the rending of his clothes and the heaping of dust upon his head, and began in a lamentable voice:—

"Where's the fatted calf, Meg? Send for the ring and the new garment, and let us eat, drink, and be merry. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! walk up, and see the show. Here's your fine old genuine prodigal; there's no deception. I've wasted my substance in a far country, I've lived among—well, we won't push the parallel too far. Meg, I have come home to confess my sins. I am no more worthy——"

Margaret laid her hand upon his lips. "Hush!" she said. "I don't like to hear you make fun of the Bible."

"Fun!—I make fun!" groaned Philip. "Oh dear, oh dear! you little know how far I am from being in a jocose humour. I am trying to stave off the evil moment, that's all."

"There can be no evil moments now that you have come back to me safe and sound," said Margaret quickly.

"Yes; that's the proper spirit in which to receive the prodigal. And yet the evil moment has to be got through. I have made a mess of it, Meg—a thorough, complete, and satisfactory mess of it. I was within a hair's breadth of being the owner of Longbourne; but the laws of England, which look favourably upon the splitting of hairs, won't allow of their being swept away altogether; and so I am landless and nameless, and my parents were never man and wife, because they forgot that the Union Jack was flying within a stone's throw of the church in which they were married."

Philip then related how and why he had failed to attain the object of his journey to Florence, and basked for a while in the warmth of affectionate sympathy.

"I do think it is most abominably unjust," exclaimed Margaret. "What more can people do than be married in church? As if a mere contract made in a Consul's office could be as important as that! Tom Stanniforth, who is so fond of taking up other people's grievances, ought really to bring this one before Parliament."

"On public grounds, I dare say it might be a good thing if he did. As far as I am personally concerned, no amount of Tom Stanniforths or Acts of Parliament could help me. I am a failure, Meg; and, what is worse, I have made myself into a ludicrous failure. Do you know that for some time I was strongly tempted to disappear and never let you hear of me again?"

"Oh, Philip!"

"But I thought better of it, you see. The prodigal, you know, thought better of it when his money was all gone, and it came to be a case of husks or starvation. But I don't suppose that he put things to himself in that coarse way. I should imagine, judging from analogy,

that what he said to himself was something more like this: 'What a ungrateful brute I am! Here have I been receiving every imaginabl kindness all my life, and scarcely troubling myself to say thank you fo it, thinking of nothing and caring for nothing but my own gratificatio —and now I have my reward! I am ashamed of myself and disguste with myself. I can't undo the past; but I will go home and cry *peccavi* and then, if my father chooses to turn me out of doors, let him do it. shall not complain.' So he packs his portemanteau, and pays his hote bill, and off he goes to the station without saying a word to anybody and—and—here he is, wishing very much to make a clean breast of it but in oh! such an awful funk that he doesn't know how to begin."

"Am I so formidable?" said Margaret, smiling and giving Philip' hand an encouraging squeeze. "My dear boy, if you have anythin unpleasant to tell me, tell it me at once; and don't think that I shal scold you. I am a great deal too bad myself to condemn my neigh bours. The only way in which you could really pain me would be t conceal your troubles from me; and that you have never done in you life."

"Ah, Meg; it is just what I have done. I don't want to mak excuses for myself; but I can't help thinking that it is more difficult t me to be honest than to most people. Walter, now, couldn't tell a li to save his life: if he did, he would get so red and look so guilty that it wouldn't be of the slightest service to him. But I don't suffer in that way. I can tell a lie with the utmost facility; and that, I suppose, is why I have been telling you lies of a more or less direct kind ever since I can remember."

"Oh, don't say that!" exclaimed Margaret.

"You had better not tempt me," answered Philip, with a rather bitter laugh, "or I may take you at your word. My poor, dear old Meg, I could go on throwing dust in your eyes to the end of the chapter; but I won't. I want to turn over a new leaf—upon my soul and honour, I do! Only, before I can do that, I must swallow a dose of nauseous physic; and if you only knew how I hate the idea of raising it to my lips, you would beware of interrupting me. Now, don't say a word; I am going to drink." Philip made a gulp and a grimace, and then said, very quickly: "What Kenyon told you was true. I was married for rather more than a year; and all last winter I lived with my wife in Conduit Street, where she died only a few months ago. She was a girl from a pastrycook's shop in Oxford."

Margaret turned very white; but she did not remove her hand from Philip's shoulder, where she had laid it when she sat down beside him on the sofa.

"Oh, how did it happen?" she exclaimed. "I am sure it was all her fault."

In the midst of all his discomfort and humiliation Philip could not repress a short laugh. "No, it was not her fault," he answered. "She

was as good a little woman as ever breathed; and—well, I was very fond of her."

"Fonder than of Nellie?" asked Margaret hastily.

"No; not nearly so fond. At least, I believe not—I can't tell. Will you have the whole truth? *I don't remember.* Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Philip, bursting out laughing, "when I do go in for telling the truth, I believe there's no one like me. I wonder how many men there are living in this world of weathercocks who would have dared to say such a thing as that!"

It certainly was not very wise to say such things to Margaret. She tried to look as if she was not pained and shocked, but made an indifferent success of the attempt.

"I don't wonder that you did not let me know about it at first," she said. "Of course you *could* not let me know, and it is not telling an untruth to remain silent. Perhaps, for everybody's sake, it was kinder to remain silent for a time. I can see how it was; you intended to enlighten me, and then you put off, and put off, as one does. Wasn't that it?"

"I was having her educated and made presentable," answered Philip. He perfectly understood that Margaret was arguing with herself quite as much as she was making excuses for him; and it did not appear to him that she was likely to get the best of the argument. He would almost rather have been reproached a little.

"Poor thing!" Margaret said presently.

"Yes, you may say 'Poor thing!' now, without a mental reservation. I wonder how it would have been had she been still living, and I had brought her down here to introduce her to you. She used to talk about 'beyaviour;' and if Mrs. Winnington had snubbed her, it is more than probable that she would have burst out crying in public. Would you have said, 'Poor thing!' then? No; you would have said, 'Vulgar little wretch!'"

"I hope I should not."

"Wouldn't you? You would have thought it, though; and so should I, perhaps. I was awfully unhappy when I thought that she was going to die; I don't know when I have been so unhappy in my life. But as soon as she was gone I began to see that whatever is is right. Tell me now—because I should like to know what you really think about it—was that human nature, or was it only *my* nature?"

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Margaret. She did not at all understand Philip's whimsical pleasure in sneering at himself; nor could she guess that it was in this manner that he was accustomed to answer conscience and still the pangs of remorse.

There was a long silence, which Margaret broke by asking, "Was hers a sudden death?"

And then Philip, taking up a different tone, related how he had lost first his baby, and afterwards his wife, and spoke upon both subjects

with so much real feeling that he was quite forgiven long before he had ceased.

"I suppose you have not told Nellie anything about this yet?" said Margaret.

"Gracious goodness! no. Must I confess my sins to more than one person?"

"But, Philip, I don't think that there has been any sin. You have said the worst of yourself that possibly could be said; and I feel sure that, if you had chosen, you might have made things sound very differently. One cannot call it wrong to make a foolish marriage."

"In my case, perhaps, hereditary instincts may be pleaded as an extenuation of the offence."

"Only I do think it would be wrong to conceal it from Nellie. If she loves you, she will certainly pardon you; but it might not be so easy for her to forgive, if she were to hear the story from somebody else."

"Such as that admirable creature Colonel Kenyon, for instance. I'll tell her then; though I verily believe that, if I take many more steps in the path of righteousness, my hair will turn white in a single night, as Bonivard's didn't."

"At all events," said Margaret cheerfully, "you have got through your confession in one quarter; and you see it has not been so very terrible, after all."

"Oh, but excuse me; I haven't got through it. The worst is still to come."

"The worst!" echoed Margaret in dismay.

Philip nodded. "I told you about my friend Signora Tommasini, didn't I?"

"Yes—well?—oh, you surely cannot mean——"

"That I have married Signora Tommasini?" asked Philip, going off into a peal of laughter; for Margaret's face of consternation tickled him irresistibly. "No; it isn't quite so bad as that. It's bad enough, though," he added, becoming suddenly sobered; "I owe her a lot of money."

Margaret drew a long breath. "If that is all!——" said she.

"Oh! that is all. You don't know how much it is, though."

"However much it may be, we will manage to pay her," said Margaret briskly.

"This is dreadful! Why don't you call me names? Why do you heap coals of fire upon my head? It's—well, it's five thousand pounds."

Philip was staring intently at the ground when he made this startling disclosure, and he consequently did not see how Margaret's face fell. Her voice was quite steady and cheerful as she answered:—

"Five thousand pounds will not ruin me. But how did you Never mind, though, if you would rather not tell me. It is consequence."

"Meg, you are too good for this wicked world. Of course I will tell ou. It isn't very creditable, but you will hardly expect it to be that. took to gambling for a time—Heaven knows why; I don't!—and I had run of the most fearful luck; and the long and short of it was that I und myself all that sum to the bad, and I couldn't pay. The woman mpted me, and—I mean this good Signora Tommasini, who is very arly as foolish as you are, offered to save me from disgrace and ruin, d I wasn't so rude as to make her speak twice before I replied. She id I was to pay her back when I became a great singer and was rning a great salary; but——"

"You could not remain under such an obligation to a stranger," terrupted Margaret quickly.

"Ah! there it is. And yet I must be under an obligation to somedy."

"There can be no question of obligations between us, Philip. I nply do for you what you would do for me if our positions were versed. I only wish you had applied to me, instead of to her, in the st instance. But it was very kind of her. I think I should like to now that Signora Tommasini."

"I am not quite sure that you would; she is hardly in your line. ut she is a dear, good old thing, all the same; and she has never eathed a syllable about repayment, though I dare say she wants the oney as much as anybody else. The first thing that I thought of when read those useless signatures in the register at Sant' Onofrio was at I should be able to wipe out my debt; but that was not to be, d ever since then I have been unable to sleep at nights for thinking f it."

"Why did you not write and tell me?" asked Margaret reproachlly. "You ought to have known that I should never think twice bout giving you anything that you wanted, so long as I had it to ive."

"I did know it; but it was a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul, ou see; and, little as you might suppose it, Meg, I have still some elings of shame left. I couldn't bring myself to ask you for more oney; so I lay awake, and brooded over my sins. I suppose that obody can come to a realising sense of what a sinner he is until he kes to lying awake at nights. It was that lying awake that showed e how abominably I had behaved to you, and how I had deceived ou; and at last I could stand it no longer. I resolved that I would rike while the iron was hot, come straight home, and tell you all bout—about the other thing, you know. And, having resolved upon at, it seemed best to make a full confession of everything—as I have one."

Thus far, as regarded essentials, Philip's veracity had been unimpeachble; but he had been guilty of a slight suppression of truth in attriuting his hurried departure from Florence to the stings of an awakened

conscience alone. His suspicions with regard to the Signora ha deepened into something very like certainty as the days had gone o He had found himself falling more and more under her sway. H good-humoured, authoritative trick of ordering him to do this and th had extended itself to matters of the smallest detail, and, favoured by h indolence as well as by his sense of obligation, had reached such a pit that at last he felt that he could hardly call his soul his own. seemed to him that he was in some sense the Signora's property, a she treated him as if he were so in every sense. Matters came to climax one evening when he was driving back from the theatre wi her, and when she asked him in so many words whether he did n think that it was much better for some men to marry women older th themselves. The wretched Philip stammered out an incoherent rep shrank back into his corner of the carriage in mortal terror, and, soon as he reached the hotel, rushed upstairs, packed his belongings, a fled the country precipitately. Such alarm may seem a little exaggerat but probably Philip understood the danger of the situation better th anybody else could do. He believed that the Signora was capable ordering him to marry her, and he knew that, under sufficient stress, was capable of consenting to anything.

The wisdom of the step which he had taken was at any rate am justified by the event, when he found himself sitting, with all his si confessed and forgiven, and his troubles as good as over. Margar pardon had been so readily accorded that he was encouraged to hope w of his approaching interview with Nellie, albeit much disinclined to wa over to Broom Leas forthwith, as he was urged to do.

"Mightn't I have a night's rest first?" he pleaded.

"You will rest so much better when you have done your duty. W put off till to-morrow what might be done to-day?"

"Why do to-day what might be put off till to-morrow? Howev if I must, I must."

Philip got up, sighed, and moved towards the door; but before reached it, it was thrown open, and Miss Brune herself walked in.

Margaret and Philip exchanged quick glances of dismay; but t former was equal to the occasion. She stepped forward, and kis Nellie, who had stopped short, with a cry of surprise, on recognising t new arrival, and—"Here is somebody," said she, "whom you wou rather see than me, I think. I have some letters to write, and I going to the drawing-room to write them. You can send for me wh you want me—or I should rather say *if* you want me."

But Nellie had seized Margaret by the arm, and retained a fi grip of it. "Please do not go away, Mrs. Stanniforth," she said. " was to see you that I came. I have had some very disagreea news."

And then she looked pointedly at Philip, with whom she had n shaken hands, and who promptly made a move in the direction

door. "I'll go," he said; "only will you tell me one thing first: does this disagreeable news relate in any way to me?"

Nellie turned her eyes upon him. He did not look at all like a whipped hound, as he ought to have done. His face wore a slight smile, a faint expression of curiosity, which may have been genuine or assumed, but which in either case would have sufficed to harden her heart against him. "Yes, it does," she answered shortly.

Margaret glanced apprehensively from one to the other, and caught the girl by both hands. "Oh, Nellie!" she exclaimed, "I think we know it all already. It's about somebody who—who is dead, is it not? And Philip has come back on purpose to tell you everything, and to say how sorry he is. You won't judge him until you have heard him, will you?"

"He can have nothing to say that I should care to hear," answered Nellie; "and I dare say he will be glad that somebody else has spared him the trouble of an explanation."

"I have my dear friend Colonel Kenyon to thank for this," muttered Philip.

"It was Walter who wrote to me," said Nellie, "if that makes any difference. I came here to tell Mrs. Stanniforth that of course our engagement must be at an end. There is nothing more to be said that I know of."

But Margaret thought that there was a great deal more to be said. "Dear Nellie," she began, "don't be hasty. It is quite natural that you should be angry——"

"I am not angry at all; it is not worth being angry about," declared Nellie, who was very angry indeed. "I am glad I found out in time, that is all."

"He was just going to Broom Leas to tell you."

"Because he could not help himself. He told you why he had gone to Florence when he could not conceal it any longer."

"That has all come to nothing," said Margaret quickly.

"Of course it has come to nothing; I did not believe the story for a moment. And now the engagement to which I ought never to have consented has come to nothing too. I hope I shall never hear the subject mentioned again in my life."

Margaret was still holding Nellie's hands, as if in that way she could obtain control over a will stronger than her own. She threw an imploring glance at Philip, who was leaning back against the mantelpiece, with his hands in his pockets, and who merely raised his eyebrows, drew down the corners of his mouth, and shrugged his shoulders in answer to her appeal. It was evident that he had no intention of fighting his own battle; so she had to go on fighting it for him.

"Nellie," she pleaded, "we must all forgive sometimes. I know you have a great deal to forgive; but for your own sake, as well as his, you must try."

"Oh," answered Nellie, with a short laugh, "I shall be able t forgive him without trying very much. There are some people to whor one forgives anything and everything, because——"

"Because one loves them," broke in Margaret eagerly.

"No; because—— But I won't say what I was going to say; an I won't pretend that I can quite forgive Philip yet. It is not so ea to forgive an insult as an injury. If only I can avoid seeing him for few months, I have no doubt I shall be able to like him again as well I ever did."

"Oh, Nellie!" murmured Margaret, with her eyes full of tears.

"Dear Mrs. Stanniforth, don't cry!" exclaimed the girl, softeni suddenly; "he is not worth it—I mean we are not worth it; and I ca bear to hurt you. I haven't been quite honest about this; I shou have broken off the engagement in any case. Perhaps, as you say, should have forgiven Philip at once, if I had loved him; but I do love him, and I never have. I did try—no one knows how I tried but I was perfectly miserable the whole time; and it was such a rel when he went away! I knew then that I never could really marry hi and I suppose that I ought to have said so. This morning when Walte letter came, I felt as if I had been reprieved from a sentence of dea You see how impossible it would have been for me to do as y wished."

This was not very pleasant hearing for our irresistible friend in t background, who had been a great deal more mortified and crestfall throughout than he had chosen to appear.

"After that," said he, "I think the best thing I can do is to ret gracefully." And he was out of the room before Margaret could say word to stop him.

"How glad I am he is gone!" exclaimed Nellie.

But Margaret sighed, "Poor Philip! oh, *poor* fellow! It was cr of you to speak of him like that when he was still in the room."

To this Nellie made no reply; and indeed it must be confessed th during the remainder of the interview between the two ladies, t younger displayed a great deal more forbearance than did the elder. be magnanimous was, perhaps, easier for Nellie, who had an excell case, than for Margaret, who had no case at all; but it is somew trying to a proud and quick-tempered girl that her magnanimity sho meet with no recognition. More than once Nellie was upon the po of making a sharp retort; but she bit her lips and kept silence, know how severe was the disappointment which had fallen upon the kind of her friends, and feeling that her own conduct in this matter had been quite as straightforward as it might have been.

"What can I say?" she exclaimed at length. "I think Ph insulted me by coming straight down here from his wife's deathbed, asking me to marry him; I suppose anybody would consider that insult. But I don't want to convince you that he has behaved

and I'm afraid you can't convince me that he has not. The best way is to say no more about it. Even if Philip had been able to prove to us that all this was a calumny, and that he had never had a wife, I still could not have married him. I understand now that I never could have cared for him as one ought to care for one's husband."

"It is rather hard upon him that you should not have found that out before you accepted him," said Margaret.

Nellie did not remind her critic of the doubts which had been made light of in that very room at the time alluded to, nor did she quote certain words of Margaret's which remained very vividly in her memory. "I am quite willing to take my share of the blame, if there is to be any blame," she said humbly; "but if I had consulted you, you could not have advised me to do anything else than break off the engagement, now that I know for certain that I don't love him."

This was unanswerable, and Margaret felt it to be so; yet she was not altogether silenced. She went on fighting, though she knew that the battle was lost; and Nellie listened patiently and sadly. There came a moment when the two women were very near quarrelling for the first time in their lives; but that passed away. One of them was too sweet-tempered to allow matters to come to such extremities, and the other was too keenly alive to the pity of their falling out over so unworthy an object. They parted at last with tears and embraces, but with a cloud between them of which both were conscious.

The cause of the strife, meanwhile, was walking about the garden, trying to pluck up his spirits, which declined to answer to the spur. He could not brave the thing out. If Nellie had wished to punish him, she had discovered the right way to do so. The loss of her love was a real misfortune to him, but for the moment the loss of her respect seemed an infinitely greater one. It had often happened to him to speak and think of himself contemptuously; but that was a very different thing from hearing himself contemptuously spoken of by others. Nellie had told him in the plainest of language that she despised him; and he could not help seeing that Margaret, without being herself in the least aware of it, despised him too. He had no feeling of anger against either one of them; but he did feel exceedingly uncomfortable and horribly humiliated. Under the circumstances, there was but one thing to be done: he must get away with all possible despatch from the scene of such painful experiences. He would go up to London, he thought, and place himself in Steinberger's hands once more, and court oblivion; which, to be sure, never needed much wooing on his part. And then he thought of the five thousand pounds which he would soon be able to pay to Signora Tommasini's bankers, and that consoled him a little.

After a long time Margaret came out of the house with red eyes, and walked quickly across the grass towards him.

"Well, Meg," he said smiling, as he passed his arm through hers,

"so it's all over. Confession made, but absolution deferred; isn't that the way Mr. Langley would put it?"

"You know that if you needed any absolution from me, you had it at the first moment," she answered; "but that is not what you want, my poor boy. It is not against me that you have offended—if you have offended. And I can do nothing for you."

"Do you call five thousand pounds nothing?"

"Oh, that," said Margaret, who had entirely forgotten this trifling detail in the more serious trouble that had overtaken them both, "that is easily provided. But, Philip dear, I can give you no hope about Nellie. I have done all that I could do, and it has been quite useless. I am so very, very sorry."

"What a dear old thing you are! But you mustn't be sorry, Meg; it can't be helped. It is a bitter pill; let us swallow it down and make no faces."

"It seems heartless to try and comfort you," said Margaret presently; "still there always is comfort—for a man. You will find interests in the world—occupations—plenty of things to divert your thoughts from the one subject."

"I think it quite possible that I may," answered Philip gravely. "And I must really be setting to work again in earnest now," he added, after a pause.

"At the law, do you mean?"

"I am afraid it would be a long time before Hobson and Jobson would give me a brief. No; I have only the one talent, and I must not bury it. Duty points to London and Herr Steinberger and scales, Meg."

"But you told me that you really did not like the idea of going on the stage," objected Margaret, looking up at him with eyes full of pity.

"I am not sure that I do like it; but I intend heroically to lump it. I don't know what Steinberger will say to me, I'm sure; but I haven't altogether wasted my time at Florence, and perhaps he may allow me to try my wings by a little preliminary flight before the season is over. Anyhow, I ought not to put off seeing him any longer than I can help. Do you still rise with the lark to attend divine service, Meg? If you do, you may catch a glimpse of me before I start to-morrow morning."

"Couldn't you stay just a few days with me, Philip?"

"Do you think it would be wise? When one has been kicked downstairs, one looks rather foolish if one persists in sitting upon the doorstep."

"I wish you would not say such things. You have not been treated in that way at all."

"Not by you; but I have been kicked, all the same; and I uncommonly foolish. I really couldn't stay here, Meg. If were nothing else to drive me away, the commiseration of Mrs. Pr

ld be enough in itself. Give a man time to recover his self-conceit
dle."

'It is just possible," said Margaret after a few minutes, "that I
not be here myself much longer. I am rather thinking of letting
gbourne for a time."

'Letting Longbourne!" ejaculated Philip. "Since when have you
n that notion into your head?"

'Oh, I have been thinking of it for a long time. I really want a
ge, and——"

'Meg, I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Philip, interrupting
"You never dreamt of letting Longbourne before this afternoon;
you want to cut down so as to be able to find me that money. But
not going to take it. Merciful heavens! I am not quite such a
icable fellow as that yet—whatever Nellie may think of me. I
have earned as much as that for myself before another year is out
he knows? But I'd rather go to the Jews for it than that you
ld be deprived of a single comfort."

'Pray, pray don't do that, Philip!" cried Margaret in great alarm.
don't know much about money-lenders, but everybody says that
n once you get into their hands, you are never free again. Promise
that, whatever happens, you will have nothing to do with them!"

'All right," answered Philip, laughing; "I'll promise. The more
ingly as I very much doubt whether they would have anything to
vith me."

Thus reassured, Margaret was able to join in his laughter, and to
: "Your self-conceit, as you call it, must be coming back to you
ady if you think I am going to cut down my establishment to pay
: debts. What is five thousand pounds to me? Nothing! I want
et away from Longbourne for many reasons. It is lonely now, and
n tired of it; and my mother is ill again, and will have to spend the
mer in Germany most likely. Perhaps I shall join her there.
gether, I don't know when I may have so good an opportunity
n for escaping from all my chains for a time."

If this pious fraud was confessed to Mr. Langley on the following
it may be hoped that he was not too hard upon its perpetrator. To
a sum of five thousand pounds, over and above her current
nses, would have been at this time as impossible a feat for Margaret
r Philip himself to perform. She was indeed able to hand over a
ne for the required amount; but, having done so, it would have
out of her power to continue her present rate of living without con-
ably overdrawing her account before the end of the quarter. The only
ion that suggested itself to her was to strike out the item of personal
nditure altogether from the budget; and no sooner had she seen
lp drive away from the door with his cheque in his pocket, than she
prompt measures to carry out this plan. She gave orders to the
nished Prosser to pay off and dismiss her staff of underlings

forthwith; she wrote the necessary instructions to the house-agents in London; and then set out with a light heart, to walk down to the Rectory, having a certain proposition to make which she had reason to hope would be favourably looked upon there.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Fiasco.

The hall table of the little house in Park Street was almost concealed beneath the shoal of cards and notes that were laid upon it every day, for Mrs. Winnington had never in her life let slip an opportunity of making a useful acquaintance, and was unwearied in her pursuit of such acquaintances when made. It may seem somewhat strange, therefore, that Edith, who could have procured half a dozen invitations to balls for Walter in the course of a week, should have put herself to considerable pains to get him asked to a private concert, a class of entertainment which affords few facilities for uninterrupted conversation. Edith, however, had her reasons for adopting this course. She wanted very much to meet Walter again, but she did not at all want to meet him in such a manner as she had done at Travers House. He frightened her with his downright ways; she saw that, if he were to find himself for five minutes alone with her, he would infallibly make a demand to which she could return but one answer, and that then he would go away in a huff, and the breach between them would be complete. But at Lady Cecilia Carroll's she would be able to talk to him with a pleasant feeling of security against any foolish outbreak on his part.

Lady Cecilia's concerts were rather solemn functions. "A concert," that lady was wont to say, "should be a concert. I don't ask people to my house to chatter and giggle, and sit on the stairs, and talk through the songs. What I wish is to give them an opportunity of hearing the best music and the best singers in a comfortable room with comfortable chairs in it. I only ask those who understand music; and not many of them, for I won't have a crowd." The boast was not always a truthful one, for it is certain that a large proportion of the favoured guests knew no more of music than they did of the Chinese language; but that part of it which related to the comfort of the rooms and the excellence of the performers was justified by facts, and Lady Cecilia's invitations were always eagerly sought after—perhaps because it is a part of human nature to desire anything that is difficult to obtain; perhaps because, as she herself would say, with a sardonic grin, "People will go a long way to hear for nothing what they would have to pay two or three guineas to hear elsewhere."

Walter, who very excusably thought that a private concert and musical party meant much the same thing, and who had found out

punctuality is not practised in London society, arrived rather late on the evening to which he had been looking forward with so much anxiety, and was surprised to find that he would not be permitted to enter the room in which the company were assembled before the conclusion of a fantasia upon the harp, of which the subdued tinkling could be heard through closed doors. He waited outside, at the top of the staircase, in company with some other tardy guests, until the doors were thrown open, and then entered a long, dimly-lighted room full of people, who had very much the appearance of being in church. They were seated, with their backs turned towards him, upon rows of arm-chairs; and at the far end of the room was a sort of stage, occupied at present by a grand piano, a harp, and a fat little harpist.

Walter did not know Lady Cecilia when he saw her, and, as nobody advanced to welcome him, he presumed that he did not see her now; but he soon descried what interested him a good deal more, namely, the back of Edith's head some few yards away from him. The poor people who had been forced to sit still and silent for the last ten minutes were indemnifying themselves now by moving about and talking their loudest. Walter pushed his way through them with the ease which a man of his inches and breadth of chest could command, and perceiving to his great joy an empty chair beside Edith's, unhesitatingly took possession of it.

"Oh! you have come?" said she, allowing him to hold the tips of her fingers for a moment.

"Of course I have come. You asked me, didn't you?"

"It was Lady Cecilia who asked you, I suppose. But I am glad you have come, because it is such a good concert."

"There was 'E. W.' in the corner of the envelope, at all events," said Walter. "So it's a good concert, is it? I don't know much about music myself; but——"

"*Hush!*" interrupted Edith in an agony; for, indeed, Tom Stanniforth was standing close by, and Walter's voice was a loud one.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the astonished culprit. "Have I said anything awful?"

"Yes; you mustn't say you don't know anything about music. Everybody is supposed to like music in this house."

"Oh, all right! I'm glad you told me. I should like anything so long as I was allowed to sit here. It was awfully good of you to keep a place for me."

"Oh, I couldn't have done that! but you can stay here for a little; it is somebody else's place."

"Then somebody else must drag me out by the collar of my coat if he wants his place again. Oh! how do you do, Lady Travers?"

"You are very kind to notice me," said Lady Travers. "Perhaps, in order to avoid the scandal of the police being called in, I had better give you my place." And she rose as she spoke.

"Oh, but, Lady Travers, upon my word!—I couldn't think of such

a thing. I was only joking, I assure you," protested Walter, c
shocked.

"If you are really sure that you were only joking, perhaps I
venture to return," said she; "but in the meantime you may as
keep my chair for me. I want to speak to some one on the other si
the room."

Walter took her at her word; and the first thing that he did,
having effected this change of position, was to whisper to Edith, "
who is Somebody Else?"

"Let me see—who was it? Mr. Stanniforth, I think," she answ
somewhat disingenuously.

Now, in days gone by, Walter had guessed enough of Mrs. Win
ton's designs to be aware that Tom Stanniforth was a more or
dangerous person; therefore his brow clouded over at this careles
nouncement. But he remembered his promise to Lady Travers,
only said, "I should like to see Mr. Stanniforth again. He was a
good fellow."

"Yes; I think he is very nice," Edith agreed hurriedly. "
you heard from home lately?"

"I had a letter from Nell the other day. She says it is dull
down there now that we are all scattered to the four corners o
earth, and only she and my father are left to count the empty place
suppose we shall never be all together again as we were in the old
Jolly old days—oh, dear!"

"I suppose you miss the cricket, and all that?"

"Exactly so—the cricket and all that. Do *you* ever think o
times now? The new times are better fun for you, aren't they?"

Edith sighed and looked down at her fan, upon which was r
sented a group of impossibly-costumed shepherds and shepherd
dancing. It was a *chef-d'œuvre*, painted upon parchment, and signe
Watteau himself.

"What a pretty old fan!" said Walter, admiring the work o
without suspecting its value. "Where did you pick it up?"

"I don't know. That is, Mr. Stanniforth gave it to me."

"Mr. Stanniforth! What the dev--ahem! Is it true that
accept all kinds of presents from men nowadays?"

"I'm sure I don't know. One can't very well refuse things if
friends take the trouble to ransack the curiosity-shops for them. I
care for *rococo* fans myself, and I should like to hand this one ov
Kate, who does; only I suppose that would look rather ungra
Oh! they are going to begin again. How much pleasanter co
would be if the music could be left out! We mustn't talk any
now."

"Why, I haven't said a word to you yet!" exclaimed Wal
dismay. "You don't mean to say that Lady Travers is coming ba

"No; she is sitting down over there. What is it going to be

Not another instrumental performance, I hope and trust. We have had the harp; that's one comfort."

"And are the flute, sackbut, and psaltery to follow?" asked Walter, glancing over Edith's shoulder at the programme which she held. "No, —'*duo*, Signora Tommasini and Signor M.' Who's Signor M., I wonder?"

Edith, who had raised her eyes to the daïs at the end of the room, was in a position to answer the question. "Oh, Walter, look!" she exclaimed in astonished accents.

Walter looked, and gave vent to a low whistle. "By Jupiter!" he ejaculated under his breath. "Who would have thought of his turning up like this? I wouldn't have written that letter if I hadn't supposed he was safe in Italy. Here's a pretty kettle of fish!"

But he gave no explanation of these mutterings in answer to Edith's inquiring glance, and they both turned their eyes towards Philip, standing with a roll of music in his hand beside Signora Tommasini, who was all ablaze with diamonds. It was Philip's first appearance in a professional capacity; it was the first occasion on which he was to exhibit his talents and gifts to an audience in consideration of something more substantial than applause; and this loss of freedom may perhaps have deprived him of the self-confidence which is so essential to success; for in one sense it is easier and far pleasanter to give away one's possessions than to sell them. Be that as it may, he was visibly nervous. His hands shook a little, his cheeks were rather pale, and he looked as if he would have liked very much to run away.

But Steinberger, with his legs tucked under his music stool, was already punishing the piano; the Signora had kicked out her train, hoisted up her fat shoulders, and distorted her features into that extraordinary grin which, for some inscrutable reason, is held to be indispensable by all public singers; and Signor M. had to take up his allotted burden and trudge, whether he would or no.

He had still a few minutes in which to recover himself. First, Signora Tommasini went through some astonishing vocal exploits—"letting off a lot of fireworks," as the ignorant Walter said; then the two voices blended harmoniously together for some bars; and then came the trying moment when Philip had to interpret Donizetti alone and unaided. It was no very formidable achievement that was required of him; but there was a certain high note which would have to come out before he had done; and Philip felt an awful and sickening conviction that come out it would not. And, sure enough, it did not. There was a instant's pause, during which the singer suffered the condensed agonies of a lifetime; then, in despair, he expanded his lungs, and out came a note which was loud enough and clear enough for anybody, but which, alas! was not *the* note.

A quickly-repressed shudder shook the Signora's whole person; Steinberger made a horrible face, bent over the keys, lifted his great

hands above his head, and brought them down with a crash-bang which drowned all subsequent deficiencies, and the performance came to an end without further hitch.

Probably not more than one per cent. of the audience knew that anything had gone wrong. The young *débutant* had had a momentary difficulty, but he had surmounted it at once; and his acquaintances, of whom there were a great many among the company, were quite ready to congratulate him upon his success. But a very different verdict was given by those whose approval was of more importance.

"*Gott in Himmel!* it was the yell of a wild beast!" shouted Steinberger, who was in a furious passion. "Make such another exhibition of yourself, and I wash my hands of you. What have I always told you? Why must you run off to Italy, and ruin your voice by exerting it too soon? You are a hundred—tousand times worse now as you were last year!"

But Philip, apparently unmoved, laughed, remarked "Better luck next time," and strolled down into the room, where Edith was saying to Walter, "Hasn't he improved wonderfully? I had no idea he could sing like that. Do you think he saw us?"

"I hope not," answered Walter.

"Why do you hope not? I thought you and he used to be such friends."

But Walter was not put to the necessity of explaining himself, for the words had hardly passed Edith's lips before Philip was shaking hands with her.

"So you have come to hear my lamentable breakdown," said he.

"What do you mean?" Edith asked, in all sincerity. "I thought you sang splendidly."

"I wonder whether you say that out of politeness, or whether your ears were really not pierced by that awful sharp note. No one can have suffered more acutely from it than I did myself, if that's any consolation. Well, Walter, old man, how are you? Here I am back again, you see, and all the worse for my journey, Steinberger tells me. I didn't know you had gone in for frequenting the gay world."

If Philip had been nervous upon the stage, when there was really no reason for his being so, he was quite at his ease now, and did not seem to think that any of the events which had taken place since Walter and he had parted need produce a coolness between them. "How are things in the City?" he went on. "Old What's-his-name hasn't died and left you all his money while I've been away, has he?"

"No; he's all right," answered Walter, who, for his part, was v obviously embarrassed and uncomfortable. "Have you only j returned? I suppose you haven't been to Longbourne yet? I just w to speak to somebody for a minute. Back directly." And Walter to tail and fled; nor did he return to Edith's side until he had satisf self that Philip was at a safe distance.

"Never felt so small in my life," he declared, speaking afterwards of his behaviour upon this occasion. "Knowing that, only a few days before, I had sent off a letter robbing him of his character behind his back, I couldn't sit there and pretend to be as good friends with him as ever. Nobody could. I simply had to make a bolt for it."

Meanwhile Philip, who had perfectly understood the meaning of Walter's abrupt retreat, and was not a little amused by it, had taken possession of his friend's vacant place, and was making polite inquiries after Mrs. Winnington.

"Meg tells me she is down with the gout again," he said. "You really ought to impress upon her the duty of taking more care of herself, for all our sakes."

"You have been to Longbourne, then," said Edith. "Of course you saw Nellie."

"I did. I may as well tell you that all is over between Nellie and me. Don't try to look distressed. You know that you think, as everybody else does, except Meg, that she is well rid of me. At the same time, if you feel disposed to admire my fortitude, I don't forbid you to do so. In me, Edith, you see that sublime spectacle, a good man struggling with adversity. By a most unkind freak of fortune, I have failed to establish my right to call myself Brune, and I am by no means clear that I have not lost my old name in the attempt. I return home in broken spirits to be told by Nellie that, upon further consideration, she finds that she never cared a brass farthing for me. I come up to London, and make a hideous fiasco of my first public appearance. It now only remains for me to be robbed and murdered on my way back to my lonely lodging to-night, and the tale of woe will be complete."

"But is this really true, Philip? About Nellie, I mean."

"It is too true. I am assuming a light tone, you will understand, in order to conceal a deep emotion. That also is true, though you don't believe it. Ah, well; let us talk about something else. Here comes Mr. Stanniforth, looking the benevolent legislator all over. I wonder whether he could be induced to hatch a scheme for the sustenance of unsuccessful public singers at the national expense."

Tom Stanniforth greeted Marescalchi with all the cordiality that could have been expected of him, and with considerably more than he felt. He said: "Everybody is prophesying a great career for you. They tell me that we shall be hearing you at Covent Garden before this time next year."

"Everybody is very kind," answered Philip; "but it is a mistake to prophesy, and especially to fix dates. You can't go far wrong if you foretell that the world is coming to an end; but if you say it will come to an end in 1881, people don't think much of you in 1882. I only wish I were as sure of singing at Covent Garden some day as you are of being returned for Blackport at the next general election; but even that isn't an absolute certainty, I suppose. Haven't you been pro-

posing to lock up all habitual drunkards, or something of that sort! Some of your constituents must look upon that as a rather uncalled-for interference with the amusements of the sovereign people, I should think."

"That young man is—what shall I say?—not very far removed from a conceited young puppy," remarked Mr. Stanniforth, with unusual severity, as Philip lounged away. For the truth was that the Habitual Drunkards Bill had been very coldly looked upon both at Blackport and in the House of Commons.

"Don't be too hard upon him," said Edith; "he has had a great deal of disappointment lately, and I don't think he is at all satisfied with the way he sang to-night."

"Then," said Tom, who perhaps would have been more mollified if he could have conjectured the nature of the disappointment alluded to, "he may do. If he is dissatisfied with himself, there is hope for him. Hitherto, I fancy, he has rather come to grief from just the opposite cause. It is very good of you to stick up for him, though," he added.

"Oh, very," said Edith, laughing. And then Lady Travers came back, and asked what had become of Walter.

Poor Walter, who had been watching his love from afar, was at this moment making his way back towards her in the hope of regaining possession of the chair in which Lady Travers had just sat down. She did not offer to cede it to him a second time when he approached, nor did Mr. Stanniforth display any inclination to move; so, as he could not remain where he was, without standing upon the toes of the people behind him, he was presently forced to retreat to the doorway, where he spent the rest of the evening in a rueful mood.

A dishevelled violinist was in possession of the daïs, and continued in possession of it for a very long time. Then Philip again came forward, and sang a pathetic ballad with much effect, and shortly after that the proceedings terminated. By dint of determination and some exertion of physical force, Walter managed to be on the doorstep at the right moment to help Edith into her carriage; but that was all he got out of the opportunity which had been provided for him with so much forethought, and of which he had hoped such great things. Taking it altogether, it had hardly been a successful evening; and perhaps the only one of our friends who had thoroughly enjoyed it was Tom Stanniforth. He, having had a long talk with Edith during the latter part of the time, had found her so amiable and kind that he really began to think he might be falling in love with her at last; and said to himself that, in any case, he would not much longer postpone the offer which he had now quite determined to make.

Tom Stanniforth was so much a man of business that, when he had formed a clear intention, he was uneasy until he had executed it. In this matter of his marriage he had shilly-shallied an unconscionably

use he had not felt perfectly sure of his own wishes; but now to him that he had done all that was necessary in the way of ies, and that it would be well to get the whole business settled with, so that he might be able to devote his whole mind to runkenness for the remainder of the session.

very next morning he betook himself to Park Street; and his marched into the little drawing-room, was so plainly that of a a purpose, that Edith knew quite well what had brought him e he opened his lips.

n as he had made the inquiries which politeness demanded, xpressed his grief at hearing that Mrs. Winnington was still in l of pain, he wasted no more time in beating about the bush, traight to the point.

n't know whether you have guessed what has made me call at al hour, Miss Winnington."

Winnington couldn't imagine.

, I came because I hoped to find you alone, and because I speak to you upon a subject of great importance—of great e to me, I mean. I think you must know already what my , and sometimes I have ventured to hope that you might not e too old and ugly to make a passable husband. I certainly ason to flatter myself that you are what is called in love with he longer I live the more I become convinced that happy do not depend upon there being love on both sides."

think there ought to be love on one side, then?"

tanniforth, whose countenance wore the smiling and com- pression which it was wont to assume in the House of Com- he had disposed of a difficulty, replied that he would not go to assert even that. Which rather took the wind out of ls.

look very much pleased with yourself," she was provoked into . "Are you much in the habit of proposing to people, that so well how to put your case?"

pose no man has had less practice at that kind of thing than nswered Tom, still radiant. For, indeed, it seemed to him that the case very neatly and concisely.

you never proposed to anybody before?"

anniforth made no answer, but looked down and smiled, as if the question was hardly a fair one.

pon the pitiless Edith repeated it, and he was obliged to

, if you insist upon my telling you," he said, "I have. Only gh."

me! only once? And that was long ago?"

ome, Miss Winnington, I don't think we need go into dates! ke me, such as I am, you shall ask me what you please after-

wards, and I'll promise to answer you truthfully. Only, don't you think it is much better to let bygones be bygones?"

"Oh! if you are sure that they are bygones—— But, Mr. Stanniforth, I must ask you just one more question: what makes you ask me to marry you at all?"

"My dear Miss Winnington, what reason could I have but one?"

"Do you mean me to understand, then, that you are in love with me?"

The timid Edith's composure of tone was not a little disconcerting to Mr. Stanniforth, who now behaved in a manner inconsistent with his whole past history by taking refuge in prevarication. "Should I have been here if it were not so?" he asked reproachfully.

"And you are certain that you are not in love with anybody else?"

"Anybody else? I don't quite understand. Why, it stands to reason, you know—how could I be?"

"Oh, Mr. Stanniforth, what a poor actor you are! Do you remember how badly you did your part in those theatricals at Longbourne! I can't pretend to be a very good actress myself; if I had been, I should have accepted you first, and told you something afterwards which would have made you wish you were dead."

"My dear Miss Winnington!"

"I really should—unprincipled as it might have been. But now, if I do you a good turn by refusing you, will you do something for me?"

Tom rubbed his head doubtfully, for he not unnaturally conjectured that Edith contemplated eloping with a detrimental, and was going to ask for his assistance in the matter.

"I hope you won't think me over cautious," he answered, "if I say that I hate making promises in the dark. I should be only too glad to be of use to you in any way, Miss Winnington; but I'm afraid I couldn't help you to do anything that—that might seem to me likely to bring you unhappiness."

"Don't be alarmed," said Edith; "it is nothing very out-of-the-way that I want you to do for me. It is only"—and here she also began to show signals of distress—"it is only to behave as if—that is, not to mention to my mother that I have refused you, for a few weeks—just till the end of the season."

"Oh, I'll promise that!" answered Tom cheerfully, understanding well enough the reason of the request; "and I only hope that, before the end of the season, some more worthy man may stand where I hoped to have stood. I won't say anything about my own disappointment."

"No; I don't think I would, if I were you," said Edith drily. "And now let me tell you that it is all over between Philip and Nell I heard it from Philip himself last night; his own words were that · had told him she had never cared a farthing for him. And I can't ! thinking it might be worth your while to try again with the l whom you proposed at an unknown date."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Tom Stanniforth gives some Trouble.

More soothing than paregoric, more invigorating than all the waters of Vichy, Homburg, and Kissingen, were the deep tones of a man's voice, ascending from below, to Mrs. Winnington, as she lay outstretched upon the sofa to which her old enemy had pinned her down. For no less than an hour and a half had Mr. Stanniforth been in the drawing-room with Edith, and still he was talking on, as if he never meant to go away. In a certain sense he never would go away; Mrs. Winnington was quite sure of that. She knew very well that there is but one errand which can excuse a man for presenting himself directly after breakfast and staying until the luncheon hour is at hand; and although for some time past she had been in little doubt as to Mr. Stanniforth's intentions, she was too well acquainted with the slippery ways of men to be thoroughly comfortable so long as the fatal words remained still unspoken. Certain it was that they had been spoken now; and Mrs. Winnington, despite the horrible throbbing of her foot, smiled with the seraphic smile of a martyr at the stake.

The long struggle was over, then! There need be no more scheming and plotting, no more grateful accepting of invitations ungraciously given, no more flattering of dull-witted men, no more ignoring of the sneers of insolent women; no more painful eating of dirt, in short. Henceforth there would be a quiet sunset time of peace, in which the weary combatant might lay down her arms—not unthankfully after so many and great labours; a time which might be devoted a little more to thoughts of that long rest which could not now be very many years distant, and which hitherto there had not been much leisure to contemplate, except during a portion of Sunday morning.

It was thus that Mrs. Winnington sang her *Nunc Dimittis*, little guessing of the infamous projects which were being concocted beneath her feet. The worst part of her attack was over, as she knew; the enemy was retreating after his usual fashion, with an occasional savage onslaught to show that he had not yet quitted the field; and at such times Mrs. Winnington always felt in a low and chastened frame of mind. She was a woman of no small courage and endurance, caring little for pain, and fighting it, as she always fought, with a stubborn determination not to give in; but when the pain began to go, her spirits also began to droop; and just now she felt very old and tired and inclined for rest. Had she been in her usual health, she would probably have at once set to work to torment herself with doubts as to whether she might not have made a more brilliant capture than that of Tom Stanniforth, but now she was disposed to give thanks for what she had got. Tom Stanniforth was not only a very rich man already, but would on his father's death become one of the richest commoners in England;

and nowadays wealth was a more important thing than title. Besides, there was no reason why the one should not lead to the other. It was a pity, in some ways, that he should be a Radical; but if the Radicals were to govern the country for the next twenty years, as everybody said they were sure to do, they would want to be better represented in the Upper House than they were at present; and so opportunity might come to the wealthy and deserving. And when Mrs. Winnington reflected that it was within the range of possibility that these Democrats might solve the question by sweeping away the hereditary branch of the Legislature altogether, she breathed an ardent prayer for the preservation of that bulwark of the Constitution.

One can't think of everything; otherwise Edith might have remembered that her prolonged interview with Mr. Stanniforth could not fail to be commented upon, and to be productive of some embarrassment to her in the near future. This detail had escaped her while she indulged in pardonable exultation over her own adroitness and her acquisition of a staunch and devoted friend. That Tom Stanniforth meant to prove himself such a friend he assured her again and again. Nothing could exceed his gratitude, unless it were his profound admiration of the insight which had enabled her to discover what he did not really know himself. He had quite given up thinking about Nellie for a long time, he declared. Well, he had given up thinking of her in that way, at all events; and as for hope, he had abandoned all shadow of that from the very first. Even now he could hardly believe—and so forth, and so forth. It is not necessary to give a full report of all the puerilities uttered on this occasion by one who, through a long career of public usefulness, has ever been held to possess a stock of common sense above the average. Did Miss Winnington really think there could be a chance for him? he asked (for about the twentieth time). Would it be a good plan, now, if he were just to run down to Longbourne from Saturday to Monday, and see how the land lay?

Miss Winnington did not think that would be a good plan at all. "I know exactly what you would do," she said. "If you saw her, you would march straight up to her and repeat your offer in a money-or-your-life sort of tone, just like—like so many other matter-of-fact people. And then, of course, she would refuse you again. Nellie is a great deal too proud to throw over one man and accept another almost in the same breath."

"Yes; there's that, certainly. I didn't think of that."

"And, besides, aren't you rather forgetting your promise to me?"

"Dear me! yes, to be sure! I do wish, Miss Winnington, that there was somebody whom *you* wanted to marry, and that there was a difficulty about it, so that I might be of some assistance to you."

"You are very kind," said Edith, laughing; "but my ambition, you see, is to remain single, and there is a difficulty about that which you can assist me to overcome."

"Just so. Well, you may rely upon me to do my best. Only, you know, that kind of deception can't be kept up very long."

"Sufficient unto the season is the evil thereof," said Edith. And then she began talking about Nellie again, until three loud raps overhead caused her to start and turn pale.

"Oh, do look at the clock!" she exclaimed in dismay. "I must go up to my mother at once." And she hurried her visitor away.

There was no more humane man in England than the member for Blackport; but, as he walked down the street, he could not help thinking to himself that it would be a blessed thing if the gout were to remove Mrs. Winnington to another sphere of activity.

No such summary interposition on the part of Providence took place; and when Mr. Stanniforth called in Park Street two days later, in order to consult Edith upon a certain subject, he not only found her, but also her mother, in the drawing-room. It is to be supposed that Edith had contrived, by some stratagems, to evade the anxious lady's queries and to still her misgivings; for Mrs. Winnington held out her hand with the sweetest of smiles, saying:

"You will excuse my not getting up to receive you. I am still a cripple, you see."

"But no longer a prisoner," observed Tom. "Oh! you're round the corner now; you'll soon be all right again," he added, encouragingly.

"It is only a question of time," replied Mrs. Winnington, who had not shaken off the depression of convalescence. "A few more attacks like this, and there will be an end of me—and it will be just as well so. We all of us have a mission to accomplish, Mr. Stanniforth, and, when once it is accomplished, the sooner we get out of other people's way the better. I wish I could feel that I had accomplished mine!"

Not being quite sure of the nature of the mission referred to, and fearing that the subject, if pursued, might develop itself into a perilous one, Tom made haste to change it.

"Do you know," he asked, "that Longbourne is to be let?"

Mrs. Winnington clasped her hands, let them fall upon her knees, closed her eyes, and nodded a great many times, as signifying that she could say a good deal, but, for charitable reasons, abstained from doing so.

"I never was so astonished in my life," Tom went on. "I was walking down Oxford Street yesterday afternoon, when I happened to glance into a house-agent's window; and there, as large as life, was a photograph of Longbourne. It is to be let for a year or more, they told me. What is the reason of it?"

"Ah!" answered Mrs. Winnington, after more dumb show, "you may well ask the reason of it. *I* don't know. Poor dear Margaret! she really is so very extraordinary. I have had a letter from her, giving a sort of explanation of the step which she has seen fit to take. I cannot say that it is a satisfactory explanation to my mind, but of course she is mistress of her own actions."

"She is not—not going to be married, is she?" asked Tom hesitatingly.

"Oh, no! it is not so bad—not so serious, I mean—as that. But it seems that Mr. Langley—a most excellent man, but rather too extreme in his views—has been putting notions into her head; and now she wants to go into a sort of retreat for several months. She is rather mysterious about it, but I imagine that she is thinking of entering some sisterhood for a time; she always had a leaning towards that kind of life. She gives me no address, and her letters are to be sent to Longbourne Rectory. Why she should have thought it necessary to let her house I cannot understand."

"But can't you induce her to reconsider her decision?" asked Tom, to whom this explanation seemed even less satisfactory than it had done to Mrs. Winnington. "People really ought not to be allowed to disappear in that way; one can't tell what may happen to them. There must be something under all this that you don't know of."

Mrs. Winnington shrugged her shoulders and spread out her hands. "I have protested," said she; "I can't do more. Speaking quite frankly, as between relatives, I must say that I think a little more consideration might have been shown for me. As you know, I have made my home with Margaret for many years, not wishing that she should be left quite alone; and the result of her acting in this precipitate manner is that in a very short time I shall find myself without a home to go to. Fortunately, it so happens that my health will oblige me to spend the summer in Germany and Switzerland; but after that I really don't know what is to become of us. It is not so easy to find a house and furnish it in such a hurry, and I do think dear Margaret might have considered that."

"But what does she propose doing herself? She doesn't intend to remain in retreat all that time, I presume?"

"No; she speaks of joining me in the course of the summer or autumn, and of our spending the winter together somewhere abroad; but it never seems to occur to dear Margaret that I may have plans and engagements of my own. By the bye, what do *you* think of doing this year?"

"I? Oh, I haven't formed any plan as yet!" answered Mr. Stanniforth, looking a little guilty; for the truth was that he had a plan in his head, and had called in Park Street for the express purpose of taking Edith's opinion with reference to it. "I haven't decided upon anything definitely, at least," he added, by way of quieting his conscience. And then, turning to Edith, "Shall you be at the Botanical *Fête* this afternoon, Miss Winnington?" he asked.

"Kate offered to take me," answered Edith; "but I am not sure that I shall go. It is so hot."

This was not very honest on the part of Edith, who had private reasons for fully intending to be present at the show in question; but when one

has more than one intrigue in hand, the threads are apt to become inconveniently mixed, and it did not suit her purpose that Mr. Stanniforth should be there too.

"You must certainly go, Edith," said her mother with decision. It is not at all too hot, and I shall trust to Mr. Stanniforth to find you seat in the shade. I suppose you are going, Mr. Stanniforth?"

Tom looked at Edith, who made a face at him, which he did not understand. He wanted to have a little conversation with her, and this opportunity seemed as good a one as another.

"I'll go, if you'll go," said he, flattering himself that he was playing his part very cleverly.

Edith could only answer, "Oh, very well!" but she did manage, while taking hands with her visitor, to whisper, "How *stupid* you are!" which sent him away much disconcerted.

It was Lady Travers who had written a line to Walter, telling him to be at the Botanical Gardens that afternoon, and who had afterwards mentioned to Edith what she had done. The latter had received this intelligence with a proper amount of outward indifference, but with inward satisfaction; for she foresaw the approaching day when Mrs. Winnington would once more have the full use of her lower limbs; and when that day came, there would be a difficulty in arranging meetings with Walter, indeed, such meetings did not have to cease altogether. It was, therefore, excessively tiresome that Mr. Stanniforth should have declared his intention of joining himself on to the party; but Edith consoled herself with the hope that Walter might not be able to get away from the city until late in the afternoon, before which time she thought she could contrive to give her other friend a hint to take himself off.

Fortune, apparently, was on her side; for when she and her sister drove up to the entrance of the gardens no Walter was in sight. Mr. Stanniforth, however, was waiting patiently for them in a beautifully-fitting suit of clothes, with a glossy hat, and a flower in his buttonhole. Has anybody noticed the characteristic circumstance that a good conservative takes instinctively to the wearing of old coats after a certain time of life, whereas your Radical is always a smartly-dressed man? Tom, brilliant and beaming, advanced to meet the ladies; and presently, Lady Travers having stopped to speak to an acquaintance, he led Edith out of the crowd to a comparatively sequestered spot, behind a clump of rhododendrons, where two chairs had been left, as if on purpose for them.

"I am afraid," he began at once, "that I made some mistake this morning. Why did you call me stupid?"

"Why did you insist on dragging me here on such a broiling afternoon?" returned Edith. "You are not at all quick in seeing what people want, do you know."

"You didn't give me a chance of seeing until it was too late; and really I don't call it hot at all. But, to be perfectly honest, I believe I

was thinking rather of what I wanted myself than of what you wanted. Since yesterday I have been turning over in my mind a project which has occurred to me, but I would not take any steps before consulting you; and that was really why I hoped I might see you this afternoon. I humbly apologise for my selfishness."

"It is of no consequence," answered Edith. "What is your project?"

"It is about Longbourne. How would it be if I were to take the place, and spend the summer there? In that way, you see, I should be living near her, and I might do things by degrees, as you suggested. On thinking it over, I quite agree with you that hurry would be fatal. It strikes me also that the arrangement might be a convenient one in some ways for Margaret."

Edith laughed. "I think everybody would know pretty well what brought you," she said. "Bachelors don't usually take large country-houses for the summer."

"But I'm not exactly like the general run of bachelors. I have a large country-house of my own in Staffordshire."

"Which you never inhabit. That seems rather an odd reason for taking another one."

"Oh! well, it is impossible to round things off with such absolute neatness; one can't create exactly the situation that one requires. Even supposing that she did guess why I was at Longbourne, it wouldn't so much matter. I should be very humble and meek, and never go over to Broom Leas unless I were asked. I really think the thing might be worked so as to give it an air of probability. Margaret wants to go abroad, but doesn't care to leave her house in the hands of a stranger; I agree to look after the place in her absence; nobody need know even that I pay rent for it—don't you see? Why shouldn't I wish to have a house in the country as much as anybody else? Perhaps the air of Staffordshire doesn't agree with me. And of course I shall have people down to stay. I had a hope that I might induce you and your mother to honour me so far."

"Oh, that would never do!" exclaimed Edith hastily. But after a minute she began to think that it might do rather well. "I wish we could," she said wistfully; "but unfortunately we shall be at those horrid German baths all the summer."

"Then why not come in September or October? Mrs. Winnington said she would be puzzled to know what to do with herself at that time."

"It certainly would not be pleasant in London just then. I suppose the whole world turns out of London during those two months, do—it? Everybody has a holiday—members of parliament, and merch and bankers, and shopkeepers, and all."

"I don't know about everybody," answered Tom, laughing; bankers and merchants give themselves a holiday, no doubt."

"And then do they shut up their banks and places?"

"Not as a rule; but the banks and places get on very well without hem."

"The poor clerks stay and do the work, I suppose. How hard that ems!"

"Oh! they all get their month at one time or another, I take it. ut about my plan: you think I may venture to write to Margaret, en? And you'll try and persuade your mother to pay me a visit in e autumn?"

Edith, who was wondering, at that moment, whether Mr. Boulger's ves were allowed to choose their own time for absenting themselves, swered somewhat irrelevantly, "The question is whether September uld be the month."

"Oh! September, or October, or November, any time that suited u best. The only thing is, Miss Winnington," continued Tom, with raver face and some hesitation of speech, "that by that time I am aid—or perhaps I ought rather to say that I hope—and yet I have business to hope. What I mean is that I don't see how it would be sible to keep your mother in the dark so long as to—to——" Tom t his sentence unfinished, for, although he quite understood the part at Edith wished him to play, it was a little awkward to allude to it plain language.

"Our agreement was only to hold good up to the end of the season, u know," she answered, with a faint smile. "I can't look beyond the d of the season. I hate looking forward at all, it always makes me miserable," she added; and Tom, glancing up suddenly, saw that her e eyes were swimming in tears.

This spectacle distressed him beyond measure. "Upon my soul, it's bad!" he exclaimed involuntarily; and then, "Miss Winnington, I do sh I could help you in any way."

"You can't help me, Mr. Stanniforth; nobody can help me," swered the girl despairingly; and the tears overflowed from her eyelids d ran down her cheeks.

"Now, now, you mustn't—you really mustn't give way!" cried Tom, great perturbation. "Keep a good heart, my dear Miss Winnington, d it will all come right in the end. I think I can partly understand at your trouble is; but nobody can force you to do what you don't nt to do, if you will only stand at bay and defy them. And—and it n't last for ever, you know," added Tom, forgetting, in his desire to nsole the afflicted one, that he was cheering her with the prospect of r mother's ultimate demise.

Had he been a little better versed in the ways of women, he would ve known that he had but to sit still and hold his tongue, and that lith would presently recover herself; but he was ignorant of this fact in ysiology, and so he went on with his well-meant efforts at comfort. Now, don't cry, pray don't; it really isn't so bad as you think it is"—

and so forth. Bending forward in the fervour of his entreaties, he grasped Edith's hand, which was lying passively on her lap, and which she did not withdraw.

It was at this most inopportune moment that Walter emerged from the trees, and, halting abruptly on recognising the couple before him, became, as it were, turned to stone.

The effect of this apparition upon Miss Winnington was very incomprehensible to Tom Stanniforth, who had his back turned to the intruder. In the twinkling of an eye she had snatched her hand away; her tears were gone, a cheerful and guileless smile illumined her features, and, except that she was a little red in the face, there was nothing about her to indicate that only a second before she had been a prey to such poignant emotion.

"Oh, here is Mr. Brune!" said she. And she got up, holding out her hand, and saying, "How do you do, Walter?" in the most matter-of-course manner in the world.

Walter, who had no such aptitudes for self-repression, made a grab at his hat, growled out something quite unintelligible, and glared at Mr. Stanniforth as if he meant to devour him, body and bones, forthwith.

"Oho! now I understand!" thought the latter, who, to be sure, could hardly have helped understanding. He was a good deal amused by Walter's angry face, for the fact of a man's being himself in love does not necessarily debar him from enjoying the absurd figure cut by his neighbour in a similar predicament; but he saw that it would not do to let his amusement appear. Evidently nothing beyond the very smallest provocation would be required to bring about an appeal to physical force, and Mr. Stanniforth was not inclined for public brawling.

"Hadn't I better go and tell Lady Travers where you are?" he suggested. "She may be looking for you; and I suppose I may leave you in Brune's charge for the present, may I not?"

He did not wait for an answer, but lifted his hat and walked away, leaving the lovers to fight it out.

"What *is* the matter?" asked Edith, after waiting in vain for Walter to open fire.

"The matter? with me, do you mean? I don't think I said anything was the matter with me, did I?"

"No; but you look all sorts of dreadful things."

"I am afraid I can't help my looks. I must apologise for having interrupted you, and driven Mr. Stanniforth away. As I am going away myself directly, perhaps I had better look for him, and send him back to you."

Edith raised her eyes for a moment to Walter's face, and then them drop again, and began drilling holes in the turf with the tip o parasol. "If you won't ask me anything," she said presently, course I can't explain."

"Really," answered Walter, with a short, angry laugh, "I don't think I care particularly about explanations. You don't owe me any; and if you did, it would make very little difference. There are some things which even you would find it rather hard to explain away."

"Even I!" exclaimed Edith, stung by the injustice of the innuendo; "I don't know what you mean by that."

"I only mean that you are rather clever at explanations. I don't much like them myself; I prefer that there should be nothing to explain. But I suppose you would not find that at all amusing."

"You are very rude, and very unfair!" cried Edith. "If this is all I get by—by——"

"By taking some trouble to lead a fool into displaying his folly, you won't do it again? Well, I hope you won't, I'm sure. I can answer for one fool who will decline to play the game any more, at all events."

"You are quite right, Mr. Brune," replied Edith coldly; "you had certainly better give up 'playing the game,' as you call it, since you have no control over your temper."

"I could keep my temper well enough if all this were play to me, as it is to you. But what proves me a fool is that I have been in earnest. It won't happen again though, that's one thing. I don't understand the ways of the world that you live in nowadays, and it is not at all likely that I should ever get accustomed to them. Of course I ought to see that bankers' clerks are only an inferior class of beings, who may think themselves uncommonly lucky if they are flirted with, and that the men who are married are millionnaires, like Stanniforth. But, unfortunately, I don't see it, so I am not fit to play the game, and the sooner I leave the ground the better. Good-bye, Miss Winnington."

Walter bowed with great dignity, and prepared to suit the action to the word. He did not, however, walk away quite so quickly as he might have done, and he must have been listening very attentively to have been arrested by the extremely faint sound which presently reached his ear.

"I beg your pardon," said he, stopping short; "did you call me?"

"No," answered Edith in a chilling tone; and he said, "I beg your pardon" again, and resumed his deliberate retreat.

"Walter!"

There was no doubt about the summons this time; and Walter promptly faced about and obeyed it. "Have you anything to say to me?" he asked.

"I only thought that, after what you said just now, I had better tell you that I am not going to be married to Mr. Stanniforth. Mr. Stanniforth is going to be married—or at least he wishes to be married—to quite another person. It was about her that he had been talking to me when you came up."

"Is this true?" asked Walter hoarsely.

"I am not in the habit of saying what is not true; but you need not believe me, unless you like. If you see Kate as you go out, will you tell her where I am, please? I don't wish to be left quite by myself among all these people."

"Oh, Edith, I beg your pardon! I quite forgot that I was leaving you alone. Will you forgive me, just this once? I am so awfully miserable, and—well, you'll allow that it was enough to make any fellow lose his head. What was I to think when I saw the man holding your hand?"

"I can forgive you," answered Edith, with a sigh; "but I wish you were not so—I hardly know what to say."

"So jealous, I suppose you mean."

"Ah, Walter, you must not talk about being jealous! You know, I told you that I could only meet you as a friend."

"And I told you that I would rather not meet you at all than meet you upon those terms. Lady Travers made me promise a lot of things; but I find I can't keep my promise. I can't look on without hope. To-day I made a mistake; but it would only be the same thing some other day, and then perhaps it wouldn't be a mistake. If you don't marry Stanniforth, you will marry somebody else."

Edith shook her head.

"Then, why am I to be only a friend? Why won't you give me one word of comfort? Why won't you let me have something to live for and work for?"

"You know why. I treated you badly once; but I won't do it again. Sometimes I think I may manage to end my days as an old maid; but that is the utmost that I ever dare to hope for. Will you come and see me sometimes when my hair is grey, and I am living in lodgings with a cat and a canary?"

"I don't know how to talk to you, Edith," said Walter. "You speak as if you wished me to believe that you still cared for me; and yet it seems to me that I should be very foolish if I did believe it. Perhaps I am more dull than the rest of the world; but I do like to have things put plainly and to know where I am."

"You are in the Regent's Park," answered Edith, laughing, "and you are attracting attention by your authoritative manners, and here come Kate and Mr. Stanniforth in search of us. Do, please, try to look like other people for a little while."

"Do you know that it is nearly dinner-time?" said Lady Travers. "Perhaps Mr. Brune would be kind enough to go and find the carriage for us."

And when Walter was gone, she whispered to Edith: "What a goose you are not to marry Mr. Stanniforth! He is worth a dozen of the other."

"WHAT ELSE?"

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1884.

At the Gate of the Sea.

CHAPTER VII.

COUTERIER leaving the Tempestuous Salt like an emperor who has commanded a rebellious province. He was one of those people who have success and bite failure apart from immoralities. He wanted what he wanted—money, rank or anything—and if he had dug for water and struck gold. Like the Sapphire Mr. Gow, he would have felt appalled. He and gave not to mention the Chronicle, and his [illegible] which had [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE

RNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1883.

By the Gate of the Sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORRIMER leaving Mrs. Tregarthen felt like an emperor who has reconquered a rebellious province. He was one of those people who love success and hate failure, apart from consequences. He wanted what he wanted—exactly that or nothing—and if he had dug for water and struck gold, like the famous Mr. Dow, he would have felt aggrieved. He had gone out to secure Miss Churchill, and the difficulties which had been cast in his way only made her services the more le to hope for, and more precious when secured.

he boys," he said to himself, rubbing his hands with vivacity, e at the Rabbit Hutch. They shall have the news at once to ith."

en he alighted in the Strand and discharged the coachman, that ge was astonished at the liberality of the payment Lorrimer ten-

The manager swaggered into the little room, beaming all over,

the trick, my boy."

"The—the baby?" said Marsh, with a bewildered air.

"Ye-es," said Lorrimer, rubbing his chin with the palm of h and regarding the poet with a half-reflection of his look. "A b suppose it's all right. To tell you the truth, Marsh, I don't inqu those matters. It's a question of principle with me."

The poet stretched out a hand and struck down heavily on t which stood before him, and, on the appearance of the waiter, de brandy in a manner almost tragic.

"What's the matter?" asked Lorrimer. "You are out c dear boy."

"I am hipped," said the poet with a sigh. "I am tired of th show, Lorrimer, and I wish that the drum would bang and th squeak no more. I should like to see the curtain ring down on t figures in the middle of the piece, but I must sit it out, I suppo the rest of us, though I'm sick of it and bored to death."

"Ah!" said Lorrimer, "you're young, dear boy, and that's w feel like that. When I was your age I felt older than Meth By-and-by, you'll begin to want to stick, and you'll get to like th very well."

There are few things more offensive to a young man than to be re of his youth by a senior. And for a poet and a man of fashion w just expressed the yearnings of his soul (with what he felt to be pretty conversational style), to find himself compared with thi vulgarian who called Methuselah Methusalem, was more than co galling. Lorrimer had never felt what he felt. The thing was sible, but it was useless to argue, and the young man sat in a m

florid, fat man who shall be nameless, had once a desire to play Romeo."

"No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me," said Lorrimer. "But if you can write a poetical comedy, my boy, here's the woman to write up to."

"Sir," said the man in the corner, "I can write a poetical comedy as well as any whale in arctic waters can dance a saraband."

"Well," cried Lorrimer, "the man who writes a first-rate poetical comedy for Miss Churchill has made his fortune. I know that much."

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said the poet, rising wearily. There was some protest against his going, but he pleaded a non-existent engagement and got away. He turned disconsolately out of the Strand into Catherine Street, and after many indeterminate windings, found himself at the head of the dismal thoroughfare in which Mrs. Tregarthen had lodgings. He stood a full minute in hesitation, and one or two hurrying passengers hustled him. At last he pulled his hat over his eyes, sighed, cast out both hands with a little gesture of surrender, and walked home.

On the afternoon of the day on which Mrs. Tregarthen entered her new abode, Lorrimer called and showed her two or three newspaper paragraphs.

"The game is afoot already, madam," he said, "and much as I was disappointed at the moment, upon my word I'm beginning to be glad that you threw me over last time. It has excited a certain curiosity and interest, don't you see? Only—you mustn't do it again, you know. My credit and reputation are at stake."

She told him wearily that he might rely upon her, but she took no interest in the preliminary puffs of which Lorrimer was so proud. She glanced at them and put them aside with so much languor that the manager took fright a little.

"Upon my word," he said, "I'm afraid you're not well." "Or else," he added silently, "you're anything but sweet upon the business."

"I am very well," she answered.

"Be candid with me," urged the manager. "I may rely upon you? Now may I really?"

"You may rely upon me," she said; adding with more vivacity, "I would not repay your kindness so poorly as to disappoint you a second time."

"There are managers," said Lorrimer, "who in a case like this would take advantage of youth and inexperience. But I know better; for my own sake I know better. I offer you such terms to begin with, that you can't improve your condition by running to anybody else. Before now, madam, I have galvanised the town into the temporary acceptance of a duffer. Histrionic genius, with Lorrimer behind it, is guaranteed success. We shall take up a permanent residence on the grounds of Thomas Tiddler, madam, and shall pick up gold and silver.

her experience already, and a stage career no longer showed
colour to her. The stage-door haunter, the green-room haun
insolent puppy in the stage-box or the dress-circle, the coarse-
stage-manager, the Banished Duke, who when on country t
trived to smell of onions, gin, and stale tobacco all at once, th
tattle and scandal and envy of the women, and the lidless dr
of professional jealousy amongst the men, had all combined to
and disgust her. She knew that many of the miseries she had
aforetime would be modified. Lorrimer was an amazing impr
on the travelling manager, for instance. She could rely upon
merely for the payment of her dues, but for manly protectio
needed it; but at its best the inner life of a theatre was not to b
and she looked forward to a resumption of her old pursuit
enthusiasm. Arthur would know of it, too, but there was no
the world which could increase the distance between herself a
She even thought, as she looked everywhere for excuses, that her
tion of her old life might help to bring peace to him by co
their estrangement. He would be able to despise her so heartily
would cease to regret her. There was no form of mental sel
which she neglected, and none seemed to afford her much relief.

When she had been in her new quarters a day or two, and
vided herself with a promising nurse for the baby, she sat d
wrote a letter, which had for its effect the return of her young
The sensible child had been sent away to a small country boardin
and the poor lady had expended almost her last jewel in provi
with that temporary refuge from those stern ills of life which b
them both in their latest lodging. She had hoped to make som
refuge permanent for her, and to that end she had written a n

look of a connoisseur. "Her eyes are like Arthur's. Clara, what makes children like their fathers and mothers? Am I like papa?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, bending over the child and feigning to arrange some trifle of its dress to hide her eyes, "you are very like him." She could read in the baby's features a subtler likeness than anybody else could trace. But that was in the course of nature, and like a mother. Later on, when the baby had grown into girlhood, the likeness became a marvel to those who knew of it, it was so close and perfect; but to the mother's eyes the marvel was there already.

"Clara," the child asked suddenly, "didn't you like Gorbay better than London?"

"Yes, dear; much better."

"I didn't like the last place," said the child. "It was very nasty, and the old woman was nasty. This is better; but I like Gorbay better, and Tregarthen is lovely. Shall we go back to Tregarthen? Why do the people call Arthur the same name as the island?"

Her sister had not the heart to forbid her these painful themes, but allowed her to ramble on, and answered her when she could. In the midst of the child's chatter, Lorrimer was announced.

"I have brought an agreement, madam," he said, after a fatherly salutation. "I have had it drawn up by a lawyer, and before you sign it I should advise you to consult a legal adviser on your own side. There's nothing like having this sort of matter fairly understood at the beginning, and this little document binds us both for three years. So you see it's a question of some importance, and you'd better be sure that your interests are properly looked after. It's in duplicate, you observe; and all that is to be done is for me to sign your copy and you to sign mine. Now, when can you see your lawyer?"

"Let me see the document, Mr. Lorrimer," she answered; and he handing it to her, she read it through. "I think I understand it well enough," she said then; "and I am sure I can trust you, sir."

"Madam," said Lorrimer, with the confidential family-adviser manner strongly marked, "trust nobody. Nobody. I know no more fatal habit than that of confidence."

Mrs. Tregarthen smiled quite cheerfully, the first time for many a day.

"I quite understand the agreement," she said; "and I am willing to bind myself by it. I think the terms you offer very favourable, sir, and I hope you will not have cause to repent them."

"I have but seen you in three characters, madam," returned the manager, approaching her, pen in hand; "but there are not many men in the world who know their business better than George Augustus Lorrimer; and I am pretty sure of my ground, madam, pretty sure of my ground."

At the close of this speech he handed her the pen with a bow, and she signed her name at the foot of the document which lay before her. Lorrimer drew up a chair to the table, seated himself, and assuming a

married this gentleman, dear?"

"No," answered Mrs. Tregarthen, aloud; "this is a matter ness which you cannot understand."

The child caught her sister's tone, and spoke aloud also.

"But you're not going to marry him, are you, Clara?"

In spite of herself Mrs. Tregarthen blushed scarlet; but with an unctuous stagy chuckle stooped and patted the child's

"No, my dear," he said, with a grandfatherly intonation. "T intention of that sort in your sister's mind, I am sure. And fo part," continued Lorrimer, suddenly quitting the grandfatherl and manner, and bowing jauntily at Mrs. Tregarthen, "I a resolved old bachelor, and not even Miss Churchill's inestimab could persuade me to the sacrifice of liberty." He saw vaguely style of waggery was scarcely suited to the lady's taste, and b concerted. "Though I am sure," he added, by way of atonem possible blunder, "that if any charms could pierce a thrice-ar Miss Churchill owns them."

This being no better received than the former compliment, became almost sheepish for a moment, but speedily recoverin departed, with the stately grace and cordiality of a beau c school, returning immediately with a legal air, to secure the signed by Mrs. Tregarthen, the which he folded and pocket businesslike frown, and then relapsing into smiles again bow away finally.

"That is a very funny gentleman," said Miss Lina, gravely

"He is a very good man, my darling," returned her sister, been very kind to both of us."

She was so unworldly that no touch of suspicion was in

When he had Miss Churchill's signature at the foot of his agreement, and the document was once in his pocket, Lorrimer exulted and beamed. He went about all day to places where he was likely to meet the men he wanted—shady old public-houses which have outlived their reputation now, and no longer give shelter to dramatic critics—and drawing one of them aside when found, would hum a secret in his ear, a secret confided as a particular favour to him alone, and would then hie away to another, with unfailing industrious mendacity, liming his twigs for the British public. Next morning, by the separate influences of the gentlemen whom Mr. Lorrimer had primed, the whole world was made aware of the facts that an engagement had been entered into by the Miss Churchill who had once disappointed London playgoers, to appear at the Mirror Theatre, and that she had entered into a three years' contract with the manager of that favourite house.

But Lorrimer did more than this, for he was a master in his way, and could puff as well as any man alive. Artful paragraphs went down to the provincial papers (which were not so well off for London news as they are now, when every one of them is level with the great journals of the capital), and these paragraphs were artfully transplanted to the columns of the metropolitan organs, until the bruit of Miss Churchill's coming was in all men's ears. Lorrimer kept her constantly supplied with the news of his achievements in this way, and frightened her more than he guessed. Every one of the manager's preliminary bangs at the drum sent a nervous fear through her heart, and she had a premonition of failure and disaster. She had no stage-passion to buoy up her sinking spirits, and the memory of her husband's scorn for the business upon which she had a second time embarked would have made her run away from the enterprise altogether but for her own native loyalty and the thought of her child and sister. It was to be all so different, too, from her actual experiences of the stage. She would no longer contrast with the failures of the provincial theatres, but would have to move side by side with the best actors of London and one of its best actresses. For Lorrimer, in his own phrase, was "going for the gloves," and was getting together a picked company. He meant to have such a glare and blare of triumph in London that when the time came for the provinces, playgoers should be on the tiptoe of expectation there; and then with his one star, and a cheap scratch company, he would gather in money by the hatful.

The company being once got together were rehearsed severely. The pale gentlewoman, young and sad, did not promise well for the ideal Rosalind of any one of them when she first came amongst them. But the spirit of the scene began to lift her, and when Orlando, even in his frock coat and tall hat—most un-Orlando-like—was supposed to have overthrown the boastful wrestler, and she dropped the meaning words, "You have wrestled well and overthrown more than your enemies," the sweet voice and perfect intonation lingered on the players' ears like

So, when Mrs. Tregarthen's compeers had once made up their mi
she would inevitably outshine them all, they gave her the most u
laudation everywhere, and the whole theatrical world got into a
about her.

In the earlier rehearsals the old stagers went through the
anyhow, mumbling inarticulately, and cutting down the immo
tences without remorse in their hurry for the cue, but Rosalin
not mutilate her lines, and could not, for her life, speak ther
without speaking them as they ought to be spoken. It cam
therefore, that from the central figure of the piece a gentle ins
shone out to all the rest, until they began to reflect it; and th
old stager began to work with something of his youthful spirit.
mer saw this and exulted. He worked as only a theatrical
has to work, entreating, arguing, persuading, commanding—er
sweetest suasive art on Celia; with more than Chesterfield's p
begging leave to differ with old Adam or Touchstone on some
detail; or pouring forth wild streams of passionate objurgation
carpenters. He was ubiquitous, and seemed, like Ariel in the s
divide, and burn in many places.

But all things have an end, and at length the final rehea
over, the last note of the music arranged and practised, the last
perfected, the last stroke of the paintbrush dry, and even the c
super had learned his final lesson. The great night was upon
and only a million or two of its inhabitants were altogether
and apathetic. The house was crowded. The destiny of the pit
yet decreed, and the most sympathetic and most experienced of p
and truest of play-lovers were not scorned. The oldsters we

mirth than I am mistress of." Great heavens! She had to be mirthful, and in the presence of that terrible crowd.

She had heard of this swift and sudden disease many a time, and knew it by the name of stage fright; but she had never guessed what it might mean until now. It numbed every faculty of the mind. She could think of nothing, and remember nothing. It left her physically helpless, too, and reduced her to a very statue of cowardice.

The orchestra was industriously scraping and blowing its way to the final musical spasm of the overture, and she felt that the time of disgrace and despair was near. The music ceased, the house applauded, a bell rang thrice, the house applauded anew, and the time of disgrace and despair was nearer still. In a little time there came a tap at her door, and the call-boy demanded Miss Churchill. She must needs go—there was no help for it. She took a hasty sip of water, and walked like an automaton to her place in the wings. Celia was there already, and slipped an unsympathetic arm about her waist in readiness for the business of the stage, for they went on twined together like two of the three Graces. The band finished its little intermediate flourish, and somehow Rosalind was on the stage with a sound like the noise of the sea in her ears, and she was ready to sink and die. Celia spoke—

"I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry!"

The two women melted apart from their embrace at this point, and Rosalind stood alone. There was a pause. It came out afterwards that it was no longer than it well might have been, but to Miss Churchill's heart it was quite a gulf of time. Then—but how it came about she never knew—she found courage and memory to speak, and before the first little speech was over her stage fright had flown at the reassuring sound of her own voice, and she knew by an instinct which is common to actors of both sexes, that the house had settled down with that new resolve to listen which is the result of a first favourable impression. Before she had taken the chain from her own neck to give it to Orlando, she had won every heart in the house. Lorrimer stood at the wing to welcome her with rubicund smile and outstretched hands, and the house thundered behind her. It was a night of triumph, and the triumph mounted in a steady crescendo. The actress curtseyed her acknowledgments again and again before the curtain, and then went home and cried bitterly, with fame and fortune at her feet. Whilst she cried, half a score of practised pens were running nimbly in her praise, and half a score of critical intelligences were doing their best not to be run away with, and some of them were not succeeding, as the result of the next day declared. Miss Churchill's name was newly blown abroad, Miss Churchill's fame was established and her fortune made.

But Mrs. Tregarthen had defied her husband, and now began to see all manner of possibilities which might have come about to reconcile him if she had not made this fatal step. A day before all these possibilities had been impossible; but now she believed in them. She was

CHAPTER IX.

It became known that there was some sort of secret unde afoot between the poet and the man of the corner. They we together in the small chamber in the Strand holding earnest which was suspended on the arrival of any chance new-comer. upon the man of the corner found the poet in his chambers, ar upon the poet in his more artistically furnished apartments in t met there the man of the corner.

They sat together on a summer's day with the mellow struggling through cobwebbed windows and showing the dust threadbare carpet and the battered furniture. There were singlesticks and boxing-gloves upon the walls, and a gun and rod or two in the corners of the room. The man of the corner collarless in slippers and dressing-gown, and the poet sat at t pen in hand, with a pile of manuscript before him.

"I think it will do, Smith," said the poet, doubtfully.

"My Bard," said the slippered lounger, "it will do. Shakesperian; but it will do. We are humbler than we we ago, Marsh, and the reviewers did us good. They humbled chastened our style a bit, and we know now how many poe make five. We used to think it took fifty, didn't we?"

"I fear I did," said the poet, with a blush. "You've b kind to me, Smith, and I'm immensely obliged to you."

"The wounded is the feeling heart," returned the other. tell you a secret. I, William John Smith, writer of melodr

"Respect my awful secret," said his companion. "Let us change the theme. Can we brighten the last act with a murder? I have never made so long a literary journey without blood. Let us sacrifice a victim to propitiate the gods."

"Well," said the poet, "I'm afraid we must leave the gods unpropitiated. A murder *would* be a little out of place in a poetical comedy—wouldn't it? Eh?"

"A suicide? a divorce? a bigamy? a forgery? I pine for my accustomed diet. I will have a fuller-flavoured villain than common in my next."

"Upon my word, Smith," cried the poet, earnestly, "I wouldn't do that sort of work if I were you. There is not a lovely fancy or a graceful line here," laying his hand upon the manuscript, "that isn't yours. There is not a subtle touch of observation or of human nature that isn't yours. I brought you a feeble rickety child, and you have tended it and nurtured it, and you give me back a beautiful woman. Why should a man like you waste himself on melodrama?"

"I get an honest living," said the lounger. "I reward virtue and I lash vice. I never leave an unrepentant villain happy, or a good man in adversity. And I am at home in my work, and I can do it. As for what you are pleased to say about my share in this work—let me tell you the truth. I am an old literary craftsman, and a pretty good one. You are a young literary craftsman, and your hand is not yet firm. But if you will be humble about it, and will not take pride to yourself, and will not think that genius is everything and patient labour nothing, you will do work I cannot do and never could have done, and you will give harmless delight to many people, and be remembered for a generation or two. Only—labour, patience, humility—humility, patience, labour. These, my poet, make talent pass for genius very often, but they make genius resplendent."

The poet sat silent for awhile.

"And you think," he said, after this pause, "that we had better send it to Lorrimer?"

"Certainly. With the stipulation that we depend not upon his judgment, but upon that of Miss Churchill. I have written a good deal for Lorrimer, and I respect his judgment on my own wares. He has a rare palate for a murder, but the flavours of this work are too delicate for him. I shall tell him so."

"If she will but undertake the part," cried the poet, "what a creation she will make of it."

"She is a great actress," said the other, "and her style grows riper. But have you noticed, Marsh? I meet her here and there on Sunday evenings. She is successful, but she is not satisfied. She is not a happy woman. Her sorrows are not querulous, but resigned."

"I have not noticed it," said Marsh. "I only see her upon the gates."

"That would be a loss to the theatre," said Marsh.

"And a gain to her," returned his companion. "No woman c in art and be happy. Her place is by the hearth. She must have to waste her affections on, and children to suffer for, before she car be at peace."

"Shall I send on the play to Lorrimer, or will you?" ask poet, after a minute's pause.

"I will," said the playwright. "It is so much more your wor mine that I can praise it with the better face."

"And I shall hear the verdict from you?"

"Just so. Are you going? Lorrimer shall have it at once. Goo

"I am going down into Berkshire," said the poet, shaking har taking up his sombrero; "but my letters will be forwarded. Goo

William John Smith, being left alone, lit a pipe, and took a t heap of papers from a drawer. Then he selected a pen, sat down table with the tumbled papers before him, and tried to think work. But the day was languid and he was lazy, and in a mir two he threw down the pen and resigned himself to his fancies. Marsh came uppermost.

"William John," said the idler, staring abstractedly out window, "you have done that young man a power of good. The ments you so eloquently express in conversation and so consi ignore in private life are telling on him. And he wanted that from the reviewers. It did him good, and helped to drive out the most intolerable puppyism with which any man of my time h afflicted. There are the makings of a good fellow in him, and th not be wasted."

griefs, or heartburnings, or jealousies, or troubles of any sort
rface of a planet which owned so peaceful and quiet a haven
is.

r!" said a voice outside, "see that there hoddity in the
ide-awake goin' in just now?"

im, sir," replied the hostler. "It's my lady's brother-in-law
London, sir."

ye!" said the first speaker, "he's a caution, ain't he?
wear his hair that long for? Like a gell's, ain't it?"

you see, sir," said the hostler in a philosophic and reflective
e's a sort as would sooner be stared at and laughed at, than
t at all."

a rare good bye-word, hostler," said the other. "You shall
for that, anyway."

t stealthily arose and closed the window. It was sufficiently
to have overheard this conversation, and it would have been
isagreeable to have it known that he had overheard it. He
niss it from his mind as a piece of unmeaning insolence; but
t be dismissed. The hostler's philosophy as it applied to a
ge was sound. There were many people in the world—the
sured of it—who would much rather be laughed at than left
Was he one of them? He thought not; he felt certain he
But did he look like one of them? Did he commonly pass
them? He had grown so accustomed to his own sartorial
s that he himself had almost ceased to think about them.
umed them in the folly of youth as a sort of badge and
n—a sign of his office as Vates. It was possible enough,
e to think of it, that the cloak, the sombrero, and the long
omething to do with the prodigious roasting he had received
s of the reviewers, for he had been a familiar figure about
n society, and was likely to be known by sight to most of
en he thought of the sounding of the drums which had gone
publication of his poems he blushed all over. The hostler's
sank deep, and the poet departed from that wayside inn
hard-earned bit of wisdom with him.

nald Marsh justified Wisdom of her latest birth by discarding
l cloak, and by having his hair cut. When he had made
ges, he felt absurdly ashamed of himself, and fearful of
efore people who had known him in his old aspect; but he
these sensations in a little while, and was content to go about
age Christian, and to carry no badge of genius upon him.

eat events from little causes spring, that the chance over-
a hostler's speech made a tender lifelong friendship possible
t, and thereby so purified him and lifted him as to make
t an exceptionally good man, and a very tolerable play-

with a view to the removal of certain blemishes in the piece, a
to its early production. This announcement was at once a source o
and uneasiness. To be played by Miss Churchill was fame a
enough in itself. To meet Miss Churchill after his encounter
at Tregarthen was not a pleasant thing. Looking back at that
he felt that he had intruded himself impudently, and he rem
the magnificent snub his insolence had deservedly received. A
from that—not to pretend disguise about a matter which
tolerably plain by this time—Ronald Marsh had been falling m
more in love with the actress since the hour when he had discov
poverty, and he was by this time further gone than any man
with safety. He had admired her, and had then had to pity
foundly, and then to admire her anew, and now he had been thi
her for months, whilst he laboured at his comedy, with h
constantly in his ears, and her form and face constantly before h

He had listened anxiously to whatever news of her private
reached him. Her record was blameless. No reproach came ne

It was not easy to encounter her again, but he did not see
to an avoidance of the engagement. William John Smith, "n
in murder," and Lorrimer were at the house before him, a
Tregarthen sat talking with them when he arrived. A m
mannered lady, who acted as Mrs. Tregarthen's companion, an
readable proclamation of reduced circumstances, sat at a window

The poet had long since besought Lorrimer not to remind th
of his former meeting with her. There was just a chance
might not recognise him, and that he might escape the consequ
their last meeting. If he had only known what that meeting

met her frequently, and so came more and more within her influence, d fell more and more in love with her. She on her side was pre-essed with the poet, and treated him kindly. He was a gentleman d cultured; he never pestered her with flatteries; and she, who had a tive inclination to worship genius, thought she discovered a touch of at rare quality in him. So the poet was admitted to a sort of timacy, and, being busy upon a second comedy, was allowed certain lf-business-like, half-friendly conferences about it, and was so lured rward that, after hanging back with all his might, he surrendered ddenly and went all the way.

The Lady Marguerite Capucine was a woman whose delight it was know singers, musicians, actors, authors, and such curious folk, and e preferred a fashionable actress to any other lioness who roars. The dy Marguerite had found her way to Miss Churchill, and being herself charming woman (apart from the one eccentricity which prompted her be a trouble to all the intellectual people she could lay her hands on), d at first secured the actress's liking and regard. A little coolness ang up between them, however, on the ground that Lady Marguerite d asked Miss Churchill to oblige a little circle of her guests one day the recital of a scene from *As You Like It*. Miss Churchill took it that this request should be made to her, and excused herself rteously but coolly. The hostess took it ill that the actress should line, and "my deared" Miss Churchill something more than she need e done for the rest of the evening, and began to dislike her.

This breach the poet set himself to heal, and so far succeeded that sister-in-law's house again became one of the places in which he ld rely upon a meeting with the actress; and now he began to nœuvre for a private interview. One day it came, not as the result his manœuvres, but by pure accident. The poet was strolling in the k at a rather early hour, in a secluded by-way, when he suddenly untered the object of his dreams, alone. He suffered a curious breast-g, and for a second or two stood irresolute; but being perceived by lady, who gave him one of her own sad little smiles, he perforce cked up heart of grace and approached her. She received him dially enough, but with so matter-of-fact a manner that any hopes he ght have felt inclined to nurture were at once frozen. But men of r sometimes charge strongholds which are known to be impregnable, l lovers are not always to be held back from a declaration by the tainty that it must be fruitless.

There was no trace of the poverty which had first moved the poet's rt in the dress of the stately yet gentle creature who now walked de him, and but little sign in her aspect of the sorrows he knew to have suffered. There was always a touch of sadness in her face en he saw it in repose, but this only made her rare smile the more rming, and it was never deep enough to awaken anything beyond a asing sense of pity.

listen.

If she had not been a married woman with a tragedy behind might long since have divined Ronald Marsh's condition. V maid is fancy free she is free to fancy what she pleases, and tho thinks young men a mighty nuisance, she has a fair idea of the of her own admirers. But apart from the fact that Mrs. Tre was married and had buried her whole heart in the past, she nature unobservant in this particular. It crossed her mind poet might be displeased with something she had done in respe comedy—his manner seemed to bespeak displeasure—and she a with a propitiatory voice—

"Certainly, Mr. Marsh. I shall listen to anything you hav to me."

Few responses can be fancied which would be less welcome to but the poet was committed, and could not draw back.

"From the earliest moment of my actual knowledge of yo Churchill," he began, "I have been learning to form an estimate character which has continually grown loftier, and now for mon I have had to admit to my own heart that admiration and inter ripened into love."

She stopped him there with grave dignity.

"Pray forget that you have ever spoken so to me." He wou been a more insolent wooer than Ronald Marsh was disposed to had not found himself arrested by this command. It left him w single ray of hope, and he saw as much at once. They paced sid for a few moments in silence, and then she spoke again. "I mean to answer you harshly, Mr. Marsh."

"I know that," he answered, coming to a standstill.

"I had known," said Marsh, confusedly, "that you had borne another
ne. I had even some slight knowledge of your late husband."
"My late husband!" There was a look of sudden terror in her face,
it crossed her mind that Arthur and she were so far apart that he
ht have died and she have been left in ignorance. The poet would
e been a dull dog indeed if the emphasis with which she spoke and
fear he read in her face had not guided him to the truth.
"Forgive me any pain I may have given you," he said earnestly,
ing his head before her. "Forgive me any pain I may cause you
. Mr. Tregarthen is alive?"
"Yes," she said faintly, "I pray so. I believe so."
Marsh offered her his arm with a respect so obvious and profound
t she availed herself of its support with no hesitation, and they
ked on together for a little while until she had recovered from the
nor into which her fear had thrown her.
"Believe me," he said, when he saw this, "that if I had known, I
d never have spoken as I did. Rely upon my most profound and
ectful sympathy. There is nothing in the world to which you may not
mand me. Forgive me the pain I have caused you, and forget——"
"Let us say good-morning now, Mr. Marsh," she said, withdrawing
hand from his arm, and then extending it towards him. He took it
is own, bowed over it, and left her.

CHAPTER X.

GARTHEN's housekeeper brought the child a second time in accordance
her master's orders. She had done what she could to make him
t and neat, but his velvet clothes were much damaged, and he was
big for them.
"Bring him here," said Tregarthen, who was stronger than he had
on the previous day, though his eyes were still hollow, and his
aven face looked somewhat ghastly. "What is your name?"
"Phil," said the boy, looking shyly up at him, and dropping his eyes
n.
"What else?" asked Tregarthen. He leaned forward from his
ed-up pillows, and fondled the child's head with his thin hand. The
murmured something unintelligible. "What is the other name,
? I can't hear you."
"I don't think he knows the other name, sir," said the housekeeper.
ve asked him lots of times since he got better, but he doesn't seem to
w it."
"He has been ill?" said Tregarthen, leaning back again. "No
nder."
"His poor little arm was broke, sir," said the kindly housekeeper,

stooping to arrange the child's collar; "and he was so bruised and drowned it was a wonder he lived at all."

"Poor fellow!" said Tregarthen. "Come and sit on the bedside, Phil, and let us have a talk together. Help him up, nurse. Where did you come from in the ship?"

"Bombay," said the child quite readily.

"And where were you going to?"

"London."

"And who was with you on the ship?"

"Ayah," said Phil, with a small fist at either eye. Then, as by an afterthought, "And mamma."

"It is a curious thing, sir," said the housekeeper, whispering. "The child's been crying many a time for Ayah—whoever she may be—but he's never once asked for his mother."

"Is the ship's name known?" Tregarthen asked, his wasted hand still toying kindly with the child's hair.

"She was the *Isle of Elba*, sir," responded the housekeeper, "from Bombay to Liverpool. A hundred souls aboard, sir," she added, lowering her voice again. Tregarthen looked at the child meaningly, and then from him with a glance of inquiry to the housekeeper. "Not another creature," she said in answer.

"Don't cry, Phil," said Tregarthen, with his hand wandering absently in the child's curls. "You shall be taken care of. Take him to Gorbay" (to the housekeeper) "and get fitting clothing for him. You may call on Penruth, the solicitor, and ask him to come over here at his earliest convenience. Good-bye, Phil. You will come and see me again this evening, won't you? There's a brave little fellow. Good-bye."

The housekeeper, hastening to put Tregarthen's orders into execution, set out for Gorbay that afternoon, and had the ocean waif measured for new garments, and bought underclothing, boots, and collars for him. She construed her master's wishes liberally, and when the change was finally made she saw that he was pleased by it. But some days before Phil's outfit came home, Mr. Penruth, eager to secure Tregarthen as a client, had paid a visit to the island and had been invited into the invalid's room.

"I want you to write to the owners of the *Isle of Elba*, lately wrecked here," said Tregarthen, "and to ask for information respecting the identity of the child who was saved. So far as I can learn, no inquiries have been made about him."

"Yes, sir," responded Mr. Penruth, producing a pocket-book, and melting the point of a pencil with his lips. "The child's name, Mr. Tregarthen?"

"He calls himself Phil," said Tregarthen. "His mother and nu were aboard. It will be easy for the owners to identify him."

Mr. Penruth took a respectful leave of his new client, and w *below* to have a look at Phil. Phil was produced, but did not

ndly to Mr. Penruth, and being somewhat badgered in the legal nner by that gentleman, cut the knot of difficulty by protesting that was Phil pure and simple, and had no other name.

The solicitor put himself in correspondence with the owners of the fated ship, and learned from them that a Mrs. Maurice, with a child d a native nurse, had sailed from Bombay aboard the *Isle of Elba*, but inquiries had been made concerning them since the news of the wreck d reached London. Before this scanty news arrived, Tregarthen was e more at liberty, and he and the child were beginning to feel at me with each other. Phil was at the Sea Gate gathering shells within rty yards of the gaunt bones of the wreck when his rescuer walked bly out in search of him, bearing the solicitor's letter in his hand. sat upon a boulder and the boy came running up to him.

"Phil Maurice," said Tregarthen, putting his hands round the little low's neck; "are you Phil Maurice?"

"Yes," said Phil, with so little trace of doubt or hesitation, that the oblem was held to be finally solved.

Tregarthen had for a second time made up his mind that he had more faith or affection to bestow upon any member of the human e, and now for the second time he found his own belief in himself put confusion. For one thing, he had risked his life, and had very nearly t it, to save the child, and though he honestly thought life a possession ich was of much more weight than value, the risk endeared the boy him. For another thing, the boy himself was a delightful little low, full of fearless and affectionate ways, and in spite of disappointnt and heartbreak Tregarthen was still young, and the current in his ins ran warm.

It turned out that Phil's education had been totally neglected. He was t merely unable to read and write, but he had not even been informed the existence of those accomplishments. But there was not a trace of lgarity or faulty breeding about him, and only an odd habit of seizing a word of Hindustani when he chanced to forget its English equilent betrayed the curious isolation in which he had been bred. Trerthen taught him his letters, and the old housekeeper superintended pothooks and hangers with great diligence. When the rescuer and rescued came to be on familiar terms, Phil was easily persuaded to forth his own simple annals. For the most part they related to his yah, a syce called Jeb, and a pony called Ben. He had picked up one two things—as children will—and he knew that mamma was a widow d that the commissioner wanted to marry her, and that she did not e the commissioner. But all their talks together revealed no trustrthy clue, and time went by and nobody asked for Phil or for Mrs. urice at the London agents' offices. Mr. Penruth's advertisements mained unanswered, and Phil was unidentified.

The people of Gorbay and its neighbourhood were not to be mollified respect to Tregarthen, either by the courage he had displayed or the

another Juan Fernandez to him, and Phil became his boy Frida

The boy in a little while began to know that there were ho his protector was not to be disturbed, and he gathered from the whom he came in contact vague notions of mystery and of evil i tion with these periods of seclusion. Tregarthen had gone ba mad studies, and in course of time he became more deeply absor ever. He took to the practical pursuit of chemistry, and had tory set up in a sound chamber in the deserted side of the ol Thence glowed strange lights at unholy hours, and the island up their minds that the last of the Tregarthens had sold himsel powers of evil.

Few children have had so curious a breeding as fell to t Tregarthen's *protégé*, yet the lad throve and grew lusty in m body. He swam and boated and fished and bird's-nested, a whole nights tossing out at sea with the island fishermen, to t terror of the housekeeper, who grew to love him and tremble fo if he had been a child of her own. He hated books, and wo none of them if he could help it, but he loved a yarn with all and spent rapt hours in listening to the rambling stories of mariner, brown with sea-salt and speckled from head to foot scales, whom he could persuade to talk to him. He learned legends of the coast and all the ballads known to the island. T he sang in ludicrous imitation of the local tone and style, but th began to see less of Tregarthen than of anybody else in the place, h to catch his phrases and his cultured accent, as if he felt—as pe did—that there was a closer kinship between the master of th and himself than the rougher sort of folk could claim with hi legends and the ballads gave a healthy stimulus to his imaginat

great spaces of time go by in the ticking of a watch. Unto Eber the son of Shelah were born two sons, and the name of one was Peleg, "because in his days the earth was divided." In that curt but astounding phrase the story of Peleg opens and ceases. The modern historian handles people and events with greater fulness and a more particular precision, but even he may be forgiven if in a moment or so he dreams of the lapse of uneventful years.

A lad growing up in heaven's free air and storms to be a man, and to know the ways of birds and fishes, and trees and flowers, and clouds and winds, and to love and wonder with an open heart and soul. A man growing down in a cramped laboratory, intent on mastering a secret which he knew to be worthless—a secret which would be a very gift of the devil to any man who might surprise it, even if it existed—shutting out the better half of himself from communion with the baser, and thereby feeding the baser with all his native forces and starving the better to a shadow.

There in the main is the history of seven years.

Phil, by this time a strapping lad, who could thrash the young Penruths, respectively three and four years his senior, whenever they ventured on the island, and who pretty generally did it (being provoked thereto by town-grown satire in the first instance), was hunting one day in the library for a gut-line which he remembered to have stowed away a month or two before, using one of Tregarthen's neglected volumes as a winding-block. After a little time he found it and began to unwind it from the book. The fact that the volume he thus handled was an early and somewhat rare and valuable copy of the *Tempest* by Mr. William Shakespeare was nothing to Phil, but though he knew as little as he thought, his hour for entering on another life than the one he had hitherto known had stolen upon him. The hooked end of the line had been set within the book so that a firm purchase upon the rest might be taken, and now the hooks were fastened in a page or two. As he went about to disentangle them his eyes fell on a passage that interested him—

> The strong-based promontory
> Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
> The pine and cedar; graves at my command
> Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
> By my so-potent art.

This was worth inquiring into. Phil was not ignorant of the reputation which clung to his protector, but to a child commonplaces are so wonderful that wonders have a chance of seeming commonplace, and he had never been amazed or frightened, or moved in any way, by the island chatter which had Tregarthen for its mark. The first notion that entered Phil's mind was that this was some fellow in Arthur's line of business. (Tregarthen, in some doubt as to the relationship the boy should bear to him, had ordered that Phil should address him by his Christian name.) So throwing down the line he took a seat at the table, and being by nature inclined to be thorough in all things, he

turned the leaves back until he came to the beginning of the drama, and for the first time in his life made acquaintance with poetry.

There was no doubt or shadow of a doubt in his mind. Everything he read there was as real as the solid earth to him. Ariel and Caliban were as indisputably true as the propositions of Euclid are to a mathematician. Prospero struck awe into him. He fell in love with Miranda. He shuddered when the wicked nobles laid their plot to kill the King. And when the clear and majestic thunders of the poet's deepest tones broke about him—

> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve—

he felt as Job felt when a spirit passed before him in the night, and the hair of his flesh stood up. For the lad, without in the least suspecting it, had been a poet from his cradle, and he only needed to see the greatest of the craft into which he himself was born to fall prostrate before him and adore.

Reading, hitherto the greatest of earthly bores to Phil, became his chief delight. Tregarthen's library was especially rich in poetry and drama, and every day Phil plunged headlong into some new stream of joy and bathed in it. To rush down to the Sea Gate with a smuggled volume, to lay it in the boat and pull out into the open, then to ship his sculls and lie down full length, and read, read, read, until hunger drove him home; this was his joy. As a matter of course, it was not long before he began to write and imitate, and he wept, and flushed, and trembled over much degraded fustian of his own making, the which he remembered in after years with shame and pleasure. Even Tregarthen, absent as he was, and absorbed in his crazy studies, began to notice a change in him, and finding him studiously inclined, undertook to direct his reading, but soon forgot it, having done no more than to direct his pupil's attention to John Locke and the Reverend Mr. Paley, with whom Phil at once declined to hold any commerce whatever.

The seasons pursued each other, and in due course came round the tenth anniversary of Phil's rescue by Tregarthen. This by tacit consent was reckoned as the lad's seventeenth birthday, and the past of course was dim to him. He seemed to have spent all his life on the island, and now that he knew of the great world through books, and was beginning to be fired by secret ambitions about his own future, he began to long for wider spaces and a communion with the world.

"Arthur," he said, sitting opposite to his protector, "I'm seventeen to-day."

Tregarthen looked up, absently at first, but with a growing interest in his eyes.

"Seventeen?" he said, with a wondering accent. "Stand up, I Let me look at you."

Phil stood up, tall and slim, brown-faced and brown-handed.

amined him critically. Fine forehead, white as a lady's; es of dark grey under well-marked brows; nose large but nouth sensitive and firm; chin delicate but decided. Whilst nation which resulted in these observations went on, Phil ase with an elbow on the mantelpiece and surveyed the

iteen, Phil!" said Tregarthen. His eyes took their cus- ward look, and he said, with something of an inward tone, s. Time flies."

ur," said Phil, "I want to see the world."

poor Phil," said Tregarthen, "if I could advise you, you e the world unseen. It is a poor show, when you have seen —and it will give you many a heartache."

nt to see it for all that," Phil answered.

e been too much centred in my own pursuits, perhaps," said ; "though they are exigent enough to shut out everything world, and can only be fitly followed when they succeed in But I took some duties in hand with you, Phil, and I am I neglected them. What do you know?"

ing," Phil answered.

have had the run of the library," said Tregarthen, "and I you busy in it for years past."

ooks," said Phil; "I know the library pretty well by heart. w nothing else." Tregarthen's look seemed to disconcert him he began to walk about the room. "I want to go into the thur, and to mix with men and women."

atch the butterfly and rub all the paint away?" returned n. "Do you think manly honour a fine thing, Phil? Do you anly virtue a fine thing? I have seen you at the poets, and nd here and there a scrap of your own verses." Phil blushed "There is very little honour in the world, Phil: there is very ue. You will find men and women mean and stupid, and cowardly. You will find that they all pretend to worship which they trample under foot. You will find them incre- everything by which they profess to rule their lives, and ly and soul to every baseness they pretend to despise. You stay with me, Phil; I can put a great purpose in your hands e fit for it, perhaps a great power."

cked himself there, and his heart yearned a little, remembering d been happy before he had learned his bitter lessons, and n had striven to dash his happiness until the time came.

proverb is something musty," he said, after a turn or two room. "If wilful will to water, wilful must drink. What nt in the great world, Phil?"

reat world itself," said Phil, with an embarrassed laugh. "I it, Arthur. I want—— Perhaps," he went on, suddenly

cutting down at once to the very core of his thought, "you were unlucky, you know, Arthur, and perhaps I may be luckier."

"Ah, my lad," said Tregarthen, looking at him with genuine pity and affection; "all men think all men mortal but themselves. Your golden idols turn out clay? No, no. You waste friendship on a fool, or tire hope in following a shadow, or spend the gold of your heart to buy the leaden counters of a jade! No, no. Not you. Another man may. You can fancy that. But not yourself." He checked himself again, but this time with an almost despairing bitterness. Was it of any use to preach the stale moral? None. "Go into the world, lad, if you will, if you must, and God grant you find it a better place than it was when I knew it."

"I'm not leaving you, Arthur," said the lad, with evident strong feeling. "But I must do something. I must fit myself for life—mustn't I?"

"I suppose so, Phil," answered Tregarthen; and there the conference ended.

A week later came a letter, a rarity at Tregarthen. The searcher after the philosopher's stone read it, and threw it over the table to Phil.

"You had better go over to Gorbay," he said, "and order what you need. You may start as soon as you are ready. Calhem was my tutor, and he is a very good man as men go."

Phil read the letter, and found it signed by one Robert Calhem, who expressed his willingness to receive Mr. Tregarthen's "young friend," and do his best for him. Mr. Calhem dated from Golden Square.

"What am I to do at Mr. Calhem's, Arthur?" asked Phil.

"You will find him a very good coach if you care to study," said Tregarthen. "If you don't care to study you will find him a reasonable Mentor in more important matters than mere book-learning. You had better go over to Gorbay."

Phil started for Gorbay with anything but his common feeling of elasticity. Tregarthen's views of the world might be true after all, and it was evident that he was sorry for Phil, and in his own mind prophesied woe for him. But at seventeen such reflections as those with which Tregarthen had bothered the lad were not likely to linger long, and in effect he made his preparations and started on his townward journey with a heart full of hope.

Town was delightful, Mr. Calhem was passably agreeable, the theatres were a source of such wonder and delight as Phil in his brightest dreams had never bargained for. Tregarthen had stipulated that he should have a week or two of properly regulated freedom, and when Phil came to the end of his tether he elected to work, and began in the course of two or three months to make amazing progress with the Greek and Latin tongues. As time went on this progress began to look phenomenal, and the youngster translated divers odes and elegiacs with a grace and fineness that the coach went round bragging of his pupil, displaying his exercises, sometimes cunningly touched up by hi

in such wise that had the young poet seen them he would have
is hair at their heartless accuracy.

came to pass that one evening, in a literary drawing-room of the
class or thereabouts, the host had caught a lion. Somebody
the lion whom the host knew, and the great creature was ensnared
oxy. Mr. Calhem was there, and the lion being a poet, the coach
ore than commonly tempted to trot out his own poetical prodigy.

Do you know, Mr. Marsh," he said, edging himself in amongst the
admirers, "I have under my care at this moment a young gentle-
in whom I believe you would feel the deepest interest."

Indeed?" said the poet, with an air as of boredom heroically sup-
d.

He is not yet eighteen," proclaimed Mr. Calhem, finding his oppor-
y in the silence of the circle, "and this is his rendering of the
s Ode to Pyrrha. Hem."

nd the tutor plunged with a harsh scholastic tone into a recital of
bours of Phil-cum-Calhem.

Remarkable," said Mr. Marsh, at the close of this performance.
lance wandered round the room in a sort of patient entreaty. He
ooking for the man who had brought him to take him away again
fully.

The really remarkable thing is," pursued Mr. Calhem, "that he
d no classical training whatever. He was bred in a perfect Bœotia
ttle island off the Cornish coast—Tregarthen."

Tregarthen?" The lion was interested on a sudden.

Do you know Tregarthen?" asked Mr. Calhem.

I have visited the place," returned the poet.

My old pupil, Tregarthen of Tregarthen" (that sounded well,
ht the tutor), "saved this young gentleman's life at the risk of his
nearly a dozen years ago. The child was shipwrecked, and he was
nly one of all the ship's passengers who was saved. Tregarthen
ed him and bred him, and I am happy to believe that he will
great credit upon my friend."

His verses are very remarkable," said the poet. "I should be
d to meet the young gentleman."

I am sure, sir," returned Mr. Calhem with a bow, "that he would
d be proud."

he poet walked home that evening after parting from his friend.

Tregarthen?" he said to himself. "Saved his life at the risk of his
Adopted him. I should like to see the lad. That she should
him after all these years and be happy is——impossible! She
ips him yet, and will always. But after all this lapse of years.
. At least I can see the *protégé* and find out from him perhaps
manner of man Tregarthen really is. A fool's errand. But I
into the world on one no wiser, and I may as well run on this as
er. I will call to-morrow."

Opposite the little study-window where I sit cobbling at my
scribbler every morning, a working shoemaker bends all day lon
bench over his monotonous task with awl and leather, fitting
made uppers on his wooden last to measured soles for country cu
It is a dreary trade enough in its way, no doubt, for it consists
of sewing the self-same triangular pieces into the self-same clogge
week after week and month after month the long year round.
must have a certain ethical compensation of its own, I take it;
imply a more or less vague consciousness of something duly pe
for humanity in return for board and lodging and social protectio
shoemaker is not in all probability a very profound moral philosop
may venture to doubt even whether he has ever tried at all to j
himself his own existence and his own function in an over-crow
under-fed world; yet in some half-instinctive and embryonic fa
must feel, I fancy, that he too is fulfilling his special office in t
economy of civilised humanity; that he too does his honest spell
work in return for many and various benefits received. He is no id
at the banquet of nature, no mere dronish parasite at the table sp
us all by the joint exertions of the universal human race—by the E
fellah and the Indian coolie, by the Iowa granger and the West
sugar-planter, by the looms of Manchester and the whirring w
Birmingham factories. Like all the rest of us, to be sure, he
chiefly for his daily wage; his first and greatest mainspring of
afforded him by the pressing sense of his own necessities. S
labour he performs does not benefit himself alone: he must kn
feel, however implicitly, that he is working for the common weal
as for his own petty personal advantage. It is an undoubted be

But if such a censor were suddenly to present himself in this snug little study, and, seating himself in the visitors' chair, were to ask the bewildered scribbler at this desk what he on his part had done for mankind in these same twenty-four hours, or, for the matter of that, in all his journalistic life, what could the poor abashed scribbler honestly make answer? With what face could he say: "I have contributed a column of political abuse to my daily paper, and I have written half an unfavourable review, for a weekly journal, of a foolish and vulgar sensational novel"? How blank and meagre a record that seems of a whole day's work by a man whose education and position ought surely to fit him for doing something better on behalf of humanity than the mere untrained and uncultivated shoemaker! Yet, if we look the thing in the face, we see at once that the shoemaker can point unhesitatingly to his pair of boots—a definite, visible, positive benefit to mankind, to be comprehended even by the meanest intelligence; whereas the scribbler can point only to a few dubious lines of printed matter, good type arranged in questionably useful order, and probably of very little advantage to any human being, past, present, or to come, save only the author who got five guineas for the trouble of writing it. And considering what a doubtfully honest trade this trade of scribbler really is, I often ask myself the question which the shoemaker has so little need to ask: "Have I, as a unit of humanity, any right at all to go on existing? Am I, in fact, earning my own livelihood by any proper and justifiable means, or am I a useless load in the commonwealth of labour, offending against that prime law of economics, human and Divine, that 'whoso will not work, neither shall he eat'?" Let us argue out this question quietly, *pro* and *con*, and let us see what can be fairly urged about it by a special pleader on either side.

II.

My young friend Alastor Jones, who is a meritorious and enthusiastic minor poet of some rising distinction, would have very little difficulty in settling the whole matter offhand for us in a single florid oration. He would say that the existence of a literary class in every community was a necessity far higher than the necessity for mere earthly boots and mundane gaiters. Man shall not live by bread alone: in virtue of his very humanity, he requires a spiritual food as much as, or even more than, a physical subsistence. What is it that raises us above the naked savages except the possession of literature, of science, of art, in one word, of culture? No one of us would wish to relapse into the condition of the beatified oyster; our consciousness of human superiority is too all-pervading to let us wish for any lower lot, however happy in its own way. Nor would we care for even the highest material civilisation, if it were nothing more than materialistic. A perfectly comfortable Mongolian paradise is no paradise for such as you and me. Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. Fancy for a moment a glorified and intensified American

ideal; a world all made up of infinite turkey and illimitable p
pie; a world full of circular saw-mills, and Pullman palace c
mammoth hotels, and light blue satin, and white-and-gold d
rooms; a world wholly given over to raising corn, and stickin
and distilling old Bourbon whisky, and making vulgar love thr
nose to vulgar, overdressed, underbred young women. Its one lit
would be the editorial screamer; its one excitement, an annual
and a quadrennial orgy of presidential elections. Picture to
such a society, without any painters, without any thinkers, with
musicians, without any of those rare souls, poets whose though
rich the thought of the world! (My friend Alastor, like most othe
versifiers, has a pleasing sense of the important functions performe
own class.) And then just remember that that is what this eart
come to were it not for you and me and our likes, my dear fellow
anything be more jejune, more monotonous, more utterly lacking
worthy final cause than a whole community of unleavened Phili
deprived even of the reflected glimmer which it catches n
then in stray places from a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Word
or a Shelley? Would you or I care to live in such a world?
any man worthy of being called a man care to live in it?
even the Philistine himself care for it? Does not he himself
feel, after his amorphous jelly-fish fashion, that these things w
cannot understand or appreciate are yet the very salt and savour
earth? Does he not know in some indefinite way that without t
man, who is now a little lower than the angels, would become
lower than the monkeys, a more perfect and consummate type o
developed pighood? If you were to poll the entire mob of si
householders, or, for the matter of that, take a plébiscite by u
suffrage either, asking the people, the blind and battling multitu
—Alastor is always cruelly hard on the proletariate—whether i
abolish literature, science, and art by a wave of its hand, do
think even the many-headed beast in person would thunder "No
all its blatant beer-besmirched mouths? I warrant you it would;
they feel dimly that man is what he is, not in virtue of corn a
and high-pressure steam-engines, but in virtue of his god-like b
his beautiful, wonderful, human arts.

We are all talking always about progress; but is the pro
want merely one of more wheels and more chimneys? What f
find employment for more children who will grow into more
women, to feed more wheels and more chimneys, to provide f
mouths again in the next generation. Are we to solve our Ma
problem by a mere universal extension of grain cultivation over
prairies, where we can raise still more corn, to feed still more pi
ultimately converted into still more corn-growing humanity, wh
reproduce its own bucolic kind *ad infinitum*? If the world feeds
and thinkers, we give back to the world more than it can ever

y man (with a pair of arms) can drive a plough or cure bacon; but every man can write things which make the world better and greater oughout all time and all eternity. Let us have shoemakers and pig-kers if you will; but, whether or no, let us at least have a Homer, Virgil, a Plato, a Newton, a Mozart, a Phidias, and a Raffael.

III.

Now, this is all very well on Alastor's part, who, I believe, really inks himself a great poet *in posse*. If you are quite convinced that ur thought will positively add something valuable to the thought of e world, that you can say or do aught which will live after you to ake future ages wiser or nobler, then I fully agree that you may eat ur bread boldly at the table of humanity without any humiliating se of unworthy or pauper-like dependence. After your kind you are bouring for your meat, and a high and enviable kind it most un-ubtedly is. A Shakespeare whose imaginings gladden and ennoble the ay hours of millions in a hundred generations, a Beethoven whose tes ring for ever through our listening ears, a Darwin whose patient il turns all the thought of the world into a fresh and fruitful channel—ese men surely deserve better of humanity than the mere ignoble clod, o often purely coarse and selfish, who turns a virgin sod on some estern prairie into desolate stretches of unfenced and unlovely corn-ld. Even the lesser workers in the same arts or sciences, the men ho turn out dainty little nothings in verse perfect of its kind, the men ho paint us little sketches that beautify our meagre middle-class rooms, e men who slowly frame the raw bricks of natural knowledge from hich a Newton, a Cuvier, or a Spencer, builds up at last a stately and rmonious fane—even these, too, deserve to eat their bread in the oud consciousness of independence, as labourers richly worthy of their re. Unless we are content to abdicate all our prerogatives as civilised en, to sink down into mere animal machines, *fruges consumere nati*, we ust grant that such work as this has its uses, and those of the very ghest. If there be anything on this earth worth living for (a moot int which I am far from wishing dogmatically to settle), that thing is rely culture in its fullest and broadest sense. It is that that differ-tiates man as man from the helpless struggling herd of lower creatures.

Yes, all this is very well for Alastor Jones; but it does not touch the hical status of the mere hired scribbler and common journalist in any ay. And even within that narrower circle, I wish still further to fine and circumscribe. For I don't doubt that the newspaper in the stract is a beneficial and a useful institution. It is true that, in the ncrete, it has many defects, inseparable, I suppose, from all the best orks of poor fallen human nature; especially does it tend to diffuse a ale and general familiarity with the very worst and most slipshod erary style, and to reduce the Queen's English to a common dead level

of vulgar inaccuracy. Still, it is clearly necessary for people in a civilised country to be fully informed of what is actually going on about them; to be acquainted with the latest news from Egypt, with the last change of political balance in the minor chieftainships of Zululand, with the minutest details of the recent shocking murder in the Borough Road. Hence I will freely allow that the printers, the reporters, the editors, and possibly even the leader-writers (though here I am certainly stretching a point lest I condemn any man too hastily) have a fair right to existence in a civilised commonwealth, side by side with the butchers, the bakers, and the candlestick makers. Perhaps (who knows?) in the wise dispensations of Providence there may be a final cause for the special correspondent in person. In the beautiful interaction of the social economy he too may fulfil some useful though unsuspected function. But the sort of scribblers I have specially in my eye at the present moment are those whom I am wont to call, in my own private dialect, the tootlers; that is to say, the good folk who write a tootle about nothing in particular for the mere gratification of idle people. Sometimes the tootle takes the form of a third leader—that wonderful social leader in all the daily papers, which begins with a fresh squabble in the St. Pancras Vestry, goes on to consider the history of vestries in general from the days of the Stone Age onward, alludes playfully to our Aryan ancestors, digresses into the constitution of the Athenian demes, discourses casually of Roman municipia, is learned on the subject of early French communes, and ends abruptly with an amusing anecdote of Gustave Courbet. Sometimes the tootle becomes a middle in a weekly paper, sometimes it assumes the guise of an amusing review, sometimes it presents itself to the candid reader as the present article. But whatever it may be, it always tootles merely; it contains nothing on earth really calculated to do any kind of solid good or impart any kind of serious information to any human being whatsoever. Now, the vast mass of our current literature consists entirely of such tootles; and the question naturally arises, Has the tootler any sufficient excuse to give for his persistent daily appearance in answer to the clanging dinner-bell of collective humanity?

To this question I fear I must return a far more lowly and commercial answer than Alastor Jones's. The tootler can only reply that he fulfils a want. A demand exists, and he is himself the correlative supply. People are ready to buy his wares, and he sells his wares to them accordingly. Perhaps he may turn out better wares—sometimes yes, sometimes no—but in any case he must turn out simply and solely what suits his market. After all, the phalansteries are not yet organised; the millennium has not yet begun; and the world in its present condition is mainly governed by the base, cold, hard, vulgar laws of supply and demand. The daily papers and the weekly papers want a certain definite article, and the tootler produces it for them at a fixed rate. He takes his guineas for work performed, and he seems therefore about as he

a man as the mason or the carpenter who builds for hire. His work may be shoddy—most likely *is* shoddy nowadays; but it is the thing he is paid to do, and do it he must. The man who pays him wants just such stuff; not merely the simple middleman or intermediary whom we call the publisher or proprietor, but the real ultimate hirer, the consumer who takes a delight in the perusal of tootling. In this present workaday world of political economy and competing markets, the career open to talent is just the best career we can each carve out for our individual selves. We of the proletariate cannot be pickers and choosers: it is all very well for the rich man in his gilded saloons (he doesn't gild them now, since the æsthetic revolution—but no matter), it is all very well for the rich man to say, I will write a great epic poem; or, I will produce an epoch-making philosophical work; or, I will devote ten years of my life to historical researches into the reign of King Burgred of Mercia: he has got his way made clear before him, and he can do as he likes in this as in other matters. But the poor man (and the mass of *littérateurs* have always been poor, from the days of Grub Street onward) must take the first work that turns up to his hand: and if Heaven ordains that he should become a special correspondent, he must e'en pocket his pride and endeavour to do his duty in that station of life to which it has pleased political economy to call him.

IV.

Yet this, to say the truth, is a very shallow kind of moral philosophy indeed. Would such an excuse as that serve my purpose, I should like to know, if some sea-green, incorruptible readjuster were suddenly to begin lopping off the useless branches from the social organism here in England? For ours, after all, is a serious world of struggling, hungry mortals, governed by natural selection and survival of the fittest—in other words, by ever-pressing famine which picks out on the whole the weakest and least successful members with the unerring sagacity of blind mechanical law. If such a community, composed mainly of real workers and producers, of men and women who raise the bread and weave the garments that feed and clothe me, were seriously and solemnly to ask me what I had ever done for them and theirs that I should not be hewn down and cast into the fire like the barren fig-tree, could I really give them any solid and satisfactory excuse for my continued existence? I fear not. The classes for whom I purvey entertaining leaders, or leaders meant to be entertaining, are not theirs: they are the classes with whom theirs have little or nothing at all in common. Tootling is of small use to the cobblers of Northampton, or to the saw-grinders of Sheffield; it is the idle people of the world who pay me my penny for my day's labour. Probably there are few minor journalists who do not sometimes pause to think with shame and grief that they are ministering only to the pettiest amusement of a useless crowd; that they are pandering to the

more or less unwholesome tastes of a set with whom they can ha
sonally but very little literary sympathy. This, I take it, is the
and darkest count in the whole indictment against professional sc
—that they are scribbling not for the advancement of the wor
whole, not for the enlightenment of the struggling masses, not e
the mere innocent amusement of the people who feed and cloth
but simply and solely for the gratification of a class who have p
no reason whatsoever to exist, and whom the sea-green incorrup
ever he comes, will educate out of existence with all convenient exp

But this, you say, is rank socialism and nihilism of the m
throat sort. This is the talk of sheer Parisian communar
pétroleuses over their drop of absinthe in a Belleville cabaret.
I hope not. My own ethics are far too dubitative and fluc
to make me willingly cut any other man's throat for any s
shortcoming in his performance of his social duties. I don't n
these apparently harsh words to taboo utterly all the ladies and
men upon earth; I only want to make my own calling and
quite sure. I can readily understand that there is many a wealt
in England who lives in a great house and keeps a great retin
whom mere unthinking nihilism would at once condemn as a
dyed aristocrat, but who nevertheless has really done nearly as n
the cause of humanity as Messrs. Delescluze, Rochefort, and O'I
Rossa. I don't for a moment deny that many a member of th
classes in all countries, if asked to render an account of his s
ship, could point to great works of benevolence, of social organis
industrial improvement, of agricultural progress, of education, o
ture, of science, of art. Such people could pass their exan
before the delegates of humanity in the first class with honours.
no doubt, too, that there are many other humbler persons of t
rank who could show good work done in other ways, political, s
domestic, which would at least enable them to scrape through
for a pass degree. But I don't suppose, on the other hand, t
body will deny the existence of many thousands of utterly
useless people in our midst, who have never done anything, a
will do anything, save eat, drink, and enjoy themselves in whol
ways their whole life long. Now, I don't say that such people
be lopped off forcibly from the body politic: far be it from me,
an individualist of the utterest school, and firmly believe in t
right of everybody to be left alone in his own devices, so to c
acts and consciences of other people. Let the wheat and the ta
together till the harvest. But the important point for each on
to make sure under which category he himself properly falls.
thing to say you do not interfere with a certain set of exoteric
another thing to say you will be one of them yourself. We a
tolerating Muggletonians and Fifth Monarchy Men, but we
wish immediately to join those eccentric sects, or to march up a
the streets with banners flying as full privates in the Salvation

I take it for granted, therefore, without being at all of a sanguinary or revolutionary disposition, that there are at this moment in England a vast number of people who cannot satisfactorily defend their own presence on earth in any way; and who, if only they had attained to an ethical standpoint at all, would either go their way and do otherwise, or else would cut their own throats for incorrigible vagabonds upon the spot. I take it for granted also that it is the obvious duty of every right-minded man to avoid being one of these, and, as far as practicably possible, to avoid making his living by pandering to their useless tastes and selfish amusements. The only remaining question is this—Can the scribbler be considered as sinning against light if he deliberately goes on scribbling for the classes in point, after he has once clearly arrived at this fundamental ethical judgment?

V.

When one begins to apply the rule, it becomes obvious, I think, that it cuts quite too widely for practical guidance. For after all, in the world as now constituted, with the majority of the wealth concentrated in the hands of useless, idle, and selfish people (which, in fact, we all admit in our soberer moments), it is difficult to see what else the proletariate can do but just silently perform the tasks which wealth demands of it. Consider, for example, that it is not merely the scribblers who are included in this condemnation, but whole thousands and millions of labouring men who spend their lives in making expensive articles of useless luxury for the very wealthy. Indeed it is but a relatively small portion of the world's population that is employed in providing or distributing really useful things—bread, meat, clothing, science, poetry. The remainder are chiefly occupied in turning out mother-of-pearl card-cases, malachite boxes, ivory-handled brushes, crests and monograms, or papier-mâché monstrosities; in preserving game, breeding bull-dogs, manufacturing lawn tennis bats, or dressing young ladies' hair; in growing champagne, hunting sealskins, diving for pearls, grubbing for diamonds, shooting humming-birds, or pulling out ostrich-feathers all the world over. If we go into a big house, inhabited by one of Mr. Matthew Arnold's greater barbarians, we see nothing around us on every side but infinite products of wasted and misdirected human labour, for the most part not even beautiful, but owing their whole value and whatever paltry interest they may happen to possess to the amount of time and pains that has been unhappily expended on procuring them. The objects are mostly of what we call precious materials; that is to say, materials for the obtaining of which many individual men have backed their luck against the paucity of the supply, and have wasted their days in an ineffectual search, only one out of a hundred ever getting a fair return for his time and labour—as in diamond mining. The whole place reeks of gold, silver, ivory, jade, agate, onyx, porphyry, and tortoise-shell; it slides

and glistens with polished granite, marble, and lacquer; it dazzle with mosaic, buhl, velvet, Russia leather, porcelain, bronze, and ora If we take a turn round one of our great manufacturing towns, we it wholly given over to the making of little electro-plate shrines fo goddess of fashion, to the manufacture of jewellery, bloom of Ni opera glasses, artificial flowers, photographic albums, or blue coverings for chairs with gilt legs and plaster mouldings. If we down casually on any distant colony or dependency, we find black and brown men shooting birds of paradise, hunting for rubies, extra elephant tusks, growing dyes, cutting down mahogany, or fishing all for the supply of the greedy, lazy, grasping, tribute-exacting Euro market. I don't say all these trades are necessarily bad in themse but I do say they are not a whit better than the trade of a scri who writes social leaders for the daily press.

And what shall we say, now, as to the social ethics of these va occupations? Are they all to be condemned in a single sweeping unswerving condemnation? Not quite, I think. There is an ob distinction to be drawn between them. It is quite unlawful, as it s to me, to belong to a trade which inflicts deliberate and wanton cr for the gratification of coarse and vulgar tastes. It is quite unlawf bake tortoises alive, in order to make their shells the proper colou dig tusks out of the jaws of a still living elephant; to slaughter m seals by the thousand, leaving their babies to starve to death, c piteously, with their almost human cry, upon the ice; to scale mullet alive, for the sake of reddening them; to cram unhappy for *pâté de foie gras*; to massacre humming-birds and sun-bird fashionable hats; to perform the thousand and one hideous vivise which no society has yet been instituted to suppress, and which law expressly permits at the present moment, provided only they are not for a scientific purpose. It is also obviously wrong, as it seems to m make use of any product so obtained, when once we know the w which it has been produced: to eat Strasburg pies, to wear os feathers in a bonnet, to buy sealskin jackets, or bronze beetle nec I may be mistaken, but I fancy there must be a fibre wrong some in the lovely women who still knowingly countenance all these uns able atrocities for fashion's sake. I always wish they could be ma realise the wrongfulness of their conduct by once being compell assist at the processes which have gone to make up their muffs and bonnets. And, in the same way, I also hold that it is a low and a trade for any man to purvey distinctly bad and degrading literat literature calculated to make the world something wickeder and than it actually is, literature like some of the repulsive novels whic have seen more than once befouling the shelves of our libraries d the last few years.

But apart from such actively wrongful trades as these, about w it seems to me there can be no ethical hesitation at all, I don't *that* even the most rigid moralist can well object, at the present ti

the mere pursuance of a useless profession by needy members of the working classes. The condemnation would be a condemnation of circumstances, not of dispositions. It is a mere toss-up, at the present day, that makes Eliza Ann into the maid-of-all-work in an honest farming family, and Euphemia Amelia into the lady's maid of a baronet's daughter; it is a mere toss-up that makes Bill take to the plough, and turns Tom into the squire's gamekeeper; it is a mere toss-up that sends Bob into a cotton factory, and puts Jim into the cigar-case making. The proletariate itself feels no distinction in this matter: its moral sense is still many thousand miles away from the casuistry that would distinguish between such nice shades of rightfulness and wrongfulness as these. Our labourers all do what work they are paid for; and they think no harm, in their honest, uninquiring way, of their trade being, in ultimate analysis, a purely otiose one.

Nor, indeed, is it easy even for the casuist (and I confess to a turn that way myself) to draw delicate lines in such a very complex society as our modern English world. For example, it is obvious that a powdered footman is a purely useless and not even ornamental object of virtu; but it is not so clear whether a doctor's coachman is not subserving a useful function; and it would be difficult indeed to decide as to the exact value of London cabmen, from those who wait with growlers at the railway stations to those who drive night hansoms about the Strand and the theatres. Again, what shall we say concerning the vast army of retail distributors? What is the precise point at which a stationer's merges into a fancy shop, or at which crockery passes from the useful into the useless stage? All these things are hopeless problems in ultimate practical ethics, and they drive the despairing moralist to conclude that while things remain as they now are each member of the proletariate must be content to make and sell, without question, such goods as are demanded of him by the superior classes. Like the early Christians, we must eat all meat that is set before us, asking no questions for conscience' sake, lest the answer should convince us that it is really meat offered to idols. Any attempt to do otherwise, to stick out for a purist creed of strict utilitarianism, to refuse all work unless we feel sure it honestly adds to the sum of really-earned human happiness, would be simply quixotic, and would necessarily lead to prompt self-effacement by the easy machinery of sheer starvation.

That, I take it, is the one poor, weak, temporising justification of the professional scribbler. I am an abuse, no doubt, and I know it; a mere useless excrescence on the face of society; but then there are so many abuses and so many excrescences that a single one more or less makes practically very little difference either way. The scribbler, too, is a member of the proletariate—a true working man—and for the most part a journeyman labourer. Like his fellows, he cannot pick and choose; he must take the work that the world imposes upon him. As a rule, he does not adopt his useless trade of malice prepense; he drifts into it unawares by mere stress of wind and weather, much as other labourers

drift into other disreputable or laborious occupations. He has no time, when he first takes it up, to debate about its moral status; he hears the cry of a child in the background, "whose crying is a cry for gold," and he writes for his life, just as he would dig canals or build a rich man's house, if he had the cunning. It is only later on, when increasing work paradoxically gives him leisure for indulging in the luxury of a conscience, that he finds time for ethical considerations. Then he sees the moral condemnation staring him in the face, and can only take refuge in the lame excuse—the last resort of vulgar dishonesty—that he is, after all, no worse than his neighbours.

VI.

And can the scribbler really urge no more than that on his own behalf? Is his best justification for his own existence merely the fact that he forms one of a large useless class, so large and so intricately intermixed with others that there is no hope of successfully weeding them out? Must he, and those (to him) far more important persons who are dependent upon him, go down quick into the pit as useless members?—must they be hewn down and thrown into Tophet alive, lest they cumber the ground that might else be supporting a fruitful crop of shoemakers and ploughmen? There are just two little excuses wherewith he may try to justify his being—two considerations which may possibly save him from the final limbo of empty windbags and do-nothing eatalls. They are these.

First of all, I will admit that I have all through been pretending to too much austerity—to far more austerity than is really in me. I am not, in fact, so great an ascetic as I have made myself out to be. A world so terribly in earnest that it could never smile would be a world unendurable by human beings. On the one hand, it seems a horribly cruel thought that we should devote one acre of ground to any purpose of mere diversion while there are thousands starving for want of bread in our very midst. Why was not this playfield planted with corn and given to the poor? asks the ever-present politico-socialistic Judas within us. But on the other hand, just fancy a world which was all so strictly and materialistically utilitarian that it gave itself wholly over to growing bread and pork, making necessary clothing, quarrying coal, and catching codfish. What to us would be the worth of such a world at all at all? If we are human we must have arts and pleasures. The merest savage makes a stone axe for himself, and then a tiny dolly axe for his baby-boy. He has his dances and his corrobborees: he paints his bright-hued pictures, and carves his rude bas-reliefs in leisure moments. Even in the pre-glacial age, we find him scratching figures of mammoths on bits of their own ivory, or drilling bears' teeth make a savage necklet for his dusky squaw. All these feelin become so ingrained in the very fibre of our natures that we sho be human now if we were born without them. An ants' nest =

nodel of a purely utilitarian phalanstery: in it, all the exertions of very member are devoted solely to the construction and maintenance of he rest, to the collection of food, the care of pupæ, the warding off of nemies, the keeping of aphides and other useful flocks and herds. here is no formican literature, no formican fine art, no formican cience. But man is not an ant: he cannot live by bread alone, and is life must be filled up with many small amusements and distractions, etty enough in themselves, yet absolutely necessary for his well-being. uppose we were to occupy every field on earth with our corn and our urnips; suppose we were to sacrifice all the beautiful wild beasts, all e graceful wild flowers, all the tangled thickets and copses; suppose e were to make all our waterfalls drive grist-mills, and to blast away l our rapids for the sake of improved navigation; suppose we were to ople every acre as thick as it could stand with human beings, each t sufficiently clad and fed and housed and lighted—what sort of world ould we have made it into in the end? What a joyless, purposeless, ly bestial existence it would be after all!—as bestial as that of the w in the meadow, chewing the cud leisurely, and thinking placidly of thing at all in heaven above or earth below or the waters that are der the earth.

To you, no doubt, this all seems so perfectly self-evident that you nder any man should seriously take the trouble to write it down in ck and white. But it has not always seemed self-evident to many of , and does not even now seem self-evident to the average social mocrat among the working men. It is only with some effort that the akened scribbler, endeavouring to justify himself to himself, to strike treaty of peace with his own conscience, arrives at the conclusion that en he, as a wheel among wheels in a great social mechanism, fulfils emotely useful purpose. What he writes affords amusement for a sing moment to a few people, most of whom indeed may themselves useless, but some of whom may belong to the useful classes. I con- s it was with a glow of pleasure that once in a third-class carriage I w a workman in his muddy clothes reading one of the papers to which ontribute; and when I asked him why he bought it, received the swer, "Because I always read the articles about so-and-so," those being, fact, the very series that I am engaged upon. And whether the tual distribution of the product is at present good or bad, at least the oduct itself is well-meant: just as it is well that there should be intings and statues and architectural works, even if many of them are ll too much monopolised by special classes. The things themselves there, and they are working up slowly (let us hope) toward a better ture.

And that brings me at last to my second and final point. Though I not a poet, like Alastor Jones, there is a stanza of Shelley's which en suggests to me a certain grain of moral comfort when this sort of ical dyspepsia oppresses my professional conscience in spare moments. erybody knows the lines by heart—they come from the "Skylark"—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Now, a journalist is not a poet, and Heaven knows he is far enough from being lost in a haze of thought; yet I sometimes think that even he, in his humble capacity of populariser and suggester, may help to do something like what that last line so exquisitely shadows forth as the poet's function. There is one species of literature which everybody reads—the daily paper; and it is better that they should there get honest thought, however inartistically expressed, than dishonest buncombe; better that they should get a little sprinkling of some useful knowledge than mere appeals to their worst feelings; better that they should be pointed onward than pointed backward; better that they should read such stuff as a decent third leader than that they should be wholly delivered over to endless and aimless political acrimonies. If a man is driven by fate into the position of a scribbler, he may at least elect which kind of scribbler he will be. There are scribblers of whom one may fairly say that they take no heed at all of right or wrong; they produce just such articles as will please their audience, irrespective of ulterior tendency. But a scribbler may say to himself, in the rare intervals for thinking afforded him by his trade: "I will at least in this my dubiously useful calling endeavour to abstain from doing any active and positive harm. Since the public will have journalism, and I am chosen by destiny as one of the instruments for supplying them with that doubtful article, I will make my work as little hurtful and as much helpful as I possibly can. I will give the people of my best, such as it is; I will never print anything which will aid in keeping back humanity on its old, half-brutal track. Where possible and when possible, so far as the medium permits, I will teach whatever little I know, and I will preach whatever best I feel. It cannot do much good, but it will not do any harm; and it may perhaps fall in with other influences to help on slowly toward the upward path. After all, what one individual can effect is always but little, and less in proportion to his personal obscurity. If he works decently well as a cog-wheel fitting in with surrounding cogs, he has done the most that can be reasonably expected of him." And perhaps, to end the whole question, a scribbler who acts as far as possible up to these principles is on the whole, in existing circumstances, as a member of a confessedly imperfect and ill-organised society, earning his livelihood, not indeed, like the shoemaker, with a clear consciousness of social worth, but in a relatively harmless and unblameworthy fashion. With that negative sort of self-approval, it seems to me, he must be content to plod his way in the humble hope that at the end he may escape utter condemnation the hands of collective labouring humanity.

My Daughter-in-Law.

I HAD, as widow, undertaken, till my son was of age, the management of his property, consisting of a large estate on the Continent. Things are managed quite otherwise in the part of Europe where my little sketch is laid than elsewhere. The "Herrschaft," owner or representative of the owner, delegates his or her authority to a "Schaffner," a sort of bailiff, who has complete command over the men, and to a "Schaffnerin" who holds the same authority over the maids. Men and maids all live in the castle, and day-labourers are only taken when there is a press of work. The usual work, as well as attending to the horses, cattle, &c., is done by servants hired from year to year, and living in the house; we had upwards of twenty. I, as mistress, scarcely ventured to interfere with either of the important personages I have mentioned, as they needed all the prestige that could be given them, to keep order among the often refractory and always rude farm servants. It happened, just at the time I am describing, that one of the maids was of rather a better class, she being the orphan child of a peasant proprietor, who had been sent to my house to learn farm-work. The girl had struck me once or twice by her graceful figure, carrying her milk-pail poised upon her head; and as she saluted me in passing with the usual "I kiss your hands, gracious lady," in a sweet low voice, I thought she looked like a spell-bound princess, only waiting for the proper moment to step out of her shabby garments and glitter in silk and satin; once, too, in passing I had heard a splendid contralto voice singing an old song in the stable, and set to words which were fitter for the music than the indecent lines which are usually joined to the old songs of our part of the world. As I waited listening, my enchanted princess came out of the stable with her milk-pail on her head, still singing, "Ach ja, du bist mein Stern, aber, ach! so fern." On seeing me she stopped, blushing rosy red, and even forgot her manners, and was hurrying past without greeting. "Where did you get those pretty verses, my child?" said I; but seeing her too much confused to answer, I let her go and thought no more about it.

One evening I had taken my knitting and sauntered out looking at the fruit trees, and as I candidly confess reckoning about how much cider they would produce, and whether there would still be a chance of selling some fruit, when happening to raise my eyes a little higher than the apples, I saw indications of a splendid sunset. I hastened up the little steep path to the press-house at the top of the vineyard, and mounting the narrow staircase on to the wooden balcony constructed after the model

of a Swiss house, was soon absorbed in the wonder and admiration called forth by the sublime spectacle.

As the colours were fading in the sky I turned to descend the stairs again, when I saw my fairy maiden standing with her back to me so evidently waiting, that I involuntarily stopped and said to myself, "Now then I shall see who wrote those pretty verses." I could not easily be seen by anyone approaching the little press-house, as the balcony was nearly covered on that side by a large overhanging pear-tree. I had hardly waited a minute when I saw, before even the girl did, a youth coming up from the contrary side to the one I had come by, and with open arms advancing to the unconscious girl. He was the son of an impoverished nobleman in the neighbourhood, and of whom, though very young, the neighbours spoke but ill; my heart sank within me at the thought that this graceless youth had found favour in my pretty maiden's eyes, but I was soon undeceived; as soon as he advanced near enough to startle her she sprang back as from a reptile and called out, "Hands off, sir! You know I won't listen to you!" He did not seem inclined to take the warning, and I was considering whether I should interfere, but I thought as I saw the two together that the lass was a "likely lass enough," and quite able to hold her own with such an antagonist, when suddenly the scene was changed by the approach of a third combatant. It was my son, then at home for the holidays, a youth of eighteen; he appeared not to share my views regarding the contest, but laying hold of the young baron by his collar twisted him round and round, and then sent him at double-quick pace down the hill. Oh, how handsome he looked, my son! his grey eyes as black as night with anger and indignation, and how proud of him I felt; but, alas! only for one short moment. The next the anger had gone out of his eyes, and they were shining with another light, more beautiful, perhaps, but oh! for me how much sadder! He, it was evident, was the one waited for, he was the writer of the verses, he was the star of my poor maiden's dream. What should I do? Alas! in such a case what could I do? I slowly went down the steep stairs, but so engrossed were they with themselves, that I was close to them before they noticed me. He had his arms round her, pressing her fondly to him, and in spite of myself I noticed with approbation that he did not guiltily start away when he saw me.

"My child," I said to the girl as gently as I could, for, you see, she was so young, "you must know it is not fit to behave in this manner; and, Erwin, have respect enough for my presence to loose your hold of the girl."

Then they parted, but we all stood uncomfortably conscious that something further must happen.

"My dear, you had better go home; I cannot allow you to stay here knowing what I now know!"

"Mother," said my son, breaking silence for the first time; "take what you say to my future wife."

s future wife! And were my dreams to end thus? But it was too l, he a boy of eighteen, and she the maid who milked the cows! So med, addressing her, "Do you hear, my dear? you must go away once."

Oh, madam, forgive me," said the poor girl; "but what shall I d where shall I go?"

Cannot you go home?" I said, forgetting for the moment that she n orphan and had no home.

I have no home," she said, with tears running down her cheeks; er and mother are both dead, and I never had any brothers or ."

Well, my dear," I said, still more gently than before; "you must guardian then; can you not go to him?"

Yes," she said, "but——"

But what?" I repeated a little impatiently, for I wanted to make d of the scene.

He is afraid for Mark," at last stammered forth the poor girl.

Oh," said I somewhat bitterly, "he has a son too, has he?"

ut she looked up so imploringly and so sadly that I could not give rther vent to my bitterness, the more as I could barely keep my rom mixing in the controversy, which would certainly have only things worse. He had held the girl by the hand all this time, and and then whispered a word of tenderness. It was a scene too lous to be touching, but too serious to be laughed at.

t last I said, "Well, you must go to your guardian" (a peasant in the bourhood) "for to-night, and I will come to-morrow and arrange hing with him and you for the future."

Yes, madam," she said, with a little curtsey and a quiver of her r mouth; but still my son did not loose her hand, and waiting a nt I turned away that he might at any rate have the satisfaction ing unobserved, and said, "Erwin, you must let her go, so bid her bye." In less than a minute their adieux had been said, and turning , we both, I and my son, watched her flitting down the hill in the light of the summer twilight till she was lost to our sight.

Then she had quite disappeared I turned to my son, not altogether clear what was best to say or do; he began first, with flaming eyes n a deep voice still moved by emotion. "Well, mother, are you satisfied? Shall you like it better that your son's future wife should sed about from one place to another till I am old enough to claim "

But, Erwin, how can you talk" ("such nonsense," I was on the of saying, but a look in his face altered the phrase to) "about ing when you are only eighteen, and you will not be of age till you wenty-four? You and she will have time to change your minds y times in those six years, and I do not doubt you will do so; at ate, if she were to be your future wife, as you call her, twenty times

over, she must go away now, as well for her own sake as for yours." As I said this an involuntary smile passed over my face, for I felt so sure that, as I said, time would bring the desired change of thoughts, that I began to see the thing only on its ridiculous side. Perhaps my son discovered this, for instead of answering me as he had evidently intended, he quietly walked down the hill at my side, and from that moment, for years, the pretty milk-maiden was never mentioned between us.

I went the next morning, as I had promised, to the house of her guardian, but she had already taken her departure. He did not seem very willing to talk about her; I fancy his conscience was not at ease, for I heard it said afterwards that he had allowed himself to be persuaded by the girl to give her the savings-bank book where her money, some hundred florins, was written down, and by means of which she could get the money into her own possession. She had persuaded him that she could not, and would not, stay in the country and do country work, but she would go to the next considerable town, and in some way contrive to go to school and learn to be something better than a peasant's wife. I made some inquiry about her, but after a while pretty much forgot her: only now and then, when I was watching the sunset from the little press-house, I thought of the scene that I had witnessed there, and wondered whether my son now thought as little about it as I did.

Years passed on; my son studied well, in some things wonderfully so. He grew in strength and stature, and delighted in nothing so much as when he could make some neck-breaking excursions among the mountains.

In due time he took his degree at the University; served his year as volunteer; and at last attained his majority, which with us is at the age of twenty-four, when there were the usual rejoicings and banquetings, and I formally resigned into his hands the management of his property. The day after the guests were gone and the business was concluded, he came into my little morning-room, and sitting down in his favourite chair, stretched himself almost across the little room from side to side, and said, "Well, Mi Mo" (a nickname he used to call me when a child, but long disused, and I started at his again taking it up), "aren't you glad it's all over? I am, I know. Don't you think we deserve a reward? Wouldn't it be nice to make a tour through the hills, and take some fashionable watering-place—say Baden—on our return?" I was rather surprised at this proposal, for my son had always expressed a decided dislike to watering-places; but what pleased him would certainly, I thought, please me, so our plans were soon made, and as soon put into execution.

We travelled leisurely, enjoying ourselves much. I stayed at the bottom of the hills while my son tried unknown and hazardous short cuts to the summits, and my peace of mind was often sadly disturbed when he was delayed in his ascents or descents, and did not reach [illegible] at the tim[illegible]ed, but the anxiety was always happily thrown a[illegible]

and my son came back safe and sound, his memory ever enriched by the experiences of each expedition. At one time he would describe how, at night, after the sun had gone down, and they were bivouacking under a rock, or had taken possession of a hut built by hospitable explorers for such purposes, after a time he saw the blue shadow of the earth itself thrown up in a half-circle upon the highest tops of the mountains, or, if a slight haze were in the air, projected upon that; and amid the intense stillness of the regions of ice and snow came the feeling of the insignificance of the individual, but of the mighty march of mankind.

After a few weeks spent in this manner we slowly journeyed on to Baden. We arrived there just after the *table d'hôte*, and my son begged me to make my toilet, and go with him on to the promenade. I stared, bewildered, but did as he begged me, and we went down. After a saintering turn or two along the public walk we took our seat on an empty bench and pretended to listen to the music. At last I ventured the remark, "My boy, do you really like this?" but as my question remained unanswered, I looked round and found my son's eyes fixed intently on two figures slowly approaching us—two ladies, an old one and a young one; the latter struck me at the moment as being the most beautiful person I had ever seen. I recognised, directly afterwards, an old acquaintance in the elderly lady, but I was watching them quite unconsciously and carelessly, only attracted by the exceeding beauty of the younger, when, as they had nearly come abreast of us, the girl raised her eyes and with a vivid blush acknowledged my son's greeting.

I cannot tell how it was, but at that moment I knew it all; yes, it was the dairy-maid transformed, if not into the princess, at any rate into a lady. I heaved a little sigh. I knew my fate at once, and tried as gracefully as I could to take up my heavy burden. The two had reached the end of the walk and were turning again, when I at last broke silence. "My boy, that old lady is an old acquaintance of mine; would you like to be introduced? I can easily claim acquaintanceship."

For answer he suddenly turned, and taking my hand kissed it, and, rising, put it upon his arm, and led me towards the two. He looked at me, and, seeing the tears standing in my eyes, he whispered, "She will be a good daughter to you."

"We will hope, at any rate, she will be a good wife to you, my boy," said I.

The old lady, Countess A., I had known years ago. She had never married, and, as I found later, had, three years ago, taken the fairy princess, as I sometimes called her, as companion. Till then Genevieve—such was her name—had been at school; at first as half-servant, half-pupil, and afterwards as half-pupil, half-teacher. She had given such satisfaction that the mistress of the establishment, on her wishing to obtain some other situation, had recommended her most strongly to the Countess, who had taken her, and had very soon become quite dependent upon her.

Genevieve had, on the occasion of a fire in their dwelling, shown such coolness and intrepidity that the Countess always declared that she owed life and property to her exertions. This was all very nice to hear, and as the young people were walking on and losing themselves in the bye-walks of the gardens, as well as in the paradise of their happy love, the Countess was telling me the history of the three years she had had Genevieve with her. She knew, she said, that Genevieve had an acquaintance that might ripen into an engagement. She corresponded at times, and had seen once or twice her friend; but as she wished his name not to be mentioned till he was of age and the affair could be settled, the Countess had not tried to force herself into Genevieve's confidence, but had only warned her to be careful, and let it pass. "But now," she continued, "dear friend, Genevieve is really a good girl, and if your son has chosen her, and has remained in the same mind all these years, he deserves that his wife should be kindly received." "Yes, yes," I said, "I know all that; but do you know that she used to milk our cows!" As I said it, however, I felt ashamed of myself, for it was really nothing bad, and continued hastily, "and how can she take her place as 'Lady of the Manor' there, where everyone knows her and knew her family!" "Well," admitted the Countess, "that is certainly an objection; it might easily become a source of great discomfort to him and to her." "Especially to her," added I.

The result of our consideration was that the Countess declared herself desirous of legally adopting Genevieve as child; and as she was quite her own mistress, and over the fifty years of age necessary for the legality of the adoption, and Genevieve gave up all pretension to any property save what should be voluntarily bestowed upon her, the other members of the Countess's family made no serious objection, and the thing was quickly settled.* My son, who, to do him justice, did not much trouble himself about the business, and was quite indifferent whether his wife were to be known as the daughter of a prince or a peasant, only insisted on a speedy marriage; and as the business was quickly arranged, he and Miss A., as Genevieve was now called, were married, and set out on their wedding tour, which was to last a month or two, and I betook me home again, sad and solitary, to prepare for their reception.

After the months of their wedding tour were over, in the late autumn, the young pair returned; and though I knew my son would be

* In Austria anyone after the age of fifty, if childless, can adopt a child, and the said child enters into all the rights of a real child, and like a real child, in Austria cannot be wholly disinherited, but under any circumstances must have the portion of the adoptive parent's property called the "Pflicht Theil." If the parent dies intestate the whole goes to the adopted child, who of course from the moment of adoption takes the family name. The title can only be acquired by the express consent of the Emperor.

indifferent to demonstrations, I ventured to think it would not be so with his wife. So things were ordered to give them such a reception as in the country is usual. Mortars were fired off as soon as the carriage was seen approaching; the band from the neighbouring town was called into requisition; and the farm-people, both in and out of the castle, received them with shouts of welcome, the heartier that their throats had already been wetted with our home-grown wine. The carriage entered the castle-court, and I, followed by the housekeeper and the maids, came forward to welcome them. My daughter-in-law looked as beautiful as ever, but I fancied there was a slight trace of anxiety on her lovely face as she glanced from one to the other of the elder people, lest they might recognise her as an old acquaintance. No one appeared to do so, and it all passed off as well as possible. The next few days were occupied in making visits, as is the custom with us, which my son bore with a degree of submission which, knowing his former abhorrence of such things, I thought quite wonderful and highly praiseworthy. He was led about from castle to castle and from mansion-house to mansion-house, like a lamb to the sacrifice. I was not often present at such times, but when I was, I looked with wonder at the self-command, and heard with wonder the endless flow of light, graceful conversation, developed by my daughter-in-law.

I had long left the castle and taken up my abode in a tiny house in the midst of a little wood of fir trees; they were not so near as to shut out sun and air, but near enough to give me the pleasant smell of the pine wood. They harboured also flocks of titmice, and I used to sit and watch these most graceful denizens of the trees, hanging sometimes at the end of a branch, and swaying to and fro in the wind, or darting, quick as lightning, from one twig to another, in search of their favourite food. I used often to tell my daughter-in-law I had more pleasure from my friends than she from hers, and no trouble about them either. I am afraid she never quite forgave me for having known her as——well, as a milkmaid; but my son was happy and contented, and I, of course, could not be otherwise. Only once in company, I saw a shade of fear and annoyance cross her face, and it so completely changed its beauty that the occurrence, slight in itself, impressed itself on my memory. It was at a large gathering on occasion of a charitable concert given by the amateurs in the neighbourhood; my daughter-in-law had also sung, as she was one of the best singers among the gentryfolk. After the concert was over and the company had risen from their seats, and were greeting one another and conversing, I saw the same vicious lad, now grown into a vicious man, who had made one at the sunset scene, inquisitively regarding my daughter-in-law, and, after a moment, with a malicious twinkle in his faded eye, advance towards her. She had remarked him, too, and it was with something less than her usual coolness and composure that she returned his bow, when, just as he was about to address her, a great friend of mine, and a sort of magnate in the district,

who had, perhaps, made attentive by my look, also been watching the by-play, approached and said, with as respectful a bow as if he had been greeting an empress, "May I be allowed to deliver here a message from your mother, the Countess A., without awaiting the formality of coming to your house? I met her at the Baths this year, and she begged me to tell you that you and your husband must not forget your promise of visiting her this autumn." The young man had drawn back at the approach of the elder, and listened, evidently bewildered, to this speech; then with a hackneyed compliment at the pleasure he felt at finding such a beautiful new neighbour, he turned away. I saw him furtively watching my daughter-in-law once or twice in the course of the evening, but he seemed to have got over his suspicions before the company separated. Whether my old friend really knew the story of my son's wife, I never knew; he had a knack of knowing things that no one else did, but I never knew him make an ill use of his knowledge.

Years passed on: children were born, two boys and a girl, beautiful little beings; and my daughter-in-law, surrounded by her children, made a group that any painter would have been glad to take as a model. The youngest, my darling golden-haired Reggy, was the pride of my life, the solace of my old age. He did not lend himself so readily to the little graceful forms of life that the elder children successfully adopted from their mother, but his ardent, self-sacrificing love, where he really loved, his unconcerned disdain of a lie or deception of any kind, pleased me more than the brightest talents or the most graceful demeanour. His elder brother, the eldest of the family, was richly endowed by nature, and has since, under careful training, fully developed his natural gifts. The girl was the least interesting of the three, and had very partially inherited her mother's beauty; but as she grew towards womanhood she developed a slight, graceful figure, and was quite sure not to step out of the usual grooves. My daughter-in-law was very attentive to her duties as mistress, and the household was perfectly well managed—the better, perhaps, by the knowledge she had acquired in former years of various shortcomings among the domestics. My son was apparently satisfied with his wife and children, and looked after his people, and studied and wrote, uninterrupted by any misfortune. Everything went on well, and I don't think that either of my grandsons will be allowed to marry a milkmaid!

The children had reached the respective ages of eighteen, sixteen, and twelve, when a sad time broke in upon and destroyed our unobtrusive happiness. The climate seemed to have wholly changed its character; the harvests were miserable, the small peasant proprietors were reduced to great straits, and even the richer landowners were often at their wits' ends for a little ready money; added to all which, or probably in consequence of it all, there was a sudden collapse of mercantile credit, and joint-stock banks and institutions of all kinds, yesterday thought as safe

as the hills, were crashing and tumbling down, bringing ruin in their train. My son was not so hard hit as some—at least it seemed not at first—but anxiety darkened his brow, and at times made his words sharp; indeed things were not going on well. In the country one can hardly live without horses and carriages; and though my son often talked of only keeping the farm horses, his wife had hitherto succeeded in persuading him to try a little longer. The second pair he had sold, so that now there were only one pair and a young horse, which had often been used, but was reckoned not fully broken in or trustworthy. One day the young people were gone to spend the afternoon with some distant neighbours, and could not return till late; my son had gone to town, intending to stay overnight, when, after the children were gone, a telegram came from him saying he should be back that evening, and the carriage must be sent to the station. My daughter-in-law gave orders that the young horse should be put to the little carriage, and she would drive down herself to meet her husband. The coachman was of course out with the carriage, and his "help" came up to speak to his mistress, and, as is often the way with such people, said in a disrespectful manner that his master had forbidden him to harness the horse, especially alone. Now, there was one thing my daughter-in-law could not bear patiently, and that was any real or fancied want of respect from the servants; whether it was a still lingering remembrance of past times with the idea that perhaps the servants deliberately refused her the deference they paid to others, I do not know, but nothing was so certain to make her obstinately adhere to a resolution than a disinclination of the servants to obey her. "Never mind," she answered sharply; "I tell you now to do so." "But——" began the man. "Don't say anything more, but put the horse to and bring him up to the door."

The man desisted from his attempt at persuasion, and went away sulkily to do as she had bidden him. He put to the horse (who, to make matters worse, had not been out of the stable for a day or so), and dressed himself also in case his mistress would let him go with her; she, still angry, and no doubt really believing it was only a fidget of the groom's, refused his offer to drive her down to the station and walk home, when his master would take the reins, saying she could manage quite well alone, and taking the reins she set off: the man, shaking his head, took off his livery coat and went about his work. In the meantime his mistress was getting into distress. At first, as we afterwards heard from a neighbour who was on the road, the horse went quietly enough; but just where the hill was steepest he started at a beggar who had been lying by the side of the road and suddenly rose as the carriage passed him; pulling the little carriage aside, it lost the grip of the break, and down the hill they went pell-mell, as fast as the horse could gallop.

Genevieve tried in vain to stop him, and could at most only keep him in the road; but, alas! at the bottom of the hill the road took a turn sharp across a little stone bridge; the horse missed the bridge,

plunged headlong into the stream, several feet below the road, dragging the carriage, with Genevieve in it, after him, and there he lay struggling and kicking as if possessed with a demon. Whether poor Genevieve was hurt before she reached the water, whether she was drowned, being entangled with the carriage, or whether the horse kicked her on her head and so caused her death, no one could tell. She was all covered with bruises from the fall and from the horse's hoofs; when I, whom the people had hastily sent for, reached the sad scene, she had been got up out of the brook and was lying upon the bank. The doctor had come before I did, and had there found her quite dead. The horse, strange to say, was not much hurt, and had been led back to his stable. The "Schaffner" had had sense enough to borrow a carriage from a neighbour and send it to the station for his master, and had forbidden the man to say a word about the accident. We might expect my son in about a quarter of an hour, and how should I break this sad, sad story to him? At any rate, I thought it would be better to get the poor dead thing carried out of sight before he came, so I sent to the next cottage and got a mattress, and lifting her gently up, with the assistance of the doctor and the neighbours we laid her upon it, and she was carried into the house, till my son should decide what was to be done. I then went back a few yards to meet my son, who could be seen approaching at a distance. I could not help being glad that it was only a farm horse he was driving, and that he got on so slowly. I stifled my sobs and dried my eyes as well as I could, but who could look just then unconcernedly unconscious? As the carriage drew nearer my son saw me and pulled up to take me in: he had had vexatious work enough in the town that day, as I heard afterwards, and was busied with his own unpleasant thoughts: he bade me good evening, and I got into the carriage, but as he saw me nearer my face told him only too plainly that something had happened. "What is it, mother?" said he; "tell me at once; it will not be so bad as my news, I guess." "Oh, my son, my son, have you too got bad news to tell? Tell me yours first, then." I thought if I could get my boy home again it would be easier to tell him than here; but he would not be put off. "Where is Genevieve?" he asked; "why are you alone?" I answered evasively, "The children are gone to spend the afternoon at——" "Yes, yes, I know, the man told me, but he told me also that Genevieve had not gone with them. Has anything happened to her, that no one can answer a simple question?"

He was beginning to get angry; the man had answered him several times off the point out of fear lest he should say what he had been forbidden to. By this time we had reached the little bridge, and looking down the stream he saw traces of the accident. He pulled up short and said to the man, "What is that there? it looks exactly like the carriage all broken to pieces." The man looked at me to know what to say; my son caught the look and said, "Mother, what is it? don't

secrets with me to-day, I can't bear it." I motioned to the man, who had got out, to hold the horse, and beckoning my son to follow me, said as soon as I could command my voice, "There has been a dreadful accident; that is the carriage lying there, and your dear wife, poor Genevieve, was in it: she was driving the young horse down to meet you, the others were out with the children——" "But," my son interrupted sternly, "I had expressly forbidden that that horse should be put into the carriage." "Yes, my dear son, but Genevieve would have it so, as I hear, and the man was forced to obey her." "Well, mother?" as I stopped. "My boy, she is lying there," pointing to the little cottage, "but," as he was hastening on, "you need not hurry; she will not know." "Mother, is she dead?" turning once more to me. He saw by my face that it was so, and for a moment stopped, then hurried on again, whilst I followed more slowly.

At the door of the house the peasant's wife told me my son had turned them out of the room where Genevieve was lying, and shut the door, bidding her tell me I should drive home, he would follow on foot. There are moments when one needs to be alone with a great sorrow. Indeed, a great sorrow must needs be borne alone—no one, not even the nearest and dearest—can help much. There deep down in our heart, where lie dead the hopes and joys which have brightened our life hitherto, there we keep our mourning chamber, and even when a sad smile passes our lips it only bears away the film that was growing over the dead joys, and brings our sorrows once more to the light of day. The only healer is time, and time, with its soft and gentle touch, heals most wounds or makes us insensible to their pain. I will not dwell upon the bitter grief of the young people, coming to their desolate home; they loved their mother kindly and dearly; but youth recovers quickly from sorrow as from sickness, and their grief was softened before I could have fancied.

My son sent word that they should prepare a sort of bier and bring it down to the cottage, and in the bright moonlight of a summer night all that remained of poor Genevieve was carried back into the castle court and laid reverently in the little chapel. Of the days that followed there is little to be said. As we all, in our deep mourning garments and wearing still deeper mourning in our hearts, returned home from the funeral, my son called me into his study and said, "Dear mother, perhaps Genevieve is better off than we are, for my affairs are in such a state that I may say I and my family are almost beggars. The day of her death, when I was in town, I was afraid that it might be so, and to-day's post has brought the confirmation of it. The bank in which I am largely interested has failed, and there seems no prospect of even the smallest dividend for the shareholders; the estate is encumbered, as you know, partly with other debts, and partly with your appanage. Don't interrupt me," seeing me about to speak; "it is for us all a blessing that you are provided for, and I see no help but to let the estate—in the present state of affairs it would be useless to try to sell it—and then if

you will give up your little house and come to live with us in the
the education of the boys will not cost much, and I can earn so
with my pen. I know I am asking you to make a great sacrif
continued, his voice becoming thick and trembling, "but I kn
that for me and my children you, at any rate, will think no s
too great."

"Thank you, my boy," said I, and the thing was settled.

The Countess, Genevieve's adopted mother, now a very old
had taken a most kind interest in our sorrows, and she wro
heartily, offering my granddaughter Vera, as she was called
tinguish her from her mother, a home with her as long as sh
promising also to give her the advantages of masters in all the
plishments she might wish to cultivate. The children had been
accustomed to call the Countess "grandmamma," and probably
she was so; and Vera, when she heard that we should have to l
very small confined lodging in the town, and that her being with u
actually increase our expenses, very properly, and perhaps not v
willingly, agreed to accept the proposal, and I took her to the Co
house, where she remained during the trying years we passed
boys' education was finished and things began to brighten.

The evening before we were finally to leave the castle, after
thing was packed that we were to take with us, and the tenant h
duly installed, my son came into my room, the same little r
which so many years ago he had proposed to me, so unconsci
journey to seek his bride, and asked me to go with him to tak
look at the view from the press-house. Some memory of th
time must have come across him; I saw a visible shudder p
frame, but he conquered his emotion and calmly followed me do
stone staircase and silently walked by my side up that little ste
on to the balcony. Now there were no bright gleams of
lighting up the broad landscape that lay beneath us, and the m
ridge, grey and cold, cut sharply off from the grey sky behind.
was one star, Jupiter, striving to show itself through the twilig
son saw it and showed it to me, saying it should be our emble
it could scarce be seen, but as the night grew darker and da
star would grow brighter and brighter, and so would we;
suddenly said, "Do you remember that other sunset? But of co
do! Was it not all a mistake? I don't mean my marrying Ge
but the trouble we took not to let people know who she was?
we should have been much happier had she simply been the
child, and not a countess's adopted daughter. She would perhaps
now, and at any rate I should not be more than half thankful
is not. Poor Genevieve! she would never have borne the life
now have to bear." I learnt more, by those few words, of
wedded life than I had known in all the years I had lived a
his side. Was he right? I think so.

next morning we took leave of our old retainers and of our ne, and soon found a little lodging in the town, where we settled and began our new life. Often in those apparently dark days hours of the greatest interest and delight. The boys worked preparation for their respective professions, my son continued ntific labours, and whether that misfortune, as it sometimes d cleared his intellect, or, what was more likely, he now gave livided attention to his work, he commanded more and more ention of the scientific world, so that, wonderful to say, his began, even as a mercantile speculation, to pay. After a time it be a habit with us, after our early and frugal supper, and while indulged in his one luxury, his pipe, to sit round the table in the hich served as dining-room, sitting-room, and my bed-room, and ch one contributing something to the general entertainment or . My son told of his discoveries in science, or foreshadowings of ries; Alwyn, the eldest, who was studying for a professorship of re at the University, expatiated on the beauties of some forgotten or Reggy, with his clear voice and bright look, related some inci- his school life, always, though unintentionally, revealing his nature. Yes, despite our poverty and the misfortunes that have us, we are not unhappy. Behind the clouds, the sun was , and it has come out to cheer us.

The Portrait Art of the Renaissance.

Real and ideal—these are the handy terms, admiring or disappro which criticism claps with random facility on to every imaginable sc This artist or group of artists goes in for the real: the upright, n trumpery, filthy real; that other artist or group of artists seeks the ideal—the ideal which may mean sublimity or platitude. We mon every living artist to state whether he is a realist or an ide we classify all dead artists as realists or idealists; we treat the matt if it were one of almost moral importance. Now, the fact of the c that the question of realism and idealism, which we calmly assun already settled or easy to settle by our own sense of right and wro one of the most tangled questions of art-philosophy; and one, more which no amount of theory, but only historic fact, can ever set r For, to begin with, we find realism and idealism coming before different ways and with different meaning and importance. All art w is not addressing (as decrepit art is forced to do) faculties to which it not spontaneously and properly appeal—all art is decorative, ornam idealistic therefore, since it consciously or unconsciously aims, not m at reproducing the already existing, but at producing something w shall repay the looking at it, something which shall ornament, if place, at least our lives; and such making of the ornamental, o worth looking at, necessarily implies selection and arrangement—th to say, idealism. At the same time, while art aims definitely at b in this sense decorative, art may very possibly aim more immedi at merely reproducing, without selection or arrangement, the act existing things of the world, and this in order to obtain the mere p of representation. In short, art which is idealistic as a master wil be realistic as a scholar: it decorates when it achieves; it copies wh studies. But this is only half the question. Certain whole schools be described as idealistic, others as realistic, in tendency; and this in their study, but in their achievement. One school will obvious contented with forms the most unselected and vulgar; others will go little out of their way in search of form-superiority; while yet oth and these we must emphatically call idealistic, are squeamish to the degree in the choice and adaptation of form, anxious to get the very and make the very best of it. Yet, on thinking over it, we shall that realistic and idealistic schools are all, in their achievements, eq striving for something which is not the mere reproduction of the alre existing as such—striving, in short, after decoration. The pupil Perugino will, indeed, wait patiently to begin his work until he

find a model fit for a god or goddess; while the fellow-craftsman of Rembrandt will be satisfied with the first dirty old Jew or besotten barmaid that comes to hand. But the realistic Dutchman is not, therefore, any the less smitten with beauty, any the less eager to be ornamental, than the idealistic Italian: his man and woman he takes indeed with offhand indifference, but he places them in that of which the Italian shall perhaps never have dreamed, in that on which he has expended all his science, his skill, his fancy, in that which he gives as his addition to the beautiful things of art—in atmosphere, in light, which are to the every-day atmosphere and light what the patiently sought for, carefully perfected god or goddess model of Raphael is to the every-day Jew, to the every-day barmaid, of Rembrandt.

The ideal, for the man who is quite coarsely realistic in his figures, exists in the air, light, colour; and in saying this I have, so to speak, turned over the page too quickly, forestalled the expression of what I can prove only later, the disconnection of such comparative realism and idealism as this (the only kind of realism, let us remember, which can exist in great art) with any personal bias of the artist, its intimate dependence upon the constitution and tendency of art, upon its preoccupations about form, or colour, or light, in a given country and at a given moment. And now I should wish to resume the more orderly treatment of the subject, which will lead us in time to the second half of the question respecting realism and idealism. These considerations have come to me in connection with the portrait art of the Renaissance; and this very simply. For portrait is a curious bastard of art, sprung on the one side from a desire which is not artistic, nay, if anything, opposed to the whole nature and function of art—the desire for the mere likeness of a person. The union with this interloping tendency, so foreign to the whole aristocratic temper of art, has produced portrait; and by the position of this hybrid, or at least far from regularly bred creature—by the amount of the real artistic quality of beauty which it is permitted to retain by the various schools of art, we can, even as by the treatment of similar social interlopers we can estimate the necessities and tendencies of various states of society, judge what are the conditions in which the various schools of art struggle for the object of their lives, which is the beautiful.

I have said that art is realistic in its periods or moments of study; and this is essentially the case even with the school which in many respects was the most unmistakably decorative and idealistic in intention: the school of Giotto. The Giottesques are more than decorative artists, they are decorators in the most literal sense. Painting with them is merely one of the several arts and crafts enslaved by mediæval architecture and subservient to architectural effects. Their art is the only one which is really and successfully architecturally decorative; and, to appreciate this, we must contrast their fresco-work with that of the fifteenth century and all subsequent times. Masaccio, Ghirlandaio,

Signorelli, turn the wall into a mere badly made frame; a gigantic p of cardboard would do as well, and better; the colours melt into another, the figures detach themselves at various degrees of r those upon the ceiling and pendentives are frequently upside down; these figures, which are so difficult to see, are worth seeing only themselves, and not in relation to their position. The masonry is longer covered, but carved, rendered uneven with the cavities and trusions of perspective. In Mantegna's frescoes the wall becom slanting theatre scene, cunningly perspectived like Palladio's Te Olimpico; with Correggio wall, masonry, everything is dissolved, the or cupola of a church becomes a rent in the clouds, streaming with li Not so with the Giottesque frescoes: the wall, the vault, the triumpl masonry is always present and felt, beneath the straight, flat band uniform colour, the symmetrical compartments, the pentacles, trian and segments, and borders of histories, whose figures never proj whose colours are separate as those in a mosaic. The Giottesque fres with their tiers and compartments of dark blue, their vague fig dressed in simple pure colours, greens, dull reds, and purples; their metrical borders and pearlings and dog-tooths, cover the walls, the rib and arched ceilings, the pointed raftering, almost like some beau brown, blue and tarnished gold leather-hangings; the figures, outl in dark paint, have almost the appearance of being stencilled, or stamped on the wall. Such is Giottesque painting: an art whic not merely essentially decorative, but which is, moreover, what pain and sculpture remained throughout the Gothic period, subservient to decorative effect of another art; an art in which all is subordinate architectural effect; in which form, colour, figures, houses, the dramatic scenes of the most awful of all dramas, everything is tur into a kind of colossal and sublime wall-paper; and such an art as would lead us to expect but little realism, little deliberate and slavish tation of the existing. Yet wherever there is life in this Gothic art (w has a horrible tendency, piously unobserved by critics, to stagnate blundering repetition of the same thing), wherever there is prog there is, in the details of that grandiose idealistic decoration, realism the crudest kind. Those Giottesque workers, who were not con with a kind of Gothic Byzantinism, those who really handed over so thing vital to their successors of the fifteenth century, while repea the old idealistical decorations, were studying with extraordinary cr ness of realism. Everything that was not conventional ornament type was portrait; and portrait in which the scanty technical mean the artist, every meagre line and thin dab of colour, every timid str of brush or pencil, went towards the merciless delineation not merel a body, but of a soul. And the greater the artist, the more cruel portrait: cruellest in representation of utter spiritual baseness in two greatest of these idealistic decorators: Giotto, and his latest disci Fra Angelico. Of this I should like to give a couple of examples.

Giotto's frescoes at Santa Croce—one of the most lovely pieces ere architectural decoration conceivable—there are around the and the dead St. Francis two groups of monks, which are ndingly realistic. The solemn ending of the ideally beautiful life ictity which was so fresh in the memory of Giotto's contemporaries, thing beyond a set of portraits of the most absolutely mediocre ures, moral and intellectual, of creatures the most utterly in- le of religious enthusiasm that ever made religion a livelihood. gather round the dead St. Francis, a noble figure, not at all tic or seraphic, but pure, strong, worn out with wise and righteous r, a man of thought and action, upon whose hands and feet the ata of supernatural rapture are a mere absurdity; monks who resumably his immediate disciples, those fervent and delicate natures of whom we read in the *Fioretti di San Francesco.* To sent them Giotto has painted the likeness of the first half-dozen he may have met in the streets near Santa Croce: not caricatures, deals, but portraits. Giotto has attempted neither to exalt nor to ide them into any sort of bodily or spiritual interestingness. They not low nor bestial nor extremely stupid. They are in various es dull, sly, routinist, prosaic, pedantic; their most noteworthy acteristic is that they are certainly the men who are not called by They are no scandal to the Church, but no honour; they are sloth, dity, sensualism, and cunning not yet risen to the dignity of a vice. look upon the dying and dead saint with indifference, want of rstanding, at most a gape or a bright look of stupid miscompre- ion at the stigmata: they do not even perceive that a saint is a ent being from themselves. With these frescoes of Giotto I should to compare Fra Angelico's great ceremonial crucifixion in the er chapel of San Marco of Florence; for it displays to an extra- ary degree that juxtaposition of the most conventionally idealistic, decorativeness with realism straightforward, unreflecting, and less to the point of becoming perfectly grotesque. The fresco ividal into two scenes: on the one side the crucifixion, the mystic s of the drama; on the other the holy men admitted to its contem- on. A sense that holy things ought to be old-fashioned, a respect yzantine inanity which invariably haunted the Giottesques in their city of idealistic decorators, of men who replaced with frescoes the an lifeless splendours of mosaic; this kind of artistico-religious ery has made Angelico, who was able to foreshorten powerfully the ny crucified thieves, represent the Saviour dangling from the cross, less, sinewless, and shapeless. The holy persons around stand rigid, nt, against their blue nowhere of background, with vague expanses of face looking neither one way nor the other; mere modernised copies he strange, goggle-eyed, vapid beings on the old Italian mosaics. This t a representation of the actual reality of the crucifixion, like Tin- t's superb picture at S. Rocco, or Dürer's print, or so many others,

which show the hill, the people, the hangman, the ladders and ropes and hammers and tweezers: it is a sort of mystic repetition of it, subjective if I may say so, existing only in the contemplation of the saints on the opposite side, who are spectators only in the sense that a contemplative Christian may be said to be the mystic spectator of the Passion. The thing for the painter to represent is fervent contemplation, ecstatic realisation of the past by the force of ardent love and belief; the condition of mind of St. Francis, St. Catherine of Siena, Madame Guyon: it is the revelation of the great tragedy of heaven to the soul of the mystic. Now, how does Fra Angelico represent this? A row of saints, founders of orders, kneel one behind the other, and by their side stand apostles and doctors of the Church, admitting them to the sight of the superhuman, with the gesture, the bland, indifferent vacuity of the Cameriere Segreto or Monsignore who introduces a troop of pilgrims to the Pope; they are privileged persons, they respect, they keep up decorum, they raise their eyes and compress their lips with ceremonious reverence; but they have gone through it all so often, they are so familiar with it, they don't look at it any longer; they gaze about listlessly, they would yawn if they were not too well bred for that. The others, meanwhile, the sainted pilgrims, the men whose journey over the sharp stones and among the pricking brambles of life's wilderness finds its final reward in this admission into the presence of the Holiest, kneel one by one, with various expressions; one with the stupid delight of a religious sightseer; his vanity is satisfied, he will next draw a rosary from his pocket and get it blessed by Christ Himself; he will recount it all to his friends at home. Another is dull and gaping, a clown who has walked barefoot from Valencia to Rome, and got imbecile by the way; yet another, prim and dapper; the rest indifferent, looking restlessly about them, at each other, at their feet and hands, perhaps exchanging mute remarks about the length of time they are kept waiting; those at the end of the kneeling procession, St. Peter Martyr and S. Giovanni Gualberto especially, have the bored, listless, devout look of the priestlets in the train of a bishop. All these figures, the standing ones who introduce and the kneeling ones who are being introduced, are the most perfect types of various states of dull, commonplace, mediocre routinist superstition; so many Camerlenghi on the one hand, so many Passionists or Propagandists on the other: the first aristocratic, bland, and bored; the second dull, listless, mumbling, chewing Latin prayers which never meant much to their minds, and now mean nothing; both perfectly reverential and proper in behaviour, with no more possibility of individual fervour of belief than of individual levity of disbelief: the Church, as it exists in well-regulated decrepitude. And thus does the last of the Giottesques, the painter of glorified Madonnas and dancing angels, the saint, represent the saints admitted to behold the supreme tragedy of the Redemption.

Thus much for the Giottesques. The Tuscans of the early

sance developed up to the utmost, assisted by the goldsmiths and sculptors, who taught them modelling and anatomy, that realistic element of Giottesque painting. Its ideal decorative part had become impossible. Painting could no longer be a decoration of architecture, and it had not yet the means of being ornamental in itself; it was an art which did not achieve, but merely studied. Among its exercises in anatomy, modelling, perspective, and so forth, always laborious and frequently abortive, its only spontaneous, satisfactory, mature production was its portrait work. Portraits of burghers in black robes and hoods, of square-jawed youths with red caps stuck on to their fuzzy heads, of bald and wrinkled scholars and magnificoes, of thinly bearded artisans, people who stand round the preaching Baptist or crucified Saviour, look on at miracle or martyrdom, stolid, self-complacent, heedless, against their background of towered, walled, and cypressed city, of buttressed square and street; ugly, but real, interesting, powerful among the grotesque agglomerations of bag-of-bones nudities, bunched and taped-up draperies and out-of-joint architecture of the early Renaissance frescoes; at best among its picture-book and Noah's-ark prettinesses of toy-box cypresses, vine trellises, inlaid house fronts, rabbits in the grass, and peacocks on the roofs; for the early Renaissance, with the one exception of Masaccio, is in reality a childish time of art, giving us the horrors of school-hour blunders and abortions varied with the delights of nursery wonderland: maturity, the power of achieving, the perception of something worthy of perception, comes only with the later generation, the one immediately preceding the age of Raphael and Michelangelo, with Ghirlandaio, Signorelli, Filippino, Botticelli, Perugino, and their contemporaries.

But this period is not childish, is not immature in everything. Or, rather, the various arts which exist together at this period are not all in the same stage of development. While painting is in this immature ugliness, and ideal sculpture, in works like Verrocchio's and Donatello's David, only a cleverer, more experienced, but less legitimate kind of painting, painting more successful in the present, but with no possible future; the almost separate art of portrait-sculpture arises again where it was left by Græco-Roman masters, and, developing to yet greater perfection, gives in marble the equivalent of what painting will be able to produce only much later: realistic art which is decorative; beautiful works made out of ugly materials.

The vicissitudes of Renaissance sculpture are strange: its life, its power, depend upon death; it is an art developed in the burying vault and cloister cemetery. During the Middle Ages sculpture had had its reason, its vital possibility, its something to influence it, nay, to keep it alive, in architecture; but with the disappearance of Gothic building disappears also the possibility of the sculpture which covers the portals of Chartres and the belfry of Florence. The pseudo-classic colonnades, entablatures, all the thin bastard Ionic and Corinthian of Alberti and

Bramante, did not require sculpture; or had its own little supply of unfleshed ox-skulls, greengrocer's garlands, scallopings and wave-linings, which, with a stray siren and one or two bloated emperors' heads, amply sufficed. On the other hand, mediæval civilisation and Christian dogma did not encourage the production of naked or draped ideal statues like those which antiquity stuck on countless temple fronts, and erected at every corner of square, street, or garden. The people of the Middle Ages were too grievously ill grown, distorted, hideous, to be otherwise than indecent in nudity; they may have had an instinct of the kind, and, ugly as they knew themselves to be, they must yet have found in forms like those of Verrocchio's David insufficient beauty to give much pleasure. Besides, if the Middle Ages had left no moral room for ideal sculpture once freed from the service of architecture, they had still less provided it with a physical place. Such things could not be set up in churches; and only a very moderate number of statues could be wanted as open-air monuments in the narrow space of a still Gothic city; and, in fact, ideal heroic statues of the early Renaissance are fortunately not only ugly but comparatively few in number. There remained, therefore, for sculpture, unless contented to dwindle down into brass and gold miniature work, no regular employment save that connected with sepulchral monuments. During the real Middle Ages, and in the still Gothic north, the ornamentation of a tomb belonged to architecture: from the superb miniature minsters, pillared and pinnacled and sculptured, cathedrals within the cathedral, to the humbler foliated arched canopy, protecting a simple sarcophagus at the corner of many a Lombard Street; the sculptor's work was but the low relief on the church flags, the timidly carved, outlined, cross-legged knight or praying priest, flattened down on his pillow as if ashamed even of that amount of prominence, and in a hurry to be trodden down and obliterated into a few ghostly outlines. But to this humiliated prostrate image, to this flat thing doomed to obliteration, came the sculptor of the Renaissance, and bade the wafer-like simulacrum fill up, expand, raise itself, lift itself on its elbow, arise and take possession of the bed of state, the catafalque raised high above the crowd, draped with brocade, carved with rich devices of leaves and beasts and heraldry, roofed over with a daïs, which is almost a triumphal arch, garlanded with fruits and flowers, upon which the illustrious dead were shown to the people; but made eternal, and of eternal magnificence, by the stone-cutter; and guarded, not for an hour by the liveried pages or chanting monks, but by winged genii for all eternity. Some people, I know, call this a degradation, and say that it was the result of corrupt pride, this refusal to have the dear or illustrious dead scraped out any longer by the shoe-nails of every ruffian, rubbed out by the knees of every kitchen wench; but to me it seems that it was due merely to the fact that sculpture had lost its former employment, and that a great art cannot (thank Heaven!) be pietistically self-humiliating. Be this as it

, the sculpture of the Renaissance had found a new and singularly le line of work, the one in which it was great, unique, unsurpassed, use untutored. It worked here without models, to suit modern irements, with modern spirit; it was emphatically modern sculpture, only modern sculpture which can be talked of as something original, ine, valuable, by the side of antique sculpture. Greek antiquity evaded death, and neglected the dead; a garland of mænads and s among ivy leaves, a battle of amazons or centaurs; in the late -Christian, platonic days, some Orphic emblem, or genius; at most, the exquisite tombs of the Keramikos of Athens, a figure, a youth prancing steed, like the Phidian monument of Dexileus; a maiden, ed and bearing an urn, but neither the youth nor the maiden is the ate of the tomb: they are types, living types, no portraits. Nay, where antiquity shows us Death or Hermes, gently leading away beloved, the spirit, the manes, the dead one, is unindividual. rkophagen u. Urnen bekränzte der Heide mitt Leben," said Göthe; it was the life which was everlasting because it was typical, the not which had been relinquished by the one buried there, but the which the world danced on, forgetful, round his ashes. The Romans, the contrary, graver and more retentive folk than the Greeks, as as more domestic, less coffee-house living, appear to have inherited the Etruscans a desire to preserve the effigy of the dead, a desire nown to the Greeks. But the Etrusco-Roman monuments, where and and wife stare forth togaed and stolaed, half reduced to a con- ional crop-headedness, grim and stiff as if sitting unwillingly for portrait; or reclining on the sarcophagus-lid, neither dead, nor p, nor yet alive and awake, but with a hieratic mummy stare, have of æsthetic or sympathetic value. The early Renaissance, then, bethought it of representing the real individual in the real death ber. And I question whether anything more fitting could be placed tomb than the effigy of the dead as we saw them when the coffin-lid ing closed down, as we would have given our all to see them but one moment longer, as they continue to exist for our fancy within the e; for to any but morbid feelings the beloved can never suffer decay. ens a portrait of the man in life, as the throning popes in St. r's, seems heartless and derisive; such monuments striking us as eived and ordered by their inmates while alive, like Michelangelo's Julius, and Browning's Bishop, who was so preoccupied about his in St. Praxed's Church. The Renaissance, the late Middle Ages, better than this: on the extreme pinnacle, high on the roof, they it indeed place against the russet brick or the blue sky, amid the of life and the movement of the air, the living man, like the gers, the mailed knight on his charger, lance in rest; but in the ch below, under the funereal pall, they could place only the body as it may have lain on the bier.

And that figure on the bier was the great work of Renaissance sculp-

ture. Inanimate and vulgar when in heroic figures they tried to emulate the ancients, the sculptors of the fifteenth century have found their own line. The modesty, the simplicity, the awful and beautiful repose of the dead; the individual character cleared of all its conflicting meannesses by death, simplified, idealised as it is in the memory of the survivors —all these are things which belong to the Renaissance. As the Greeks gave the strong, smooth life-current circulating through their heroes; so did these men of the fifteenth century give the gentle and harmonious ebbing after-life of death in their sepulchral monuments. Things difficult to describe, and which must be seen and remembered. There is Rossellino's Cardinal of Portugal at S. Miniato a Monte: the slight body, draped in episcopal robes, lying with delicate folded hands, in gracious decorum of youthful sanctity; the strong delicate head, of clear feature and gentle furrow, of suffering and thought, a face of infinite purity of strength, strength still ungnarled by action; a young priest, who in his virginal dignity is almost a noble woman. And there is the Ilaria Guinigi of Jacopo della Quercia (the man who had most natural affinity with the antique of all these sculptors, as one may see from the shattered remains of the Fonte Gaia of Siena), the lady stretched out on the rose-garlanded bed of state in a corner of Lucca Cathedral, her feet upon her sleeping dog; her sweet, girlish head, with wavy plaits of hair encircled by a rose-wreathed, turban-like diadem, lying low on round cushions; the bed gently giving way beneath the beautiful, ample-bosomed body, round which the soft robe is chastely gathered, and across which the long-sleeved arms are demurely folded; the most beautiful lady (whose majestic tread through the palace rooms we can well imagine) that the art of the fifteenth century has recorded. There is, above all, the Carlo Marsuppini of Desiderio da Settignano, the humanist Secretary of the Commonwealth, lying on the sarcophagus, superb with shell fretwork and curling acanthus, in Santa Croce of Florence. For the youthful beauty of the Cardinal of Portugal and of the Lady Ilaria are commonplace compared with the refinement of this worn old face, with scant wavy hair and thin, gently furrowed, but by no means ploughed-up features. The slight figure looks as if in life it must have seemed almost transparent; and the hands are very pathetic; noble, firm hands, subtle of vein and wrist, crossed simply, neither in prayer nor in agony, but in gentle weariness, over the book on his breast. That book is certainly no prayer-book; rather a volume of Plato or Cicero; in his last moments the noble old man has longed for a glance over the familiar pages; they have placed the book on his breast, but it has been too late; the drowsiness of death has overtaken him, and with his last sigh he has gently folded his hands over the volume, with the faint, last clinging to the things beloved in this world.

Such is that portrait sculpture of the early Renaissance, the only sculpture, if we except the exquisite work in babies and angels just out of the nursery of the Robbias, the thin young Madonnas of Mino, and

the boy saints of Benedetto de Maiano—a real achievement. But how achieved? This art is great just by the things which antiquity did not. And what are those things? Shall we say that it is sentiment? But all fine art has tact, antique art most certainly; and as to pathos, why, any quiet figure of a dead man or woman, however rudely carved, has pathos; nay, there is pathos in the poor puling, hysterical art which makes angels draw the curtains of fine ladies' bedchambers, and fine ladies, in hoop or limp Grecian dress, faint (the smelling bottle, Betty!) over their lord's coffin; there is pathos, to a decently constituted human being, wherever (despite all absurdities) we can imagine that there lies some one whom it was bitter to see departing, to whom it was bitter to depart. Pathos, therefore, is not the question; and, if you choose to call it sentiment, it is in reality a sentiment for line and curve, for stone and light. The great question is, How did these men of the Renaissance make their dead people look beautiful? For they were not all beautiful in life; and ugly folk do not grow beautiful merely because they are dead. The Cardinal of Portugal, the beautiful Ilaria herself, were you to sketch their profile and place it by the side of no matter what ordinary antique, would greatly fall short of what we call sculpturesque beauty; and many of the others, old humanists and priests and lawyers, are emphatically ugly; snub or absurdly hooked, retreating or deformedly overhanging foreheads, fleshy noses, and flabby cheeks, blear eyes and sunken-in mouths, and a perfect network of wrinkles and creases, which, hard as it is to say, have been scooped out not merely by age but by low mind, fretting and triumphant animalism. Now, by what means did the sculptor—the sculptor, too unacquainted with sculptural beauty (witness his ugly ideal statues), to be able, like the man who turned the successors of Alexander into a race of leonine though crazy demigods, to insidiously idealise these ugly and insignificant features; by what means did he turn these dead men into things beautiful to see? I have said that he took up art where Græco-Roman antiquity had left it. Remark that I say Græco-Roman, and I ought to add much more Roman than Greek. For Greek sculpture, nurtured in the habit of perfect form, art to whom beauty was a cheap necessity, invariably idealised portrait, idealised it into beauty or inanity. But when Greek art had run its course; when beauty of form had well-nigh been exhausted or begun to pall, certain artists, presumably Greeks, but working for Romans, began to produce portrait work of quite a new and wonderful sort; the beautiful portraits of ugly old men, of snub little boys; work which was clearly before its right time, and was swamped by idealised portraits, insipid, nay inane, from the elegant revivalist busts of Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius down to the bonnet blocks of the lower empire. Of this Roman portrait art, of certain heads of half-idiotic little Cæsar brats, of sly and wrinkled old men, things which ought to be so ugly and yet are so beautiful, we say, at least (perhaps unformulated), we think, "How Renaissance!" And the secret of the beauty of these few Græco-

Roman busts, which is also that of Renaissance portrait sculpture, is that the beauty is quite different in kind from the beauty of Greek ideal sculpture, and obtained by quite different means.

It is, essentially, that kind of beauty which I began by saying belonged to realistic art; to the art which is not squeamish about the object which it represents, but is squeamish about the manner and medium in which that indifferent object is represented; it is a kind of beauty, therefore, more akin to Rembrandt and Velasquez than to Michelangelo or Raphael. It is the beauty, not of large line harmonies, beauty residing in the real model's forms, beauty real, wholesale, which would be the same if the man were not marble but flesh, not in a given position but moving; but it is a beauty of combinations of light and surface, a beauty of texture opposed to texture, which would probably be unperceived in the presence of the more regal beauty of line and colour harmonies; and which those who could obtain this latter would employ only as much as it was conducive to such larger beauties. And this beauty of texture opposed to texture and light combined with surface is a very real thing; it is the great reality of Renaissance sculpture: this beauty, resulting from the combination, for instance, in a commonplace face, of the roughness and coarser pore of the close-shaven lips and chin with the smoothness of the waxy hanging cheeks; the one catching the light, the other breaking it into a ribbed and forked penumbra. The very perfection of this kind of work is Benedetto da Maiano's bust of Giovanni Mellini in the Bargello at Florence. The elderly head is of strongly marked osseous structure, yet fleshed with abundant and flaccid flesh, hanging in folds or creases round the mouth and chin, yet not flobbery and floppy, but solid, though yielding, creased, wrinkled, crevassed, rather as a sandy hillside is crevassed by the trickling waters; semi-solid, promising slight resistance, slight, waxy, yielding to the touch. But all the flesh has, as it were, gravitated to the lower part of the face, conglomerated, or rather draped itself, about the mouth, firmer for sunken teeth and shaving; and the skin has remained alone across the head, wrinkled, yet drawn in tight folds across the dome-shaped skull, as if, while the flesh disappeared, the bone also had enlarged. And on the temples the flesh has once been thick, the bone (seemingly) slight; and now the skin is being drawn, recently, and we feel more and more every day, into a radiation of minute creases, as if the bone and flesh were having a last struggle. Now in this head there is little beauty of line (the man has never been good-looking), and there is not much character in the sense of strongly marked mental or moral personality. I do not know, nor care, what manner of man this may have been. The individuality is one, not of the mind, but of the flesh. What interests, attaches, is not the character or temperament, but the bone and skin, the creases and folds of flesh. And herein also lies the beauty of the work. I do not mean its interest or mere technical skill, I mean distinctly visible and artistic beauty.

Thus does the sculptor of the Renaissance get beauty, visible beauty, not psychologic interest, out of a plain human being; but the beauty (and this is the distinguishing point of what I must call realistic decorative art) does not exist necessarily in the plain human being: he merely affords the beginning of a pattern which the artist may be able to carry out. A person may have in him the making of a really beautiful bust and yet be ugly, just as the same person may afford a subject for a splendid painting and for an execrable bust. The wrinkles and creases in a face like that of Benedetto da Maiano's Mellini would probably be ugly and perhaps disgusting in the real reddish, flaccid, discoloured flesh, while they are admirable in the solid and supple-looking marble, in its warm and delicate bistre and yellow. Material has an extraordinary effect upon form; colour, though not a positive element in sculpture, has immense negative power in accentuating or obliterating the mere line. All form becomes vague and soft in the dairy flaccidness of modern ivory; and clear and powerful in the dark terra cotta, which can ennoble even the fattest and flattest faces with its wonderful faculty for making mere surface markings, mere crowsfeet, interesting. Thus also with bronze: the polished, worked bronze, of fine chocolate burnish and reddish reflections, mars all beauty of line; how different the unchased, merely rough cast, greenish, with infinite delicate greys and browns, making, for instance, the head of an old woman like an exquisite withered, shrivelled, veined autumnal leaf. It is, moreover, as I have said, a question of combination of surface and light, this art which makes beautiful busts of ugly men. The ideal statue of the Greeks intended for the open air, fit to be looked at under any light, high or low, brilliant or veiled, had indeed to be prepared to look well under any light; but to look well under any light means not to use any one particular relation of light as an ally; the surface was kept modestly subordinated to the features, the features which must needs look well at all moments and from all points of view. But the Renaissance sculptor knew where his work would be placed; he could calculate the effect of the light falling invariably through this or that window; he could make a fellow-workman of that light, present for it to draw or to obliterate what features he liked, bid it sweep away such or such surfaces with a broad stream, cut them with a deep shadow, caress their smooth chiselling or their rough grainings, mark as with a nail the few large strokes of the point which gave the firmness to the strained muscle or stretched skin. Out of this model of his, this plain old burgess, he and his docile friend the light, could make quite a new thing; a new pattern of bosses and cavities, of smooth sweeps and hacked lines, of creases and folds of flesh, of pliable linen and rough brocade of dress: something new, something which, without a single feature being straightened or shortened, yet changed completely the value of the whole assemblage of features; something undreamed of by nature in moulding that ugly old merchant or humanist.

This kind of realism, where only the model is ugly, while the portrait is beautiful, which seeks decorative value by other means than the intrinsic excellence of form in the object represented, this kind of realism is quite different in art from the realisms of immature art, which, aiming at painting beyond a faithful copy, is content with producing an ugly picture of an ugly thing. Now this latter kind of realism endured in painting some time after decorative realism such as I have described had reached perfection in sculpture: nor was it till later, and when the crude scholastic realism had completely come to an end, that there became even partially possible in painting decorative realism analogous to what we have noticed in sculpture; while it was not till after the close of the Italian Renaissance period that the painters arose in Spain and the Netherlands who were able to treat their subjects with the uncompromising decorative realism of Desiderio or Rossellino or Benedetto da Maiano. For the purely imitative realism of the painters of the early Renaissance was succeeded in Italy by idealism, which matured in the great art of intrinsically beautiful linear form of Michelangelo and Raphael, and the great art of intrinsically beautiful colour form of Giorgione and Titian. These two schools were bound to be, each in its degree, idealistic. Complete power of mere representation in tint and colour having been obtained through the realistic drudgery of the early Renaissance, selection in the objects thus to be represented had naturally arisen, and the study of the antique had further hastened and directed this movement of art no longer to study but to achieve, to be decorative once more, decorative no longer in subservience to architecture, but as the separate and self-sufficing art of painting. Selection, therefore, which is the only practical kind of idealism, had begun as soon as painting was possessed of the power of representing objects in their relations of line and colour, with that amount of light and shadow requisite to the just appreciation of the relations of form and the relations of colour. Now art which stops short at this point of representation must inevitably be, if decorative at all, idealistically decorative; it must be squeamish respecting the objects represented, respecting their real structure, colour, position, and grouping. For, of the visible impressions received from an object, some are far more intrinsic than others. Supposing we see a woman, beautiful in the structure of her body, and beautiful in the colour of her person and her draperies, standing under a light which is such as we should call beautiful and interesting: of these three qualities one will be intrinsic in the woman, the second very considerably so, the third not at all. For, let us call that woman away and replace her immediately by another woman, chosen at random. We shall immediately perceive that we have lost one pleasurable impression, that of beautiful bodily structure: the woman has taken away her well-shapen body. Next we shall perceive a notable diminution in the second pleasurable impression: the woman has taken with her, not indeed her well-tinted garments, which we may have bestowed on her

successor, but her beautifully coloured skin and hair, so that of the pleasing colour-impression will remain only as much as was due to, and may have been retained with, the original woman's clothes. But if we look for our third pleasurable impression, our beautiful light, we shall find that unchanged, whether it fall upon a magnificently arrayed goddess or upon a sordid slut. And, conversely, the beautiful woman, when withdrawn from that light and placed in any other, will be equally lovely in form, even if we cast her in plaster, and lose the colour of her skin and hair; or if we leave her not only the beautiful tints of her flesh and hair, but her own splendidly coloured garments, we shall still have, in whatsoever light, a magnificent piece of colour. But if we recall the poor ugly creature who has succeeded her from out of that fine effect of light, we shall have nothing but a hideous form invested in hideous colour.

This rough diagram will be sufficient to explain my thought respecting the relative degree to which the art dealing with linear form, that dealing with colour and that dealing with light, with the medium in which form and colour are perceived, is each respectively bound to be idealistically or realistically decorative. Now painting was æsthetically mature, possessed the means to achieve great beauty, at a time when of the three modes of representation there had as yet developed only those of linear form and colour; and the very possibility and necessity of immediately achieving all that could be achieved by these means delayed for a long time the development of the third mode of representation: the representation of objects as they appear with reference to the light through which they are seen. A beginning had indeed been made. Certain of Correggio's effects of light, even more an occasional manner of treating the flesh and hair, reducing both form and colour to a kind of vague boss and vague sheen, such as they really present in given effects of light, a something which we define roughly as eminently modern in the painting of his clustered cherubs, all this is certainly a beginning of the school of Velasquez. Still more so is it the case with Andrea del Sarto, the man of genius whom critics love to despatch as a mediocrity, because his art, which is art altogether for the eyes, and in which he innovated more than any of his contemporaries, does not afford any excuse for the irrelevancies of ornamental criticism; with him the appearance of form and colour, acted upon by light, the relative values of which flesh and draperies consist with reference to the surrounding medium, all this becomes so evident a preoccupation and a basis for decorative effects, as to give certain of his works an almost startling air of being modern. But this tendency comes to nothing: the men of the sixteenth century appear scarcely to have perceived wherein lay the true excellence of this "Andrea senza errori," deeming him essentially the artist of linear perfection; while the innovations of Correggio in the way of showing the relations of flesh tones and light abound in the mere coarse gala illuminations in which his successors made their seraphs

plunge and sprawl. There was too much to be done, good and bad in the way of mere linear form and mere colour; and as art of mere linear form and colour, indifferent of all else, did the art of the Italian Renaissance run to seed.

I said at the beginning of this paper that the degree to which any art is strictly idealistic can be measured by the terms which it will make with portrait. For as portrait is due to the desire to represent a person quite apart from that person affording material for decoration, it is evident that only the art which can call in the assistance of decorative materials, independent of the represented individual, can possibly make a beautiful picture out of an ugly man; while the art which deals only with such visible peculiarities as are inherent in the individual, has no kind of outlet, is cornered, and can make of a repulsive original only a repulsive picture. The analogy to this we have already noticed in sculpture: antique sculpture, considering only the linear bosses which existed equally in the living man and in the statue, could not afford to represent plain people; while Renaissance sculpture, extracting a large amount of beauty out of combinations of surface and light, was able, as long as it could arrange such an extreme combination, to dispense with great perfection in the model. Nay, if we except Renaissance statuary as a kind of separate art, we may say that this independence of the object portrayed is a kind of analytic test, enabling us to judge at a glance, and by the degree of independence from the model, the degree to which any art is removed from the mere line and boss of antique sculpture. In the statue standing free in any light that may chance to come, every form must be beautiful from every point; but in proportion as the new elements of painting enter, in proportion as the actual linear form and boss is marked and helped out by grouping, colour, and light and shade, does the actual perfection of the model become less important; until, under the reign of light as the chief factor, it becomes altogether indifferent. In this fact lies the only rational foundation for the notion, made popular by Hegel, that painting is an art in which beauty is of much less account than in sculpture; failing to understand that the sum-total of beauty remained the same, whether dependent upon the concentration of a single element or obtained by the co-operation of several consequently less singly important elements.

But to return to the question of portrait art. From what we have seen, it is clear that art which requires perfection of form will be reduced to ugliness if cramped in the obtaining of such perfection, whereas art which can obtain beauty by other means will still have a chance when reduced to imitate ugly objects. Hence it is that while the realistically decorative art of the seventeenth century can make actually beautiful things of the portraits of ugly people, the idealistically decorative art of the Renaissance produces portraits which are cruelly ugly in proportion as the art is purely idealistic. Yet even in idea there are degrees: the more the art is confined to mere linear form the exclusion of colour, the uglier will be the portraits. Wit

difficulty was simplified to impossibility: he could not paint all; and in his sculptured portraits of the two Medicean St. Lorenzo he evaded all attempt at likeness, making those into scarcely more than two architectural monsters, half-sins of the fantastic creatures who keep watch on the belfries les of a Gothic cathedral. It is almost impossible to think ngelo attempting portrait: the man's genius cannot be con- it, and what ought to be mere ugliness would come out to grandiose monstrosity. Men like Titian and Tintoret are er end of the scale of ideal decoration: they are bordering omain of realism. Hence they can raise into interest, by the r of colour, many an insignificant type; yet even they are f dealing with absolute ugliness, with absence of fine colour, do deal with it, there is an immediate improvement upon the the appearance of truthfulness goes. Between the absolute for dealing with ugliness of Michelangelo, and the power of ing with it of Titian and Tintoret, Raphael stands halfway: in the assistance of colour just sufficiently to create a setting y harmonised draperies and accessories, beautiful enough to is filling it up with the most cruelly ugly likeness which any r painted. Far too much has been written about Raphael in t not half enough about Raphael as a portrait-painter; for of the eclectic idealist, who combined and balanced beauty insipidity, is the most terribly, inflexibly veracious portrait- t ever was. Compared with his sternly straightforward por- is Florentine and Roman time, where ugliness and baseness ttenuated by one tittle, and alloyed nobility or amiability, as finer models, like the two Donis, husband and wife, and s never purified of its troubling element; compared with them an portraits are mere insincere, enormously idealised pieces of mony; nay, the portraits of Velasquez are mere hints, given a sickened painter striving to make those scrofulous Haps- nger mere men, but keynotes of harmonies of light, of what really are. For Velasquez seems to show us the tempera- potentiality of his people, and to leave us, with a kind of d melancholy silence as to all further, to find out what life, ngs and actions, such a temperament implies. But Raphael ll: the temperament and the character, the real active crea- all the marks of his present temper and habits, with all the of his immediate actions upon him: completely without bitterness, without the smallest tendency to twist the reality ture or monstrosity, nay, perhaps without much psychologic tell him the exact meaning of what he is painting, going the point, and utterly ruthless from sheer absence of all of doing otherwise than he does. There is nothing more listic in the world, cruel not only to the base originals, but to

the feelings of the spectator, than the harmony of villainies, of various combinations of black and hog-like bestiality, and fox and wolf-like cunning and ferocity with wicked human thought and self-command, which Raphael has enshrined in that splendid harmony of scarlet silk and crimson satin, and purple velvet and dull white brocade, as the portraits of Leo X. and his cardinals Rossi and de' Medici.

The idealistic painter, accustomed to rely upon the intrinsic beauty which he has hitherto been able to select or create; accustomed also to think of form as something quite independent of the medium through which it is seen, scarcely conscious of the existence of light and air in his habit of concentrating all attention upon a figure placed, as it were, in a sort of vacuum of indifference;—this idealistic artist is left without any resources when bid to paint an ugly man or woman. With the realistic artist, to whom the man or woman is utterly indifferent, to whom the medium in which they are seen is everything, the case is just reversed: let him arrange his light, his atmospheric effect, and he will work into their pattern no matter what plain or repulsive wretch. To Velasquez the flaccid yellowish fair flesh, with its grey downy shadows, the limp pale drab hair, which is grey in the light and scarcely perceptibly blond in the shade, all this unhealthy, bloodless, feebly living, effete mass of humanity called Philip IV. of Spain, shivering in moral anæmia like some dog thorough bred into nothingness, becomes merely the foundation for a splendid harmony of pale tints. Again, the poor little baby princess, with scarce visible features, seemingly kneaded (but not sufficiently pinched and modelled) out of the wet ashes of an *auto da fè*, in her black-and-white frock (how different from the dresses painted by Raphael and Titian!), dingy and gloomy enough for an abbess or a camerera major, this childish personification of courtly dreariness, certainly born on an Ash Wednesday, becomes the principal strands for a marvellous tissue of silvery and ashy light, tinged yellowish in the hair, bluish in the eyes, and downy cheeks, pale red by the lips and the rose in the hair, something to match which in beauty you must think of some rarely seen veined and jaspered rainy twilight, or opal-tinted hazy winter morning. Ugliness, nay repulsiveness, vanish, subdued into beauty, even as noxious gases may be subdued into health-giving substances by some cunning chemist. The difference between such portraits as these and the portraits by Raphael does not, however, consist merely in the beauty: there is also the fact that if you take one of Velasquez's portraits out of their frame, reconstitute the living individual, and bid him walk forth in whatsoever light may fall upon him, you will have something infinitely different from the portrait, and of which your only distinct feeling will be that a fine portrait might be made of the creature; whereas it is a matter of complete indifference whether you see Raphael's Leo X. in the flesh or in his gilded frame.

Whatever may fairly be said respecting the relative value of idealistic and realistic decorative art is really also connected with this latter point. Considering that realistic art is merely obtaining beauty by

attention to other factors than those which preoccupy idealistic art, that the one fulfils what the other neglects—taking the matter from this point of view, it would seem as if the two kinds of arts were, so to speak, morally equal, and that any vague sense of mysterious superior dignity clinging to idealistic art was a mere shred of long discarded pedantry. But it is not so. For realistic art does more than merely bring into play powers unknown to idealistic art: it becomes, by the possession of these powers, utterly indifferent to the intrinsic value of the forms represented: it is so certain of making everything lovely by its harmonies of light and atmosphere that it almost prefers to choose inferior things for this purpose. I am thinking at present of a picture by I forget what Dutchman in our National Gallery, representing in separate compartments five besotten-looking creatures, symbolical of the five senses: they are ugly, brutish, with I know not what suggestion of detestable temperament in their bloodshot flesh and vermilion lips, as if the whole man were saturated with his appetite. Yet the Dutchman has found the means of making these degraded types into something which we care to look at, and to look at on account of its beauty; even so, in lesser degree, Rubens has always managed to make us feel, towards his flaccid, veal-complexioned, fish-eyed women, something of what we feel towards the goddesses of the Parthenon, towards the white-robed, long-gloved ladies, with meditative face beneath the crimped auburn hair, of Titian.

Viewed in one way there is a kind of nobility in the very fact that such realistic art can make us pardon, can redeem, nay almost sanctify, so much. But is it right thus to pardon, redeem, and sanctify, thus to bring the inferior on to the level of the superior? Nay, is it not rather wrong to teach us to endure so much meanness and ugliness in creatures, on account of the nobility with which they are represented? Is this not vitiating our feelings, blunting our desire for the better, our repugnance for the worse?

A great and charitable art, this realistic painting of the seventeenth century, and to be respected for its very tenderness towards the scorned and castaway things of reality; but accustoming us, perhaps too much, like all charitable and reclaiming impulses, to certain unworthy contacts; in strange contrast herein with that narrow but ascetic and aristocratic art of idealism which, isolated and impoverished though it may be, has always the dignity of its immaculate purity, of its unswerving judgment, of its obstinate determination to deal only with the best. A hard task to judge between them. But be this as it may, it is one of the singular richnesses of the Italian Renaissance that it knew of both tendencies; that while in painting it gave the equivalent of that rigid idealism of the Greeks which can make no compromise with ugliness; in sculpture it possessed the equivalent of the realism of Velasquez, which can make beauty out of ugly things, even as the chemist can make sugar out of vitriol.

VERNON LEE.

Six Years in the Backwoods of Canada.

I WRITE facts, not fiction, and with a double object. My first desire is to impart information of a reliable character, and my second to save the intending emigrant from deception and disappointment.

Canada is a fine country; it has many attractions, and its people are noble, frank-hearted, and generous. Personally I love both the land and its inhabitants, but it is only the truth to say that many misrepresentations of its climate, its resources, its comforts are made by persons interested in attracting emigration, which when they are realised (alas! too late) by those who have torn up their roots in the old land and set foot full of hope in the new land, produce a heart-sickness which preludes despair.

Six years is a large slice out of a human life. It is not like six weeks spent on a hasty visit, wherein vivid sketches are made from the windows of a railway car. No! Six years give time for examination, time for reading character, time for watching the seasons as they recur, and time to note the rising or falling fortunes of settlers from the old lands of Europe.

The party of whom this is a faithful history consisted of husband, wife, and one child, with man-servant and maid-servant. This party left England because its head was tired of civilised life, because his brain was filled with visions of freedom from the ties and restraints of society, and because his love of travel and observation made him long for a personal experience of the New World. It was no promenade of one who could return if he pleased, but the solemn rooting up of old associations and the deliberate resolve to penetrate beyond the frontier lands into the wilderness itself.

Ordinarily, and until the St. Lawrence is blocked up with ice, the Allan Line lands its passengers at Quebec or Montreal, but during the rigour of winter its vessels are compelled to discharge at Portland, in the State of Maine. This was our luck, and it gave us a peep at our Yankee brothers.

Our first act on entering our private rooms in the hotel was to throw open the windows, which had as usual in those cold countries double sashes. The heat seemed that of an oven. But after one winter and one summer in Canada we adopted the double sashes ourselves, and kept our rooms as hot or hotter than those of that hotel.

The reason is this. The winter lasts six months, and the blood is chilled. The summer is almost Indian, and the blood gets thin

The first winter we rarely wore great coats, the second we wrapped ourselves up in buffalo rugs. Many a night have I passed in Canada with a stove in my room three feet long and red hot when I lay down to rest, and yet in less than an hour my beard has been frozen to the blanket, and the water in a bucket within a foot of the stove frozen into a solid block of ice. Nay, more. I have sat down to tea in front of the stove, and before the last cup could be poured out of the teapot its contents were frozen hard.

And now away to the backwoods, yet not without stopping on the road to correct errors or light up hidden truth.

This is Ottawa city, now the seat of Government, with palatial buildings, but then only emerging out of "Bytown," with streets of wooden shanties, and only here and there a stone store. We are evidently approaching that land of myths, primitive simplicity; for the bedroom is intolerably stuffy, the furniture shabby genteel—soon we shall be where there is none. We are taken in and done for at one dollar a day—4*s*. 2*d*. Don't smile, for six years later it was only a dollar and a half at a good hotel in New York; now it is, I believe, four dollars a day in the same place. The food was wholesome, but very rough; one had to get used to it.

The position of Ottawa is simply magnificent. Its cliffs hang over the splendid Ottawa River just below the Chaudière Falls, and just above those of the Gatineau River. Of all the cities I have seen in all the four quarters of the world none equals Ottawa in situation.

Ottawa city was in those days the extreme point of settled country, where one bought all kinds of things necessary for settlement in the backwoods. We had brought out from England a little cargo of articles considered as indispensable. I recollect amongst our miscellaneous stores a keg of iron nails, which cost a mint of money for transport, and when brought out were all rusty and useless. What, then, was our astonishment at finding these very articles selling at about half the price we had paid for them, and in forms suited to a new country? We thought, when leaving England, that we were going to do wonders, and introduce novelties, and run a winning race for wealth: we found, on arriving at the edge of the forest, that the inhabitants were quicker and cuter than ourselves. Here was our first pull-up.

It had been decided that we should settle upon the Opeongo Road, into and through which district the Government had recently made decent roads, and had surveyed lots of from 50 to 100 acres, which were offered as free grants to settlers who should fulfil certain conditions of settlement.

We might have done better by investing our little capital in cleared land near the city, or at least we might have prolonged the agony of failure; but our fever for a wild, free life was at its height, driving us to reject all advice and to plunge into the very savagest retreats of undefiled nature. It was there that we intended to face the wild Indian,

to hunt the wild beasts, to carve out a primitive home and rear a homestead after the type and pattern of Cooper's novels.

I have learnt, after many years of wandering, that the great majority of the human family is liable to deceive itself as to its innate capacity to adopt, without education or training, two professions, or (to put it better in French) "métiers," viz. farming and theology; and I have also learnt that, although these two "métiers" are certainly easy to undertake, they are precisely the two which are most difficult to bring to a successful termination. Much of these two professions, and of those who attempt them, have I seen; and my deliberate opinion is that there is no trade or profession more difficult, nor anything more rare than a good farmer or a wise parson.

I began farming without knowing how to work a bush farm; so I bought horses and sleighs, and packed into them beds, bedding, iron ware, tin ware, spades, crockery, and other impedimenta which hang like lead upon the shoulders of a pioneer. Proud as a prince was I when I drove out of Ottawa city in my own conveyance, with my own horses, on the way to take possession of my own freehold estate. Warnings and omens were plentiful, but I heeded them not. All my life I had had horses, had given orders to coachmen and grooms, had criticised farriers, and had even broken in and ridden savage beasts; but, alas! when one of my horses threw a shoe, twenty miles from a forge, I had neither the courage nor the skill to drive nails into the thin hoof which so beautifully protects the tender nerves of a horse's foot. Sleighing is indeed delightful when the track is good, but on well-worn roads there are dips and holes, or "cahots," through which only experience can guide the sleigh, and, lacking this last quality, I pitched myself, my companions, my pots, pans, and sundries out of the carriage and into the deep cold snow. We were quit of it for a good roll; no great harm was done. The snow was dry and easily shaken off, and, a little wiser and more wary, I took the ribbons again.

After three days' travelling we arrived at that point on the Opeongo settlement where we supposed there could be no competition, and where we expected to get good land for nothing; and, after a day or two spent in exploration, we settled upon a spot on the margin of Lake Clear, which answered to our dreams of natural beauty and perfect isolation from society. Here we began at once to build our house, or rather shanty, in the usual way. We first cleared of timber a certain extent of land, say half an acre, then we levelled the ground where the house was to stand; and as soon as these preliminaries were accomplished we called a "bee" to build the shanty itself. We had been warned that a "bee" was but another name for a drunken frolic, and that none would come twice at our bidding unless the supply of whisky w unlimited, and therefore we had provided what we thought enough floor the whole company; but we were mistaken. The work went at first well, then fast, then furious, until the whisky had done its

re was no safety for anybody in lifting the huge trees. The was already at its disappearing point, when the happy idea l to me to increase its volume by diminishing its strength. This nd re-did until absolutely there was nothing but water left; less the drunken fools clamorously asked for more and more— and were satisfied because I called it whisky. Whisky is the f the backwoods; few, very few, escape its fatal enchantment, e but men of iron will can hope so to do.

house-building process was this. Great trees were felled as near le to the house; these were cut into 20-feet lengths and dragged pot; then they were rolled, just as they came from the forest, by of men up inclined supports, until (their ends being cut into and saddles) they reached their place upon the walls. Our horses almost useless at this work; they could not pull half the weight xen easily dragged out of deep snow, nor could they enter holes between stumps without danger to their legs and ruin to their

e were crowds of men and many yoke of oxen, for a "bee" is a e gathering. Each man who comes has a counter-claim upon a day's work, while he does just as little as he likes, by fits and He has also the advantage of a good feed and a glorious "drink," prying into all the affairs of a new settler and hearing all the f the township. At the end of a "bee" you find yourself pos- f four rough timber walls, with openings (where the trees are wide enough for a dog to jump through, and the miserable on that you will be thrown back upon carpenters to finish the hich has only received the first "lick" of brute force.

r the walls were erected there were labourers or woodsmen hired own, hollow out, and put up "scoops" for the roof, or, in other rees scooped out like long gutters which let in the rain. Then plit other trees into rough planks for the floor, which, when d, had holes wide enough to put your foot in, boots and all; and l this was done you might contemplate a sort of dog-kennel- sieve, open to every wind, and dark as Erebus.

ourse the windows were very few and very small, for window carpenter's work, and carpenters are scarce and dear. Of course e were no rooms or divisions; for divisions mean planks, and though abundant, are very distant and very heavy. So that, crevices were stuffed with grass, moss, and mud, we had one om, not half as good as a decent wood shed in any civilised land, n first to last it had cost us the price of a decent house.

ever, there we were, and we had to rough it; the step had been nd the consequences had to be borne. I say, there we were; yet e left England. The man-servant, after looking at the work for le day, disappeared, and was never heard of again. He may now, t I know, be President of the American Republic or a member

of Parliament, for I forget his name. The woman-servant, who had been with us three or four years, got draggled and dirty, and after three or four days could not resist the innumerable offers of marriage which she received; so followed her companion into oblivion, at least so far as we were concerned; and thus we were reduced to three people, all used to luxury, all raised in affluence, and all quite unused to labour. But we had British pluck, and never for an instant gave way to repining or despair. We put away the gentleman and put on the farmer and the farmer's wife; so that, if the account seems pessimist, yet it is not the history of those easily cowed or unwilling to face difficulties. All the while we struggled in those wild woods the man was feared and the woman respected. He was ready to meet the adversary or the insultor either with flint, steel, or fists, and she was ever respected, were it but for her hard and unrepining work; as for the child, I think he enjoyed it and thought it fine fun even to the last, which was starvation point.

As soon as the house was up, even before the chinks between the logs were properly filled up, we determined to sleep in it; but my first night there was indeed dreadful. It was winter, as has already been stated—not an English but a Canadian winter—with the thermometer during the night at 20 degrees below zero. There were no beds or bedding; all that I had to lie upon was a rough plank floor, and all that I had to cover me was a buffalo robe. Our men lay in a row in front of a huge open stove, with their feet to the fire, and I had to take my place beside them. About one o'clock I must have been seized with a fit of delirium; for, without waking the men, I got up and went out into the forest, with some vague intention of getting back to the house where for a few days I had received kindly hospitality. It was a moonlight night, but being utterly ignorant of forest life, and not knowing well the track, I wandered around the trees, which seemed always in front of me and to present no sort of opening or break such as might indicate a road. How long I wandered I know not, nor how I came at last to the house; but two distinct impressions remain fixed upon my memory, the one that I must be the object of a special Providence, having something in the future to accomplish for which my life was preserved, and the other the inexpressible joy of feeling warm after I had been a few minutes in bed.

This experience did not prevent my going back to my house next day, nor did it impede our immediate installation, which was of a nature fitted to the circumstances and locality. As yet all was of rough wood in and about the house, and so it continued to be, for I made a double bedstead, i.e. a bedstead of two storeys of rough poles nailed to the sides and roof of the house, into the upper storey of which leaped the parents and into the lower storey of which crept the child. This bedstead was flanked by a bath brought from England and divided from our labourers by a shawl hung across as a curtain.

t that period we had in our service from half a dozen to a dozen as they could be procured, engaged in clearing land and finishing anty. They all ate and slept with us, which enabled me to make new discoveries as to the habits of life of rough woodsmen in la. Thus I found out that they slept in their clothes, except that nd there one threw off his coat ere he lay down before the fire; one said any prayers or gave themselves any trouble about re- s matters; they all rose at daybreak, and after a shake like a New- land dog strolled out of the hut and lit an early pipe; they none m ever washed, Sundays or week days, but they all paid this respect day of rest—having one small-tooth comb between them, they used urn, and looked quite spruce after the operation.

e one great difficulty, which proved almost insurmountable, was to e food for them. They were not fastidious. All they asked was dry tea, and salt pork which had no lean. The last requirement was, e moment, easily satisfied, as we had brought up several barrels of e" pork, but the first almost gave rise to a mutiny. Upon the poor d fallen the terrible task of making bread without yeast. The custom country is to keep a stale piece of the last paste and mix it with warm decoction of salt and water, which is called "salt rising" and the purpose of yeast. At that time we were ignorant both of the and of its results, but later on, when we had been initiated, our hs and our nostrils revolted at the taste and smell of this bread. o it came to pass that our men had to sit down to meals with nd bread in sufficient quantities—but such bread! It was as heavy , as dark as oatmeal, and had to be cut with an axe. Poor lady, e cried and sighed and did her best, but over and over again this lum pudding without sugar or raisins figured on the board, or trestles. At last she got hints and made a "hop rising" with dried nd hot water, and her bread became palatable, to our infinite relief and the benefit of our health. The pork and flour soon ort, which forced me to look beyond our little clearing and leave o female companions alone with a crowd of rough backwoodsmen. o tell the honest truth, there was no real danger. The men were rough, but honest in their degree and honourable.

our shanty lay a mile or more from the township road, we had to road of our own, which served well enough during sleighing, but a very trap and snare and danger to life when (deserted by its cloak) it revealed its stumps, its hollows, and its sideway in- on, hanging as it did on the side of a hill. Such must have been ds about Selborne when White wrote his delightful book.

ell remember one day when it fell to my lot to take out the team break with an empty waggon, and to go to the nearest store, distant n thirty and forty miles, to fetch pork and flour. I got out safely, d Renfew in the afternoon, and bought and loaded up ready for a ext day before sunrise. The waggon was piled up very high with

barrels and sacks, which made my perch at the top of the load precarious and uncomfortable, but I jogged on, now at a slow trot, now at a snail's pace, until night began to set in. The horses were tired; I was nodding, at the imminent risk of falling off and breaking my neck; but needs must when hunger drives, so through the darkness I plunged. Ever and anon the barking of foxes, the shrieks of owls, the sad cries of water-birds saluted my ears. This was but the usual nightly concert, but I confess to a terrible creeping sensation when I heard the howling of wolves. The horses heard them too, started and plunged with fright, making it almost impossible to keep them on the track. For a little time fear kept me awake, but only for a little time, for I awoke suddenly with a start to find the reins amongst the horses' feet and myself in the act of falling. I saved myself, got down, and tried for a time to lead the beasts, yet in vain. I fell over my own feet, reeled like a drunkard for more than an hour, and only recovered when I thought I saw a live bear in the road. This was as good as a cold bath. Something there was, but whether it *was* a bear I cannot say; this only I know, that no other man in all those parts would have risked such a night journey for twenty pounds. At last I reached the narrow slit in the forest which led to my home, only to realise that an entrance during darkness with a loaded waggon and tired team was impossible. I did not hesitate. Quickly unhitching the horses, I left the waggon to its fate, and winding the reins of the young horse round my waist, I jumped upon the more aged, leaving him to choose his own road, being myself unable to see a yard beyond my nose. He stepped forward as if he smelt the oats, and it seemed to me as I switched past tree after tree, almost touching them with my face, that I should certainly be brained before reaching home. Nothing of the sort. The danger lay in another direction. I was almost cut into two distinct pieces. The young horse was slow and frightened, so he held back, whereas the one I rode pressed forward, and the reins tightened around my waist until the pressure exceeded that of French military stays and I almost fainted. At last I got to the stable, if such it could be called, dragged off the harness, threw the horses some food, and opening the door of the shanty stepped over the sleeping men, lifted the curtain, and got to bed. Next morning not one of these men knew I had returned, until one of them, who had visited the stable, came flying in to tell me that the grey had got his leg between the planks of the stable and worked it raw to the hock. Out I went to the rescue, cut the leg out with an axe, and then went with the poor tired brutes to fetch in the waggon. None of the men would risk it over such a road. About halfway in, where the road inclined at an angle too sharp for your credence, the waggon turned over, dragging the horses with it down hill. I was pitched out like a stone, so were the flour bags and pork barrels. Never was a man in greater danger even where cannon shot are flying about; for surely barrels of pork, weighing about 200 lbs. each, when they take to dancing

ou, are as likely to smash you as cannon balls. Yet I escaped, and g the débris with the help of all my men got safely home at last. I propose a subject of reflection to intending emigrants. You l in all guide-books published by Emigration Committees of estimates of expenses connected with the clearing of land, of houses, &c. Now these estimates are all framed upon the ion that no accidents will happen, that no days of rain will stop at no trivial affairs will divert the attention of those engaged. trifling accident which happened to me open their eyes and he fallacy of all such calculations. I upset the waggon, and, as ary consequence, called six men off their work for a whole after- repair damages. More than this, on the morrow a man spent le day in repairing breakages and taking ironwork to the black- I choose a small accident to illustrate a great fact with a view to hinkers to ask themselves how many such small incidents occur k or a month, and I state precisely that the sum-total of costs erally amount to double the estimate which emigration agents "couleur de rose."

us now leave the internal arrangements of the shanty with its es of provision, and examine the work of clearing land in the ds. You buy, or you have presented to you by a paternal ent, a certain extent of land with an immense number of forest nder whose lofty branches exist and flourish in a delightful ment young plants and bushes which make travelling through an impossibility, except where a track has been cleared. eral idea is that a Canadian forest resembles Windsor Forest or Forest, so that one may wander as fancy lists hither and without let or hindrance. Such was my own idea, which, how- oved to be utterly erroneous. The fact is that trees live and when they die they fall across other trees, or gradually subside ir mother earth, remaining some years in a more or less solid n. Other trees are stricken by frost, fire, or tempest, each of gencies produces a different result, the one splitting, the other g, and the last uprooting and altogether entangling the forest. u must allow for an undergrowth of brushwood, shrubs, and ees, which resemble an Indian jungle, upon which wild animals d without which the woods would be silent evermore. If you se this true picture of nature's forest land, you will at once see ulty of clearing up land.

process is this. Experienced woodcutters, shouldering the small n axe, which does not weigh more than six or seven pounds, tree, or several trees which seem likely to fall together. They trees about waist high, and try if possible to drop one tree other, so that several may fall together. When one or more down, they jump upon the trunk and lop off the branches, which in heaps about the stem. Then they cut the trunk itself into

20-foot lengths, leaving a mixed mass of logs, branches, and roots lying amidst the stumps. This work must be done in winter, and left until spring sunshine dries up the brushwood to such a degree that a lighted match will set fire to a hundred acres and make a bush fire, sometimes to the destruction of the homestead itself. After the brushwood has been thus consumed, you look upon a tract of land as black as a chimney-pot hat, on which are lying higgledy-piggledy a vast number of logs which have been charred or half consumed, and which represent the trunks of trees. These logs are then piled up in pyramidal heaps by means of a series of "bees," for the work needs many strong men and is of the same nature as that of the raising the walls of a shanty. Then fires are kindled in these log heaps, and they are by degrees reduced to ashes, which may either be used to make potash or left to fertilise the land. At last you have your field ready for sowing, and such a field! It looks like a large graveyard with innumerable tomb-stones, all black as the earth out of which they spring, for ever remember that the stumps breast-high remain from four to ten years before they can be pulled out. My desire is to make a settler's life intelligible to the ordinary reader—to lift him, while sitting in his easy chair, in mind into the wild woods, and to take him with me as I work and toil to earn cold salt pork and dry bread. He shall, if he will, be as well informed as if he had himself done what I have done, and suffered what I have suffered, only I pray him to permit me to follow each separate detail until I think I have fairly represented it to his imagination. The field is here for sowing. Let us suppose all difficulties of buying seed overcome, and the field sown broadcast. I could not sow, so my part of the work was confined to harrowing or covering up the seed sown. This I did with my horses instead of hiring oxen, using a triangular harrow made of heavy maple logs, with long iron spikes set in the triangle and its two cross bars. Oxen do this work quite easily, the teamster taking care to leave sufficient length of chain for the wild leaps of the heavy harrow; but horses need guiding by hand, which gives to the operation a peculiar character of danger and difficulty. The reins, made of rope, must be very long and very deftly handled, or else in a few minutes they will be involved in the teeth of the harrow or wound about the horses' legs. Just picture to yourself the start of the horses; within a minute the harrow strikes against a stump, rebounds upon another, then catches a root and shoots up like a rocket. The horses are alarmed; the driver flies hither and thither, holding his reins now in the air, now on one side, now on the other, and before the day is half over is almost dead with fatigue.

On newly cleared land we use no plough, nor do I think such an implement could have been found in all the neighbourhood. It comes of course in due time, when the stumps have rotted and been pulled out by oxen, but until then it were folly to buy one, and dangerous to the last degree to use it. I remember a young Irishman being thrown from the stilts of his plough clean over the oxen's head by the coulter

ing against a large stone. What would be the result if it caught en root I dare not imagine.

Not to detain you too long over crops, I will simply add that all rs are and must be late in getting in their first crops, on account of mpossibility of burning off and clearing up land until the sun is rful enough to dry up both ground and brushwood. Now, as the n is very short in the backwoods, having both early and late rains early and late frosts, the result is that not one-half of the crops are before a sort of preliminary winter sets in, with the natural result aking harvest almost impossible. The average yield of these new ings is between five and ten bushels to the acre, and even this is hed up between showers, and is in a very bad condition either for or use. So far as I can remember I had only some forty bushels of d, from eight or ten acres of clearing, which was so sprouted that I l not even send it to mill, but had to sell it for mixture with harder , without which it would have become a mere paste.

Next I bought a cow, whose pasture was the low bushes and young e leaves which she found for herself in the woods. This natural re is a great blessing, for without it cattle could not be kept until had been put under grass, except in certain beaver meadows or hes created by the dams of the beavers. My cow was at once a ng and a care. She gave us milk and butter, but she also gave us and days of hunting for her through the forest. Generally she d come home at night for bed and supper, but if she met a female l she would stay away for a week at a time, giving us not only the e of tracking her, but also the anxiety of too long delayed milking, might cause her to run dry. No Irishman will milk a cow. In his on it is women's work and degrading to a man; and, as we had no n servants, I naturally had to milk the cow myself, although I had attempted it before.

o this cow I soon added a couple of pigs, which either were extra- ary animals, or else some demon dogged my heels with the inten- of driving me mad. Their inclosure was of the ordinary height, nited to restrain the desire to escape of any reasonable porkers. were not reasonable, for they leaped the barriers like deer, till at no matter what we did or how high we made the walls, they were e kitchen, or scouring the woods, twenty times a day. This fact I end to Darwinians as an illustration of the natural transformation s into deer, which took place within an historical period, and is hed by one who in other respects rejects the hypothesis.

wing to a war of races, such as Irishmen establish wherever they was, though an Englishman, involved in a quarrel with the rnment land agent, who is almost omnipotent in new settlements. Irish have imported into Canada their home feuds. They are t to a man either Orangemen or Ribbonmen, the last being Roman olics and the first Protestants. They never mix or sober down, or live

and let live, or bear and forbear, but are for ever beating drums, making processions, and brandishing cudgels. I hate both parties with a deep and lasting hatred, see no good in their original institution, nor any hope for any land until Irish blood is mixed and flows more smoothly in a second or third generation. As a Protestant and an educated man the Orangemen chose me for their leader, as may be easily imagined without my consent, and succeeded in bringing down upon me the wrath of the Roman Catholic population with the land agent at their head. They had too much fear of me to attack me openly, so the land agent arranged a delightful little comedy in which I was to play the leading part. He owned a yoke of villanous "breachy" oxen, i.e. oxen which broke down the improvised fences of the settlers and ravaged their crops. These oxen ought, of course, to have been pounded as soon as they were caught at their nocturnal depredations, only there was no pound. The *patres conscripti* of the township at their usual meeting, being chiefly Ribbonmen, were egged on by the land agent to appoint me pound-keeper, of course without a salary. My office was obligatory, and it was incumbent upon its tenant to provide a pound at his own expense, on his own land. I simply did nothing at all, thinking the matter a joke. One day, however, when I was enjoying a peaceful pipe, the woods were stirred by huge beasts, the dry sticks cracked beneath huge feet, and there emerged from the forest the oxen of the land agent, brought to the pound by a man who subsequently proved to be one of the land agent's party. Happily my horses were out, so I put them into the stable, with the intention of giving them up to their owner as soon as he should send for them. He did, indeed, send a messenger, who began by demanding the oxen, which I readily offered to release; but, not content with this, he demanded to see the pound, which he declared illegal in all respects, and told me to expect proceedings. These proceedings came in due course in the shape of a demand for damages and a summons to appear before a local magistrate, whose place of abode was some fifteen miles distant, on a bee-line through the forest, but perhaps forty miles by the nearest road. On the day named I set out, accompanied by several of my men as witnesses, embarked on a canoe, crossed the lake, and met my opponents on landing, who had to travel with us along the only narrow path or trail which led to the village where the justice lived. One of my men, an Irish carpenter, who had lived some months with me while fitting up my shanty and making it habitable, at once proposed that, instead of a long tramp through the forest, we should fight it out, then and there, in a friendly way. I confess that I preferred his scheme to a long march, but the land agent had no stomach for such hot work, so on we trudged. About midday we reached the place and dined. After dinner the judge took his seat in the general room of the tavern, with his clay pipe in his mouth and his hat on, the last of co as a sign of authority, the first as a consolation or a stimulant, as case might prove tiresome or difficult. Proceedings were opened

local lawyer for the plaintiff; witness swore to my iniquities; all looked as if I was already condemned, when it came to my turn to speak. I opened and closed my own case much in the following manner:—"Mr. Justice, you never had a tougher case or one more likely to trip you up. I simply defy you. You are one of a pack of rascals who are in league to worry a respectable citizen, and you are a toady of this land agent. Now I invite you to give him any verdict he asks; only I tell you beforehand that I will drag you before every court in the country and expose both you and the land agent. You are appointed to administer justice, and he is appointed and paid to help the settlers; but if he schemes against them, and you back him up, then expect, both of you, to be hoisted out of your seats by an indignant people. You know well enough that this is a question of trespass, and must be settled before a civil tribunal, whereas you are appointed for criminal purposes. Now I dare you to give any decision either for or against me, because you are off your beat and intruding on the business of your betters." I plumped down, put my hat on, and lighted my pipe, in order to prepare myself for being what I subsequently became, a J.P. There was a visible emotion among the friends of the plaintiff, with whom the justice unblushingly took counsel. He was reeve of the township, keeper of a store, &c., and did not like the idea of a lawsuit in which he was to be the defendant, especially as he knew that he was aiding and abetting a mean plot, whose object was to drive out an educated man and thus triumph over the Orangemen of the locality. The result was that he "reserved" his judgment—yes, reserved it for three months, at the end of which time I took upon myself to remind him of the case, to which reminder he replied that he "declined to interfere."

The case was finished about four o'clock. It was early spring-time, with short days and long nights. The hotel people naturally expected me to stay; but I would have no more to do with them or their village than I would with their justice of the peace, choosing rather to face bears, wolves, or revolvers than to stay amongst them; so I summoned my party to start at once for a night walk through the bush. They refused, except two, one a stout backwoodsman, who was ashamed to see me start alone, and the other O'Reilly, my valiant but drunken carpenter. He came with unsteady steps, whose deviations from the path increased as his drink settled upon him, until, after halting several times, he came to a dead stop, sat down resignedly, and pointed out to me the folly of endeavouring to walk on such a night over such a track. To him I replied, "Look here, O'Reilly. You are a broth of a boy, but at the same time you are a drunken blackguard. Now I offer to help you, to stay by you, or to do anything I can if you are not too drunk to make an effort; but if you are, and if you won't move, then I just leave you where you are by yourself, and I recommend you to call all the saints to your help, for I hear the wolves round about." "D——n the wolves," he replied, and rolled over into a drunken sleep.

We left him, as I had threatened, and faced the forest. Oh! that night no life could be long enough to forget. Pitch dark, not a house for miles howling wolves, strange unearthly noises of strange unseen animals trees assuming unearthly shapes, the road a leaf-strewn, earthy track My pluck never failed, yet I should have sunk down, lost and perhaps never have been found again, if my companion had not been a woodsman to the backbone. He stripped off bark from the trees, with which he made torches, whose glare did but make the road more dark, more weird to me. To him, however, it showed the broken bushes, the notched trees, the marks of feet on the soft earth, the displaced leaves. From four till midnight we stumbled along, now losing, now finding our way, until, oh joy! we stood at the water's edge. Our canoe had floated out from the shore. We waded in, pushed her off, and at about 2 A.M. I had the inestimable and unexpected felicity of lying down in a house which I then thought a palace, and on a rough bedstead which I hailed as a luxurious couch. Three days afterwards O'Reilly wandered up, dirty and uncombed, but unhurt. He said that the wolves poked their noses into his face, but didn't like the smell of him, and that he had wandered about all the wide world, and seen divers strange countries, until, like the prodigal son, he had come home at last. I never could get him to tell me the truth about his wanderings.

It may have struck my readers that I persisted in these night journeys when it was possible to find some sort of shelter, even although that shelter may not have been all that could be desired, and they may ask the reason why. It is simply this. I am an Englishman, with instincts of cleanliness, who never misses his tub, if it may be had, and moreover one who has a morbid detestation of those insects which are born of pure filth. Now the village taverns of the backwoods are so fearfully unclean that I have even slept on a table in the public parlour, without blanket or covering, and in the midnight darkness have felt crawling over me and biting me those dreadful heavy dragoons which are more painful to the flesh and less beautiful to the eyes than the life-guardsmen of our noble sovereign. As a rule the shanties of the backwoodsmen, who, by-the-bye, are mostly Irish, are dirty beyond belief or description, nor can I ever forget the experience of primitive life made by one of my friends, who in the gentle innocence of his heart accepted an invitation to pass the night in one of these places. When bed-time came, the family undressed and prepared to retire to the one single bed which they possessed. He also—my friend—was invited to repose with them in the common receptacle, i.e. he was asked to sleep with husband, wife, and four children all of a heap. I really forget the issue, or if his naturally gentle temper induced him to make the essay. The situation was too terrible to be explained.

Before leaving England I had spent much time at the hospitals a view to improving my medical knowledge in case of illness far m legal medical aid. As I carried out a case of medicines it

nd that I was a medicine-man, and from time to time I was
to help in cases of sickness. It will be readily believed
ved no fees. Indeed, my efforts were purely philanthropical.
my first, nor has it been my last experience of prac-
votion, so that I was not astonished at the cool ingrati-
patients, who one and all resembled the nine lepers who
ned to tender thanks for their cure. My efforts continued
or less success until an incident occurred which finished my
eer. A woman rushed in one day to implore my immediate
husband was in the greatest pain, the neighbours were
out his bed, and his case seemed almost desperate. They
o doctor without paying twenty dollars and sending over
; so I went, saw the patient, prescribed, and left him. To
or fellow's pain I gave him ten drops of laudanum. Within
woman was at my house again, screaming out that I had
usband. This time I ran to his bedside, only to find him in
. On his awaking he took my other remedies, and in a few
s perfectly well. No word of thanks was ever uttered, no
s ever made, but no other sick patient was ever prescribed for
was not the base ingratitude which deterred me, but the awful
I must needs run. If that man had died, they would all have
I killed him, and as the doctors have no friendship for
ical amateurs they would have been quite ready to join the
, and I should probably have been stained with the guilt of
not condemned to the hulks.

ic emigrants picture to themselves that they will find any
hunting and shooting in the backwoods. Alas! there is none.
al bear might lure them into spending a night in the woods,
y friend the land agent, who took out with him a fine black
and dog, his own especial pet and companion. He and his
d the night in watching. About daydawn something moved
ler-bush. The agent cocked, presented, fired, and shot his

e de bears, one Sunday I met an acquaintance on horse-
strange-looking box on his pommel. We stopped to salute,
ed what he had got in his box. "Bears," said he, and
lid. Out popped the legs and claws of such funny-looking
, something like hairy dogs with ears lying back and terrible
He and a friend had passed a cold night on a dead tree,
k to keep warmth in them, having discovered a she-bear and
to the spot. Before daybreak they crept to the tree, where
cubs, and stood one on each side with uplifted axes, ready to
s she came out. They succeeded, at some risk to their lives,
e old beast and capturing her litter, which my friend popped
, and was in the act of carrying to market when I met him.
tures are both rare and dangerous, so much so that it is a

proverb in the backwoods that it is "more profitable to rear an ox than to hunt a bear." As to deer, they abound; but as to hunting them, that is quite another question. The proper and only season is after the first heavy fall of snow, when they leave distinct tracks on the snow and are not able to travel fast. If there has been a slight thaw, followed by a sharp frost, there is a coat of thin ice over the snow, which the deer break through, but which will support dogs. At such a favourable moment a hunter can kill enough to fill a sleigh. As soon as killed they are disembowelled and left to freeze, then piled up one upon another upon the sleigh, looking like live deer in all sorts of strange attitudes. Hunting deer is a profession chiefly followed by the red Indians, with whom are sometimes associated certain half-wild settlers who have never taken to hard work and prefer a life of vagabondage. The venison of Canada is but poor eating. It lacks the rich flavour imparted by sweet park grass, and it is fearfully lean, owing to the scant pasturage and the active habits of the game. Wolves are rarely hunted, but always avoided if possible. A young friend of mine, being out after dark one winter's night, was pursued by a pack. He heard them afar off, and immediately ran at the top of his speed for home. He was born in the backwoods, a fact which probably saved his life, for he tacked and did his best to throw them off his scent. I cannot recall his burning words, yet I do remember that he only reached his shanty in time to bang the door in the face of the leading wolf, and that the pack snuffed and howled about the place all night long, disappointed at losing their prey. Next day, in company with several other daring men, he dug pits for them, judging that they had not left the spot, but were hiding in the neighbouring woods. These pits they covered with light sticks, laying a thin covering of earth over all, with a bait on the top. Next night the wolves came again, snuffed the carrion, fell into the pits, and there remained till the morning, when the associates issued forth with axes to dash out their brains, skin them, and make vows that they were ready to run the risk of being eaten alive to-morrow if they could "trouser" such a pile of dollars as they were likely to get for their beautiful skins.

Before I went into the backwoods I reckoned upon a spring supply of provisions in the shape of wild pigeons, which used in days gone by to pass over in such numbers as to resemble the locusts of the East. Sometimes they alighted in hundreds of thousands, when they were slaughtered by the settlers and packed into barrels like pork for future use; oftener still they flew within reach of their guns, whose every discharge created a sort of pigeon rain similar to that reported of the quails which fell into the camp of Israel in the wilderness. But in my time, although they certainly did come, they came with such diminished numbers as to make it more expensive to shoot them than to leave them alone. My men, as soon as they heard the cry of pigeons, threw down their axes, seized my guns, and rushed off in pursuit. After a time they came back with a pigeon or two, not, as I had fondly hoped, with a hundred. I cursed

lated the cost of powder and shot, and compared it with the leanness and small size of these wild pigeons, and arrived at the conclusion that it would be cheaper to lock up my guns, especially as the loss of men's time and the frequent excuses for absence told sensibly on the day's work. Thus departed another fond delusion. Of other game there may be said to be none, except a few partridges, which are shot at sitting on the trees and are a cross between partridge and pheasant, larger than the former, smaller than the latter, with a plumage differing from both and white flesh. At night the woods were vocal enough, yet scarcely harmonious, as the barking of foxes, the howling of wolves, the cries of unknown and unseen animals did not mingle well with the shrieks of a sort of wild swan on the lake called a "loon," and of numerous other waterfowl.

Of fishing there was at first plenty, if fishing that could be called which consisted in dragging behind a punt a twisting spoon with hooks, by the aid of which you could fill a bucket with smallish fish in an hour. Fish-spearing at night with a flambeau, or iron frame filled with lighted pine chips, hanging over the bows, is exciting enough if the fish are worth the trouble, which as a rule they are not, and this for several reasons. The first is that the season chosen for the sport is that of spawning, when the fish get together in shoals and lie in shallow water. Naturally they are out of condition, and in fact hardly eatable. Another is that such is the wild and wanton waste of settlers that they kill for mere killing sake, depopulating the waters in a single year, when Government steps in, too late, alas! and stops their fishing at all, at least after their own fashion. I spent a night at this work, which must ever remain engraven on my memory on account of a series of dangerous experiences through which I passed, and which made the whole affair resemble a midnight dance on the edge of an open grave.

I had put together with rough planks a sort of punt, utterly unsuited to the lake, which was subject, like all inland waters surrounded by high hills, to most dangerous and sudden storms of wind. In this craft three of us embarked, on what seemed to be a fine calm night, for the purpose of spearing fish. We called at an island to get a supply of pitch pine, and rather recklessly let drop a few chips after we had lighted our flambeau. The ground was dry and covered with the usual carpet of dead leaves and dry twigs, which immediately caught light. With inconceivable rapidity the flame spread until the whole island was like a burning fiery furnace. We rather enjoyed the fun as we jumped laughingly into our boat and pushed away from the burning shore. When about twenty yards or so from land, I felt a sort of washing of the waves against my side of the boat, but did not say anything until I felt the water washing into the boat itself. Then I spoke quickly enough, telling the rowers to pull for their lives back to the burning island. There ensued a short, sharp struggle, in which, luckily for us, we gained the victory, for within ten minutes the whole lake was a sheet of foam, over which the wind

screamed and roared like a lion disappointed of his prey. Yet it seemed as if we had only changed the manner of our death from drowning to being roasted alive. Turn where we might, there was nothing behind or before but fire, the horror of which was aggravated by the crash of falling trees into whose hollow trunks the flames had crept or leaped. If we rushed over the burning ground to gain the shelter of a green tree which seemed to be able to resist the flames, tongues of fire seemed to leap from another tree, to lick the bark of our protector, and to twist about it until they found some weak spot, and in less time than it takes to tell there spread over us a canopy of flames. What we went through that night I cannot attempt to describe, nor the sensations of those whom we left in our shanty on the shore of the lake, as they watched our dark forms flitting hither and thither in what seemed to them the dance of death, and knew that our escape was cut off by the raging waters. To our infinite relief the storm passed away as suddenly as it had arisen, and we at once got into our boat and escaped from the burning fiery furnace into which we had by our own imprudence thrust ourselves.

From day to day we struggled to wring a living out of our bush farm. We had to give up our men one by one until we were left quite alone. We had also to live for six months on salt pork, milk, butter, eggs, and bread, with tea at every meal and nothing but tea to drink. After these six months were ended we reduced the establishment to dry bread, milk and tea, as the cow was giving too little milk for butter and the fowls gave up laying for the season. At last milk failed us, so that nothing remained but dry bread and tea with an occasional wild duck which I was lucky enough to shoot. It was winter again: the lake was frozen over; fishing there was none, until one day an Indian chief who lived on the other side of the lake paid us a visit with his squaw, and kindly instructed me how to cut holes in the ice and fish with a wooden bait which in a few minutes he cut out of a stick.

My memory fails me as to the exact amount of starving we endured, which may have been four or six months, but I well remember starting up on Christmas Eve from a gloomy reverie and going to the stables to put the horses into the sleigh for a journey over the frozen lake. I believe that mine was the first sleigh which had attempted the passage, for though the weather was bitterly cold and the ice generally very thick, yet there were spots which a recent thaw had rendered dangerous. These considerations did not prevent my carrying out my purpose, which was to visit Muckwa, the Indian chief, and ask him if he could not procure me a piece of meat for a Christmas dinner. Luckily he was at home, and, more luckily still, he had just killed a steer, of which he was willing to sell me a decent joint. This Indian was more than friendly, he was attached, and might have become a most valuable friend had I been a little richer, or, in other words, had I possessed the means of living apart from the produce of the farm and given myself up to sport or speculation in land. We had, without any words spoken except those

of natural honesty, come to understand one another, and this is how it occurred. In the early days of my residence in the bush, and before I had learned by experience the hopelessness of anyone, except a labourer, attempting to gain a living by farming there, I had been anxious to secure a good large block of land before the rush of emigrants which I expected should arrive. For this purpose I consulted the land agent, who had not then become my enemy, and he recommended me to buy a hundred acres which ran alongside of my own land. It was agreed that on a certain day we would visit the lot together and see how I liked it; but as the snow lay deep upon the ground and the agent was not well acquainted with that part of the bush, it was necessary to have a guide, and Muckwa was called to our aid. The snow was so deep and the walking so fatiguing that we thought we must have passed over miles and miles of ground, whereas we had been very slowly crunching our way over fallen trees, round great rocks, or making a circuit to avoid swamps. At last the agent grew suspicious of Muckwa's ability to find the Government piquet which marked the limit of the lot, and accused him of losing his way. No one who saw it could ever forget the calm, scornful smile which played over his usually stoical countenance as he replied, "You are wrong; I know my way." "Then where is the landmark?" "Here," said Muckwa, lifting his hand off a post upon which he had been resting it; "here is your Government mark." Before we parted the Indian came up to me quite quietly, and addressed me thus: "You want to buy this land; the land agent wants you to buy it also. No one else would buy it but you, and he knows that." "Why, Muckwa?" "Because if you buy it I shoot you dead." "I should like to hear your reason." "This is my reason. The land belonged to my father, chief of a tribe which once lived in these forests. Your Government came and took all our land away, except the small lot which they gave to me. I want this particular land, which once was mine by power and still is mine by right, but I have not yet enough money to buy it. I am saving, and in time I shall get it. That bad man knows this, and wants to get you killed and me hanged if he can; but I have told you the truth, so beware." The English of my Indian friend was not as clear as I have written it; all that I have done is to preserve the sense. "Well, friend Muckwa, you will not have to shoot me, for I promise you that I will never buy your land." He took my hand, shook it, and from that moment we were steady friends.

Christmas Day saw a piece of roast beef on a table which had long been free from such a burden. Christmas Day saw a little party forgetting griefs which had become well-nigh intolerable. That comparatively happy Christmas Day was the last I spent in that house, for within a week I drove the horses back to Ottawa, and forsaking house, land, and belongings, I began life again, though still in the backwoods, in my own natural vocation.

Springtime.

Lo! already a fern new-born
Curls in the hedgerow his mimic horn,
And the primrose hourly edges aside
The leafy driftage of wintertide;
Far in the vale, where the woods are still,
Stands a delicate daffodil;
Hasting brooks in the prime of the year
Murmur merrily,—April's here,
With gentle rains and westerly vanes,
Buttercup-buds and daisy-chains.

Between moist meadow and sunlit sky
The sad-voiced plover is circling high;
Sudden and loud through larch and fir
Rings the laugh of the woodpecker;
And the wagtail flirts his plumage pied
In snatches of flight by the waterside;
Garden voices that late were dumb
Whistle and warble,—a time will come
For shade of leaves and pillage of sheaves
And swallows a-twitter in last year's eaves.

Lo! she comes, in the old sweet ways
The happy April of other days,
Maiden April, merry of mien,
Trips afield in the meadow green;
Sick or sound, or sorry or glad,
Utter it, echo it, lass and lad,
Lad and lass in the youth of the year
Echo it, utter it,—April's here,
Then comes May, pleasure and play,
Holiday-dance and roundelay.

A. T. K

Biography.

much has recently been written in censure of a now famous biography its alleged violation of the rules by which the publication of private uments relating to living contemporaries ought always to be governed, t a few words on the subject of biography in general may not altogether out of place. Biography has always been one of the st fascinating branches of literature; and the source of more than half charm lies, we are afraid it must be owned, in that appetite for idal which is common to all the sons of Adam, though kept down, other vulgar appetites, by the influence of education and manners. temptation to minister to this appetite will always be present to a grapher; and it is so easy for a man to persuade himself that in serving the banquet he is after all but complying with the conditions of the k which he has chosen, that we may almost wonder there are not e breaches of confidence and good taste in this walk of literature, ead of less. The author thinks perhaps of the *votiva tabula* in race, of Cromwell and his pimples, turned to such good account by d Macaulay, of Othello and his dying speech, and works himself up he belief that in painting his hero "as he really was"—that is to say, dragging from their hiding places all his most secret aspirations, tialities, and antipathies, all his frailties and passions, all his bitter ds and hasty imputations, recorded in the heat of the moment, but er even then meant to see the light of day—he is actuated only by the hest sense of duty. We say it is so easy for a man to persuade him- of this, and so certain that to do it will enhance the popularity and fits of the work, that great allowance may be made for those who fall the snare. But snare it is: nor will it be difficult to show that it is possible as a general rule to defend the publication of such details n in a limited degree, except upon grounds which few writers of pectability would willingly avow.

The motives which prompt one man to write the life of another be divided, roughly speaking, into three. The primary object of iographer may be either the amusement of the public for the sake of money to be got by it, or the erection of a suitable monument to e one whom he loved or venerated, or the effect to be produced upon kind by the portrait of a great or wise man, and a truthful narrative he motives and opinions by which his career was regulated. He wish either to serve himself, or to honour another, or to teach some l or political lesson to the world at large. Sometimes, of course, all objects will be present to him; and in proportion as the last two nderate over the first will he be likely to resist or escape the tempta-

tions to which we have referred. Naturally there are very few biographers to whom gain is absolutely indifferent. But we must assume, for the sake of argument, the existence of one to whom the pecuniary aspect of the question is all in all: or if we add a fourth motive to those we have already enumerated, in the shape of vanity, it will lead to much the same result—the pleasure of being talked about as the author of a book which is the topic of every dinner table in London making many men as reckless of means as the hope of a more material recompense.

From this point of view, and this only, can the publication of a scandalous memoir be justified as a reasonable action. Given the love of money and the love of notoriety combined, such a step is very well calculated to gratify the two passions. Deducting vanity, however, we have in the remainder the simple "trade view;" a perfectly honourable and legitimate view for the trade to take, who are there to sell anything offered to them not positively contrary to public morals, but one of very questionable propriety for the author himself to entertain. A good deal of course may be pardoned on the score of inexperience. He may be told with a smile that a few spicy anecdotes or startling disclosures will have a wonderful effect in making the book sell. It may be represented to him that all authors are more or less governed by these considerations; and, in a word, the whole subject may be set before him with so much professional shrewdness and adroitness as to confuse his own better judgment. We are not, however, now thinking of one who falls a victim to representations of this nature, but rather of the man who deliberately says to himself that he wants to make money by writing an amusing work, and for that purpose resolves to season it with the most stimulating materials he can find, regardless of the propriety or impropriety of giving them to the world at that moment. Now what we say is, that this is a motive which few writers of repute would willingly avow. It is the purely commercial motive, and with rather more "smartness" about it than is usual even in commercial transactions of the highest character. Still we cannot say it is unreasonable. If a man has no higher aim in producing a biography than to get so much money by it, or none of sufficient weight to be allowed to interfere with that, he is wise in his generation to give as much scandal as he can, and to tear away the veil from as many secrets as possible. It would be lost time to expostulate with such a writer. He is under no delusion on the subject. He knows what he is about; and his sin is not one against good judgment, good sense, and literary art, but against morals, and in the hands of the moralist we must leave him.

We will take the far commoner case of the man who writes biography either to honour the memory of some departed worthy, or to impress on the world the lessons to be learned from his example. If his work bring him profit, well; if not, then well also; provided only that it attain a sufficient rank to fulfil its original intention. And a biographer of this description commits a grievous error if he either panders to v

for the sake of increasing his circulation, or fancies that his work will be dishonest if it does not record with the precision of an Ordnance map every circumstance in the life of which it professes to be a picture. And at this point it would be well to call attention to the difference between that kind of biography which is almost wholly the writer's own work and that in which the hero of it is allowed to speak for himself. It has become the fashion of late to call the latter kind of biography the more vivid and dramatic of the two; yet it may be doubted if it is equally correct. It is obvious at all events that the impression which is produced by extracts from letters and journals transplanted into the pages of a biography in their original form and left "to speak for themselves" must be widely different from the effect of the same materials woven into the narrative by a skilful and judicious hand, toned down to the colour which is essential to the truth of the whole, and seen in their proper relation to other circumstances and events. None but a literary artist, we need hardly say, is capable of performing this task; and literary artists are not always to be had. But it seems to the present writer that biography in this respect fares worse than any other kind of literature, almost any one of general ability being thought equal to write a man's life, whereas there is perhaps no line of writing to which skilled workmanship is more essential. In the dearth of it, of course men are obliged to fall back upon the system now in vogue—the publication, that is, of diaries and correspondence culled from the archives of the deceased, and strung together on a slender thread of narrative just sufficient to explain the meaning of them, and differing but little from ordinary footnotes except in the place which they occupy on the page. Such books are often very amusing and interesting, but they are not biography. We can no more obtain from them a real picture of the living man than we can tell the effect of his dress by seeing his coat, waistcoat, and trousers hanging upon so many chairs. There are exceptions of course to every rule; and the writer who has the biographic faculty strongly developed in him will succeed by either method. The mischief is that mediocrities who would not have attempted the one style, have no distrust of their own powers in the other; and hence the multiplication of works in which the author, making no effort to impart any literary charm to his performance, trusts entirely for its success to the gratification of an ignoble curiosity.

And this we contend is often purchased at the cost of that higher kind of truthfulness which depends on the observance of perspective. It is a mistake, therefore, for a writer to suppose that he is required in the interest of truth to expose all his hero's infirmities with the literal exactness demanded in a court of law. In the one case we are in pursuit of simple facts; in the other we are painting that very complex entity, a human character; and the truth is not to be attained in each case by the same method. We must distinguish between the letter and the spirit, and remember that statements and reflections reproduced in a regular narrative just as they were committed to paper by the living

hand and in all their original rawness, though they may represent literal truth, may be very far from representing moral truth; and thus, so far from being under any obligation to give them to the world as he finds them, it is the duty of the biographer to use them rather as ingredients in his composition, the true significance of which it is impossible to appreciate except in combination with other incidents and traits. We have already said that this process is necessary to biography as a work of art. We now add that it is necessary to it as a record of truth; and that he who writes the life of another, prompted by the second of the two motives herein mentioned, does wrong to be afraid of being dishonest unless he shall bring out in strong relief every peculiarity of taste, temper, or demeanour by which his subject was distinguished.

Nor is this all: particular statements found in a man's private papers, and transferred to his biography untouched, are apt not only to convey a false impression of his character, but to assume a magnitude and an importance to which probably they are not entitled. In diaries, for instance, nothing is commoner than to find notes of conversations which can of course possess no higher value than the conversations themselves; and we all know that few men talking eagerly of what deeply interests them in all the carelessness of social intercourse, confine themselves to language which expresses their deliberate opinions. Most men in such colloquies are guilty of some exaggeration, which, under the circumstances, is natural and excusable. If repeated to another person the next day it would be easily understood and rated at its proper value; but written down on paper, kept for twenty years in a writing-desk, and then brought out before the world as part of a formal biography, it assumes quite another character, and is likely to mislead thousands. We cannot allow any man therefore, who, in writing a work of this kind, makes use of materials, which it is needless to specify more exactly, in the way we have described, to shelter himself under the plea that it is his duty to tell the truth. For often what he tells is not the truth. No one of course who is sincerely solicitous for the reputation of an eminent man will willingly disclose what cannot fail to undermine it. But, he may reason with himself that if he conceal his vices, men will not believe in his virtues; that to exhibit him as better than he was known to be is only to make the world believe him worse, and that he must therefore publish his defects to insure the recognition of his merits. We should be the last to question the soundness of this reasoning. But it detracts nothing from our previous criticism. We say the man's faults, and his virtues also, are to be so exhibited as to interpret and relieve one another; the real truth being expressed in the general effect of the whole, and not by the particular colour of each separate detail. There are many sarcasms and many anecdotes which, comparatively harmless when they are first uttered, gain strength by keeping, till, when finally brought forth for public consumption, they are found to have a flavour of malignity which only a debauched palate can taste without disgust.

Biography, no doubt, as the handmaid of history, must not be too fastidious. We shall readily concede that; and likewise that the rules which we have attempted to enforce in the above observations apply with different degrees of closeness to different classes of biography. If we take that class of which the inspiring motive is the third upon our list—the desire, namely, of instructing the world by the history of an exemplary career—we shall find instances in which the publication of private feelings serves no legitimate purpose whatever, and others in which it is necessary to probe them to the bottom. To take a simple illustration. If we divide men whose lives are likely to be written into men of thought and men of action, corresponding to Aristotle's division of life into the practical and the contemplative, we shall see at once that in the one case it is what a man is, and in the other case what a man does, which the world is really interested in knowing. This division, however, is not sufficient for our purpose, because it is clear that there are many men whose lives must be classified with the contemplative whose works, nevertheless, are far more valuable than their opinions. Artists, poets, and imaginative writers in general will belong to this category. Such men may or may not have left behind them opinions on literature and art as precious as their own productions; but even where they have done so the legacy will have little bearing on the conduct of human life, and supply no reason for making it necessary to analyse their characters. Our estimate of its value is not affected by knowing that the men themselves were ambitious, unscrupulous, or weak; still less is our estimate of their pictures, their poems, or their novels affected by the same considerations. It is of no use to us, therefore, in the great majority of instances, to know the secrets of their private lives: not in all, because some writers of fiction, both in prose and verse, merely make it a medium for the conveyance of moral truths. But as a general rule we are not required to know anything of the private life of an artist or a poet to appreciate his works fully and get all the good from them we can which they are capable of yielding to anybody.

If we now turn to the men of action proper, we shall see still more clearly the force of this distinction. If we take a great statesman, soldier, or lawyer, and consider what it is which the world has to learn from his career, we shall scarcely find that a knowledge of his private errors, prejudices, or enmities has any place in it. We want to know what a statesman did, or would have done, in affairs of great public interest; how a great general conducted his campaigns, or fought his battles; what were the decisions of a great lawyer in difficult or novel cases. It adds little or nothing to the really useful information to be derived from the study of their lives to know that they were choleric or phlegmatic, drunk or sober, ambitious or disinterested, as good husbands as Marlborough, or as bad ones as Bolingbroke and Walpole. Such particulars are of course extremely interesting; what we say is that they are not essential to biography of this class, and when we once

admit this we exonerate the biographer from all obligation to introduce them. He is then thrown entirely upon his own discretion; and, without venturing to dogmatise on the subject, we should say that when he has selected from the private life of his hero such anecdotes or propensities as throw light upon his public conduct he will have done, not only all that can be required of him, but all which it is wise to do. It is useful to know that Mr. Pitt, whose indifference to women was a jest, was in love with Lady Eleanor Eden, as the warmth of his affection for one would be in proportion to his coldness towards the rest, and the firmness with which he overcame his private feelings, when it seemed necessary to do so, illustrates the rare strength of character which was the secret of his success in public. But it adds nothing to what we learn from his career to know that he sometimes drank two bottles of port. No rule can be laid down that will apply to all cases; and we shall probably be told that while human nature remains what it is, and the world continues to be interested in the pettiest details of a great man's life, somebody will be found to publish them at all hazard. This may be true, but it does not make the gratification of such tastes any the more honourable employment. Of course there may be private anecdotes of which the publication is perfectly innocent, though they serve no purpose but that of amusement; and in that case the use of them will be determined by the degree in which they harmonise with the general character of the work. But the constant liability to overstep the line is so great, and the temptation to deviate into scandal is so strong, that a biographer should make up his mind from the beginning to look with suspicion upon all personal gossip as an ingredient of questionable propriety, and only to be admitted into good company upon clear demonstration of its honesty.

On the other hand, as there are men whose works are more important than their characters, so there are those whose characters are more important than their works. And in the case of these last the severity of the rule must be relaxed. Every man whose position in the world is that of a great moral or religious teacher, must expect that his character will be taken into account in our estimate of his teaching. We have a right to know all we can know of the private habits, humours, and prejudices of men of this class, because the knowledge helps us to understand the lesson which we really have to learn from them. For instance, what it was useless to know in the case of Mr. Pitt, it is all-important to know in the case of Dr. Johnson; namely, that at one time of his life he was very fond of wine, and that he was, generally speaking, a man of strong animal propensities. And why is this important? It is because the knowledge of this fact shows us that no man is entitled to plead his natural temperament as an excuse for sensual indulgences. In the life of a politician nothing which throws light upon politics, and in the of a moralist nothing which throws light upon morality, ca sidered useless. And undoubtedly a greater latitude must

to the biographer in the use of personal anecdotes and reflections when dealing with a subject in which character is a primary element than when dealing with one in which it is only secondary.

Unfortunately it is not always possible or easy to draw the line between the two classes. There are men in the world who, while charged with the performance of great public duties, are also expected to set examples of righteous living and just and charitable dealing. As is only to be expected, however, they seldom combine the two sets of qualifications in an equal degree; and where the man of action decidedly predominates over the man of thought, standing before the world rather as a great administrator, ruler, and orator, than as a great religious teacher or spiritual guide, the biographer will adopt the rules which apply to the former rather than those which we have indicated as appropriate to the latter. There is no more to be said on this point. But there is a final warning to be given which is applicable to all biographies alike. It is contained in the legal maxim *sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas.* Hitherto we have considered the biographer's task solely in relation to his subject. But we cannot dismiss the question without referring to the interests of third parties which seem to be totally disregarded by many biographers of the present day. The author has even less right to publish matter which reflects on the characters of other people than such as concerns his own hero only, since he may be supposed to be in some sort the depositary and representative of his intentions, and to be acquainted with his wishes in regard to posthumous revelations. There is too much reason to believe that in very many cases he is not; but still the presumption is necessarily in his favour. Not so, however, with regard to those persons who are introduced into his pages without any consent of their own, given or implied. Of their names he is bound to be peculiarly tender, especially when he knows nothing of their character except what he finds among the papers of the deceased, and cannot therefore check the impressions which these may be calculated to create by any independent or external criterion. These remarks do not, of course, apply exclusively to biography. Memoirs, diaries, reminiscences, collections of letters, are all more or less open to the same criticism. But the biographer is the more exposed to the particular temptation in question, because in biography hero worship has its freest scope; and as it naturally tends to magnify the importance of every circumstance connected with the hero, so it easily engenders a belief that nothing can be wrong which adds one iota to our stock of information on the subject. We hope we have shown that this belief is erroneous; that the highest ends to which biography can be dedicated are often attainable without the use of such means as we have here been considering; and that even where these are essential they often, in unskilful hands, become the medium of conveying to the reader impressions which are wide of the truth, and of substituting, in short, for what ought to be a portrait, a worthless and clumsy caricature.

From a Garret.

At first sight the garret might not perhaps seem an attractive spot: it is dark, low, and quiet, with sundry corners, from which darkness is never absent, and where at twilight strange forms appear to loiter, as if they were emerging slowly and reluctantly from the bosom of the past. It requires an adventurous soul to climb the worn steps that lead from the nursery floor, and a wary eye, else surely will your head come sharply against the rafters that are close above; and the stoutest heart quails a little as the owner leaves the light and noise and merriment of the household, and wanders up the staircase into what is essentially a museum of long-forgotten curiosities, a storehouse of long dead days. It were best to come first to our garret just before the setting of the sun on some fair evening in late summer, and shutting the door as closely as the loosely falling latch will allow, draw up the old elbow chair we love, and opening the stiff casement, warily lest we should shake out the diamond-panes of glass, lean out just a little and look silently at the scene.

All round the garret window climbs the red virginian creeper, brought hither from the wife's old home, and tended with much care until it could fend for itself, and became quite a vast creeper, embellishing in less time than it took the eldest child to grow from long frocks into short ones, and then into long ones again, all the gable-end of the house, and peeping thus into the highest window, became one of the associations with the past with which the garret is crowded. Indeed, were it now left to its own devices, it would form a complete veil over our own window, which is often tapped at emphatically by its long tendrils as if they wanted to shelter from the wind outside; and many times have we snapped them off unconsciously, not seeing they had put their feelers in at the hinges. But we will not lose our sunset view, even to keep out the present day of rush and hurry; and so, like most other things, the creeper has to remain duly within bounds, at all events as long as we have the management of it.

It seems the first hint of the sunset in autumn with its glowing red and faded yellow and brown leaves, and instinctively makes us look towards the hills beyond the garden, where in autumn the heather looks like a pink veil thrown over the purple gloom that broods for ever in the dips and hollows on the hill-sides, and where even winter seems but as a sleeping beauty wrapped in gauzy mist, and waiting for that fairy prince the spring to step forth and give his magic kiss, so waking the earth forthwith and clothing it all swiftly in its flower-embroidered wondrous, bridal robe.

As we gaze at the sunset, now fantastically clothing the quiet pale y stream in a saffron garment, now dressing the fleecy clouds in all e divers hues it borrows from the rainbow, an ineffable sensation of ace folds us gently in its arms, and we cease to feel conscious of the esent, for we seem far away from all its carking care: for an hour at st life can run alone without us, and we are suspended motionless, ile all else goes on beside us, leaving us entirely on one side.

It is in times like these that we have again communion with those o are no more with us; it is almost possible to feel that, brooding over e past, those inhabiters thereof who have departed and belong no ore to the things of this life, can intangibly be again close beside us, d longing, as they must do ever, to communicate their experience and eir thoughts to us who yet have mouths wherewith to repeat our words, me nearer and nearer in their anguish to have communion with us, d touch us with hands that only exist in their fancy, for they have ng since fallen to dust and become things that are not.

It is not therefore on the living we would ponder in our garret, but the dead—dead hours of happiness; dead ere we knew how sweet and ar they were; and on dead friends, upon whose graves we seem to be le to climb to higher things, far better than on our dead selves, whose rious forms grow or alter, it seems to us, far more from others' exam- s or others' experiences than from our own. For is there not in our rret, safely locked away, a collection of letters which we have never had courage to look at since the day we nailed them down, laughing tween ourselves at the number, and promising to read them together en old age sat between us by the fireside, and, holding one of each our nds, make a bond that nothing save Death himself should sunder, and en only for a little time?

But were we to open the box, what would not troop out! dead youth ughter, song; aspirations never fulfilled, hopes disappointed, and pro- ecies of happiness, hideous now with the mockery of their unfulfilment: r old age never came to her, and she died; yet from our errors and stakes did we who live here now not learn much, that renders life better cause more full of work, than in those early days of dalliance in the se-bound paths of love? We have never read over the letters, but we ow each one well; and 'tis difficult to realise that we who are more ofoundly interested in the good wife's housekeeping efforts downstairs, d in Jim's success at the examinations, than in aught beside, can have en the identical creature who once was the unassured lover of the wife o lies under her low cross, clasping our baby close to her childish breast. metimes we cannot think that this was so: we think of ourselves en as of some one we had read of and felt very, very sorry for; we, ut, middle-aged, and very happy with our surroundings, could not ve been that lonely miserable mortal who came back, broken-hearted, ving all he loved in life in the dear little churchyard, nestled down ong the hills we loved, thinking that "we" were no more, and only a

desolate "I" was existent to represent the household that was to grown so rapidly and become full, like a nest is with birds. And times when we wake at night with a shiver, dreaming of those d dreadful darkness, we almost believe that the difference in the id is such that a separate resurrection will be needed, and that we discover that the boy of then and the commonplace husband present were, and are, two entirely different folks. Yet, then w whimsically jealous of the boy, and dare pursue that train of thou farther, for we cannot tell where it may lead. But if those earl served as stepping-stones, how much more did the friendship of ou boyhood lead us on. She, too, rests below the hills whereon how have we looked as we vainly talked about the great mystery that early was solved by her whom we loved. It is impossible, sittin with the gradual gloom closing round us in the silence of our gar believe that she lies out there in the darkness—she who was th other who ever climbed to the garret, and needed no words to straight, unerring, ever sympathising with the mood in which she find us. It is far easier to put her chair in the old place, and fr shadows form once more the keen glance, the forcibly formed fe and hear, through the soft sighing of the wind, her voice going ov over the well-worn subjects of death, and the life beyond the A restless and unsatisfied soul, too; clever and ardent, but a P chained to a domestic car, amply laden by her loved ones, but su to keep her in the ruts that jarred her intensely, for she longed than she ever said, to be given voice to, and wings that she migh beyond the mere under-air of earth. But from her mistakes we l to avoid pitfalls, and from her unselfish courage we could better ciate the tender truth of womankind. She who was always tal the mysteries of death has solved them, but is very, very silent we are almost sure that she does come, and would fain tell us knows, for it is in our garret that we ever think of her, and her p among us seems always like some faint delicate perfume in old relic a flower, and whose name even is forgotten and whose form is va but yet is so sweet and so subtle that it remains, and makes w turns over the drawer about which the scent hangs, think insen purity and loveliness, and late wanderings in gardens of long ago after all, though people die, things remain; ay, the things w made ourselves, stay ironically looking down on their creators dead and dumb below them. Death would not be half so dreadf it less defenceless; did all the earthly surroundings vanish what t poor possessor, once holding so much, now clasping nothing in his less hands, was taken away in his coffin. But it may not be; a then our garret comes more than ever into use, for in our ang hurry the things so fearfully like to the possessor, who can pos more, up here to be looked over, and apportioned when time sha us strength to overlook them again. What wonder that the

ıen we recollect that yonder modest trunk, labelled with evi-
the honeymoon tour, contains a soft white garment that was
edding dress. Ah! there is no length of life yet given to man
dull the memories that lie sleeping in its folds. What number
an obscure the remembrance of the talks about its purchase, the
cons of satin or muslin or silk talked of tremulously while her
s on my shoulder, and her hands, holding mine, turned and
ny solitary ring as she coyly spoke of the day and asked seriously
texture she should be clad, and which would please me best?
re it shaken out, or used by others, or destroyed even, it would
e desecrating her grave, and we leave the box unopened, and
when we are gone, what will become of the dainty thing.
it may remain here for years, much as the old spinning-wheel
: in its day it hummed busily enough, and turned out yards of
s fine linen, in which members of our house yet die and sleep,
born. Yet when our youngest—bitten with the prevailing fever
ıy—begged to have the poor thing polished and restored to the
day, to stand in its old accustomed place and do no work, we
ot have it so, feeling that, could it but speak, how it would surely
ıt being dragged from its seclusion and forced to stand an idle
where it had once been a useful and honoured member of the
ld. Yet the "youngest" is the only one who ever ventures near
et, and who feels there somewhat of what we feel; and when she
ıot and nestles there beside the chair, an indescribable something
way our thoughts to that other youngest child, and we almost
the little life that was never lived by it was given to the daughter
rown eyes and serious expression are not ours, but singularly like
her eyes that scarcely opened on the world it came only into to
w her mother from. It is singular for us to sit here in the sun-
to know how divers are our thoughts: the garret is the past, the
only to us; to us the sunset represents the bringer on of night,
rest and possibilities of slumber; while to her it is a place of
d, and the sunset is a wondrous foretaste of the dawning of
day—in which, as we gaze over the long red road over which so
f our dearest have been taken, and where we can only see long
trains, and only hear the sad boom of the bell in the square grey
eyond the river, she smiles to herself as she sees in fancy the
ince come riding from the gaunt ruined castle between the hills,
claim the bride that gazes at him from the garret window. Her
e, intent as she is on a future, has not much in common with
k rest and peace that are for ever brooding o'er the garret; and, as
smile she kisses and lightly leaves us, her footsteps growing
as she emerges from the gloom, it is easy to believe that the
s in the garret are relieved by her absence, and that they come
as night draws nigh, secure in their knowledge of a sympathetic
e being alone among them. And, indeed, it is well to have such

a garret, for around its walls hang undisturbed pictures seen only by the possessor of them, and that if we had no garret for them to hang in would surely fade altogether beneath the garish light of day. But, for certain, it were not good to forget altogether the precious jewelled days of youth and early middle life, and it is best sometimes to contemplate the time when the very air seemed intoxicating, and a summer's morning of beauty was as a gift direct from God. And so on the west wall of the garret hangs a picture of a summer morning on the river, and, gazing thereon, at once comes back in an instant the scent of the distant hay, the regular swish of the scythe, and the curious soft grating feel of our boat, as with one vigorous stroke of the sculls we brought her into the bank, and in the deep shade, cast by meadow-sweet and willow-herb, and over that by a great elm, rest from our pleasant toil, and learn, by the help of summer, mysteries just faintly indicated by our favourite poets, whose secrets were no longer secrets, when pored over and discussed upon the river's placid breast. It is good to remember it all; to recollect the glance of the brilliant kingfisher, that we hold as an emblem of good luck, or to remember the wondrous hues of the dragon-fly as he sometimes pitched on the reeds or flowers above us and balanced himself just a moment there ere darting away again on another flight; or even again, to think over the scented silence of the summer night, when the nightingales were almost silent, yet sang once and again, when least expected, small snatches of their eternal melody; when the dew lay heavy on the path, and the flowers as we brushed by them almost drenched us with their cups over-full and flowing with moisture. But what did that matter? our fortunes were to be determined that night, and as we set our eggshells, lighted inside by miniature candles, floating down the tiny stream that farther on flowed into the broader river, we took small heed of all our surroundings in the anxiety of seeing how we should progress in our tiny voyage; and if we should float successfully onward, or else sink ignominiously into chaos, represented by the forget-me-nots and flowering rushes growing thickly in the streamlet. Yet when we look at our picture on our garret walls all comes back to us: the bark of a dog across the meadows, the grate of the heavy market carts groaning as they slowly rumbled up to town, and farther away yet, the song that one of our sisters sang as she tried to amuse the father, saying with a smile that she need not try her for true, for that was already settled.

It were easy now to see another picture—one of disappointment and despair; but surely 'tis best to contemplate yet another, when we were older truly, but only just beginning to really live, and this has its own sounds of martial music; and we recollect the band playing in the valley while we climbed the hill and looked down on the great camp fire, where the flames rushed and sprang from the darkness straight up into the clear autumnal sky. And then the music stopped. We heard the vast sea moaning on the shore below our feet, and looking seaward we saw come suddenly into the moonlight a great ship, outward bound, that passed

lmost as suddenly into the shadows, causing us to think simul-
sly of the shortness of this life of ours, and how we emerge but
oment out of the gloom into the broad light of life, and then dis-
into the darkness almost before our presence on the scene is
ised. Perchance the shortness of life made us ponder also on how
dispose of the time we had. I know not; but somehow the
-hill became a sacred spot to us, and life after that one evening
ver quite the same thing to either of us again.

does not matter that it is dark outside our garret, for darkness and
suit this resting-place best, and when we contemplate our pictures,
hereby by the presence of the relics of the past, we cannot help
that with the outside world we have very little indeed to do.
may sneer at us, or talk of our little failings and peculiarities, and
e may come, and friends may leave us, and nearer and dearer ties
ay must, snap with the hand of time; yet it seems to us that
ay do their worst, if we may come at twilight, and with faith and
nd memory to serve as handmaidens, contemplate our past happi-
ur present quiet pleasures, from a garret.

J. E. PANTON.

No New Thing.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Philip before the Public.

N the whole course
life Philip had nev
charged a debt wit
heartfelt satisfactio
that of the 5,000*l.*
had been lent h
Signora Tommasin
Signora, not at
fronted by his
monious flight from
had let him kno
address immediatel
her arrival in L
and the very next m
Philip presented h
with a neat little
carefully learnt,
cheque for 5,125*l.* i
in an envelope.

"What is this?
the Signora, indignantly, after examining the slip of paper tend
her.

"Don't speak like an angry cabman," returned Philip, la
"It is your money, principal and interest, as per agreement;
have been endeavouring to express some sense of my obligation
you wouldn't listen to me."

"I call this most unfriendly," said the Signora.

"Never did I hear the just payment of a debt described i
terms before. If there is any error in the amount, kindly men
and it shall be rectified."

"What nonsense! Do you take me for a Jew money-lende
you hand me 125*l.* more than I gave you? I shall certainly not
it." And the Signora tore the cheque up, and tossed it into her
paper basket.

"That makes a penny more that you will have to accept," re
Philip, blandly. "My dear Signora Tommasini, don't be ridi

"Oh, Hugh, have you come here to look for me?"

: know it was agreed between us that I should repay you with onable interest; and of course the sooner I could repay you, the er it was for me."

"I said you were to repay me when you had made your fortune n the stage. As for the interest, that was rubbish. You could not e supposed that I meant to drive such a bargain as that."

"And could you have supposed that my self-respect would have wed me to accept your help upon any other conditions? I am sure could not—knowing, as you do, what a high sense of self-respect I sess."

"I shall not take the interest," replied the Signora. "I must take principal, I suppose; but it is very annoying. You won't work more, I know—unless, indeed, you get into difficulties again. You always slipping through my fingers in one way or another, and I now as if I had lost my last hold upon you. Where did you get s money from? But of course I know. I have a great mind to ite to Mrs. Stanniforth and tell her that she will be the ruin of you, she doesn't cut you off with a shilling. Just as I had arranged rything so beautifully too! I meant you to have sung at Lady cilia Caroll's concert next week, and I had seen Steinberger about it, d all. I believe you know that I want to do all I can for your good, d you are so determined to go to the bad that you are frightened of . No doubt that was why you rushed away from Florence, without en taking the trouble to say good-bye to me."

"I am not at all frightened of you now," replied Philip, with perfect ith; "and you are quite mistaken about my intentions, for I mean to rk like a galley-slave. Furthermore, I shall be delighted to be done od to in any way that you may think fit, and I will sing at Lady cilia Caroll's with the greatest of pleasure. I hope that is satisfactory."

How Philip afterwards redeemed the latter part of his promise in a anner not wholly satisfactory either to himself or to those interested in s advancement, has been already related. His failure was made light by Signora Tommasini, who declared it to be due solely to nervous- ss; but Herr Steinberger did not take this view, and grumbled long d loudly at the folly of trying to make short cuts to fame. Stein- rger had never, from the first, cared much about Philip as a pupil. e was a man who liked to make unexpected hits, to take audiences by rm, and strike critics dumb; and he knew that this could only be omplished by practically insuring success before the event. In ilip's case it was hardly possible to do so. He was neither poor ough nor ambitious enough to be patient; and his voice, unfortunately, s one of those uncertain ones which may be magnificent to-day and than mediocre to-morrow.

"Goot for noting!" cried Steinberger, in his disgust—"you are lly goot for noting; and it was better you give up all idea of the ge."

Philip made no rejoinder to this and other similar outbreaks. He was much inclined to agree with Herr Steinberger. He did not give up thinking of the stage—nor indeed did the irascible German intend that counsel to be taken quite literally—but it was very strongly borne in upon him that he was good for nothing. He felt that it was not in him to succeed in anything beyond a certain point; he was quite sure that it was not in him to succeed in the teeth of difficulties; and, worse than this, he was aware that it was not in him to care very much, even though he should fail. "Know thyself" is a precept which has a wise sound; but if it were possible to act upon it, if we could all in truth know ourselves, how many of us would have the courage to go on living? Philip knew himself a great deal too well, and had long since recognised the futility of attempting to steer a vessel without a rudder. For some years of his life it had been amusing to drift, and certainly he had drifted in and out of some queer places; but now the edge of that form of enjoyment had worn off, and the lenient self-disparagement in which he had been wont to indulge was fast turning into self-contempt—which was by no means a change for the better. It was not so much that he was oppressed by the memory of sins which did not strike him as specially heinous ones, as that he was beginning to see that his was an ignoble, objectless life, and that it never would be anything else. Nellie despised him and—he thought—hated him; Margaret despised him and loved him: all he could do was to keep as much as possible out of the way of them both henceforth; and, as they happened to be the only two persons in the world for whom he cared a straw, the future was not a very bright one to contemplate.

Perhaps he would not have troubled himself much about the future, if the present had been agreeable; but it was not so. For the first time in his life, Philip was beginning to suffer from satiety, the disease of selfish men. He was leading just the same life that had seemed to him so delightful a year before. He had quite as many friends as ever; he dined out constantly; great ladies petted him, and Bohemia made him welcome; but somehow or other the flavour had gone out of it all. In old days he had been subject to occasional fits of low spirits; but now these fits had become almost permanent. He grew so alarmed about himself at last that he actually consulted a famous physician, who told him that he had allowed himself to run down too much, and prescribed a strong tonic. The physician, being only a physician, and not a sorcerer, could not tell what was the matter with his patient; but Signora Tommasini understood the case better. In a half-friendly, half-motherly way, she took possession of this poor outcast, whose troubles—even including that of his rejection by Nellie—she had wormed out of him, one by one. He was rather glad to tell them to her. He made no objection to moving into the rooms which she had secured for him in her hotel. He had taken a great dislike to being alone, and it was impossible to feel dull in the Signora's company. It was true that

rdered him about rather more than was quite pleasant; but upon the hole he preferred being ordered about to being left to his own devices; nd, besides, he did not always obey orders.

"I mean you to sing once in public before the end of the season," the ignora announced decidedly, one hot afternoon.

Philip was lying full length on a sofa, smoking a cigarette; for he as allowed to do exactly as he pleased in this easy-going lady's drawng-room.

"Do you?" said he; "you won't achieve it, I'm afraid. Steinberger ouldn't hear of such a thing."

"Bother Steinberger! If I am not as good a judge as Steinberger, know nothing of my trade. Music-masters are like finishing governesses; they would like to keep you in the schoolroom all your days. our voice will never be better than it is now."

"That," said Philip, blowing a cloud of smoke, "seems quite possible."

"I mean you," the Signora went on, "to sing at the Crystal Palace about a fortnight's time, and I will see Steinberger, and make him onsent. Do you feel nervous about it?"

"Not the least," answered Philip. "I shall come to grief most ikely, but it won't be through any nervousness."

"Then you will not come to grief at all. At least, if you do, you ould come to grief just as much next year, or the year after. We had uch better know the worst or the best at once."

"I don't envy you your interview with Steinberger. He'll give in, dare say; but he'll abuse you like a pickpocket first. Hot weather has o effect on that man's energy."

In spite of this prediction, the Signora had no great difficulty with Herr Steinberger, who was very busy at the time, and who had almost andoned all hope that Philip would prove the means of increasing his eputation. When he was told of the arrangement which it was proosed to make, he merely grinned hideously and went off into a long uttural laugh; and, on being asked for an explanation of his behaviour, e permitted himself such impertinent insinuations that the Signora ould have blushed, if blushing had still been among her capacities. As was, she only joined in Steinberger's laughter, like the good-natured oul that she was, and gave him a great push, which sent him reeling nto the nearest chair.

"You give me leave to do what I please, then?" said she.

"Oh, take him away—take him away!" answered Steinberger. "I make him a present to you. Only, when he is hissed from the stage, ou will be so kind and not say as he was my pupil. That is all I eg!"

"The day will come when you will boast of having been his master," eturted the Signora.

She had confidence in Philip's future. She remembered the time

when she herself had been an aspirant of whom little was expected, and whose triumphs had not come all at once. Her own experience led her to trust the opinion of the public rather than that of the *cognoscenti*, and perhaps she forgot that her voice, if somewhat unmanageable at first, had always been an extraordinarily powerful one.

Philip allowed her to take her own way, to bustle about and to secure the engagement that she desired for him. He did as she told him, practised with unremitting zeal for a fortnight, and listened to her sanguine prophecies with a smile that was only half incredulous. The continual sight of so much energy and faith was perhaps the next best thing to the actual possession of those enviable gifts.

"Where did you learn the secret of remaining eternally young?" he asked her. "It would be very amiable of you if you would communicate it to me; for I am growing old at such a deuce of a pace that I expect my dotage to come on every hour. Pop me into the caldron, Signora Medea, and let us see what kind of a stew will come out of it."

"That is exactly what I am going to do," replied the Signora, with a triumphant laugh. "You want a success. When once you have had that, you won't talk any more nonsense about growing old."

"And suppose I don't get the success?"

"You *must* succeed," replied the resolute lady, with a stamp of her foot which set the chandelier jingling.

"I believe you will bully me into succeeding, whether I will or no," said Philip, laughing lazily.

It was on a hot day in July that Signora Tommasini took the *débutant* down to Sydenham in her carriage, talking incessantly the whole way to keep his spirits up. Philip leant back and listened to her, much amused at these unnecessary efforts. He was not conscious of the smallest timidity, and only felt the least shade in the world of excitement. Lately he had adopted a soothing sort of fatalistic creed, which disposed of all worry and responsibility. If he was destined to be a famous man, he would of course fulfil his destiny; if he was destined to collapse, he would equally of course collapse. "Let us see what will happen," said he; and among all the people who were talking of the new singer at the Crystal Palace that afternoon, there was probably not one who felt a more dispassionate curiosity upon this point than the new singer himself.

The concourse was a very large one, and this was in many ways an advantage. Looking down and around upon so vast a sea of human faces, Philip felt that he could be no more afraid of them than of so many ants upon an ant-hill; he found it impossible to think of them as individual critics. It was a pity, however, that the building should al- very large. He made these reflections while he was standing, wi music in his hand, ready to begin the first air that had been as him. It was Signora Tommasini who had suggested wh

ould be; and the sequel showed the accuracy of her judgment. There nothing more certain to please the majority of English people than a ell-known English ballad; and there was nothing to which Philip's pecial powers were better adapted than to the gratifying of this simple aste. Probably he had never sung better in his life than when he treated the multitude to "Home, Sweet Home," at the Crystal Palace on that July afternoon. He had a soft, caressing method of enunciation which had its own effect; he understood to a nicety the amount of pathos that the words could be made to bear; he sang without the smallest apparent effort—"like a nightingale," as an enthusiastic lady in the front row declared.

Those who were seated farther back were not so well pleased, and thought that a little more effort would not have been out of place. The notes that reached their ears were certainly very sweet, but then there were a good many notes which did not reach them at all. However, the people who had heard all applauded vigorously; and those who did not applaud the singer applauded the song; and the residue applauded because others did so; and so Signor Marescalchi was called upon to bow many times, which he did with a grace that was much remarked and admired.

Then he received the congratulations of the other artists, whose friendship and good-will he had for a long time enjoyed. "But you must sing out," said one of them warningly; "don't forget next time that you must sing out."

Philip shrugged his shoulders. He was not elated, and he flattered himself that he would not have been cast down if things had gone differently. He was still under the influence of that dreamy impression that he was only fulfilling his part in a fore-ordained programme; he thought that he was as free from emotion of any kind as it was possible to be; but probably there was room at the bottom of his heart for a certain feeling of self-glorification in that he was able to view matters so coolly.

After a time he had to advance once more to the front in company with Signora Tommasini, whose appearance gave the signal for a salvo of clapping and stamping, and who curtseyed and bobbed her head as delightedly as if such ovations had been quite a novel experience to her. Signora Tommasini was idolised by the multitude. While she was singing, Philip was enabled to discern what an amount of vocal power was required to fill the building. "Heavens, what lungs!" he thought. "I should simply burst, like the frog who wanted to be an ox, if I tried to produce such a sound as that." Perhaps it was consciousness of his inability to perform the task demanded of him that caused him to let out his notes even more softly and languidly than he had done before: certain it is that he was all but inaudible. "A Signor Marescalchi," remarked a daily newspaper, which noticed the concert the following morning, "was announced to share with Signora Tommasini

suffering public, will stand many things; and if the new
favour had sung false, it is more than likely that he wo
pardoned; but what the British public will not stand is t
of its just due. It has paid its money to hear a noise;
some sort or kind it will have, or know the reason wh
when Philip's graceful pantomime succeeded the Signora
chest-notes, there arose a murmuring which, if he had stoo
probably have developed into some still stronger expres
proval. Even as it was, he contrived to rob the Signora
mate reward; and he led her away amidst a little desu
which was almost worse than total silence.

Philip had yet one chance of removing the bad impr
by this failure; but he did not take advantage of it. E
the Neapolitan fisherman's song, which was the third and
ance entrusted to him, after a fashion; but he was not si
and was so evidently taking no pains about it, that the p
audience gave way, and he was roundly hissed. He pause
that this hubbub began, and stood contemplating the inte
with a faint derisive smile until it had subsided; after wl
discharged himself of the remainder of his task, bowed
Anything that looks like a display of courage is always
some of those who had hissed Signor Marescalchi were sor
done so when they saw how little he cared; others said
do much better if he chose, but that he was sulking b
previous failure. In truth he was neither sulky nor ind
despairing.

He kept up appearances, however. He chatted and
his friends quite as usual, neither allowing them an o
condoling with him nor assuming any unnatural hilarity
not until he was once more in the carriage with Signor

"You let everybody see that you were not trying!" pursued the gnora, almost in tears.

"Yes; there was some satisfaction in that."

"What satisfaction? I don't understand you."

"There is always something flattering to one's self-love in the action f snapping one's fingers in a man's face. You don't frighten him much rhaps; but at least you are able to say to yourself that he hasn't ightened you."

"But you want to make friends of these people, not to defy them. you go on in this way, you will very soon be irretrievably ruined."

"My dear Signora, I am not going on at all—neither in this way or in any other. I am irretrievably ruined already. Do you think I ke being hissed? I assure you I like it so little that I don't mean to xpose myself to the risk of its happening a second time. You will ever see me at the Opera now, unless it is from beyond the footlights. No; all that is over and done with, like so many other things. You ave done the best that you possibly could for me, and so has Steinberger; and upon my word, I believe I have done the best that I ossibly could for myself; but we couldn't accomplish the impossible. We have tried very hard to cultivate what doesn't exist; and now that our eyes are open, we will stop trying, please."

"What will you do, then?"

"Ah, that is rather more than I can tell you. Waterloo Bridge, I hink."

"Don't laugh at me; I shall not be able to laugh for a week at east. I feel this a great deal more than you do."

"I don't want to be contradictious," said Philip, lighting a cigarette; but I doubt that."

"Then, if you feel it, why are you so easily discouraged?"

"Now, Signora Tommasini, be honest; do you think I shall ever ing respectably?"

The Signora sighed. In her heart she did not think so; yet she ould hardly bring herself to admit as much yet. "Perhaps we were n too great a hurry," she said.

"You didn't think that the other day. You told me, as you may emember, that if I failed now, I should equally fail two years hence; nd I haven't a doubt that you were right. I have had so many ailures lately that I can't burst into tears over this one; but I am rushed by it, nevertheless. In the course of the present year I have anaged to lose everything in the world that I cared for; and really I on't see anything for it now but to get out of the world."

The Signora, who had started by being a little angry with her friend, egan to feel sincerely sorry for him. She knew that he would not blow ut his brains or jump over Waterloo Bridge; but she was not so sure hat he might not take to drink, or otherwise commit moral suicide, if helping hand were not held out to arrest him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Walter's Hash is Settled.

With July on the wane, and invitations growing fewer, for which the house in Park Street had been hired approa tion, Mrs. Winnington felt that it was high time for M to speak out. That the man could mean to play her false had passed, she could not believe; and yet there were mo sickening suspicion of treachery crossed her mind. Stanniforth studiously avoid meeting her? Why, when t did he assume so shamefaced an air? What was the m evident embarrassment with which he had told her that h to take Longbourne for a year? Mrs. Winnington had n his taking Longbourne. On the contrary, she thought i very comfortable sort of family arrangement, and was g not only to pay him a visit in the autumn, as he had sug make the house her head-quarters, as of old, should her its occupier prove of a nature to justify her in so do manner, while giving the invitation, had certainly been and indeed it was somewhat unaccountable that he shoul Longbourne at all. The more she thought of it the mo convinced that there was some mystery connected with th Mrs. Winnington had so much leisure at this time to solving of mysteries that more than once in the course o tions she was within an ace of hitting upon the truth.

She had been lying upon her sofa for a whole mornin to read the newspaper and tormenting herself with div

revious occasions, that she supposed Mr. Stanniforth liked the

my dear, that is no reason at all. He has a place of his own, ; and in the natural course of things one would expect him to g grouse in August. It is just possible that he might be doing lige Margaret."

course," said Edith, "Margaret would much rather have him use than a family of strangers, who would very likely have nd dogs, and smoke in their bedrooms."

really, when you come to think of it, that is the sort of thing an would ever do. Kindhearted as Mr. Stanniforth is—and y that he is the most kindhearted man I ever met—I cannot hat he would burden himself with a large country-house order to save his sister-in-law a little trouble. I can't help that those horrid people are at the bottom of it. No doubt their own reasons for wishing to get him into the neighbour- n; and poor Mr. Stanniforth is so determined to think well of that a child might impose upon him."

n't think Mr. Stanniforth is easily imposed upon," said Edith. orrid people do you mean?"

those people at Broom Leas, of course. I have always felt man Brune was not to be trusted. But I may be wrong. Stanniforth ever spoken to you about them?"

has mentioned them sometimes," answered Edith, trying to careless tone, and failing ignominiously.

Winnington fixed a penetrating gaze upon her daughter. said she, "I hope you are not concealing anything from me."

s powers of concealment, so far as her mother was concerned, ll indeed. When it came to direct interrogation, she knew that she was done for; and her relief was proportionately n the servant came in at this critical moment, bearing a pile of which Mrs. Winnington took immediate possession.

Winnington's creed with regard to the sacredness of her daugh- spondence has already been mentioned more than once; and r tearing open and tossing aside several envelopes containing and bills, she came upon one addressed to Miss Winnington, held it up to the light, observing, "A note for you from l as a matter of course treated it like its predecessors.

pe it is not to say that she can't take me to Hurlingham ," remarked Edith, who never expected to be allowed the f opening her own letters when her mother was present, and ot in the habit of receiving any that all the world was not read.

s sitting by the open window, pulling the dead leaves from begrimed geraniums that grew in the box outside, and con- he did not see the startling effect produced upon Mrs. Win-

nington by a perusal of Lady Travers's note. The first intimation that reached her of something being wrong was a gasping sound proceeding from the room at her back, and, turning round, she beheld her mother, who was standing erect, forgetful of the gout, and holding an open sheet of paper in her hand. Mrs. Winnington's jaw had fallen, her eyes were dilated, and the expression of mingled wrath and horror upon her face was of a nature to strike terror into the stoutest heart.

"Edith," said she, in a deep, tragic voice, "what—*what* is this?"

Edith, with blanched cheeks and knocking knees, took the note extended to her and read it. It ran as follows:—

"Come to tea to-morrow afternoon. I shall not be in until late; but probably Walter Brune, whom I have told to be there, will manage to entertain you during my absence. It will be your last meeting with him in this house, I am afraid; for I have just been told that we are to go down to the country in the beginning of next week. I suppose you will be very sorry for yourself; but I don't know that you are more to be pitied than other people, after all. I wish I could change places with you, I know!

"Your affectionate sister,

"KATE TRAVERS."

Edith handed the note back to her mother, sank down upon a low chair, and waited. She could not have spoken if it had been to save her life. Mrs. Winnington remained standing; and for the space of a few minutes there was silence, during which the rattle of the passing vehicles outside and the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece sounded unnaturally distinct.

"You have not a word to say for yourself, then," began Mrs. Winnington, at length. "I may take it that you have been in the habit of meeting this man at your sister's house, and that you and she have taken advantage of my illness to deceive me in the cruellest way in which a daughter can deceive her mother."

There was another short interval of silence; and then Mrs. Winnington also sat down, remarking that she had received her death-blow. Apparently, however, she had yet a few words to say before she died.

"For the last twenty years and more," she groaned, "I have thought of nothing but my children. I have indulged them, I have toiled for them, I have sacrificed everything that they might get on in the world; and now I have my reward! My sons hardly trouble themselves to write to me twice in the course of the year, and my daughters bring disgrace upon me. I only hope, Edith, that when you come to be old and ill, you may be spared the pain of being ashamed of those whom you have loved and trusted most."

Edith made an attempt to speak, but could get nothing out beyond an inarticulate murmur, and Mrs. Winnington went on—

"How you can have the face to behave as you have done passes my comprehension! Your conscience must be seared with a red-hot iron. To think that while I was lying upon what might have been my death-bed you were making appointments with a man to whom I had forbidden you to speak, and whom you perfectly well knew that you could never marry! I could not have believed that any one—least of all any child of mine—could have been so heartless and wicked!"

"I never made any appointment with him," cried Edith, finding her tongue at last. "Once I got an invitation to a concert for him; but that was all. I have met him once or twice since then, but it has only been by accident."

"You need not add to your guilt by telling falsehoods," said her mother coldly. "With Kate's note before me, I can judge for myself how far these meetings have been accidental. It is not pleasant to have to say such a thing of one's own daughter, but I hope it will be a long time before I see Kate again. She is a bad woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Winnington, her face reddening and her voice quivering. "She has been a bad daughter, a bad wife, and a bad sister."

Edith burst into tears. "Don't say that!" she sobbed out. "Kate has not been bad to me. I am very sorry—I know it was wrong—but it was not what you think. I always told him we could never be married—that we could only meet as friends ——"

"It is easy to say that you are sorry, now that you are found out," interrupted Mrs. Winnington, not at all appeased. "If you want me to believe that you are sorry, you must give me some proof of it."

Edith looked up, and brushed away her tears. "What am I to do?" she asked despairingly.

"You may well ask what you are to do! I don't know what may not have happened while I have been shut up in the house. Very likely everybody knows about this disgraceful affair, and you may have ruined your prospects, as well as broken my heart. I can't tell you what you are to do. One thing, of course, must be done without delay; the man must be written to."

Edith got up and seated herself at the writing-table without a word. By-and-by she began a note, under her mother's dictation. "Dear Mr. Bruno,—My mother desires me to tell you——"

"Stop!" said Mrs. Winnington abruptly; "that will not do. My wishes and authority evidently count for very little. You must write in your own name, and tell him in your own words that he is never to address you, directly or indirectly, again, and that, if he does so, you will refuse to recognise him. When you have written that, you can show me the letter."

Mrs. Winnington lay down on the sofa and closed her eyes; while Edith, with a shaking hand, but with very little hesitation, dashed off the following missive:—

"My dear Walter,—I have just received a note from Kate, asking me to tea to-morrow, and telling me that you will be there. I cannot go; and I cannot meet you again there, or anywhere else. You know, I told you from the first that we could never be anything more than friends; but now it will be impossible for us even to be that. I need not give reasons; but you must see yourself that we could not have gone on meeting as we have done lately. I shall always feel grateful to you for having thought of me for so long as you have done; but I wish you to remember what I said to you at Longbourne, and to understand that it was the truth. I am sure that, after this, you will not attempt to see me or speak to me again.

"Sincerely yours,

"Edith Winnington."

It was thus that Edith wrote her farewell to the man whom she loved; and whether she was a coward or a heroine, or a little of both, for so writing, shall be decided by the reader, according as his or her conception of human nature may dictate.

Mrs. Winnington was not pleased with the tone of the composition, but she allowed it to pass, perceiving that by no emendations could it be made to serve its purpose more thoroughly. "I suppose," said she, in icy accents, "that I must take your having written this as a proof of repentance—you had better ring the bell and have it posted at once, by the way—a proof of repentance; but for anything I know, your repentance may have come too late to be of any use. You may have lost what you will never regain."

"Yes, I have," answered Edith, alluding to an obvious loss of which her mother was not thinking. "Mamma," she added abruptly, "I have done as you told me now; I have given up everything. I shall never marry Walter Brune; but please to understand, once for all, that I shall never marry anyone else."

If such a thing can be imagined as a rabbit in the snake-house at the Zoological Gardens bidding a boa do his worst, some idea may be formed of Edith's aspect as she announced this unalterable determination.

"How dare you speak in that tone to me?" shouted Mrs. Winnington, in a rage. "Am I, your mother, to receive orders from you? I know what is best for you, and I say that you shall marry a suitable person."

"I won't," returned Edith, tremulously defiant. "You can't make me, and I won't."

"I can make you, and I will!" Mrs. Winnington was going to exclaim; but she checked herself after the first two words, and adopted another system of tactics. "Edith," said she, in a piteous voice, "do you want to kill me? You will kill me if you dismiss Mr. Stanniforth—for of course that is what you mean when you declare that you will

never marry. What can I say to you? You treat me like an enemy. Because I love you—because I will not let you spoil your life—you hate me."

"Oh, no, no!"

"You say no; but I must judge by actions, not words. Will you not listen to reason? If I were self-seeking, as I know that you and Kate think me, why should I care what became of you? What difference could it make to me, an old woman with one foot in the grave"—here the foot referred to kicked convulsively—"whether you married Mr. Stanniforth or a pauper? Strangers may say or think what they please of me; one does not expect any charity from them; but it is very hard to be so misjudged by one's own flesh and blood. Edith, my darling, I implore you—I beseech you upon my knees not to refuse the man who loves you."

There can be no doubt that Edith's proper course would have been to confess at once that she had already refused the man, and to add that he did not love her; but this was more than she dared to do. Her mother's genuine emotion had had some effect upon her; and, besides that, she knew full well that no sooner would Mr. Stanniforth have been proved ineligible than a substitute would have been selected and pursued. Therefore she replied, with deplorable casuistry:

"I am not at all convinced that Mr. Stanniforth cares more for me than for other people. If he ever told me that he did——"

"Yes?—well?" cried Mrs. Winnington eagerly.

"If he assured me of that and begged me to marry him, perhaps then might think of it."

Instantly Miss Winnington was enfolded in her mother's embrace. She was kissed and forgiven and wept over; and, if the truth must be told, she wept a little herself—having, indeed, some reason for weeping.

Upon this touching scene of reconciliation, in which it must be confessed that one of our heroines cuts but a poor figure, we may now drop the curtain, and proceed to a less aristocratic quarter of the town, in company with the postman who delivered the fatal letter at Walter's lodgings in the course of the same evening.

It so chanced that Walter would not in any case have been able to put in an appearance at Travers House on the following day, as he had been requested to do. For an event had occurred in the City the consequences of which seemed likely to be serious in more ways than one, and which must certainly prevent Walter from considering his time his own for the present. He had been sitting at his desk at the bank, early in the afternoon, when the head clerk had come out with a scared face, and had whispered to him that he was wanted at once in Mr. Boulger's private room. On obeying this summons, he had found his uncle lying back in his chair, snoring heavily and completely unconscious.

"We can't rouse him. Do you think we ought to send for a doctor?" asked the head clerk hesitatingly; for Mr. Boulger had reduced his

vassals into so perfect a state of subordination that he was very nearly in the same predicament as that King of Spain who was burnt to death because nobody dared to take the liberty of knocking his Majesty down and rolling him up in the hearthrug.

Walter did not scruple to take matters into his own hands; but the doctor, when he came, could do very little, and candidly said so. The old gentleman was lifted into his carriage, and his nephew drove with him to Clapham, where he resigned him to the care of the housekeeper promising to let the other members of the family know what had happened, and to return himself the next day. Then he went back to his rooms; and if he speculated a little upon the contents of Mr. Boulger's will on his way, I suppose he only did what most of us would have done in his place.

The truth was that Mr. Boulger had of late let fall several hints which were of a nature to encourage speculation upon this subject. He had made little secret of the fact that he was a richer man even than he was generally supposed to be, and he had somewhat ostentatiously declared that his nephew John should never see a sixpence of his money. Besides this nephew John, who, if he had behaved himself, would have been the natural person to inherit his uncle's wealth, there were sundry other Boulgers of whom Walter knew scarcely anything; but, as the old gentleman had for many years been upon bad terms with them all, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that he had fixed upon some one else to be his heir. Walter was too honest to pretend to himself that his uncle's death would cause him any great grief. He did not want the poor old fellow to die; but he did, of course, want very much to come into a large fortune; and, as he made his way towards his lodgings in Bloomsbury through the heat and dust of a July afternoon, he realised with great distinctness what the possession of such a fortune would mean in his case. Already he saw Mrs. Winnington smiling benignly on the renewal of his suit; he received the congratulations of Lady Travers, and heard the ironical comments under which his father would be sure to veil the thankfulness of a relieved mind.

And then he reached home, and found Edith's letter waiting for him, and ceased for ever to think about stepping into dead men's shoes. What could all the money in the world do for him now? Mr. Boulger might leave his to a hospital if he chose, Walter didn't want it. "Wishes me to remember what she said to me at Longbourne, and to understand that it was the truth," he muttered. "Oh, I understand it well enough! I have understood it all along; only Lady Travers would insist upon knowing so much better than I did. It wasn't such a very hard matter to understand, after all. The girl cared for me a little, but not enough to put up with any hardship for my sake, and she told me so. Then she thought I was forgetting all about her, and she didn't quite like that; so she whistled me back. I came, like a fool as I was, and of course she immediately discovered again that she didn't care for me. Well; I'm

surprised. One thing is, I got through the worst of it long ago. isn't worth my thinking about, and I'll be hanged if I will think t her any more."

Resolutions of this kind are more easily made than carried out, and uld have been strange if Walter had been able to dismiss Edith his mind as cavalierly as he proposed to do. Fortunately for him, ever, he had many other things to think about. He had to put him- in communication with Mr. John Boulger; he had to write and m his father of the bereavement with which the family was threat- ; and he was wanted at Clapham, where decency seemed to require the sick man should have at least one relative in the house with

On the second day Mr. Boulger died, never having spoken since his re, and Walter could not help perceiving that the servants regarded as the heir. It was to him they came for instructions as to the ral and so forth, and he was a little puzzled how to act, until the al of Mr. John Boulger from the north of England relieved him of uthority and embarrassment.

Mr. John Boulger was a middle-aged man, who had probably quar- d with his uncle in consequence of a too great similarity in their ositions. He was not particularly cordial in his manner to Walter, perhaps, under the circumstances, could he have been expected to be but he seemed disposed to make the best of an unfortunate business.

"The old man has not treated me well," he said; "but I don't com- n. I didn't choose to truckle to him, and he told me plainly that he nt to disinherit me. If you have been more lucky, I shall not lge you your luck."

"I don't think I have ever truckled to him," said Walter.

"Well, it makes no difference to me. I wouldn't count too much anything, though, if I were you. It would be just like my uncle ave left every penny to his housekeeper."

Mr. Boulger was interred with all the pomp that the occasion ap- ed to call for, and his hearse was followed to the grave by many ty carriages and by a very respectable concourse of relations, of m Mr. Brune was one. Walter had thought that his father ought e present, and Mr. John Boulger had concurred in this view. Mr. ne had journeyed up from Crayminster, and took his place in the ing-room at Clapham among the other gentlemen who were waiting, the exaggeratedly careless demeanour which everyone assumes at times, to hear the will read.

His name was among the first mentioned. His brother-in-law had eathed him five thousand pounds "as a small token of regard." This y gave universal satisfaction. It cleared one competitor off the ; it seemed large to Mr. Brune, who had never expected anything; it was too small to be grudged by anybody. A like amount went to of the Boulger clan, who received the news of their good fortune

much as a man who has bought a half-crown ticket in a State lottery, and has dreamt of securing the grand prize, receives the news that he has won twenty pounds. Then there was an almost imperceptible pause; after which the name of Walter Brune was read out with an emphasis and deliberation which seemed to presage great things. "I give and bequeath to my nephew Walter Brune"—another pause of a second, during which the ears of all present were pricked up—"the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

A profound sensation was caused by this announcement. Walter himself did not dare to raise his eyes from the carpet. He was not astonished, nor, at the moment, was he particularly delighted. He had felt sure that the old man had meant to do something of the kind, and the chief sensation of which he was conscious was the unpleasant one that all these good people must be regarding him as a robber and supplanter. He was so ill at ease that he hardly took in the sense of what the lawyer was reading, which was to the effect that the testator had desired thus to mark, not only his affection for "the said Walter Brune," but his sense of the injustice done in past years to the said Walter Brune's mother. Nor did he quite realise the important fact that the residue of the estate, real and personal, amounting to rather more than double his share, went, after all, to Mr. John Boulger, whose sterling worth and businesslike qualities had, it appeared, been more highly appreciated than that gentleman had supposed.

"So you are a rich man," said Mr. Brune to his son, as they walked away, across Clapham Common, arm in arm.

"Yes," answered Walter. "I don't know that I care much about it."

"You ungrateful young beggar! Why, I am jumping with joy at the thought of my poor five thousand pounds. Your Uncle William must have been worth over half a million of money. Who would have thought it!"

"I am very glad he didn't leave it all to me," remarked Walter. "I was half afraid he would."

"So, I imagine, was John Boulger; but both your fears and his were groundless, you see; so you can rejoice with a clear conscience. Why your uncle should have left you anything at all I don't know; but we must presume that the luck of the Brunes, which has been on the ebb for so many years, has turned at last. It certainly was about time."

"My luck hasn't turned," remarked Walter gloomily.

"I wouldn't be too sure of that. I know what you mean—young fellows only mean one thing when they speak in that lachrymose voice; but, if you won't think me too cynical, I would venture to suggest deferentially that money turns luck in more ways than one."

"It won't in my case," answered Walter, shaking his head. "Mine is one of those hopeless cases which nothing can mend, and there's no good in talking about it."

After that he was easily persuaded to talk about it; and, indeed, talked about nothing else in the hansom which his father presently hailed, and which took them to Bloomsbury, where Edith's uncompromising letter was submitted to Mr. Brune's inspection.

"You see," said Walter, "there's no getting over that. She tells me in black and white that she'll have nothing more to say to me."

Mr. Brune laughed. "My dear boy," said he, "you are too literal. Do you mean to say that you can't trace the claws of the old cat in this? As I read the letter, it simply means, 'Mamma has sworn to shut me up in a dark room, and keep me on bread and water, if ever I speak to you again; and so, much as I regret it, I must beg you to cease following me about.'"

"Perhaps that is what it does mean; but isn't that equivalent to saying that she cares very little about me?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Go and tell her to-morrow that you have a matter of seven thousand a year to lay at her feet, and no doubt she will give you the desired information herself."

"I shall not do that," said Walter decisively. "I want her to care for me, not for my money; and, supposing that she did accept me now, how could I tell what her motive might be?"

"Ah, you are already beginning to find out where the shoe of Dives pinches. But cheer up; you are not so tremendously opulent, when all is said and done, and I have no doubt Edith could make a much better bargain for herself if she chose. I should be sorry to affirm positively that Mrs. Winnington will welcome you even now."

"She won't have the chance," said Walter. "I have been played fast and loose with long enough, and I am sick of it. I shall never marry."

"If there were the smallest chance in the world of your sticking to that resolution," answered his father, "I might perhaps hesitate to try and turn you from it; but as there is none, I think you had better marry your first love—always supposing that she will have you."

Walter said he was convinced that she would not have him; but that, whether or no, he would not humiliate himself by asking her again; and he adhered to this determination so obstinately that his father, who sympathised with the young man's feeling, though he foresaw that it would not be a permanent one, ceased at last to press the point. In the course of the evening, however, he suggested a compromise.

"I mean to call upon our good friend Mrs. Winnington to-morrow," said he. "Being in town, you know, it will be only a proper act of politeness to do so; and if, at the same time, I can find out how the land lies, I suppose you won't be very angry with me."

Walter, by way of reply, only shook hands with his father, who laughed and said, "Don't mistake wounded vanity for pride, my boy. You are the least vain man I ever met, so I may say that to you. Now

go to bed; and prepare yourself for a disappointment when I come back and tell you that Edith is engaged to a duke with a larger annual income than the whole of your capital."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mrs. Stanniforth can't Control her Nerves.

Colonel Kenyon was very patient and very steadfast; but his patience was not absolutely inexhaustible, and in the six-and-fortieth year of his age and the eighteenth of Margaret's reign over his heart, he was beginning to bethink himself that steadfastness had been of little service to him in the past, while it was certain that patience could not help him much in the future. What was the good of being patient when there was nothing to wait for and nothing to expect?

"Women," said Colonel Kenyon solemnly, one evening after mess, to the old friend who sat on his right hand, "are the very deuce, unless you understand how to deal with them. Some men, you know, treat them as toys, and I believe that's the right plan; but if you can't manage that, why, the less you have to say to them the better. At least, that's my view; I don't know whether it's yours."

The above disparaging estimate of the opposite sex was due in no small degree to the extraordinary behaviour of Mrs. Stanniforth, who, a short time before this, had written somewhat coldly to inform Hugh that Philip's engagement to Nellie Brune was broken off—"which," said she, "you will consider good news no doubt"—and who had at the same time mentioned that, as she was about to let her house for an indefinite period, and could not say exactly what her address might be at first, she would be unable to correspond with him quite so regularly as she had lately done. An urgent written request for more precise information had remained unanswered; and thus it was that Hugh had arrived at the pardonable conclusion that women are the very deuce.

But, although he tried hard to be angry, he made but a partial success of it. He knew that, however foolish might be Margaret's motives for desiring to shroud her movements in mystery, they would not be selfish ones; and when he learnt that Mrs. Winnington was entertaining fashionable circles in London, and that Marescalchi had been seen disporting himself in the highest of society, a painful suspicion crossed his mind that economy might be found to be at the root of this sudden wish for change. He had heard with much satisfaction of the collapse of Philip's grand scheme for turning things topsy-turvy at Longbourne; but this satisfaction had been tempered with anxiety; for, Brune or no Brune, there Philip remained, an expensive encumbrance, who would never earn a penny for himself to the end of his days

ho, as it appeared, was not a whit abashed by his failure, nor any less xtravagant in his tastes than of yore.

Business and his destiny took Colonel Kenyon up to London in the ast days of July. Business kept him at the War Office all the morning, nd his destiny led him in the course of the afternoon to a place which had never been one of his habits to frequent on week-days. He was alking down a certain street, on his way to his club, when an open hurch-door, through which a sound of subdued chanting escaped into he outer air, attracted his attention. He stopped and peered into the loom. He thought it looked very cool and quiet and peaceful in there, nd, after hesitating for a moment, he took off his hat and stole softly up he aisle on tiptoe. The service was nearly over, and Hugh had not een five minutes in church when the congregation, which was not a arge one, was dismissed. He lingered awhile, thinking of that morning, early a year ago, when he had knelt behind Margaret in the little hurch at Longbourne, and wondering where she was now. Then he urned, with a sigh, to go away, and, behold! there she was, at his elbow.

She was still kneeling, and her face was hidden in her hands; but Hugh knew her at once, despite the rather strange garb in which she was attired. She wore a close-fitting black straw bonnet, without ornament of any kind, and a long black cloak enveloped her from head to foot.

"I thought as much," muttered Hugh to himself. "This is that old Jack-in-the-green Langley's doing. Now, if he has made her take vows, or any tomfoolery of that kind, hang me if I don't go down and wring his old neck!"

Then he remembered where he was, and moved hastily off to the porch, where he felt that he could with more propriety indulge in profane ejaculations, while waiting for Margaret. He had to wait some time. Once or twice he peeped in to make sure that she had not escaped by some side door; but she was still there, in the same attitude, and motionless; and Hugh was made uncomfortable by the verger, who eyed him at first inquiringly, and then suspiciously, as a responsible person, with valuable church plate under his charge, and a dread of swell-mobsmen before his mind, might be excused for doing.

At length Margaret rose, and made her way towards the door with a slow, dragging step. Hugh could see that she seemed to be steadying herself by the benches as she walked; but he could not distinguish her features until the sunlight fell upon them. Then he started back, with an exclamation of horror. She was extremely pale, there were black circles under her eyes, her face was drawn as after a long illness, and as she stepped out into the air she coughed in a manner which caused Hugh's heart to stop beating for an instant. Before he could speak, she had caught sight of him.

"Oh, Hugh!" she cried, "have you come here to look for me? Oh, how glad I am! You must take me home, Hugh. I can't bear it any

longer; and I feel so dreadfully ill, I think I must be going to die. What made you think of coming here for me?"

Her manner was very odd and excited, her voice shook, and she trembled so much that Hugh instinctively held out his arm to support her. His consternation was extreme; but he endeavoured not to show it, nor did he ask any questions, for he saw that Margaret was really ill, and that it behoved him to rise to the level of the occasion. The first thing to be done, he thought, was to get her home and send for the doctor; explanations might come later.

Therefore he lost no time in calling a hansom, and said, reassuringly, "Yes, yes; I have come to look after you: and here's the cab, you see, waiting. You'll be all right now."

Margaret laughed rather hysterically. "You think I have gone out of my mind," said she, "but I assure you I am perfectly sane. Seeing you so suddenly startled me, and I began to talk nonsense. Of course you could not really have known that I was here. I caught a bad cold when I first came to London, and I went out too soon after it, and since then I have been trying to do things which are beyond me; and the consequence is that I have broken down altogether, and——"

"Never mind about all that," interrupted Hugh. "I have come just in time to pick you up, you see. Now, if you'll let me help you into the hansom, we'll be off."

Margaret submitted without a word. It struck her as quite natural that her companion should take up that authoritative tone, and she rather liked it. He, on his side, in the midst of all his alarm and distress, was conscious of a certain inward exultation at her obedience. It seemed as if at last, after so many years, he and she had found their proper respective positions.

"Where shall I tell the man to drive to?" he asked.

This very natural request produced a curious effect upon Margaret. "I did not think of that," she murmured, shrinking back into the corner of the cab. "I am staying at a Nurses' Institution. Oh, Hugh, do you know, I don't think I can go back there!"

Hugh, who was standing up with his back to the horse, uttered an aspiration with regard to Mr. Langley, which was unheard by Margaret, and which, it may be hoped, did not shock the cabman. He stooped down to say cheerfully, "Of course you are not going back there. I was only doubting whether you would like to go to Mrs. Winnington, or——"

"Oh, no!" said Margaret quickly.

"No, to be sure. Not to Mrs. Winnington. Then—let me see—where shall we go?"

"How silly you are!" exclaimed Margaret, half-laughing, half-crying; "why do you talk to me as if I were an escaped lunatic? I had better go to lodgings somewhere, I suppose. Don't you know of any?"

Hugh at once thought of a certain quiet hotel, much frequ

be clerical dignitaries of Crayminster, where both he and Margaret had been known from childhood. He gave this address to the cabman and then sat down beside Margaret.

"You are very good," said she. And after a pause, "I ought to explain my ridiculous behaviour. You know I wrote to you that I was going away from Longbourne for a time. The fact is, I took a fancy to learn nursing, so I applied to Mr. Langley, who got them to take me in to this Institution."

"Brutes!" muttered Hugh, who was in a state of boiling indignation, which he had some difficulty in repressing. "So they have been starving you and ill-treating you, have they?"

"Oh, dear, no! they have been as kind as possible; it was all my own fault. They told me I was not the least fit for the work, and I am afraid they were right."

Hugh grunted. "And I suppose it was they who made you dress yourself up in this—this waterproof thing," said he, looking with much disfavour at Margaret's long garment.

"It isn't waterproof," she answered, with a little laugh. "If it had been, perhaps I shouldn't have got wet through on the first day, which was the beginning of all my troubles. They couldn't let me wear their dress, you see, as I don't belong to the order; but of course they expect anyone staying with them to adopt some unremarkable sort of costume; so I did my best. I am afraid I have not succeeded very well in making myself unremarkable," she added ruefully.

"Not very," Hugh agreed.

"That is the worst of being so tall; the more one tries to efface oneself the more certain one is of looking a conspicuous guy. Oh, Hugh, how delightful it is to see you again! I feel a thousand times better already. There is nothing the matter with me, really, and I believe I ought to go back to the Institution."

"You may as well make up your mind at once that you will never cross the threshold of that establishment again," answered Hugh. "As soon as I have seen you comfortably settled in the hotel, I mean to go there and tell them that you have bolted. If that don't suit them, I can't help it."

In moments of great perturbation Colonel Kenyon always felt a longing to go at somebody's throat, and he almost hoped to discover some proof of cruelty or neglect on the part of these charitable ladies, so that he might relieve his feelings by giving them an outsider's candid opinion of them and all their works. Meanwhile there were more important things to be thought of.

Rooms were obtained at the hotel without difficulty, and Hugh explained to the landlady that Mrs. Stanniforth's visit had been rather hastily decided upon, and that her luggage might be expected to arrive before long. Then he ordered some tea, insisted upon having a fire lighted, though the thermometer stood at seventy-five degrees in the

shade, and bustled about, opening and shutting doors and windows in some perplexity as to what ought to be done next.

Margaret sat passively watching him, too weary to question his proceedings.

"Where's your maid?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, she is with her friends! I couldn't bring her with me, you know."

"I never heard of such a thing! Give me her address, please."

And in a few minutes a telegram was on its way to the young woman in question desiring her immediate attendance upon her mistress.

"And now," said Hugh, "I think I'd better go off to that in—ahem!—Institution, and get your things."

The Lady Superior who received Colonel Kenyon was a stout person, whose habiliments closely resembled those worn by the Sisters of St. Vincent-de-Paul. She listened to her visitor's communication blandly, and fully concurred in his observation that Mrs. Stanniforth ought never to have been allowed to go to such a place at all. It was, she added, quite against their rules to make these irregular arrangements, and she had only consented to do so in this instance as a particular favour to one whom she greatly esteemed. But she smiled in a rather provoking way when Hugh went on to assert that Mrs. Stanniforth had "half killed herself."

"I think," said she, "you will find that there is nothing very serious the matter. Mrs. Stanniforth appears to have a very highly strung nervous temperament, and I believe she has been rather upset by what she has seen at the hospital. Probably a few days' rest will be all that will be required to set her right."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Hugh, "do you mean to say that you have been taking her to see people's legs and arms cut off? Well, this is outrageous!"

The Lady Superior continued to smile in a manner that was at once superior and ladylike. "When people wish to learn nursing," she remarked, "the first thing they have to do is to learn to control their nerves. Otherwise they are not likely to be of much use. Mrs. Stanniforth, by her own wish, has begun with the ordinary course; but she does not seem to have come to us with any intention of persevering in the work, and, that being so, it is of course better that she should leave us. Indeed, as I told you before, we should not have received her, if Mr. Langley had not made a personal point of it."

"I shall make a personal point of giving Mr. Langley a piece of my mind the next time I meet him," cried Colonel Kenyon, disappointed in his hope of coming to loggerheads with this urbane lady, who only smiled again, and looked at him as if she thought him a very foolish person indeed.

His next step was to go off for the doctor, who, as might have been

ticipated, was not at home. He left a message for him, begging him call on Mrs. Stanniforth the first thing in the morning, and then urned to the hotel, where he was pleased to find his invalid looking ch more like herself. There was a faint colour in her cheeks now, d she had regained something of her ordinary serenity of demeanour; t she scarcely touched the dinner which, at her request, Hugh shared th her, and every time that she coughed the anxious Colonel became t and cold all over.

"I can't tell you how ashamed I feel of myself," she said. "I vays knew that I was a poor creature, but I had no idea of how bad I s until they took me to see all those horrors." And she shuddered the recollection.

"Don't speak of it!" exclaimed Hugh. "As for the man Lang- ——"

"Now, Hugh, you must not scold poor Mr. Langley, please. It s I who asked him to get me into some place of the kind, and he took immense deal of trouble to arrange it for me."

"The more fool he! He ought to have had the sense to see that ur health would never stand that sort of thing. What could have mpted you to go in for it?"

"Well, I was obliged to find some way of abolishing myself for a me. If I tell you how it was, will you promise not to be angry with e?"

"I'll promise not to be angry with *you*," answered Hugh, only laying slight stress upon the last word, so as to be at the same time truthful d to reserve his future liberty of sentiment.

"I was getting into difficulties: that is the truth. If I had re- ained at Longbourne, I should have been in serious trouble before the tumn; so I decided to let the house, dismiss the servants, and live on as little as I could for three months. I haven't quite carried out plan, you see; but, as Tom Stanniforth has taken the place and all expenses are so much reduced, I think I shall be able to get on w."

"My dear Margaret, why in the world did you not apply to me? course, you could have had any money that you required," said Hugh, thinking himself that if difficulties had arisen with his co-executor, it uld have been a simple matter for him to sell out a thousand or so of own, and say nothing about it.

"Oh, I dared not do that! I felt that I was in disgrace with old Mr. anniforth as it was. And, besides, I should have had to ask for so ch. I—there was a rather sudden call made upon me," added Mar- et hesitatingly.

"I see," said Hugh. And presently he inquired, with all the in- erence that he could muster, "Which of them was it, this time?"

Margaret made no reply; so he repeated his question, and then looked up at him deprecatingly.

"Must I say?" she asked.

"Oh, not unless you like. Only I know it was one or other of them; so you might as well tell me which it was. As a matter of curiosity, I should rather like to know."

"Well, it was Philip, then. It is so difficult to speak to you about Philip, Hugh; because you are always sure to be against him, and I know he has done many foolish things. But we all do foolish things sometimes; and what more can you expect of any one than that he should say he is sorry?"

"You might expect him to *be* sorry, perhaps."

"So he was sorry. He was more than sorry; he was perfectly wretched, poor fellow! And if he has sinned, he has been punished. Even you will allow that the discovery which he made about his father's marriage was a terrible blow."

"Oh, that was a great sell, no doubt."

"And then there was his quarrel with Nellie, which was worse. I must say that I think his punishment has been severe enough. He came home on purpose to confess everything to me, poor boy; and, after all, it was nothing so very unpardonable that he had to confess."

Colonel Kenyon, who considered Marescalchi altogether unpardonable, held his peace while the history of Philip's brief married life, and of the gambling debt which he had been so unfortunate as to incur, was being related. He held his peace, because he did not wish to vex Margaret; but it cost him no small effort to do so, and he changed the subject as soon as possible by inquiring after Mrs. Winnington, "who must have been feeling very anxious about you, I should think," said he. "Did you tell her what you were doing in London?"

"Oh, no!" answered Margaret; "I thought it better not to let her know that I was in London at all. It would only have spoilt her pleasure and Edith's."

"But where did they think you were? I presume you must have told them something."

"Well, I gave them a sort of a hint," said Margaret.

"Oh, a sort of a hint! And with that they were quite satisfied, I suppose."

Colonel Kenyon had to shut his mouth very tight to keep himself from saying more; and he was not sorry when the arrival of Margaret's maid gave him an opportunity for retiring without further mention of the names of Philip and Mrs. Winnington. But, as he walked away, he said to himself that if somebody would take those two persons and throw them neck and crop into the Thames, society would be rid of two of its most worthless members.

Colonel Kenyon, who did not hastily condemn his neighbours, was very thorough in his condemnation of them when once he had satisfied himself that they ought to be condemned: in like manner, being slow to wrath, his anger, if roused, was hardly to be appeased by any

l-letting. A night's rest, therefore, brought about no
feelings towards that ungrateful pair, and he was still
ed, in the course of the morning, by the doctor, who was
h his report in a tone of gentle remonstrance.
niforth really requires careful looking after; she has had a
of a serious illness. I told her mother, years ago, that she
who might easily become consumptive; and consumption,
dly tell you, is just one of those diseases which attack you
down. She tells me she has let her place, and I am very
. Get Mrs. Winnington to go abroad with her, as she
l keep her abroad for the winter. She must be amused;
must not be allowed to play these tricks with herself."
to Mrs. Winnington," said Hugh rather grimly.
ou had better do so; and impress upon her that, unless
lose her daughter, she must take more care of her. Mrs.
not a person who can take care of herself."
her!" repeated Hugh, aghast. "Do you think there is
ef, then?"
a certain amount of mischief, which may be checked, I
s had a bad cold and neglected it; but that is not exactly
er present illness. She is suffering from nervous derange-
ult, no doubt, of worry or anxiety of some kind, seconded
which she ought never to have been exposed. There is
alarm Mrs. Winnington; but at the same time she should
nderstand that the case is one which requires care and

rdict as this was not calculated to soothe Colonel Kenyon's
aret had much ado to keep him from rushing off to Park
eremptory marching-orders, before luncheon.
nonsense about my going abroad at once," she said; "and
ll sure that it would suit my mother to start directly. At
I have to go, I am quite old enough to go by myself now.
there is any necessity for your seeing her, Hugh."
in truth, was beginning to be afraid of what Colonel
t say or do when he found himself in Park Street, and
have gone thither instead of him, had she not been quite
d of what her mother might say, on receiving the confession
have to be made. She knew that, when once Mrs. Win-
o work to ask questions, it would be impossible to conceal
5,000*l.* had recently been paid to Philip, and she shrank
itable scene which must follow.
ly shall go and see her," Hugh said resolutely; "and I
e that she will make her convenience suit yours. At least,
—— However, I have no doubt she will."
o go," said Margaret, after a pause, "will you promise me
a great favour?"

"What is it?"

"Only to say nothing about Philip. It would distress me very much if you did, and it would be rather unfair to him, I think. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you as much as I did last night, if I had had all my wits about me."

Hugh considered for a moment, and then said, "Very well; I won't mention his name if I can help it. By the way, where did you say that Marescalchi was living?"

Margaret knew that she had given no information upon this point, and she was not anxious to do so now. "You are not going to see him, are you?" she asked apprehensively.

"Oh," answered Hugh, in a careless tone, "I thought I might look him up, perhaps, if I had time. But I suppose I can find out his address at his club."

This was, unfortunately, only too certain, and Margaret saw that it would be unwise, as well as useless, to make a secret of what could be so easily discovered; so she said, "He was staying at Johnson's Hotel in Berkeley Square when I last heard from him; but that is some time ago now."

Hugh took a mental note both of the address and of the circumstance that Philip did not trouble himself to write often to his benefactress; soon after which he picked up his hat and stick, remarking that, if he didn't make haste, he should hardly catch Mrs. Winnington at home.

The last thing that Margaret said to him, after repeatedly cautioning him against making a great fuss about a small matter, was, "You will be back again soon, won't you?" and the significance of this query gave Hugh matter for reflection which lasted him throughout his walk.

with the tutor he looked in for the second act, and found himself seated beside no less a person than Calhem, who, with a humble effusiveness, recognised him at once, and immediately on the fall of the curtain presented Phil. He had already been telling Phil in an easy, unassuming sort of way, and as if he were not bursting with pride about the matter at all, that he had encountered the author of this charming work a night or two ago at the house of their mutual friend Brown, and now on the author's unexpected appearance he had nudged and whispered Phil, so that the poet had had time to become conscious of a slim youth with fine eyes, who took shy looks at him with an expression of devotion.

"This, Mr. Marsh," said Calhem, "is Mr. Maurice, the young gentleman of whom I spoke on Sunday evening. This, Mr. Maurice, is Mr. Ronald Marsh, the author of the lovely comedy we have just had the pleasure of witnessing."

Phil accepted the poet's hand with a sense of worship. He had never seen a live poet before, he was very young, and he had laughed aloud and wept inwardly above the comedy, so that to meet the author of it was like coming into a holy place. He said something in a hot shyness about the beauty of the work, and the poet was pleased to have touched youth so keenly, and took a great fancy to the ingenuous eyes and handsome face of the boy.

The proper thing—if one wanted to look like a man of the world who knew London—seemed to the tutor to go to Evans's after the play, and sup. He proposed this; and the poet, who had known the house in his youth, after a little hesitation consented to make one of the party. Calhem, mighty proud of his distinguished guest, led the way, and having secured a place ordered oysters, and would, but for the protecting influence of the poet, have coupled champagne with them.

Phil, under the genial influences of the theatre, the society of a poet, and supper at a place so novel to his experiences, began to lose the chief part of his shyness and to talk. He was full of Miss Churchill, and rather more than half in love with her, and the poet was pleased by his raptures.

"I have not been in London long," said the boy, "and I never saw a theatre until I came here, so that I can't pretend to be a judge; but I should think she is the finest actress in the world."

"She stands admittedly at the head of her own school," said Calhem. "At least," deferring to the poet, "I believe so."

"Why," cried Phil, flushing with shyness and enthusiasm, "when she spoke that line—

To me Regret and Memory are the same—

it wasn't like acting. It was like seeing a slow heart-break. And how beautiful she is!"

"A fine woman," said Calhem, "and a fine actress! Beyond a doubt . . . Mr. Maurice," he added with that manner of allowance

which more than anything else in the world makes a man abominable n a boy's eyes, "is at the age of enthusiasm."

"And so am I," said Marsh, covering Phil from the fire of patronage, happily for myself. Not to admire is an art for a yokel."

"Yet there was a great poet, sir," said the tutor, "who confessed it ll the art he knew."

"To make men happy," returned Marsh. "And that is a creed for cynic. Of all melancholy spectacles in the world, Mr. Maurice, a rey heart in a green body is the most lamentable. We are all egotists, nd we like to coddle ourselves with warm and pleasant fancies, and so, hen we have lost our youth, we say it was a giddy, irresponsible, olish time; as if a gate-post should deride a tree, or the dried rose aves in a Dresden saucer rustle themselves with laughter at a rose."

Phil, already charmed with the poet's drama, was delighted at this. That," said he to himself, "is how a poet ought to talk! What would ife be worth if one were never to be young?"

"Your simile carries you a little too far, sir," said Calhem, who was omewhat nettled. A schoolmaster is generally more used to reproving han to reproof. "The perfect adjunct to it would be—a dead man hinking poorly of a live one. Though, to my mind, the responsible ravity of mature life is a good exchange for the irresponsible enthuiasm of youth."

"And what does Mr. Maurice say to this?" asked Marsh.

"Why, sir," said Phil, "nobody thinks worse of the oldest apple ree because it has blossoms now and then." Marsh laughed, but alhem looked puzzled and offended.

"Shall we go?" said the poet. "Do you walk home, Mr. Calhem? My road lies past your house."

They walked to Golden Square together, and, to the tutor's chagrin, he eminent person addressed himself chiefly to Phil, and, at parting, it was the youngster and not his tutor to whom he presented his card.

"Come and see me when you have time," he said; "I am always at home until two o'clock. Come up to-morrow."

Phil promised delightedly, and scarcely knew whether the poet or his works were the more charming. Calhem, who was anything but a bad fellow at bottom, got out of his chagrin in an hour or two, and by the time when he had smoked his nightly pipe, and was ready for bed, he began to think it natural that Marsh should rather take to a bright youngster with a prospect, like Phil, than to a middle-aged tutor with next to no prospect, like himself.

"I dropped out of the running a long time ago," said he, not without a little melancholy in his thoughts. "Now I must be contented to stand in my own corner, and see the boys go past me. It's the way of the world."

Phil went gaily off next morning, found Mr. Marsh at home, and had a bright talk with him. If Phil were pleased with his host—and

[illegible]—Marsh was yet the more pleased of the [illegible] and hopeful converse did him good. He felt [illegible] when he began to draw his guest out about [illegible] were doing an underhand thing in listening to [illegible] the island and the house, told him quaint things [illegible] islanders, who were all oddities in their way, as they [illegible] (though the historian had never thought them so [illegible] by contrast with the people of the wider world [illegible] moved), and even repeated one or two wonderful old [illegible] sprinkled for the philologist, but were, for anybody else, [illegible] droll.

"[illegible] what manner of man is Mr. Tregarthen?" asked Marsh, at [illegible]

"[illegible] Irving?" said Phil. "The best man in the world, I think. [illegible] a great deal absorbed in scientific pursuits, chemistry and all that, [illegible] have made up their minds that he holds correspondence [illegible] the devil. Now, I shouldn't be surprised at finding him engaged [illegible] with spiritual agencies of another sort, for he's a man with [illegible] soul. He's a gentleman," cried Phil, enthusiastically, "from his [illegible] to his skin."

This was hardly what the poet had expected to hear, though it was [illegible] that Tregarthen's ward should think well of his preserver.

"He saved your life, I think?"

"He did," said Phil, his cheeks flushing. "I've heard old Reuben Pollarth tell the story many a time. One of the men on board—we [illegible] on the "Isle of Elba," from Bombay to Liverpool—tied me to a [illegible] and threw me overboard just before the smash came. I can remember crying and begging him not to do it, and fighting before I [illegible] tied, but I can't recall anything after that. It was such a night, old Pollarth says, as no living man can remember. I've known the west wind blowing there, and the waves coming in at the Sea Gate, but the old man says that what I've looked at is no more than a boy could make by stirring a puddle with a stick in comparison to what it was that night. I drifted up somehow, with the spar, and Arthur saw me, and went in after me headlong. The next wave threw us up together, and the spar struck him on the head and stunned him; but old Pollarth had time to grip at the spar, and his son took hold of him, and Bill Pollarth took hold of Ben, and the rest all held on, and the wave went back without us. Arthur was a month in bed after it, and was crazy half the time or more."

Marsh felt something of the glow Phil's heart experienced as this tale was told.

The two not merely parted well pleased with each other, but held each other in mind, and met frequently, and in a little while became [illegible] and friends. It was natural that Phil should turn often in his speech with Marsh to Tregarthen Island and its owner, and there

gradually grew up in the poet's mind the clearest image of the man—a mournful and tender-hearted cynic, with a craze.

"His wife ran away from him," said Phil, speaking of him one day. "The people on the Island and the people at Gorbay always declare that he ill-used her, or was guilty of some dreadful villany; but I know better. Nobody ever knew Arthur do a mean thing—nobody ever knew him do a cruel thing or a cowardly thing."

When he was alone again, Phil's mind was so occupied with his protector that he must needs sit down and write to him instanter. Tregarthen had written a week or two before—"Your letters are the only murmurs of the world that reach me, and are all I care to reach me." Books, plays, and pictures filled the youngster's head chiefly, and it was mainly of them that he wrote.

"I have made a most fortunate acquaintance," wrote Phil, "in the person of Mr. Ronald Marsh, one of the most distinguished of our modern poets. He is the author of a comedy called *Gossamer*, now being performed at the Mirror, with which I was enchanted. The chief part is taken by Miss Churchill, who is simply divine. I have seen all the principal actors and actresses now, and there is nobody who comes near Miss Churchill." Then followed criticism: "There is about this admirable artist a grace and refinement which other actresses lack. You are sure at first sight that she is a gentlewoman. Perhaps her rarest charm is her voice, which is marvellously sweet, and has an underlying note of melancholy even in its most joyous passages. Not that it invests her comedy with a tinge of the maudlin, or that she plays a gay scene in any but the brightest manner; but her voice softens the asperities of raillery, and seems to assure you of a tender heart."

There was a good deal more of this, and Tregarthen read it with strange feelings. The heart has wounds sometimes which will not close until Death applies his infallible heal-all. Tregarthen's heart was thus wounded. Scorn is a poor plaster for such a sore as he carried, but he knew of no other, or cared to apply no other. Forgetfulness was out of his reach.

When he read this letter of Phil's, his first impulse was to sit down and warn the lad of women at large; but a little reflection told him what a hopeless task that was—how little likely to be prosperous in any case—how very unlikely to be prosperous in the case of a vivid and impetuous lad like Phil, who was born to fall in love as the sparks fly upward. He went back to his books and his crucibles and his mad eriments, and left the youngster unanswered altogether for the time. en in a week or two another letter came, he expected to find some-g more of Miss Churchill, and he did not know whether relief or pointment were the greater when he found no mention of her. homeward letters touched Miss Churchill no more, and there were ons for this which would have disturbed Tregarthen had he known a.

When Ronald Marsh and his young friend talked of Tregarthen, the poet had occasionally to listen to second-hand diatribes against women, of whom his young friend knew perhaps as little as could well be known. These, being inspired by Tregarthen, naturally reflected on Tregarthen's wife, but for a time Marsh was perforce contented to dispute them on general grounds and to instruct Phil that no man was ever truly good who could so libel one half of humanity. He told Phil that a chivalrous attitude towards women was essential to any male human creature who desired to be a man, and much more to the same effect.

Now the young man was beginning to discover that he was by no means a misogynist, but he would answer, 'Truth before sentiment. I know one truly good man—the best man in the world so far—the kindest-hearted, the purest-minded and most honourable—and he thinks extremely ill of women. Perhaps he generalises too much from one particular case" (the young fellow had wonderfully philosophic airs at this time and talked with the gravity of a grandfather), "but, if he does, the one case was probably bad enough to justify him."

"Perhaps so," said the poet. "By the way, Phil, did you ever meet Miss Churchill?"

"No," said Phil.

"Should you like to meet her?"

"Like to meet her?" said Phil. "I'd go from here to the Mirror on my hands and knees to meet her."

"That is not at all necessary," said Marsh, smiling; "we can take a cab. Be here at twelve o'clock to-morrow and we will drive down to the theatre together."

Phil went away uplifted at the prospect, and sat far into the night, slaving at the sonnet beginning

> To what dim glade with airy voices filled
> Of joy and sorrow hast thou charmed my soul!

This production was addressed to Miss Churchill as Bertha in *Gossamer*, and the young versifier knelt at the shrine of Miss Churchill's perfections in such ardour as only a young versifier knows. The quality of the verse produced has little to do with the warmth of sentiment experienced. Young men and young women write woeful nonsense sometimes over which they thrill and weep and beam as though they were so many Apollos and Sapphos; and the fact that Phil really was a poet made him no warmer than he would have felt if he had been altogether hollow-headed. The difference is that the poet gets his thrills and tears upon the paper, whilst, with the other sort, all stops at the finger-tips and will dribble not a hair's breadth further.

Of course he had had a thousand temptations to expose his verses, or some of them, to a real and approved poet, when he found himself admitted to intimacy with one, but he had always blushed at the pretty Jane blushes when she hears in her day-dream the w

ourtship which are not yet spoken. But now he so loved and innocently worshipped his own fancies as set forth in this particular sonnet, that he temptation assailed him with irresistible force, and when he called pon Marsh, as arranged, he produced the manuscript with much onfusion and asked him to read it.

"Would you mind reading this, Mr. Marsh?" he said blushingly. "There are only fourteen lines, and it can't bore you long. It may be dreadful rubbish——"

"Let me see," returned the poet. He read the verses with a grave face. "Shall I print this for you!" he asked. "We pay a guinea a page for verse, and a sonnet can stand by itself."

These are commercial days when even poets go into business, and Marsh, as Phil knew, was proprietor of a magazine. The author of the sonnet was overwhelmed.

"If you think it worth printing,' he said with becoming diffidence.

"Yes," said Marsh, "I think it very well worth printing. Very well worth it indeed. And now," locking the sonnet in his desk, "if you are ready, we will start. Smith reads his new play to-day, and I have promised to be there. He was my *collaborateur* for two or three years, and is one of the finest fellows living. You must know him, Phil."

Altogether, heaven seemed opening on Master Phil this morning. William John Smith, author of the slain and buried *Demogorgon*, was in the green-room with his roll of manuscript when the poet and his companion reached the theatre, and Miss Churchill arrived a little later. Corrimer was there also, a trifle obese by this time and more rubicund than ever. The Mirror had a star company, and Phil saw near at hand several celebrities whom he had hitherto only beheld upon the stage. To be near these celebrated people when they wore the garments of every-day life and to hear them talk without book was a treat to the novice. The play was read and applauded. Then the players drew for the most part in a knot around William John Smith and asked about his ideas for this stroke of business and that stroke of business, for the said Smith had grown mighty, and it was profitable—or might be—to be interested in his work, and to give him a favourable impression about one's art enthusiasms.

It was noticeable to Phil that the poet, for some reason as yet unknown, was gradually becoming less and less at his ease whilst the reading of the play went on, and this somewhat dashed his own interest in the business. Now for a time Marsh deserted Phil altogether, and left him standing in a corner companionless, whilst he crossed the room and addressed Miss Churchill.

"Will you give me a word?" asked the poet.

"Certainly."

"I have done a clumsy thing, and I have only just begun to see it. A young worshipper of yours, a poet, and as fine-hearted a lad as I have met anywhere, wants to know you, and I have brought him here."

"I noticed him," she answered. "He has an honest face. Why should you apologise? I am always pleased to know your friends. You have the secret of knowing none but good people."

"Your own goodness," he said in return, "brightens everything you shine on. Forgive me, but I am so old a courtier that I can dare to speak the truth now and then. But I am afraid I may pain you, and yet I feared you might blame me if you knew, and if I did not bring him. I cannot tell whether I am acting well or ill, wisely or in my common way."

"This preamble *has* a meaning?" she said.

"A serious one," said the poet uneasily. "The young gentleman is a Mr. Maurice—Mr. Philip Maurice, of—Tregarthen."

"The child," she whispered, looking with a white face at the poet, "who was saved from the wreck?"

"The same," Marsh answered. "If I have done wrong——"

"You have not done wrong. Excuse me for a moment. Let him stay till I return."

She moved with a somewhat stately carriage from the green-room, though her knees shook beneath her, and her heart beat wildly. When she reached the luxuriously furnished little chamber private to herself, her trembling knees relaxed altogether, and she almost fell into the arm-chair beside the fireplace.

"Does he know who I am?" she asked herself, thinking of Phil. "Does he know what Arthur thinks of me?" A thousand tumultuous questions were in her mind, a thousand tumultuous feelings ran riot in her heart. How great a sinner she had been, sinning every day against his expressed wishes, and earning a hateful fame and adulation by it! She had wrecked the noblest of lives, broken or darkened the manliest heart. For the millionth time she wondered why she had not stayed to brave the storm, to make her confession and to be forgiven, and to serve him like a slave with a lifelong devotion. And even in her self-accusing soul some faint voice of necessary egotism sounded. Would she have been so unworthy of him after all if he had taken her back and forgiven her? Would she not have loved him so, with such an unfailing worship and such a willing surrender of her soul, that he must have loved her back again? She suffered greatly whilst she sat thus, and even wept a little; but calming herself by-and-by, and removing all traces of her tears, she returned to the green-room with seeming tranquillity.

There were not more than half-a-dozen people left there, but amongst them were Phil and the poet. She moved towards them, and Marsh performed the office of introduction.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Maurice," she said, in the beautiful tones which had so moved him when he heard them from the stage. He bowed in answer, but was tongue-tied for the moment, as if he had been in the presence of some gentle divinity. "I am alone at home this afternoon, Mr. Marsh," she added, "and I shall be glad if you and

rice will take a cup of tea with me. Lina is there, of course," she d, with a faint smile; "but sisters are not always the best of com- y to each other."

"You libel Lina and yourself," said the poet, with a pretence of gaiety.

"In half an hour," she said, turning towards the door. "May I ect you?"

Her carriage waited at the stage entrance to the theatre, and she re away with another faint smile and a nod of the head to Phil. and the poet followed her on foot, and reaching the house were wn into a little jewel of a room, where everything was wonderfully and rich and dainty. By-and-by the actress reappeared in indoor ume, tea was brought, and the three settled down to talk. The tess, with her face turned from the light, nestled into a luxurious ir, and spoke from a twilight in which her features were scarcely to liscerned.

"You know Tregarthen Island, Mr. Maurice?"

"Oh, yes," said Phil, a good deal surprised at the question. "I e spent more than half my life there."

"I am a Cornish woman," she said. "I was born at Gorbay. But ave not seen it for a long time. Is it much changed? Tell me about island. Are the Pollarths living?"

"Jan is dead," said Phil. "Did you know Jan? The patriarch of tribe?"

"Poor Jan," she said, with a tremor in her voice. Marsh sat ill at e, fearing she would break down. "But the rest are all living? aben and his children, and——"

"All of them," Phil answered. "Jan's is the only death that has en place on the Island for more than twelve years."

"And the castle," she asked; "are the repairs finished?"

"No," returned Phil. "They were abandoned years ago. Mr. egarthen never had the heart to finish them."

"How was that?" The cup and saucer she held in her hands clat- ed against each other, and the poet writhed upon his chair and turned e. Why would she torture herself in this way? he asked, internally. il noticed nothing. What was more natural than that a lady, great the world's eyes, should shut out her greatness for a little while and k of the places she had known in childhood?

"It's a sad story," said Phil, ignorantly. "Did you know Mr. egarthen?" She answered only by a movement of the head. "He t with a great misfortune—a misfortune which seems nearly to have oken his heart. He married a worthless woman, who——"

"Great heaven!" groaned the poet, wringing his moist hands to- ther. Phil turned and stared at him.

"A worthless woman," said Mrs. Tregarthen from her shadowed rner, in a voice so unlike her own that both her hearers started. Yes. Go on."

"You are ill, madam," cried the youngster, rising to his feet.

"Oh," besought Marsh, rising also, and turning an imploring look upon her, "pursue this interview no further."

"Be seated," she said, in a voice less painfully disguised by emotion, but still strangely harsh. "I will not keep Mr. Maurice in the dark any longer. I beg your pardon," she continued to the amazed visitor, "if I have seemed to try to entrap you. But you will tell me everything about him—you who know him so well. I have had nobody to tell me a word of him for years and—I—am Mrs. Tregarthen."

CHAPTER XII.

THE situation was sufficiently embarrassing. At the moment, Mrs. Tregarthen, Marsh, and Phil, each felt it to be nothing less than terrible. Phil was an especially sensitive lad, unusually swift to like people, and splendidly certain of the accuracy of his own secret intuitions. He had met nobody who had so impressed him as Mrs. Tregarthen. He was sure that she was as good, as pure and womanly as she looked—as pure as the sweet persecuted Bertha in the poet's comedy. The faint smile he had twice seen upon her face had lingered in his mind as that of a saint in pain. He had identified her with the part he had seen her play—a thing always easy for ardent youth, and common enough in the experience of actresses who are not models of all the virtues, or embodiments of wit and sweet temper. That for once the natural fancies of a raw lad were justified was nothing to him. He could have been quite as certain of their truth if he had pitched on a new Jezebel. And he had called this suffering incarnation of goodness—to her face—a worthless woman!

The poet, for his part, had the misery of knowing that he was responsible for the encounter and the shocking result which had sprung from it.

A better artist would have told this story better, and would have wasted less time on non-essentials, but it is not too late to say here what should have been set forth earlier. An intellectual fop had grown into a man and had put away childish things, the man had fallen in love in no better or worse fashion than common, and his passion had ripened and sobered into a most tender friendship and a most profound respect. He saw genius in Mrs. Tregarthen's work upon the stage, sorrow uncomplainingly endured and undeserved in her daily life, and to his mind, after many years of intimacy, her soul was an entire and perfect chrysolite. He loved her still, as a poet and a gentleman can love woman who is out of the reach of desire, and the phrase the ba Phil had used went through him like a knife.

Mrs. Tregarthen was true to her instincts, and was pers

here, as always, the guilt was hers. She had entrapped this young man into this terrible position.

"Forgive me," she said, brokenly. "I wanted to hear of him. I have not heard of him for so long."

"Forgive me," said the poet, almost in the same breath with her. "I would have died rather than expose you to this indignity, and yet I did it."

Phil stood silent, but his face and attitude were enough for retractation and apology. He had to believe in Arthur in spite of everything, his saviour and benefactor and friend, but he believed none the less in Miss Churchill's goodness. The unknown Mrs. Tregarthen might have been guilty of anything in the world, but this unhappy lady was maligned. The mere fact that thousands of men have been just as certain as himself, and have proved themselves mistaken, was, of course, nothing to him. The other fact that he was right made his infatuation none the wiser. But now and then, even in this poor world, the soul has happy hopes that are justified, and beliefs in goodness which are not thrown away.

"Dear friend," said the actress, speaking through her tears, "let me tell you the whole truth. I was to blame. I have known it, bitterly, always. But I have never deserved to be thought a worthless woman." Both hearers would have gone to the stake in support of that postulate without a second's hesitation. "When my father died, Lina and I were left in poverty, and I came to London as a governess. There were private theatricals at the house where I was engaged, and I was asked to play in them. I was praised so highly that I thought I might succeed upon the real stage, and that would have enabled me to do so much for Lina. We had looked at the *Era* to see where to hire our dresses for the private theatricals, and I saw advertisements there for actors and actresses. I looked again and answered one or two of them, and at last I got an engagement."

She went on with her story, telling it plainly and without ornament, and growing more and more self-possessed as she told it. She told of her first encounter with Lorrimer, her professional engagement with him, and her receipt of the letter from Messrs. Lane and Carter, which informed her of the disposition of her uncle's property.

"I had been known all this time as Miss Churchill," she said then, "but when I returned to Gorbay I took back my own name, and tried to forget the stage altogether. It was at this time"—and here again she began to falter—"that I met Mr. Tregarthen; but it was not until we were engaged that I found what an antipathy he had to the stage. He thought that no good woman could be an actress without losing refinement and purity of mind. I was frightened. I was afraid of losing his affection. I hid the truth from him, but it was discovered by accident after our marriage. Some one who had known me on the stage spoke to me on the Island—he was one of a picnic party, or he came with the

archæologists, and he insisted that I was Miss Churchill. I tried to dismiss him, but he was impertinent and would not go. I told him at last that I had been Miss Churchill, but that I wished to meet no one who had known me by that name. My husband overheard me. I knew that he would never forgive me my deceit, and I left the Island and came to London. He never forgave me—he never tried to find me."

There she broke down altogether, and for a while cried unrestrainedly.

It was hard measure for the poet. To have been a popinjay and a jackanapes once upon a time, is common to the experience of many honest men; but it does not often carry with it so severe a punishment as was dealt out to Ronald Marsh. Here he had been magnanimously pitying this lady's sorrows for a dozen years, and now it turned out that he was the cause of them.

"Mrs. Tregarthen," he said, trying to face the truth, and to take all the punishment he deserved, "I was that miserable impertinent. If I could have guessed what my insolence would cost you——" Well, what was to be said in extenuation? He could say nothing, could undo nothing that had been done. But surely the man who could throw away such a pearl of womanhood for such a trivial cause must have been a fool past redemption. "Nothing can be mended by more words," he said in a voice so tremulous that he was ashamed of it. She must hate the sight of him, and it was best to go.

Phil caught his ashamed and miserable glance, and they were moving away together when Mrs. Tregarthen arose.

"Do not let me lose my friend," she said, almost piteously. "Will you come to-morrow, Mr. Maurice? I want to hear—— I shall be better able to listen to you then. Will you come?"

"Yes," said Phil simply; "I will come if you wish it."

She shook hands with him and with the poet, and they went away.

"I am on fire with shame," said the wretched poet, when they were out of doors. "I am grieved to the heart. All this misery was of my making. I have known her for twelve years, and there does not breathe a better woman. She is as pure as a flower, as charitable as the day."

"She spoke the truth," said Phil, who was greatly moved. "I am sure of it. I know it. But there was nothing in what she told us to make Arthur part with her. There was something else to poison his mind about her. He could never have driven her away for that alone."

Phil had to believe both in Tregarthen and his wife, but the poet found a simple solution to the mystery. It was plain to him that Tregarthen was a fanatic and a fool. But even that view would not reconcile itself with the old stories of Tregarthen—a man so foul-mouthed that his brother officers could not endure him.

"Do you know the history of Mr. Tregarthen's expulsion from the army?" he asked, not purposing to tell it, but seeking any new light that might be had.

Phil did know the story, and told it as he had it from Tregarthen'

lips. Possibly, thought the poet, the man *was* a fanatic, and certainly he was a fool.

The two friends parted, and each went his own way. On the following afternoon Phil called on Mrs. Tregarthen, was admitted, and answered all her questions for an hour or two. There was no comfort for the wife, who had all these years been widowed, in anything he had to tell her; but when he had taken his leave he turned a new idea over in his mind, and after looking at it in many aspects made arrangements to put it into execution. He astonished Mr. Calhem that evening by the announcement of his intention to go down to Tregarthen without delay. In answer to the tutor's inquiries he could only say that he had lately possessed himself of information of the utmost value to his protector, and that it could not be conveyed by letter, but must by the very nature of it be delivered by word of mouth. Phil was not the sort of young man who invents mendacious yarns on purpose to get opportunity for clandestine amusement; but the tutor was yet a little scared by this arrangement, and not easy in his mind even when he had accompanied his pupil to the station and had seen him safely in the railway carriage, booked through to Gorbay.

The youngster knew well enough that he was going to wound the best friend he had ever had in his life, but he believed (and he nerved himself in that belief, with a courage beyond his years) that he might bring peace back again to a mind which had not known peace for many a day. It was a Quixotic enterprise perhaps, and there are even people in the world who would think it meddlesome; but he was moved to it by gratitude and affection, and by the beautiful ideals which have value for the young.

From London to Cornwall is a longish railway journey, and he had plenty of time in which to look at his purpose. There were many moments when for Arthur's sake he felt afraid of it, but he never really faltered in it. He had written, before starting, to announce his arrival, and at Gorbay station he found one of the Pollarths awaiting him.

"Grown a man, now, Mister Philip," said the messenger, admiring him; "I didn't hardly knaw ye."

He carried the traveller's portmanteau to the water-side, set it in the boat, took the sculls leisurely in his big brown hands and pulled across the bay, with Phil at the rudder. The old housekeeper stood on the sands at the Sea Gate, and Phil, who had kissed her when he went away, kissed her on arrival.

"How is Mr. Tregarthen?" he asked.

"Ailing," she said; "ailing a bit badly, I'm afraid, Mr. Philip. He's had a dreadful cold all winter, and he looks wildlike, as if he was worried. And go to bed he won't for nights together. Sits stewed up n that labertry, and sometimes won't touch his very meals."

When they reached the house Phil marched straight to the laboratory loor and would have knocked there, but the housekeeper stopped him.

"You must wait till he comes out, sir," she said, whisperingly. "He won't let himself be disturbed for anything."

"Nonsense," said Phil, who began to feel his home-coming a little dreary. "He will see me, I know."

He knocked, and the housekeeper rustled away. Receiving no answer he knocked again, more loudly, and after a pause he tried the handle of the door. Tregarthen sat, in dressing-gown and slippers, in an old leathern arm-chair, and at first Phil thought him asleep. His right hand hung idly at the side of his chair, his left lay in his lap, and his head was bent in an attitude of complete repose.

"Arthur!" said Phil softly, prepared to back without noise from the room. Tregarthen looked up at him.

"Ah, Phil! You here?" and without rising he stretched his languid right hand across his body and shook hands in so mechanical a way that Phil dropped his limp fingers in distress. Tregarthen's released right hand went back to its former place, and his head was bent as before. His left hand still lay in his lap, knuckles downwards, and Phil now saw that Tregarthen's gaze was fixed with a sort of dreamy intentness on a piece of greenish crystal about the size of a pigeon's egg—to all appearance precisely such a trifle as might be picked from the waste heaps of any glass factory.

"Arthur," said Phil, "I have strange news for you."

Tregarthen glanced up with a singular smile, and then looked back at his bit of crystal. Phil noticed great changes in him. His hair was long and looked neglected, and he had grown a full beard and moustache. He had become so thin that his cheek bones took great prominence. His forehead was deeply lined, and his eyes were old.

"You think your news strange, Phil?" he said, dreamily staring at the object in his palm.

"Very strange," said Phil, upon whom the first feeling of dismay was growing fast.

"There is nothing strange under the sun, or new," said Tregarthen in an inward way. "Things go their round—seed, stalk, bud, flower, fruit, decay. There is nothing new, nothing unexpected. All things are inevitable and in order. The smallest is the type of the greatest. You know the Maelstrom if you have studied an eddy in a gutter."

"I have news, though," said Phil, trying to dispel the comfortless feeling this singular welcome gave him, "which will interest you deeply, Arthur."

"I have news, if I cared to tell it," returned Tregarthen, "which would transform the world." He laughed, and arose from his seat. "How oddly," he said, "the inaccuracies of speech cling to us! I have been telling you in effect that there is no transformation possible for the world, and a moment later I profess to be able to transform it. I could resolve human nature into its simple elements of greed and hate, no doubt—such greed, Phil, that if I told my news, men would gnaw Mon with their teeth from its highest peak to its lowest foundat

at me—such hate that even hypocrisy should vanish in its fire. So that my news would scarcely be good news to the world, Phil, and may as well be kept a secret."

He spoke lightly, and yet with every appearance of sincerity, and, wild as his words were, his manner was calm and usual.

"I don't know what to think of this," said Phil to himself. As a matter of fact he knew well enough what to think of it, but he did not dare to father his own fears.

"I won't be so discourteous, Phil," said Tregarthen, "as to refuse to hear your news. You shall amaze me if you can. I will lock up this valueless bit of devilry," he continued with the greenish crystal between his finger and thumb, "lest any fool should find it and do himself a mischief." He crossed the room, unlocked a safe which stood in one corner, and tossed the object carelessly into a small box. "I was always inclined to be harmless, Phil, but never so much inclined that way as now. Which shows, I fancy," he said as he slammed the door of the safe, "a certain sweetness of disposition, for which I deserve some credit. I owe the world nothing but hatred, and I could pay the debt a million times over." He crossed the room again, and, laying both hands on Phil's shoulders, looked into his eyes with a profound and mournful earnestness. "Power and responsibility are inseparable," he said. "The world suffers already. Men are bitten by their own desires, and gratified desire is despair. And I am one of the dirty crowd myself, Phil, though I scarcely care to think it, and I have not the heart to give them what they cry for."

Phil could only look back at his benefactor and friend with grief and wonder.

"You are hungry after your journey," said Tregarthen, returning to his lighter manner. "Get something to eat, and in the meantime I will dress. You shall tell me your news out of doors, when you have had luncheon. Let me look at you again. You are honest? you are not changed? The little bit of leaven has not leavened the whole lump yet? Not yet. Pure hands and a clean heart are great gifts. They are greater than any I could give you, though I made emperors despair to think of you. Don't throw them away, Phil; don't barter the immediate jewel of your soul for the husks which the swine do eat." He had laid his hands again upon Phil's shoulders, and his voice was full of entreaty and affection, but he broke off abruptly and began to pace the room. "You will do what you must do. Fire will not drown nor water burn because of my beseechings. Go your way, Phil. Eat and drink and be merry—if you may."

Phil opened the door, passed through it, came upon the corridor, and stood there amazed and desolate. He could find but one solution to the problem Tregarthen's speech presented. That there was much melancholy wisdom in it, and the revelation of a heart by nature noble, made none the less the speech of a madman.

The housekeeper had already prepared a meal for him, but Phil had no desire for it, and sent it away untasted. By-and-by Tregarthen appeared.

"Are you ready?" he said. "Have you lunched? Come into the open air, then, and let me hear your news. My work is over." Phil rose obediently, but he asked himself what good end he could serve by telling the news he had travelled so far to carry. "I have of late," said Tregarthen as they came upon the grass in the rear of the old house, "I have of late—and wherefore I know very well—foregone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this most goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilential congregation of vapours."

"He can quote Hamlet," said Phil to himself, "and perhaps he is no more mad than Hamlet after all."

"Your news, Phil?" said Tregarthen. "You promised to surprise me."

"I have serious news, indeed," Phil answered. It looked harder than ever to offer it now, and he could not guess how it might be received. "Arthur, I have met Mrs. Tregarthen." His companion swung round upon his heel and faced him.

"Well?"

"I owe you so much," said Phil earnestly, "that I must try to pay a little." He forgot his diffidence and began to forget his fears for Arthur. "If ever there was a good woman in the world—if ever there was a woman in the world who loved her husband—if ever there was an unhappy woman in the world—I have seen her. Arthur, there was a great mistake."

"You wrote of her," said Tregarthen with no show of feeling, "but you did not write ingenuously. You pretended not to know my knowledge of her, and wrote of her as a stranger."

"She was a stranger then," returned Phil, "but she learned from a friend that I came from Tregarthen, and that you had saved my life. She sent for me and tried to question me about you as if she had not been interested in you"—the lad was moved at the memory of this scene—"but she broke down, and confessed who she was; and, Arthur, since you have let me say so much you must let me go on. I have heard the Gorbay people talking about you a hundred times, and in their mouths it was always you who were at fault. But I knew better, and I knew that you believed terrible things about Mrs. Tregarthen. I believed them too, but I believe them no longer. I have seen her and spoken to her, and she has told me all the story. She did not let you know that she had been upon the stage, and when you found it out she thought you could never forgive her deceit, and she ran away. There was something worse in your own mind against her, or you would have

and her and have brought her back again. But that is all her story. It is all the confession she has to make."

"You are quite sure she is innocent and good, Phil?" asked Tregarthen, looking askance at him.

"I am as sure of her innocence and goodness as I am of my own heart beating at this moment."

"So was I," returned Tregarthen. "Don't you see, Phil," he added, "that you are somewhat indiscreet? This lady is my wife, and it is a hard thing that I should be asked either to incriminate her or to condone crimes. Let me hear no more of her. Your love excuses your error, if your inexperience alone would be extenuation enough for so weak a folly." Phil accepted his rebuff in silence, but he was none the less sure that he was right, and that some dreadful error had separated Arthur and his wife. "Let us change the question," said Tregarthen: "tell me of your studies. Who is your friend, Mr. Marsh? I am out of the world here, and I know nothing of him though you speak of him as being famous."

Phil had no heart to talk, but he answered Tregarthen's questions. He wondered all the while what the real speech of an hour ago had meant. There was no trace of madness now. The youngster knew well enough that he had made a foolish move in attempting to influence Tregarthen by a mere impression of his own, and yet he was as certain as he could be of anything that his impression was the true one. But Arthur seemed frozen into indifference, and Phil had no evidence to offer unless his benefactor been eager to demand it. The last was anything but a fool, and yet it had seemed to him quite natural to suppose that he should come down here, but as he was with sympathy, and by a mere such thaw the heart which had been frost-bound all these years. He had miscounted the relative forces. The frost had conquered the fire, and his own heart for the moment was almost as cold and dark as Tregarthen's.

Tregarthen ceased to question, and the two walked side by side in silence. Phil began to muse, and while he mused the fire began to burn within.

"Arthur," he said suddenly, "there are things we can't prove that we are sure of all the same. I am sure—I know—that she is innocent of any greater fault than that deceit. I know I give you pain, Arthur, but I should deserve nothing you have done for me if I didn't speak. Let me bring you together. If you could see her, if you could hear her, you would believe her."

Tregarthen looked at him and saw that there were tears in his eyes. "It is well to have a good heart, Phil," he said gently, "base as the world is. Keep your beliefs in goodness. You are happier, and will be better for them, till the bitter day when you must lose them. Virtue and honour are fine things to believe in." He laughed there, and went on: "Hope's a toothsome dish when One-and-Twenty serves it piping

hot. Hope served hot—Hope gone cold—Cold Hope in the pot—Nine days old. A nauseous mess, Phil. No relishing it. Take it away."

There was a tone in this bitter badinage which was more afflicting to Phil than even the tenderness which had preceded it. Tregarthen had given him a right to love him, and he loved him, and he was young and enthusiastic, and sure with the certainty of enthusiastic youth.

"You are wrong, Arthur," he cried almost with passion. "Virtue and honour live after one-and-twenty. You prove it yourself. You are virtuous and a man of honour, and do you think that you are a rarity in nature? I haven't seen much of the world, but I know it's a better world than you think it. You have had a cruel experience, Arthur. You have eaten wormwood, and everything tastes of wormwood."

"Very well, Phil," said Tregarthen quietly. "The flavour will last me my lifetime. The coffin worm will scour well if he scours it all away and gives me leave to rise for judgment with a clean tongue." Phil sighed, and offered no reply. "I have had sometimes half a mind of late," said Tregarthen, speaking suddenly, and with a new vivacity, "to put this pretty world to the test, as I could do, but I shrink from debauching altogether men who may not yet be wholly given over to the devil. Who is your honestest man in the world, Phil—your one incorruptible, unpurchaseable?"

Here was the craze again, thought Phil, miserably. He would at least be sure of that.

"How would you test the world, Arthur?"

"That is my news, Phil, if I chose to tell it," Tregarthen answered. "Tell me your honest man, and I will buy him, and turn him to whatever creed you like."

"Buy Thomas Carlyle," said Phil, sardonically. Even madness—if Arthur were really mad, and had not some curious meaning yet unfathomed—deserved no courtesy on a theme like this. "How do you propose to do it?" Tregarthen laughed allowingly, as a man might laugh at a childish puzzle offered by a child. "What should it profit *him*, of all men in the world," asked Phil, "to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What could you offer him?"

"My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time, and makes as healthful music," said Tregarthen, stretching out his hand as if to invite Phil to test him. "Look me in the face. Am I mad—disordered? Is there any sign of mental derangement in me? Do I speak in cool blood and in possession of my faculties? And do you know me for a man of honour, who never lied in his life? Well. I tell you there is no virtue that would not sell itself, and none I could not buy."

All this was painful; but, much as he suffered in the process, Phil determined to examine Tregarthen's mind more closely.

"You mean," he asked, "that you yourself, you personally, might buy all the virtue in the world?" Tregarthen inclined his head gravely.

"I mean nothing else and nothing less than that," he answered, "but, as I told you just now, power and responsibility are inseparable. I dare not put even the meanest wretch in the world to the test, for though he is waiting to be debauched, and was born for no better destiny and desires no better, I dare not have it on my soul that he can point to me at the great assize and say, 'There is the man who first bought my conscience.'" He walked a little further, and then, turning, said: "This power has been wisely hidden from mankind, and whenever a man has found it he has seen the harm of his discovery, and has left no record of the fatal gift his studies have brought him. I shall do as my predecessors have done. I have not even hinted until to-day my possession of the power I hold. It will die with me. It is better that it should. I shall not even make use of it to prolong my own days, for suffering is the chief gift of many years, and I have borne enough already."

Phil saw no way of escape from the dreadful truth. He was willing to believe in many marvels, but the fancies which had taken possession of Tregarthen were the birth of mere madness. Except that he spoke hopelessly and like a cynic upon all themes he touched in the course of that afternoon's walk Arthur's mind seemed sound enough, apart from this one astounding aberration. What with affection and pity Phil's heart was like to break; and when at last Tregarthen took him back to the house and showed him that trumpery bit of greenish crystal as the talisman which could give riches and power and eternal youth to its possessor the lad could hold in his grief no longer, but fairly sat down with his face in his hands, and cried.

The owner of the precious talisman took no notice of this outburst, but, sitting in the attitude in which Phil had discovered him a few hours before, he stared at the treasure with an absorbed and dreamy gaze. It was hopeless to speak to him, useless to argue, absurd to demand a test. Phil watched him broken-heartedly for a while and then stole away. There seemed to his disturbed heart a threatening shadow on the house, and in the chill twilight of the lonely rooms he found a fear he had never known before.

The housekeeper summoned him to dinner, but he excused himself at first, until the poor woman broke out and declared that there was a blight upon the place.

"No luncheon, sir, and now no dinner, and Mr. Arthur going about like a ghost, eating nothing for days together, and wearing himself into his grave. For pity's sake, Mr. Philip, do eat something, sir—and a healthy young gentleman like you, sir, ought to have an appetite, I'm sure—for if you don't I shall make up my mind there's something dreadful in the house. I'm half afraid to live in it already."

At this appeal he consented; but when he went to induce Tregarthen to join him, he found the door locked against him, and there was no answer to his summons.

CHAPTER XIII.

PHIL left the Island two days later, and Tregarthen was just as sane and just as insane as he had found him on arrival.

"You are provided for, Phil," said Tregarthen, as he shook hands at parting. "My will was made long since, and there is nobody but you to whom I care to leave a penny. I do not wish you ill enough to leave you my secret. It's a type of life at large," he added, with a mournful smile. "I have spent the best years of my life in hunting for it, and now I have found it it is worthless and worse than worthless. I do not know if I shall see you again, for to outlive hope is to almost outlive everything, and I have nothing left to care for. If these are the last words you hear of mine you will value them. There is one possession in the world worth coveting, and that is honour, though it is so little valued that men sell it for a mess of pottage. Cherish Virtue, Phil. She will not make you happy. That is a foolish fable. If you wish to be happy, be a fool, and have no care for the morrow; be a hog with the rest, and keep your feet in the trough. But if only one man in the world should turn his back on the world's shameful joys, let that man be yourself. Good-bye."

He drew Phil towards him and kissed him on the cheek, and then walked indoors. Phil went away well-nigh heart-broken, and this was the first great grief of his manhood.

He told Marsh that his intercession had been useless, but he had not the heart to say more about his journey, and he loved Arthur too well to spread the story of the talisman. He came to know more of Mrs. Tregarthen, and to have better ground than he had at first for his good opinion of her. The world is never of one complexion only, even to the most profound natures, and neither Mrs. Tregarthen nor Phil were always shadowed by their respective sorrows. For one thing, Miss Lina, who had grown into a charming and sprightly woman, was on the eve of a brilliant marriage, and was gay from morn till eve. She alone would have kept a more selfish creature than her sister from stagnation, and there were duties, social and professional, which had to be attended to, and served their turn in keeping the wolf from the door.

It befell one day that the youngster, walking in poetic cloudland towards the house of the great actress, was suddenly pulled from his dreams by a hand upon his arm, and, turning round, saw the poet.

"You are going to call upon Mrs. Tregarthen?"

"Yes," said Phil.

"We will go together," said Marsh, and they walked side by side for a little time in silence. In was a sunlit afternoon, and there were window gardens at every house in the street, with bright-coloured jalousies gleaming over the flowers, so that a pleasant sense of warmth and colour stole to the hearts of the two unobservant creatures as they

walked along, and brightened their dreamy fancies. And suddenly, as if she were in some way the product of this unusual fulness of colour and radiance, appeared the charming Miss Lina accompanied by a little girl of twelve or thirteen years, who looked like an attendant fairy. Phil saw something so surprising in the aspect of this little stranger that he raised his hat mechanically in answer to the young lady's gracious salute, and looked at the child with so curious an interrogation that he plainly alarmed her.

"Has Mrs. Tregarthen a daughter?" he asked Marsh a minute later.

"Yes," said the poet. "We have just passed her. A pretty child, is she not?"

"I should have guessed her to be Arthur's child, or at any rate a close relative of his, wherever I had seen her," returned Phil. "There is a portrait of Arthur's mother at Tregarthen, painted when she was a child. I have been familiar with it ever since I can remember. It might have been painted from the child we have just seen."

This news would have been a relief to Marsh years ago, but it had been unneeded now for many and many a day of certainty.

"It is not uncommon that a child should resemble its father," he said tranquilly, "or its father's mother. Is Tregarthen like his mother?"

"Amazingly," said Phil. "His features are masculine and hers were feminine, but beyond that it would puzzle you to find a difference in their pictures. The expression governs all."

The two made their call upon the actress, and there was nothing in the afternoon to distinguish it outwardly from many others so spent before and after. But when they had left the house and were walking home together the poet made a confession.

"I have been guilty of a theft," he said. "Send that to Tregarthen. If there are any bowels in the man at all it will bring him to reason."

He drew from his breast pocket a photograph of the child, and Phil, upon his first glance at it, gave a little exclamation.

"With a change of costume," he said, regarding the picture attentively, "and another arrangement of the hair, it might pass as a photograph from the picture;" and indeed the likeness was remarkable.

He wrote a letter that night (though he had little hope of piercing the darkness of Arthur's mind) in which he told how he had that day for the first time learned of the existence of a daughter of Mrs. Tregarthen's, how the surprising likeness of the child to Tregarthen had appealed to him, and how he had been moved again by this new knowledge to write in behalf of a most unhappy and most virtuous lady. He enclosed the photograph, and, having posted the letter with his own hands, awaited a response, without much hope. When it came he experienced a shock.

"My dear Phil," Tregarthen's brief letter ran, "God's hand has so moulded my child's face that I should be a fool as well as a villain to

deny her. She at least is mine. It may be that you are right and that I have been mistaken. I shall resolve that doubt before long, for I am dying."

Whether this news were true or fanciful he could not tell, and he could not set his mind at rest except by an immediate return to Tregarthen, but before he started he must see Marsh and consult with him if only for a moment.

"If he is dying," said Marsh, who could not share Phil's doubt, not guessing at the reason he had for doubting, or even knowing that he doubted, "she should know it, and should let her own heart decide whether she shall see him."

"You have known her longer," said Phil, "and better than I have. You can take the letter to her. If she should decide to go, she may accept my escort."

Marsh accepted the errand, and fulfilled it. In effect—Mrs. Tregarthen decided to see her husband if he would receive her, and she and her child, in Phil's charge, started upon the journey. It was now thirteen years since she had so foolishly run away from home and happiness, darkening her own life and the life of the man who loved her. But that had never seemed her crime. Her real folly was hidden in the shadow of the mere reticence which had always seemed criminal. Perhaps since she felt it so, and had always felt it so, her sin really lay there, though few people would have cared to characterise it by so harsh a name. She had reaped fame and riches and a heart-full of regrets, and none of the purposes for which she had lived had seemed worth much to her, except in so far as they seemed to avenge Arthur, and then they became valuable.

Phil left her with her child and her maid at one of the hotels at Gorbay, and crossed to the Island alone to spy out the land before her. Tregarthen sat where he had sat before, and Phil supposed at first that his downward gaze was still directed at the bit of crystal, but when he drew near he saw the child's photograph in the father's hand. He had knocked at the door and had received no response, and now he had to lay his hand upon Arthur's shoulder to arouse him from his reverie. He was startled at the hollow eyes and the gaunt face which turned towards him.

"You are here again, Phil?" said Tregarthen in a waste-sounding voice. "I am glad of that. I wanted to see you again, but I did not care to ask you to come."

"I came because of your letter, Arthur," answered Phil. "That is the photograph I sent you?"

"Yes."

"I have brought your little daughter with me," said Phil tremulously. "Would you like to see her?"

"Yes," said Tregarthen. "I should like to see her. Bring her to me. Where is she?"

"I left her at Gorbay," returned Phil. "Arthur, your wife is with er. She longs to see you. She never knew till lately that you suspected er of worse than that deceit of hers about the stage. If she had ancied that such a construction could be put upon her running away he would have stayed, or have returned again to clear herself of that. Arthur, she is as pure as crystal. I am sure of it. I know it. Shall bring her here?"

"Tell her," said Tregarthen huskily, "tell her this before she comes. have only a day or two to live. Hush, Phil! No disclaimers can lter it. If she can come here, if she cares to come here, and tell me I ave wronged her I will believe her. I shall know all about it by-and-by, ut I will believe her. For my share in the fault and folly I have borne nough to be forgiven."

"Arthur," asked Phil, "why do you speak like this? Why do you ell me you are dying? You only need shake off the fancies that oppress ou to be happy and well and strong again."

"The doctor comes here," returned Tregarthen, with a ghastly smile, "and prescribes food I can't eat, medicine I can't drink, and occupations which are impossible. I am dying, Phil, and there is an end of it. I am glad to go. This lingering taking leave is painful, but I have been patient too long to grow impatient now. There—go, and do your errand, Phil. Prove me twice a fool and kill what earthly longing may be left."

To Phil's mind the tragedy was too complete for anything to add to it. The boatmen rowed him back to Gorbay, and he found Mrs. Tregarthen pale and trembling with suspense, but self-possessed.

"Tell me," she demanded, "what he said. You told him I was here?"

Hard as it was to do it, he told her all. She took the wondering child by the hand and arose. She had not removed her travelling-dress, and there was no time lost in preparation. Phil led the way silently through the sunlit street, and down to the beach. The waters sparkled softly and the Island was all amber and amethyst in the sun, for there was a little haze abroad which gave the effect of distance. They landed at the Sea Gate, and she remembered her first coming there and the last time of her leaving, and the years that had passed since then looked like a very gulf of time. When she stepped upon the sands her limbs almost refused to support her, but Phil lent her an arm, and she walked to the house trembling. The housekeeper had seen them approach and half guessed who the veiled lady might be. She stood at the door with a disturbed face, but her expression changed to one of unmixed wonder when she saw the child.

Phil, with Mrs. Tregarthen clinging to his arm, walked down the corridor to Tregarthen's room, and there having rapped once he threw open the door and surrendered his charge. The actress and her child entered, and he having closed the door went away.

Tregarthen with his hollow eyes and gaunt face, his jutting beard and neglected hair, was so unlike himself that for a moment his wife

scarcely knew him, though they were so near to each other and each was entangled in the other's glance.

"Arthur!" she said, "Arthur!"

She was on her knees at his side. He looked at her with intent inquiry, and at the same time reached out a hand for the child and drew her towards him.

"Clara," he said after a dreadful pause, "you gave me a right to doubt you. You gave me a right to hate the world, and throw my life away. I am dying, and I know it. There is no one here before whom you need pretend. I shall know everything in an hour or two. It is not worth while to deceive me for so brief a time. Tell me the truth. Why did you leave me?"

"I had deceived you," she answered, still entangled by his glance. "I knew that you could never love nor respect me any more. I could not bear to think it, and I ran away."

"Did I marry an honest woman, Clara?" He had a right to ask the question, and she knew it.

"This little child," she said, "is no purer than I was when we married, Arthur."

"You can say that to a dying man, and with your arm about the child?"

"I can say it, Arthur, in God's hearing, and call Him to witness that I speak the truth."

He turned away with a weak gesture of head and hands.

"Shipwrecked," he murmured, "by collision with a bubble! That sounds strange, Clara. And the ship went down as though it had struck upon a solid rock. Is it of any use that the ghosts who wash up against each other after all these years should make a pretence of being alive again?"

If this were but a poor reconciliation for two mortal hearts, it was yet all that was allowed them for the time. Tregarthen was so weak that he fell asleep after a few minutes of silence, and his wife watched him with such thoughts and regrets as may be fancied.

He slept till evening, and at dusk the housekeeper dared to enter the room and put a light to the materials for a fire which lay ready in the grate. The child cried at this strange home-coming, and her mother soothed her, and when the room was ruddy with the firelight Tregarthen awoke.

"Phil," he said softly, without raising his head; "where is Phil?"

"Shall I send for him?" asked Mrs. Tregarthen.

"You are here?" he asked, turning his eyes upon her. "We wasted a day or two of pleasure here. We shall have time enough to know each other better. Where is Phil?"

She moved quietly to the corridor, and there was poor Phil walking up and down noiselessly with slippered feet. At her beckoning hand he came.

"He has asked for you," she whispered.

"There is a little box in the safe," said Tregarthen, when Phil entered ıe room and bent above him. "Give it to me."

The key was in the lock and the safe opened easily. Phil found the ɔx and placed it on Arthur's knees.

"There's something in the box, Phil. Take it out. What is it?"

"A greenish bit of glass, Arthur. Nothing else."

"Throw it in the fire, Phil." The youngster obeyed him. "That 'as no philosopher's stone," said Tregarthen, struggling up in his chair nd supporting himself with both hands. "I shall find the true one very ɔon. It stands at the head of every peasant's grave!"

THE END.

Folk Songs of Provence.

On a day in the late autumn it happened to the writer to be standing at a window looking down into an untidy back street at Avignon. It was a way of getting through the hours between a busy morning and a busy evening—hours which did not seem inclined to go. If ever man be tempted to upbraid the slowness of the flight of time, it is surely in the vacant intervals of travel. The prospect at the window could hardly be called enlivening; by-and-by, however, the dulness of the outlook was lessened a little. The sounds of a powerful and not unmusical voice came along the street; people hastened to their doors, and in a minute or so a young lame man made his appearance. He was singing Provençal songs. Here was the last of the troubadours!

If it needed some imagination to see in this humble minstrel the representative of the courtly adepts in the gay science, still his relationship to them was not purely fanciful. The itinerant singer used to be the troubadour of the poor. No doubt his more illustrious brother grudged him the name. "I am astonished," said Giraud Riquier to Alfonso of Aragon, "that folks confound the troubadours with those ignorant and uncouth persons who, as soon as they can play some screeching instrument, go through the streets asking alms and singing before a vile rabble;" and Alfonso answered that in future the noble appellation of "joglaria" should be granted no longer to mountebanks who went about with dancing dogs, goats, monkeys, or puppets, imitating the song of birds, or for a meagre pittance singing before people of base extraction, but that they should be called "bufos," as in Lombardy. Giraud Riquier was not benevolently inclined when he embodied in verse his protest and the King's endorsement of it; yet his words now lend an ancient dignity to the class they were meant to bring into contempt. The lame young man at Avignon had no dancing dogs, nor did he mimic the song of birds—an art still practised with wonderful skill in Italy. He helped out his entertainment by another device, one suitable to an age which reads; he sold printed songs, and he presented "letters." If you bought two sous' worth of songs you were entitled to a "letter." It has to be explained that "letters" form a kind of fortune-telling, very popular in Provence. A number of small scraps of paper are attached to a ring; you pull off one at hazard, and on it you find a full account of the fate reserved to you. Nothing more simple. As to the songs, loose sheets containing four or five of them are to be had for fifteen centimes. We have seen on the quay at Marseilles an open bookstall where four thousand of these songs are advertised for sale. Some are in Provençal, some in French; many are interlarded

ences, in which case they are called "cansounetto émé parla." merly the same style of composition bore the name of *cantefable*. The ects chosen are comic, or sentimental, or patriotic, or, again, simply l. There is, for example, a dialogue between a proprietor and a er. "Workman, why are you always grumbling?" asks the oussu," who speaks French, as do angels and upper-class people rally in Provençal songs. "If your old quarters are to be pulled n, a fine new one will be built instead. Ere long the town of rseilles will become a paradise, and the universe will exclaim, 'What arvel! Fine palaces replace miserable hovels!'" For all that, re- s the workman in Provençal patois, the abandonment of his old rter costs a pang to a child *deis Carmes* (an old part of Marseilles, ding where the Greek town stood). It was full of attraction to him. re his father lived before him; there his friends had grown with to manhood; there he had brought up his children and lived con- . The proprietor argues that it was far less clean than could be ned—there was too much insectivorous activity in it. He tells the kman that he can find a lodging, after all not very expensive, in e brand-new building outside the town: the railway will bring him is work. Unconvinced, the workman returns to his refrain, "Re- erni toujour moun vieil Marsïo." If the rhymes are bad, if the ject is prosaic, we have here at least the force of a fact pregnant h social danger. Is it only at Marseilles that the grand improve- ts of modern days mean, for the man who lives by his labour, the k-up of his home, the destruction of his household gods, the dis- ion of all that sweetened and hallowed his poverty? The songs ally bear an author's name; but the authors of the original pieces, ugh they may enjoy a solid popularity in Provence, are rarely known wider fame. One of them, M. Marius Féraud, whose address we l in our hands, will be happy to compose songs or romances for riages, baptisms, and other such events, either in Provençal or in nch, introducing any surname and Christian name indicated, and nging the metre so as to suit the favourite tune of the person who rs the poem.

Street ditties occupy an intermediate place between literate and erate poesy. Once the repertory of the itinerant *bufo* was drawn a source which might be called popular without qualifying the . With the pilgrim and the roving apprentice he was a chief agent he diffusion of ballads. Even now he has a right to be remembered ny account of the songs of Provence; but, having given him mention, nust leave the streets to go to the well-heads of popular inspiration— straggling village, the isolated farm, the cottage alone on the byeway. When in the present century there was a revival of Provençal ature, after a suspension of some five hundred years, the poets who oted their not mean gifts to this labour of love discerned, with true ght, that the only Provençal who was still thoroughly alive was the

peasant. Through the long lapse of time in the progress of which Provence had lost its very name—becoming a thing of French departments—the peasant, it was discovered, had not changed much; acting on which discovery, the new Provençal school produced two works of a value that could not have been reached had it been attempted either to give an archaic dress to the ideas and interests of the modern world, or to galvanise the dry bones of mediæval romance into a dubious animation. These works are *Mirèio* and *Margarido*. Mistral, with the idealising touch of the imaginative artist, paints the Provence of the valley of the Rhone, whilst Marius Trussy photographs the ruder and wilder Provence of mountain and torrent. Taken together, the two poems perfectly illustrate the *Wahrheit und Dichtung* of the life of the people whose songs we have to study.

Since there is record of them the Provençaux have danced and sung. They may be said to have furnished songs and dances to all France, and even to lands far beyond the border of France. A French critic relates how, when he was young, he went night after night to a certain theatre in Paris to see a dance performed by a company of English pantomimists. The dancers gradually stripped a staff, or may-pole, of its many-coloured ribbons, which became in their hands a sort of moving kaleidoscope. This, that he thought at the time to be an exclusively English invention, was the old Provençal dance of the *olivette*. In the Carnival season dances of an analogous kind are still performed, here and there, by bands of young men, who march in appropriate costume from place to place, led by their harlequin and by a player on the *galoubé*, the little pipe which should be considered the national instrument of Provence. Harlequin improvises couplets in a sarcastic vein, and the crowd of spectators is not slow to apply each sally to some well-known person; whence it comes that Ash Wednesday carries a sense of relief to many worthy individuals. May brings with it more dances and milder songs. Young men plant a tree, with a nosegay atop, before their sweethearts' doors, and then go singing—

Lou premier jour de mai,
O Diou d'eime!
Quand tout se renouvelo
Rossignolet!
Quand tout se renouvelo.

The great business of the month is sheep-shearing, a labour celebrated in a special song. "When the month of May comes, the shearers come; they shear by night, they shear by day; for a month, and a fortnight, and three weeks they shear the wool of these white sheep." When the shearers go, the washers come; when the washers go, the carders come; then come the spinners, the weavers, the buyers, and the ragmen wh gather up the bits. Across the nonsense of which it is composed th ditty reflects the old excitement caused in the lonely homesteads by annual visit of the plyers of these several trades, who turned eve upside down and brought strange news of the world. At h

was, and there is yet, a great gathering at the larger farms. Troops of labourers assemble to do the needful work. Sometimes, after the evening meal, a curious song called the "Reapers' Grace" is sung before the men go to rest. It has two parts: the first is a variation on the first chapter of Genesis. Adam and *nouestro maire Evo* are put into the Garden of Eden. Adam is forbidden to eat of the fruit of life; he eats thereof, and the day of his death is foretold him. He will be buried under a palm, a cypress, and an olive, and out of the wood of the olive the Cross will be made. The second part, sung to a quick, lively air, is an expression of goodwill to the master and the mistress of the farm, every verse ending, "Adorem devotement Jesù eme Mario." A few years ago the harvest led on naturally to the vintage. It is not so now. The vines of Provence, excellent in themselves, though never turned to the same account as those of Burgundy or Bordeaux, have been almost completely ruined by the phylloxera. The Provençal was satisfied if his wine was good enough to suit his own taste and that of his neighbours; thus he had not laid by wealth to support him in the evil day that has come. "Is there no help?" we asked of a man of the poorer class. "Only rain, much rain, can do good," he answered, "and," he added, "we have not had a drop for four months." The national disaster has been borne with the finest fortitude, but in Provence at least there seems to be small faith in any method of grappling with it. The vines, they say, are spoilt by the attempt to submit them to an artificial deluge; so one after the other, the peasant roots them up, and tries to plant cabbages or what not. Three hundred years back the Provençaux would have known what measures to take: the offending insect would have been prosecuted. Between 1545 and 1596 there was a run of these remarkable trials at Arles. In 1565 the Arlesiens asked for the expulsion of the grasshoppers. The case came before the Tribunal de l'Officialité, and Maître Marin was assigned to the insects as counsel. He defended his clients with much zeal. Since the accused had been created, he argued that they were justified in eating what was necessary to them. The opposite counsel cited the serpent in the Garden of Eden and sundry other animals mentioned in Scripture as having incurred severe penalties. The grasshoppers got the worst of it, and were ordered to quit the territory, with a threat of anathematization from the altar, to be repeated till the last of them had obeyed the sentence of the honourable court.

One night in the winter of 1819 there was a frost which, had it been a few times repeated, would have done as final mischief to the olives as the phylloxera has done to the vines. The terror of that night is remembered still. Corn, vine, and olive—these were the gifts of the Greek to Provence, and the third is the most precious of all. The olive has here an Eastern importance; the Provençaux would see a living truth in the story of how the trees said unto it, "Reign thou over us." In the flowering season the slightest sharpness in the air sends half the rural population bare-foot upon a pilgrimage to the nearest

St. Briggitte or St. Rossoline. The olive harvest is the supreme event of the year. It has its song too. In the warm days of St. Martin's summer, says the late Damase Arbaud, some worker in the olive woods will begin to sing of a sudden—

Ai rescountrat ma mio—diluns.

It is a mere nonsense song respecting the meeting of a lover and his lass on every day of the week, she being each day on her way to buy provisions, and he giving her the invariable advice that she had better come back, because it is raining. Were it the rarest poetry the effect could be hardly more beautiful than it is. When the first voice has sung, "I met my love . . . ." ascending slowly from a low note, the whole group of olive-gatherers take it up, then the next, and again the next, till the country-side is made all musical by the swell and fall of sound sent forth from every grey coppice; and even long after the nearer singers have ceased, others unseen in the distance still raise the high-pitched call, "Come back, my love, come back! . . . come back!"

On the first of November it is customary in Provence for families to meet and dine. The fruits of the earth are garnered, the year's business is over and done. The year has brought perhaps new faces into the family; very likely it has taken old faces away. Towards evening the bells begin to toll for the vigil of the feast of All Souls. Tears come into the eyes of the older guests, and the children are hurried off to bed. Why should they be present at this letting loose of grief? To induce them to retire with good grace, they are allowed to take with them what is left of the dessert—chestnuts, or grapes, or figs. The child puts a portion of his spoils at the bottom of his bed for the *armettes*: so are called the spirits of the dead who are still in a state of relation with the living, not being yet finally translated into their future abode. Children are told that if they are good the *armettes* will kiss them this night; if they are naughty, they will scratch their little feet.

The Provençal religious songs, poor though they are from a literary point of view, yet possess more points of interest than can be commonly looked for in folk songs which treat of religion. They contain frequent allusions to beliefs that have to be sought either in the earliest apocryphal writings of the Christian era or in the lately unearthed records of rabbinical tradition. Various of them have regard to what is still, as M. Lenthéric says, "one of the great popular emotions of the South of France"—the reputed presence there of Mary Magdalene. M. Lenthéric is convinced that certain Jewish Christians, flying from persecution at home, did come to Provence (between the ports of which and the East there was constant communication) a short time after the Crucifixion. He is further inclined to give credit to the impression that Mary Magdalene and her companions were among these fugitives. We cannot go into the reasons that have been urged against the story by English and German scholars; it is enough for us that it is a popular credence of very ancient origin. One side issue of it is particularly worth noting.

A little servant girl named Sara is supposed to have accompanied the Jewish emigrants, and her the gypsies of Provence have adopted as their patroness. Once a year they pay their respects to her tomb at Saintes Maries de la Mer. This is almost the only case in which the gypsy race has shown any disposition to identify itself with a religious cultus. The fairy legend of Tarascon is another offshoot from the main tradition. "Have you seen the Tarasque?" we were asked in the course of a saunter through that town one cold morning between the hours of seven and eight. It seemed that the original animal was kept in a stall. To stimulate our anxiety to make its acquaintance we were handed the portrait of a beast, half hedgehog, half hippopotamus, out of whose somewhat human jaw dangled the legs of a small boy. Later we heard the story from the lips of the sister of the landlord at the primitive little inn; much did it gain from the vivacious grace of the narrator, in whom there is as surely proof positive of a Greek descent as can be seen in any of the more famous daughters of Arles. "When the friends of our Lord landed in Provence, St. Mary Magdalene went to Sainte Baume, St. Lazarus to Marseilles, and St. Martha came here to Tarascon. Now there was a terrible monster called the Tarasque, which was desolating all the country round and carrying off all the young children to eat. When St. Martha was told of the straits the folks were in, she went out to meet the monster with a piece of red ribbon in her hand. Soon it came, snorting fire out of its nostrils; but the saint threw the red ribbon over its neck, and lo! it grew quite still and quiet, and followed her back into the town as if it had been a good dog. To keep the memory of this marvel, we at Tarascon have a wooden Tarasque, which we take round the town at Whitsuntide with much rejoicing. About once in twenty years there is a very grand *fête* indeed, and people come from far, far off. I have—naturally—seen this grand celebration only once." A gleam of coquetry lit up the long eyes: our friend clearly did not wish to be supposed to have an experience ranging over too long a period. Then she went on, "You must know that at Beaucaire, just there across the Rhone, the folks have been always ready to die of jealousy of our Tarasque. Once upon a time they thought they would have one as well as we; so they made the biggest Tarasque that ever had been dreamt of. How proud they were! But, alas! when the day came to take it round the town, it was found that it would not come out of the door of the workshop! Ah! those dear Beaucairos!" This we believe to be a pure fable, like the rest; to the good people of Tarascon it appears the most pleasing part of the whole story. Our informant added, with a merry laugh, "There came this way an Englishman—a very sceptical Englishman. When he heard about the difficulty of the Beaucairos he asked, 'Why did they not have recourse to St. Martha?'"

As we have strayed into personal reminiscence, the record of one other item of conversation will perhaps be allowed. That same morning we went to breakfast at the house of a Provençal friend, to meet the

ablest exponent of political positivism, the Radical deputy for Montmartre. Over our host's strawberries (strawberries never end at Tarascon) we imparted our newly acquired knowledge. When it came to the point of saying that certain elderly persons were credibly stated to have preserved a lively faith in the authenticity of the legend, M. Clémenceau listened with a look of such unmistakable concern that we said, half amused, "You do not believe much in poetry?" The answer was characteristic. "Yes, I believe in it much; but is it necessary to poetry that the people should credit such absurdities?" Is it necessary? Possibly Marius Trussy, who inveighs so passionately against "lou progré," would say that it is. Anyhow the Tarasques of the world are doomed; whether they will be without successors is a different question. Some one has said that mankind has always lived upon illusions, and always will, the essential thing being to change the nature of these illusions from time to time, so as to bring them into harmony with the spirit of the age.

Provençal folk songs have but few analogies with the literature which heedlessly, though beyond recall, has been named Provençal. The poetry of the Miejour was a literary orchid of the fabulous sort that has neither root nor fruit. A chance stanza, addressed to some high-born Blancoflour, finds its way occasionally into the popular verse of Provence with the marks of lettered authorship still clinging to it; but further than this the resemblance does not go. The love poets of the people make use of a flower language, which is supposed to be a legacy of the Moors. Thyme accompanies a declaration; the violet means doubt or uneasiness; rosemary signifies complaint; nettles announce a quarrel. The course of true love nowhere flows less smoothly than in old Provence. As soon as a country girl is suspected of having a liking for some youth, she is set upon by her family as if she were guilty of a monstrous crime. A microscopic distinction of rank, a divergence in politics, or a deficiency of money will be snatched as the excuse for putting the lover under the ban of absolute proscription. From the inexplicable obstacles placed in the way of lovers it follows that a large proportion of Provençal marriages are the result of an elopement. The expedient never fails; Provençal parents do not lock up their runaway daughters in convents where no one can get at them. The delinquents are married as fast as possible. What is more, no evil is thought or spoken of them. To make assurance doubly sure, a curious formality is observed. The girl calls upon two persons, secretly convened for the purpose, to bear witness that she carries off her lover, who afterwards protests that his part in the comedy was purely passive. In less than twenty years the same drama is enacted with Margarido, the daughter, in the *rôle* of Mario the mother.

L'herbo que grio
Toujours reverdilho;
L'herbo d'amour
Reverdilho toujours.

The plant of love grows where there are young hearts; but how comes it that middle-aged hearts turn inevitably to cast iron? There is one song which has the right to be accepted as the typical love song of Provence. Mistral adapted it to his own use, and it figures in his poem as the "Chanson de Majali." Our translation follows as closely as may be after the popular version which is sung from the Comtat Venaissin to the Var:—

Margaret! my first love,
Do not say me nay!
A morning music thou must have,
A waking roundelay.
—Your waking music irks me,
And irk me all who play;
If this goes on much longer
I'll drown myself one day.
—If this goes on much longer,
And thou wilt drown one day,
Why, then a swimmer I will be,
And save thee sans delay.
—If then a swimmer thou wilt be,
And save me sans delay,
Then I will be an eel, and slip
From 'twixt thy hands away.
—If thou wilt be an eel, and slip
From 'twixt my hands away,
Why, I will be the fisherman
Whom all the fish obey.
—If thou wilt be the fisherman
Whom all the fish obey,
Then I will be the tender grass
That yonder turns to hay.
—If thou wilt be the tender grass
That yonder turns to hay,
Why, then a mower I will be,
And mow thee in the may.
—If thou a mower then wilt be,
And mow me in the may,
I, as a little hare, will go
In yonder wood to stray.
—If thou a little hare wilt go
In yonder wood to stray,
Then will I come, a hunter bold,
And have thee as my prey.
—If thou wilt come a hunter bold
To have me as thy prey,
Then I will be the endive small
In yonder garden gay.
—If thou wilt be the endive small
In yonder garden gay,
Then I will be the falling dew,
And fall on thee alway.
—If thou wilt be the falling dew,
And fall on me alway,

Then I will be the white, white rose
On yonder thorny spray.
—If thou wilt be the white, white rose
On yonder thorny spray,
Then I will be the honey bee,
And kiss thee all the day.
—If thou wilt be the honey bee,
And kiss me all the day,
Then I will be in yonder heaven
The star of brightest ray.
—If thou wilt be in yonder heaven
The star of brightest ray,
Then I will be the dawn, and we
Shall meet at break of day.
—If thou wilt be the dawn, so we
May meet at break of day,
Then I will be a nun professed,
A nun of orders grey.
—If thou wilt be a nun professed,
A nun of orders grey,
Then I will be the prior, and thou
To me thy sins must say.
—If thou wilt be the prior, and I
To thee my sins must say,
Then will I sleep among the dead,
While the sisters weep and pray.
—If thou wilt sleep among the dead,
While the sisters weep and pray,
Then I will be the holy earth
That on thee they shall lay.
—If thou wilt be the holy earth
That on me they shall lay—
Well—since some gallant I must have,
I will not say thee nay.

A distinguished French scholar thought that he heard in this an echo of Anacreon's ode κ' ἐὺς κόρην. The inference suggested is too hazardous for acceptance; yet that in some sort the song may date from Greek Provence would seem to be the opinion even of cautious critics. Thus we are led to look back to those associations which, without giving a personal or political splendour such as that attached to Magna Græcia, lend nevertheless to Provençal memories the exquisite charm, the "*bouquet*" (if the word does not sound absurd) of all things Greek. The legend of Greek beginnings in Provence will bear being once more told. Four hundred and ninety years before Christ a little fleet of Greek fortune-seekers left Phocæa, in Asia Minor, and put into a small creek on the Provençal coast, the port of the future Marseilles. As soon as they had disembarked, deeming it to be of importance to them to stand well with the people of the land, they sent to the king of the tribes inhabiting those shores an ambassador bearing gifts and overtures of friendly intercourse. When the ambassador reached Arles, Nann, the king, giving a great feast to his warriors, from among whom his

yptis was that day to choose a husband. The young Greek entered the nqueting-hall and sat down at the king's board. When the feasting as over, fair-haired Gyptis, the royal maiden, rose from her seat and went raightway to the strange guest; then, lifting in her hands the cup of pousal, she offered it to his lips. He drank, and Provence became the ride of Greece.

The children of that marriage left behind them a graveyard to tell eir history. Desecrated and despoiled though it is, still the great rlesian cemetery bears unique witness as well to the civilised prosperity the Provençal Greeks as to their decline under the influences which rmed the modern Provence. Irreverence towards the dead—a comratively new human characteristic—can nowhere be more fully served than in the *Elysii Campi* of Arles. The love of destruction has een doing its worst there for some centuries. To any king coming to e town the townsfolk would make a gift of a priceless treasure stolen om their dead ancestors, while the peasant who wanted a cattle trough, the mason in need of a door lintel, went unrebuked and carried off hat thing suited him. Not even the halo of Christian romance could ve the Alyscamps. The legend is well known. St. Trefume, man or yth, summoned the bishops of Gaul and Provence to the consecration this burial-ground. When they were assembled and the rite was to be erformed, each one shrank from taking on himself so high an office; en Christ appeared in their midst and made the sign of the cross over e sleeping-place of the pagan dead. Out of the countless stories of the eeting of the new faith and the old—stories too often of a nascent or an xpiring fanaticism, there is not one which breathes a gentler spirit. It as long believed that the devil had little power with the dead that lay Arles. Hence the multitude of sepulchres which Dante saw *ove 'l odano stagna*. Princes and archbishops and an innumerable host of inor folks left instructions that they might be buried in the Alyscamps. simple mode of transport was adopted by the population of the higher thone valley. The body, bound to a raft or bier, was committed to the urrent of the river, with a sum of money called the "drue de mourtlage" attached to it. These silent travellers always reached their estination in safety, persons appointed to the task being in readiness to eceive them. The sea water washed the limits of the cemetery in the days the Greeks, who looked across the dark, calm surface of the immense gune and thought of dying as of embarkation upon a voyage—not the st voyage of the body down the river of life, but the first voyage of the ul over the sea of death—and they wished their dead εὐπλοῖ.

The Greek traces that exist in the living people of Provence are few, ut distinct. There is, in the first place, the type of beauty particularly sociated with the women of Arles. As a rule the Provençal woman is ot beautiful; nor is she very willing to admit that her Arlesian sisters re one whit more beautiful than she. The secret of their fame is interreted by her in the stereotyped remark, "C'est la coiffe!" But the

coif of Arles, picturesque though it is in its stern simplicity, could not change an ugly face into a pretty one, and the wearers of it are well entitled to the honour they claim as their birthright. Scarcely due attention has been paid to the good looks of the older and even of the aged women; we have not seen their equals save among a race of quite another type, the Teutonic amazons of the Val Mastalone. In countries where the sun is fire, if youth does not always mean beauty, beauty means almost always youth. M. Lenthéric thinks that he detects a second clear trace of the Greeks in the horn wrestling practised all over the dried up lagune which the fork of the Rhone below Arles forms into an island. Astride of their wild white steeds, the horsemen drive one of the superb black bulls of the Camargue towards a group of young men on foot, who, catching him by his horns, wrestle with him till he is forced to bend the knee and bite the dust. The amusement is dangerous, but it is not brutal. The horses escape unhurt, so does the bull; the risk is for the men alone, and it is a risk voluntarily and eagerly run. So popular is the sport that it is difficult to prevent children from joining in it. In Thessaly it was called κεράτισις, and the bull, in the act of submission, is represented on a large number of Massaliote and other coins.

Marseilles, which has lost the art and the type of Greece, has kept the Greek temperament. It is no more French than Naples is Italian: both are Greek towns, though the characteristics that prove them such have been somewhat differentiated by unlike external conditions. Still they have points in common which are many and strong. Marsalia can match in *émeutes* the proverbial *quattordici rebellioni* of "loyal" Parthenope; and quickness of intelligence, love of display, mobility of feeling, together with an astounding vitality, belong as much to Marseillais as to Neapolitan. The people of Marseilles, the most thriftless in France, have thriven three thousand years, and are thriving now, in spite of the readiness of each small middle-class family to lay out a half-year's savings on a breakfast at Roubion's; in spite of the alacrity with which each working man sacrifices a week's wages in order to "demonstrate" in favour of, or still better against, no matter whom or what. Nowhere is there a more overweening local pride. "Paris," say the Marseillais, "would be a fine town if it had our *Cannebière*." Nowhere, as has been made lamentably plain, are the hatreds of race and caste and politics more fierce or more ruthless. Even with her own citizens Marseilles is stern; only after protest does she grant a monument to Adolphe Thiers—himself just a Greek Massaliote thrown into the French political arena. There is reason to think that Greek was a spoken tongue at Marseilles at least as late as the sixth century A.D. The Sanjanen, the fisherman of St. John's Quarter, has still a whole vocabulary of purely Greek terms incidental to his calling. The Greek character of the speech of the Marseillais sailors was noticed by the Abbé Papon, who attributed to the same source the peculiar prosody and intonation of the street cries of Marseilles. The Provençal historian remarks, with a

acuteness rare in the age in which he wrote (the early part of the last century), "I draw my examples from the people, because it is with them that we must seek the precious remains of ancient manners and usages. Amongst the great, amongst people of the world, one sees only the imprint of fashion, and fashion never stands still."

The Sanjanens are credited with the authorship of this cynical little song :—

> Fisher, fishing in the sea,
> Fish my mistress up for me.
> Fish her up before she drowns,
> Thou shalt have four hundred crowns.
> Fish her for me dead and cold,
> Thou shalt have my all in gold.

The romantic ballads of Provence are of an importance which demands, properly speaking, a separate study. Provence was beyond a doubt one of the main sources of the ballad literature of France, Spain, and Italy. That certain still existing Provençal ballads passed over into Piedmont as early as the thirteenth century is the opinion of the Chevalier Nigra, Italian ambassador at St. Petersburg, not the least of whose distinguished services to his country has been the support he was one of the first to give to the cause of popular research. In all these songs the plot goes for everything, the poetry for little or nothing; we shall therefore best economise our space by giving a rough outline of the stories of two or three of them. "Flurançe" is a characteristic specimen. Flurançe, "la flour d'aquest pays," was married when she was a little thing, and her husband at once went away to the wars. Monday they were wed, Tuesday he was gone. At the end of seven years the knight comes back, knocks at the door, and asks for Flurançe. His mother says that she is no longer here; they sent her to fetch water, and the Moors, the Saracen Moors, carried her off. "Where did they take her to?" "They took her a hundred leagues away." The knight makes a ship of gold and silver; he sails and sails without seeing aught but the washerwomen washing fine linen. At last he asks of them, "Tell me whose tower is that, and to whom that castle belongs." "It is the castle of the Saracen Moor." "How can I get into it?" "Dress yourself as a poor pilgrim, and ask alms in Christ's name." In this way he gains admittance, and Flurançe (she it is) bids the servant set the table for the "poor pilgrim." When the knight is seated at table, Flurançe begins to laugh. "What are you laughing at, Madame?" She confesses that she knows who he is. They collect a quantity of fine gold; then they go to the stable, and she mounts the russet horse and he mounts the grey. Just as they are crossing the bridge the Moor sees them. "Seven years," he cries, "I have clothed thee in fine damask, seven years I have given thee morocco shoes, seven years I have laid thee in fine linen; seven years I have kept thee—for one of my sons!" The carelessness or cruelty of a stepmother (the head-wife of Asiatic tales) is a prolific central idea in Provençal romance. While

the husband was engaged in distant adventures—tournaments, feudal wars, or crusading expeditions—the wife, who was often little more than a child, remained at the mercy of the occasionally unamiable dowager who ruled the masterless *château*. The case of cruelty is exemplified in the story of Guilhem de Beauvoire, who has to leave his child wife five weeks after marriage. "I counsel you, mother," he says as he sets out, "to put her to do no kind of work: neither to fetch water, nor to spin, nor yet to knead bread. Send her to mass, and give her good dinners, and let her go out walking with other ladies." At the end of five weeks the mother put the young wife to keep swine. The swine girl went up to the mountain-top and sang and sang. Guilhem de Beauvoire, who was beyond the sea, said to his page, "Does it not seem as though my wife were singing?" He travels at all speed over mountain and sea till he comes to his home, where no man knows him. On the way he meets the swine girl, and from her he hears that she has to eat only that which is rejected of the swine. At the house he is welcomed as an honoured guest; supper is laid for him, and he asks that the swine girl whom he has seen may come and sup with him. When she sits down beside him the swine girl bursts into tears. "Why do you weep, swine girl?" "For seven years I have not supped at table!" Then in the bitterness of yet another outrage to which the vile woman subjects her she cries aloud, "Oh! Guilhem de Beauvoire, who art beyond the sea, God help thee! Verily thy cruel mother has abandoned me!" Secretly Guilhem tells her who he is, and in proof of it shows her the ring she gave him. In the morning the mother calls the swine girl to go after her pigs. "If you were not my mother," says Guilhem, "I would have you hung; as you are my mother, I will wall you up between two walls."

The antiquity of the ballads of *Flurança* and *Guilhem de Beauvoire* is shown by the fact that they plainly belong to a time when such work as fetching water or making bread was regarded as amongst the likely employments of noble ladies—though, from excess of indulgence, Guilhem did not wish his wife to be set even to these light tasks. A ballad, probably of about the same date, treats the case of a man who, through the weakness which is the cause of half the crimes, becomes the agent of his mother's guilt. The tragedy is unfolded with almost the sublime laconicism of the *Divina Commedia*. Françoiso was married when she was so young that she did not know how to do the service, and the cruel mother was always saying to her son that Françoiso must die. One day, after the young wife had laid the table, and had set thereon the wine and the bread, and the fresh water, her husband said to her, "My Françoiso, is there not anyone, no friend, who shall protect thy life?" "I have my mother and my father, and you, who are my husband, very well will you protect my life." Then, as they sit at meat, he takes a knife and kills her; and he lifts her in his arms and kisses her, and lays her under the flower of the jessamine, and he goes to his mother and says, "My mother, your greatest wish is fulfilled; I have killed Françoiso."

The genuine Provençal does not shrink from violence. Old inhabitants still tell tales of the savage brigandage of the Estérel, of the horrors of the *Terreur blanche*. Mild manners and social amenities have never been characteristic of fair Provence. Even now the peasant cannot disentangle his thoughts without a volley of oaths—harmless indeed, for the most part (except those which are borrowed from the *franciots*), but in sound terrific. Yet if it be true that the character of a nation is asserted in its songs, it must be owned that the songs of Provence speak favourably for the Provençal people. They say that they are a people who have a steady and abiding sympathy with honest men and virtuous women. They say further that rough and ruthless though they may be when their blood is stirred, yet have they a pitiful heart. The Provençal singer is slow to utterly condemn; he grasps the saving inconsistencies of human nature; he makes the murderer lay his victim "souto lou flour dou jaussemin:" under the white jessamine flower, cherished beyond all flowers in Provence, which has a strange passion for white things—white horses, white dogs, white sheep, white doves, and the fair white hand of woman. Many songs deal directly with almsgivings, the ritual of pity. To no part of the Bible is there more frequent reference than to the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; no neocatholic legend has been more gladly accepted than the story in which some tattered beggar proves to be Christ—a story, by the by, that holds in it the essence of the Christian faith. If a Greek saw a beautiful unknown youth playing his pipe beside some babbling stream, he believed him to be a god; the Christian of the early ages recognised Christ in each mendicant in loathsome rags, in each leper succoured at the risk of mortal infection.

The Provençal tongue is not a mixture (as is too often said) of Italian and French; nor is physical Provence a less fair Italy or a fairer France. A land wildly convulsed in its storms, mysteriously breathless in its calms; a garden here, a desert there; a land of translucent inlets and red porphyry hills; before all, a land of the illimitable grey of olive and limestone—this is Provence. Anyone finding himself of a sudden where the Provençal olives raise their dwarf heads with a weary look of eternity to the rainless heaven, would say that the dominant feature in the landscape was its exceeding seriousness. Sometimes on the coast the prevailing note changes from grey to blue: the blanched rocks catch the colour of the sea, and not the sky only, but dry fine air close around seems of a blueness so intense as to make the senses swim. Better suited to a nature thus made up of crude discords and subtle harmonies is the old Provençal speech, howsoever corrupt, than the exquisite French of Parisian *salons*. But the language goes and the songs go too. Damase Arbaud relates how, when he went on a long journey to speak with a man reported to have cognisance of much traditional matter, he met, issuing from the house door, not the man, but his coffin. The fact is typical; the old order of things passes away: *nouastei diou se'n van.*

The Revolt of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

(A LEAF FROM OUR STATE PAPERS.)

In spite of all opposition and entreaties Mary, shortly after her accession to the throne, had resolved upon a marriage with her cousin Philip of Spain. It was in vain that the most trusted of her advisers implored her not to unite herself with the hated foreigner, but to share her crown with some English subject whose name and rank would appeal to and command the sympathies of her people. In vain France, through the delicate remonstrances of her polished envoy, De Noailles, hinted that such a match would inevitably tend to disturb the *entente cordiale* which then so happily existed between the courts of London and Paris. In vain the English nation, always moody and intolerant where its insular prejudices were concerned, loudly decried the alliance, and declared in sullen tones, boding future danger, that no Spaniard should meddle with their rule. Counsel and remonstrance were all futile to turn the stubborn middle-aged woman from her purpose, and the advisers of the crown, seeing that they were powerless to make her change her resolve, reluctantly gave their consent to the match. Mary had now arrived at a time of life when it was not probable that many offers of marriage from eligible suitors would fall to her lot. Thin, worn, with the yellow complexion of her mother, and painfully conscious of the lack of attractions her sickly face and lean angular figure displayed, she, like most women *sur le retour*, tenaciously clung to the lover whom State policy compelled to kneel at her feet, and who, she felt sure, would be the last of his fascinating tribe that the matrimonial market could command for her acceptance. The question had been narrowed to this issue: it was to be Philip or it was to be nobody. And so with the eager longings of an acrid and hysterical woman whose affections for years had been checked and pent up, she yielded all the treasures of her heart to the man whom political considerations had selected, and vowed that she would have none other. Then, like many women who late in life are about to link their fate with a husband younger than themselves, she idealised the man, and painted him in the glowing colours her fond imagination depicted. To those who knew him, Philip was a prince of a cold and calculating disposition, utterly wanting in principle, miserably mean where all expenditure was concerned, and, even in a lax age and among a loose people, was looked upon as notoriously immoral. To Mary he was, however, all that a loving woman could desire—a man

blameless life, a devoted son of the Church, endowed with talents which made his judgment conspicuous whenever it was exercised, brave, handsome, noble, generous. To Renard, the Spanish ambassador, who knew the full value of an alliance between England and Spain, and who had essayed all his arts to promote the match, she said, placing in his hand a small vellum parcel, "I have signed this parchment, by which I affiance myself in marriage to Philip, Prince of Spain, son of his Imperial Majesty, Charles V. And I further give you, as representative of the Prince, my irrevocable promise that I will marry him and none else."

If the course of true love seldom runs smooth, that of marriages of convenience rarely encounters much opposition from the immediate contracting parties. Philip, who was only anxious to avail himself of the revenues of England, would have married Mary had she been twice her age, and twice as plain. Once the ring placed upon her long, bony finger—how different from the beautiful hand of her sister Elizabeth!—and himself controller of the receipts of the exchequer, it would be a matter of no great difficulty to invent some excuse which by placing the Pyrenees between him and the charms of his sour-visaged bride, would allow him to exchange the gloom and opposition of the London he hated for the gaiety of his beloved Madrid. Therefore when the marriage settlements were being drawn up he gave his assent to all the conditions demanded of him, and empowered Renard to comply with such requests as the advisers of Mary suggested. The clauses to which the bride and bridegroom put their hands and seals were just and reasonable. The abstract of the agreement was as follows:—*

First. He to be intituled King during the matrimony, but she to have the disposition of all benefices, &c.

Second. She to be intituled to his dominions during the marriage.

Third. Her dowry, if she survives him, to be three score thousand pounds, after the value of forty groats, Flemish money.

Fourth. The issue of her body, male or female, shall succeed in her kingdoms according to the laws of the same.

Fifth. The Prince to leave to his eldest son, the Lord Charles [Don Carlos], and his heirs all his right; his land notwithstanding to be liable to the Queen's dowry. And for want of issue in the Lord Charles, then the eldest son of this matrimony should succeed also in all his grandfather's titles.

Sixth. If the Lord Charles should have issue, yet the Low Countries and Burgundy are reserved for the heir of this marriage, and to the other children convenient portions to be allotted out of this kingdom.

When the necessary preliminaries had been agreed upon the treaty was despatched to Brussels for ratification, and the conclusion of the proceedings was celebrated by high mass in the exquisite Norman chapel in the Tower. When the Host had been returned to its sacred repository Mary stood up, then walked to the altar and, kneeling down, declared before all assembled:—

* "Abstract of the Treaty of Marriage." *State Papers.* Foreign. Mary. Jan.–Mar. 1554. No. 123.

"I take God to witness that I have not consented to wed the Prince of Spain from any desire of aggrandisement, or carnal affection; but solely for the honour and profit of my kingdom, and the repose and tranquillity of my subjects. Nor shall my marriage prevent me from keeping inviolably the oath I have made to the crown on the day of my coronation."

No sooner had the outside public ascertained that the marriage between Philip and Mary had been definitively settled than loud and ominous were the murmurs of the people. In every county and at every market-town the subject was angrily discussed, and it was evident from the comments on these occasions which fell from the lips of both speakers and bystanders, that there only wanted opportunity and organisation for the agitation to break out in open rebellion. These soon presented themselves. The leaders of the disaffected formed themselves into a confederacy, the object of which was to create a revolt throughout the country, depose the unpopular Mary, and place in her stead the popular Princess Elizabeth. The Earl of Courtenay, who was to wed Elizabeth, was to travel west, where his name and influence were all-potent, and rally the counties of Cornwall and Devonshire to the cause of Protestantism, and England for the English. The Duke of Suffolk, with his three brothers, Lord Thomas, Lord John, and Lord Leonard Grey, were to sow sedition in the midland counties. Sir James Crofts, who had been Deputy of Ireland, and was accustomed to the ways of agitation, was to stimulate revolt in the district of the Severn. Lastly, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the son of the poet, a bold soldier, who had seen much service in the recent wars with France, but whose courage and ability were severely handicapped by his rash and headstrong disposition, was to raise Kent. These arrangements completed, the forces assembled at Exeter, Bristol, Warwick, and Maidstone were to march upon London, then as disaffected as the other parts of the country; the citizens and soldiery would declare for the good cause, the Tower would fall an easy prey to the invaders, and Mary would either fly the realm, or of her own will transfer the crown to the head of her sister. "It would be," said Wyatt, "a bloodless revolt."

Such was the plan on paper. When it began to be put into execution obstacles occurred which, as is always the case, had not been anticipated. Courtenay was a craven, and at the last moment declined to go west to raise the standard of rebellion. Deprived of his inspiring presence, Devonshire and Cornwall, though sullen and seditious, yet refused to move or to take any active steps without orders from their acknowledged leader. The Duke of Suffolk had ridden down into Warwickshire, and had met with a reception which, if not enthusiastic, was at least encouraging; but the midland farmers and their hinds were prudent men; they would take part in a general insurrection when it once openly declared itself, but they would not be the first to revolt and lead the van of rebellion. Sir James Crofts, busy in Wales, met with the same difficulty. The only man who had boldly shown his hand, who had

permitted no timorous resistance, who had suffered no delay, and who was resolved if the country was only waiting for a leader to come himself to the front, was the impetuous Wyatt. Dealing with an excitable and impulsive people he had unfurled his standard at Maidstone, and the inflammable Kentish men had come up from their farms in hundreds, crying, "A Wyatt! a Wyatt!" "Down with the Spaniard!" "No foreigner!" and "Long life to the Princess Elizabeth!" Quitting Maidstone with some two thousand men, Wyatt marched to Rochester, where, through his ranks being swelled by deserters from the Royal cause, the Castle easily fell into his hands, and he at once made himself master of the Medway.

Meanwhile Mary had not been idle. Lack of courage had never been attributed to those in whose veins ran the hot, arrogant Tudor blood, and the Queen, whatever her faults, did not belie the bold race from which she sprang. Foiled in her attempt to obtain regular troops by her suspicious advisers, who did not know to what end she might apply the services of a trained soldiery, she appealed to the City of London, which answered her prayer by sending five hundred men, under the command of one Captain Bret, to her assistance. These levies were at once marched to Rochester by the Duke of Norfolk, who enjoyed the fullest confidence of his sovereign, and who had been appointed generalissimo of the forces to resist the rebels. On arriving at Gravesend the duke resolved not to delay his attack, but forthwith to lay siege to Rochester Castle, and deal out to its traitorous defenders the punishment they so richly deserved. Limbering up his artillery, he gave orders for the city bands to advance upon the bridge. No sooner had the word of command issued from his lips than Captain Bret drew his sword, and placing himself in front of the London volunteers, cried out, "Masters, we go about to fight against our native countrymen of England and our friends in a quarrel unrightful and partly wicked, for they, considering the great and manifold mysteries which are like to fall upon us if we shall be under the rule of the proud Spaniards or strangers, are here assembled to make resistance of the coming in of him or his favourers; and for that they know right well that if we should be under their subjection they would, as slaves and villains, spoil us of our goods and lands, ravish our wives before our faces, and deflower our daughters in our presence, have now for the avoiding of so great mischiefs and inconveniences likely to light not only upon themselves but on every of us and the whole realm, taken upon them now, in time before his coming, this their enterprise, against which I think no English heart ought to say, much less by fighting to withstand them. Wherefore I and these [his troops] will spend our blood in the quarrel of this worthy captain Master Wyatt and other gentlemen here assembled." *

* *The Chronicle of Queen Jane*, edited by J. G. Nichols, F.S.A. Camden Society.

At the conclusion of this speech loud were the cries of "A Wyatt! a Wyatt!" and the Londoners waved their caps in the air as a signal to the rebels in the Castle. Hereupon Wyatt, accompanied by several of his partizans, rode out on the bridge and cried aloud, "So many as will come and tarry with us shall be welcome." In reply to this invitation, "all the Londoners, part of the guard, and more than three parts of the retinue, went into the camp of the Kentish men." Norfolk had no alternative but to hurry back to London with the news of the desertion of his men. "At this discomfiture," we are told,* "the duke lost eight pieces of brass, with all other munition and ordnance, and himself, with the Earl of Ormond and others, fled to London. You should have seen some of the guard come home, their coats turned, all ruined, without arrows or string in their bows, or swords, in very strange wise, which discomfiture, like as it was a heartsore and very displeasing to the Queen and Council, even so it was almost no less joyous to the Londoners and most part of all others."

This unexpected addition to his ranks encouraged Wyatt to further efforts. Cowling Castle, the seat of Lord Cobham, who was hesitating between the royal cause and rebellion, was stormed and taken, and its owner carried off prisoner. This feat accomplished, the rebels marched to Gravesend; there they halted the night, and on the following day reached Dartford.

The situation of Mary was now fraught with no little danger. She saw that she was practically deserted, and had to maintain her cause alone. Her advisers, who had strenuously opposed her marriage, now coldly told her that the evils they had predicted had come to pass. They could do nothing to help her, for when a sovereign set the wishes of a nation at defiance, of what avail, they asked, was the help of a few individuals? It was useless again to appeal to the city, for it was evident that the Londoners sympathised with the revolt; she had no money, she had no troops. She had, they suggested, only two courses open before her. She could abandon all idea of the Spanish marriage, and thus reconcile herself with her subjects, or, she could carry out her resolve to marry Philip of Spain, and have to look to Flemings and a Spanish soldiery to support her determination. If Wyatt marched upon London and the city declared in his favour, she would have to beat a hasty retreat and her life even would be in jeopardy. In reply, Mary, with all the tenacity of an enamoured elderly spinster, vowed that nothing would induce her to throw over the man of her choice. She would be dethroned first; ay, she would rather prefer death than such an ignoble repudiation. Still she thought a third course presented itself, and she hastened to avail herself of it. She was ignorant of what might be in store for her in the future, but in her present hour of difficulty she wanted time above all things. She wanted time to plan, to

* *The Chronicle of Queen Jane.*

organise, to scheme for succour, and at all hazards she wanted time to hinder Wyatt from marching upon London. She summoned Sir Edward Hastings, the Master of the Horse, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis to her presence, and bade them hasten with all speed to Dartford to hold an interview with Wyatt. She wished to know, she said, of what grievances he complained, and if it were in her power she would have them redressed. To prevent mistakes she drew up, in her own hand, full instructions as to the course to be adopted in dealing with Wyatt. They ran thus:—

First, they shall repair to the place where Wyatt with others be assembled. At their coming they shall say to the said Wyatt aloud, to him and such other gentlemen as be with him, in such wise as follows:—

First, that we do not a little marvel that they, being born our subjects, and bound to the laws of this our realm, have, contrary to the same, enterprised to raise our people and levy war without our commission. We do understand that they pretend to be and continue our true subjects, and that they have assembled our people for the empechement of the marriage concluded between us and our dear cousin the Prince of Spain, alleging the same to tend to the prejudice of the commonwealth of this our realm.

If this be the cause and none other, our counsellors shall reply that, albeit it were their and every good subject's part, rather by humble petition to make suit unto us for the obtaining of any their reasonable desires than by force of arms to stir our people against us, yet, forasmuch as we have hitherto always preferred the benefit of our commonwealth before any our own cause, and being first married to our realm do not mean by our second marriage anyways to hinder or prejudice the state of our said realm, or the commonwealth of our subjects of the same, we will be content to appoint such personages as shall be fit for the purpose to communs with them upon their device and meaning. And if, thereupon, it shall by any probable reason appear unto us that the said marriage, which we take to be both honourable and beneficial to us and our said realm, be either not fit to go forwards or else to be otherwise provided for than is already ordered, we will not refuse to give ear unto any such reasonable motion in this part as may be to the benefit and surety of our said realm and loving subjects.

Finally, because the said Wyatt or others with him may perchance pretend other reasons or arguments for the maintenance of this unnatural stir and commotion than may be well remembered by us, our pleasure is that our said counsellors, both in their answer to them and in their persuasion, use their accustomed wisdom and discretion, travailing by the best ways they may to dissuade and stay their further proceedings in this sort.*

Wyatt was, however, too wary a soldier to be easily entrapped. He received the envoys of his sovereign with all courtesy, and patiently listened to the remarks they had to offer. Then he replied. He denied that he had acted the part of a traitor. He had gathered his men together in order to prevent the kingdom from being overrun with strangers, which would inevitably happen if the Spanish match were to take place. Most gladly would he confer with the Council on the matter, but he would be trusted rather than trust. "I will treat with whomsoever her Majesty

* *State Papers.* Domestic. Mary. Jan. 1554. "A memorial given to our trusty and well-beloved counsellors Sir Edward Hastings, Knight, Master of our Horse, and Sir Thomas Cornwallys, Knight."

desires," he said, "but in surety of good faith I must have delivered to me the custody of the Tower of London, and the person of the Queen; also three members of the Council must place themselves in my hands as hostages."

The Spanish ambassador informs us how these demands were received.

"The reply of Wyatt," writes Renard * to the Emperor Charles V., anxiously watching the course of events from his palace at Brussels, "was that he desired to be entrusted with the command of the Tower of London, and at the same time with the person of the Queen, in order to furnish her with better counsel than that which was supplied her by her present advisers. Three members of the Council were also to be placed in his hands as hostages, and as a pledge that the Protestant religion would be restored. These conditions were discussed by the Council, and the Queen was advised to appeal to the people. Last Thursday, at two o'clock of the afternoon, her Majesty, escorted by the members of her Council, her guards, and several gentlemen, among whom was Courtenay, came to the spot where the people were assembled [it was at the Guildhall.] There she declared to her subjects that the ends she had always put before her ever since her accession to the throne, had been to administer justice and to keep the country in unity, peace, and liberty. But the rebel Wyatt, under pretext that she has married his Highness of Spain, had taken up arms against her and created disaffection throughout the country. His reply, however, had clearly showed that he aimed at obtaining the crown and tyrannising over the people. As to her marriage," continued Renard, indulging in one of the most unblushing of diplomatic lies, "it had been entered into by the advice of her Council for the good and safety of the realm, and not to gratify any particular affection on her part. The rebel Wyatt was now nearing London, and she wished to know if her people would act as good subjects and maintain her cause and defend her against such a rebel. She was prepared to live and die amongst them, and to preserve their rights with all her force. The rebellion did not merely affect her but themselves—their fortunes, honour, and the safe keeping of their wives and children. Let them act as good subjects and she would act as a good Queen. Thus she spoke, and her words were so winning that all the people cried out with a loud voice that they would die in her service, and throwing up their caps in the air in token of their loyalty, groaned at Wyatt as a traitor."

Mary had certainly proved herself a match for her foe. She had thrown herself upon the sympathies of her people, and the innate loyalty of the English had at once responded to her appeal. She was helpless and unprotected, her enemy was marching upon her capital, surely, she said, her subjects would not now desert her! She was their lawful Queen, and would they allow a rebel to subdue the laws to his will and suffer rascals and forlorn persons to make general havoc and spoil! As to her contemplated marriage, she would summon a parliament and the matter would be considered in all its bearings. She trusted, she cried, amid the cheers of the crowd, her people, and she was sure her confidence would not be misplaced.

Her hopes were realised. Men were freely enlisted to protect the crown; there was no lack of money; and the city again came forward with

* *Transcripts.* At the Record Office. Brussels, Feb. 5, 1554, "Renard to the Emperor."

ers and supplies. At the same time Mary took every precaution l hurting the feelings of her subjects. She avoided the society ard, and she advised several of the Spaniards who were attached mbassy to quit the kingdom. Towards the beginning of the last tain ambassadors—Egmont, de Lalaing, de Courières, de Mont-y, and Philip Nigri—had been despatched by Charles V. as envoys to treat of the approaching marriage. These high per- Mary now recommended to return to Flanders; their numbers, ely remarked, were too small to be of service in the hour of yet large enough to irritate her subjects by their presence; she only be content when they had exchanged the Thames for the . Meanwhile she stationed before the doors of the Imperial envoys l of thirty men. Nor were these distinguished diplomatists loth their departure. They feared that if Wyatt were victorious, , which was full of "*une infinité de bannis, hérétiques, homicides, s malfacteurs de toutes nations y refugiés,*" would rise against the ants and a general massacre ensue.* Finding some Flemish g at anchor below London Bridge, they went on board and were fely at rest in the port of Antwerp.

spite, however, of the revived loyalty of the English people, the n to Mary was still full of danger. Wyatt had quitted Dartford vo thousand men and was marching straight upon London. Before ed his troops upon the broken ground which intervenes between ich and Blackheath, his ranks had been swelled by a large following from the yeomen of Kent, Surrey, and Middlesex, who were anxious to close quarters with the hated Spaniard, and whose cries of yatt! a Wyatt!" and "Out with the foreigner!" were taken he sailors at Greenwich and re-echoed by the shipping up the river y burst forth in ominous cheers and groans below London Bridge. was now but six miles from Westminster, and it was feared that rer approach to the capital would be the signal for a general f the disaffected London citizens. The Queen was in the Tower, , but calm and collected. Several members of the Council entered rtment, and implored her before it was too late to take boat and he sent for Renard and asked for his advice. He bade her, unless hed to lose her crown, not to stir from London. Her departure lead at once to a revolt in her capital, the Tower would be attacked tured, the vile heretics would fall upon the priests, and Elizabeth o a certainty be proclaimed queen. "Things," he said, "must come rse pass before she resolved upon abandoning her position."† Pem- nd Clinton, who commanded the royal troops, were of the same , and assured their sovereign that in the forthcoming struggle God give her the victory. Their advice was accepted, and every precau-

* *Transcripts*, Feb. 5, 1554.

† *Ibid.* "Renard to the Emperor," Feb. 8, 1554.

tion adopted to oppose the advance of the rebels. Pembroke and Clinton drew up their cavalry and infantry on the fields in front of St. James's, infantry were massed together at Finsbury, the guns of the Tower were loaded and were prepared to open upon Southwark. Wyatt was proclaimed a traitor, and a large reward offered for his capture dead or alive. A free pardon was also granted to all who would desert his cause.

These measures failed to deter the Kentish leader from his purpose. As he came up on the Surrey side intending to march his men over London Bridge, the guns from the White Tower opened fire upon him, but without effect. London Bridge was, however, impassable. At the approach of Wyatt orders had been issued by the mayor and sheriffs for the drawbridge which was in the middle of the bridge to be cut down, the bridge gates to be closed, and every man to shut in his shop (which in those days lined London Bridge on either side), to put on his harness, and to stand at his door ready to resist any attack that might be made.

"Then," writes the chronicler,* "should ye have seen taking in wares of the stalls in most hasty manner; there was running up and down in every place for weapons and harness; aged men were astonished, many women wept for fear; children and maids ran into their houses shutting the doors for fear; much noise and tumult was everywhere; so terrible and fearful at the first was Wyatt and his army's coming to the most part of the citizens, who were seldom or never wont before to hear or have any such invasions to their city."

Finding London Bridge an obstacle not to be surmounted, Wyatt marched his men up Kent Street, and so by St. George's Church, entered Southwark without encountering any resistance. Here he was joined by several of the volunteers of Lord William Howard, who deserting the royal cause went over to the side of the Kentish men. After three days spent in considering how to effect his entrance into London, Wyatt resolved to march towards Kingston Bridge, there cross the river, then retrace his steps and make his attack upon the capital. Before quitting Southwark he paid his soldiers their wages and issued a proclamation that if any of his men owed anything to any person in the borough he would see that it was paid. "But," we are told, "there was none complained; the inhabitants said that there was never men behaved themselves so honestly as his company did there for the time of their abode." †

By nightfall Kingston Bridge was reached. The bridge had been broken by the Queen's party, and the timbers were blocking up the river. Several soldiers plunged into the stream, and by the aid of the floating rafters swam to the opposite side, loosened the boats that were moored there, and before morning Wyatt and his troops had been safely rowed across. Lacking victuals the rebel leader pressed forward the same day and reached Knightsbridge, where he halted for the night. His arrival

* *The Chronicle of Queen Jane.* † *Ibid.*

was anticipated and defensive measures had at once been adopted. The cavalry were drawn up at St. James's, the infantry were under arms at Charing Cross, at Westminster there was a strong guard, whilst St. Paul's Churchyard was stored with armoury ready to be despatched, if wanted, either to the Tower or Charing Cross. Upon the first onset success favoured the arms of Wyatt. At Charing Cross the Royal troops were forced to fall back before the vigour of his charge, and the rebels passed Temple Bar and Fleet Street without opposition, until they were checked by the barriers at Ludgate. Here for the first time matters looked serious. Lord William Howard refused the rebels admittance, the citizens, on whom the Kentish men had so fondly relied, showed no signs of rising, and Wyatt, mortified and disheartened, sat him down at the Belle Sauvage gate to consider his position. He could not advance, yet in his rear were the Royal troops now galloping along the narrow uneven roadway of the Strand in hot pursuit. What course was he to adopt? He resolved upon beating a retreat and cutting his way through the cavalry of Pembroke, in the hope that he might reach the open fields at Knightsbridge. It was a terrible alternative, and before his men had fought their way back to Temple Bar he saw that escape was useless. He was surrounded by cavalry, and behind the troopers were the infantry that had marched up from Charing Cross. William Harvey, the herald at arms, came up to him and said: "Master Wyatt, you were best by my counsel to yield. You see this day has gone against you, and in resisting you can get no good, but be the death of all these your soldiers, to your great peril of soul. Perchance you may find the Queen merciful, and the rather if you stint so great a bloodshed as is like here to be." "If I shall needs yield," cried Wyatt, almost cowed by the situation in which he found himself—though his men were ready to fight to the death—"I will yield me to a gentleman." But before the remark had well nigh issued from his lips he was seized by Sir Maurice Berkeley and taken prisoner. The capture of their chief led to a brief resistance by the Kentish men, but the rebels were soon overpowered and their ringleaders fell an easy prey to the captains of the royal forces. "Thus," wrote Renard to his master, "the Lord gave the victory to her Majesty, with only the loss of two men and three wounded, which is evidently a miracle." On the side of the rebels some forty men were killed.

At five o'clock in the evening of the day which had been so fatal to his interests, Wyatt, with several of his companions, was brought by water to the Tower. As he passed under the frowning portals of Traitor's Gate he was greeted by Sir Philip Deny, who helped the prisoners to alight, with the words, "Go, traitor! there was never such a traitor in England!" Wyatt fiercely turned upon his accuser. "I am no traitor," he said; "I would thou should well know thou art more traitor than I; and it is not the part of an honest man to call me so." Then he walked up the steps and was received by Sir John Bridges, the Lieutenant of the Tower. His reception foreshadowed the

treatment that was to follow. "Oh, thou villain and unhappy traitor!" cried Sir John, shaking his prisoner by the collar, and alluding to the fact that Wyatt had been implicated in the conspiracy to place Jane Grey on the throne but had been pardoned, "how couldst thou find in thy heart to work such detestable treason to the Queen's majesty, who, being thy most gracious sovereign lady, gave thee thy life and living once already, although thou didst before this time bear arms in the field against her? And now to make such a great and most traitorous stir, giving her battle to her marvellous trouble and fright. And if it was not that the law must justly pass upon thee, I would strike thee through with my dagger." To whom Wyatt, looking grimly upon the Lieutenant, thus curtly made answer, "It is no mystery now." He was then conducted to the dungeons below the Tower, and was confined, if report speaks correctly, in the cell called "Little Ease," there to await the masked executioner and the heading-block.

With the leading rebels safely imprisoned the dangers of the revolt were passed, and Mary was more firmly placed upon her throne than ever. She at once wrote to the father of her future husband, the Emperor Charles, who had always taken a keen interest in her affairs, regretting the hasty departure of those envoys who had come purposely to treat of her marriage.

Monseigneur (she wrote),* I am exceedingly displeased that the rebels of my kingdom should have caused the departure of your ambassadors accredited to my court in such haste, and fear that they can give you but little news of what has lately passed. But as it has pleased God that the rebels were compelled to discover their traitorous designs before being ripe, and that now most of them are in prison or have fled the kingdom, I hope my affairs will be placed on a firmer footing, and that the alliance entered into with his Highness the Prince, my cousin, may be concluded. The swift punishment which has attended upon this rebellion will purge the realm of all such foes, as your Majesty will hear from my loyal and well-loved Lord Fitzwater, the bearer of this letter, who will inform you of the victory God has granted me, and why, owing to the hasty departure of your ambassadors, no reply has been returned to the letters they delivered me. He is also instructed to inform your Majesty with what pleasure your correspondence is received by me, and how great is my gratitude for the service and friendship displayed to me by you. To your ambassador resident here I am under deep obligations; his presence and counsel have been a great consolation to me in my late troubles. Praying the Creator to grant your Majesty a long life and perfect health,

Your very humble daughter, sister, and cousin,

MARY.

And now, during the next few weeks, the axe of the headsman and the ropes of the gibbets were busy, launching all who were in any way connected with the late rebellion into eternity. "At every corner," said the French ambassador, "the eye meets nothing but the vile sight of hanging men." Wyatt had his execution deferred in the hope that certain precious State secrets might be drawn from his lips by the promise

* *Transcripts.* London. Feb. 11, 1554.

of pardon. Renard had throughout the rebellion been doing his utmost to poison the mind of Mary against her sister. He had assured the Queen that, so long as the Princess Elizabeth was at large, agitation and revolt would ever be making themselves felt. Certain suspicious circumstances had, too, supported his arguments. Elizabeth, during the recent rebellion, had been discovered to be in close communication with France—no friend to the cause of Mary. A letter written by Wyatt to her had also fallen into the hands of the Council; nay more, the rebel leader himself, unmanned by the terrors of the scaffold, had sought to purchase dear life by implicating the Princess in the late conspiracy. He had revealed nothing very definite, it is true, in his forced confessions, but still enough to induce a jealous sovereign to issue orders for the confinement of the suspected person. Elizabeth was then at Ashbridge, and Sir Henry Bedingfield was instructed to bring her to Whitehall. On her arrival at the palace Mary refused to see her, and the unhappy girl underwent a rigorous examination at the hands of the Council. She admitted having entered into a private correspondence with France, but expressed the utmost abhorrence of Wyatt's proceedings, and vowed she knew nothing of them. She was ordered to be committed to the Tower. The day before that dread sentence was to be carried out—for a cell in the Tower was often the half-way house to that Tower Green upon which but three weeks since the Lady Jane Grey had met her doom—Elizabeth sat down before her guards, in her vigilantly watched apartment, and wrote to her obdurate sister. The letter lies before me, penned in a round, bold, boyish hand, every stroke firm and distinct—a letter written without hesitation or alteration. However humble and piteous are its contents, there is no sign of timidity in the drawing up of this pleading epistle.

If any ever did try this olde saying (she wrote),* that a kinge's worde was more than another man's othe [oath] I most humbly beseche your Majestie to verefie it in me, and to remember your last promis, and my last demaunde, that I be not condemned without answer and due proof; wiche it semes that now I am. For that without cause provid, I am, by your counsel, from you commanded to go unto the Tower, a place more wonted for a false traitor than a tru subject, wiche thogth [though] I knowe I deserve it not, yet in the face of al this realme aperes that it is provid; wiche I pray God I may dy the shamefullist dethe that ever any died, afore I may mene [mean] any suche thinge. And to this present hower I protest afor God (who shal juge my trueth) whatsoever malice shal devis, that I never practised, conciled [concealed] nor consented to any thinge that migth [might] be prejudicial to your parson [person] any way, or daungerous to the State by any mene. And therefor I humbly beseche your Majestie to let me answer afore your selfe and not suffer me to trust your counselors; yea, and that afore I go to the Tower (if it be possible), if not, afor I be further condemned. Howbeit I trust assuredly your Highness wyl give me leve to do it afore I go; for that thus shamfully I may not

* *State Papers Domestic.* Mary. Mar. 16, 1554. [Indorsed by Lord Coke, "Queen Elizabeth, my dear Sovereign's, letter to Queen Mary *in vinculis.*"] The letter is written without any stops, but, to assist the reader, I have punctuated it.

be cried out on as now I shal be, yea, and without cause. Let consciens more your Highness to take some bettar way with me than to make me be condemned in all men's sigth [sight] afor my desert knowen. Also I must humbly beseche your Highness to pardon this my boldnes wiche innocencey procures me to do, together with hope of your natural kindnis, wiche I trust wyl not se [see] me cast away without desert, wiche, what it is, I wold desier no more of God but that you truly knewe; wiche thinge I thinke and belove you shal never by report knowe unles by yourself you hire [hear]. I have harde [heard] in my time of many cast away for want of comminge to the presence of ther Prince; and in late days I harde my lord of Somerset say that if his brother had bin sufferd to speke with him he had never sufferd; but the perswasions wer made to him so gret [great] that he was brogth [brought] in belefe that he coulde not live safely if the Admiral lived, and that made him give his consent to his dethe.* Thogth [though] thes parsons ar not to be compared to your Majestie yet I pray God as ivel [evil] perswasions perswade not one sistar again the other, and al for that she have harde false report and not harkene [hearkened] to the trueth knowen. Therefor ons [once] again kniling [kneeling] with humblenes of my hart, bicause I am not sufferd to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speke with your Highness, wiche I wolde not be so bold to desier if I knewe not my selfe most clere as I knowe my selfe most tru. And as for the traitor Wiat, he migth [might] paraventur [peradventure] writ me a lettar, but on my faithe I never receved any from him; and as for the copie of my lettar sent to the Frenche kinge I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or lettar by any menes, and to this my truith I wil stande in to my dethe.

I humbly crave but only one worde of answer from your selfe.

Your Highness most faithful subject that hath bine from the beginninge and wyl be to my end,

ELIZABETH.

To this letter no answer was vouchsafed. The next morning Elizabeth was lodged in the Tower. As the barge rested against the steps of Traitor's Gate for its unhappy passenger to alight, she cried to the soldiers who were on guard at the entrance of the Tower—"Good people, bear me witness! I come in as no traitor, but as true a woman to the Queen's majesty as any is now living; and thereon will I take my death." Her imprisonment was but of a few weeks' duration. The evidence proffered by Wyatt against her had been withdrawn by the terrified rebel as soon as his manhood had been restored him, and he fully acquitted her of any participation in the late insurrection. It was in vain that Renard, who was ever assuring Mary that as long as the head of Elizabeth was spared, treason and heresy would be rife within the kingdom, himself visited the dungeons of the Tower and promised the rebel that if he confessed matters sufficiently compromising to the Princess his life would be spared. Wyatt surlily replied that he had nothing to reveal, and that the Lady Elizabeth was guiltless of all connection with his rising. His life had been spared by the Council so long as it had been hoped that damaging statements might be wrung from him;

* "My lord of Somerset" was protector and lord treasurer in the reign of Edward VI., to whom he was maternal uncle; "the Admiral" was Lord Seymour of Sudleye, his younger brother, who was beheaded for aiming at the protectorate and [illegible] to the hand of Elizabeth.

now that he had nothing to disclose, or was resolved upon disclosing nothing, there was no reason, ministers said, why the wretch should not be sent to share the same fate as his followers. The Lieutenant of the Tower was ordered to have him carried to the Tower Hill, and there to see him beheaded on the ensuing Wednesday, April 11, 1554. Romance has asserted that Wyatt was put to the rack, and when in the Tower was confronted with Elizabeth, before whom, awed by her majestic air of indignation, he withdrew all his damaging charges. History possesses no evidence for either of these assertions.

At the appointed day Wyatt was led up the steps of his dungeon and, for the first time since his capture at Temple Bar, breathed the fresh air of heaven. He was dressed in the same clothes which he wore on his first passing under the spokes of Traitor's Gate—"a shirt with sleeves very fair, and thereon a velvet cassock and a yellow lace, with the windlass of his dag hanging thereon, and a pair of boots on his legs: on his head he had a fair hat of velvet with broad lace about it." In his hands he held a book. At the garden pale, hard by the Lieutenant's lodgings, which separated Tower Green from the ominous Hill, he took leave of the secretary, one Master Bourne. "I pray you, sir," said the condemned, "pray for me, and be a mean to the Queen for my poor wife and children; and if it might have pleased her grace to have granted me my life, I would have trusted to have done her such good service as should have well recompensed mine offence: but since not, I beseech God have mercy on me." To the which Bourne made no answer. Supported by two attendants, Wyatt then walked towards the Hill, which, save the guarded place where stood the heading-block and the upright form of the masked executioner, was thronged with spectators. Not a cheer or a prayer, such is the fickleness of mob popularity, in his behalf rent the air; the only cry that arose was "Long live Queen Mary!" Six weeks ago it was "A Wyatt! a Wyatt!" "Down with the bastard!" "Away with the foreigner!" and the rest of it. But treason to be popular must at least be successful; at the first sign of failure, loyalty, or in other words self-interest, revives. On ascending the scaffold Wyatt faced the crowd and spoke as follows: "Good people, I am come presently here to die, being thereunto lawfully and worthily condemned, for I have sorely offended against God and the Queen's majesty, and am sorry therefore. I trust God hath forgiven and taken his mercy upon me. I beseech the Queen's majesty also of forgiveness." "She hath forgiven you already," said Weston, the priest appointed to attend upon the prisoner at his last hour. "Glad I am of it," said Wyatt. "And now," he continued, "let every man beware how he taketh anything in hand against the higher powers. Unless God be prosperable to his purpose it will never take good effect or success, and thereof ye may now learn of me. And I pray God I may be the last example in this place for that or any other like. And whereas it is said abroad that I should accuse my Lady Elizabeth's grace, it is not so. Good people, I assure

you I have confessed before the Queen's majesty's honourable Council all those that took part with me and were privy of the conspiracy; but as for my Lady Elizabeth, here I take it upon my death that she never knew of the conspiracy nor of my first rising; and, as touching any fault that is laid to her charge, I cannot accuse her. God I take in witness, and this is most true."

Then, without more talk he turned him and put off his doublet and untrussed his points. Stripped to his shirt he knelt down on the straw, prayed silently for a brief space, then with his own hands doubled the handkerchief around his eyes and placed his head on the block. He gave the signal by lifting up his hands, and at one stroke his head was severed from his body. "Then," writes our chronicler, "was he forthwith quartered upon the scaffold, and the next day his quarters set at divers places, and his head upon a stake upon the gallows beyond St. James's. Which his head, as is reported, remained not there ten days unstolen away."

A few weeks after this execution Elizabeth was released from the Tower, and placed under the *surveillance* of Sir Henry Bedingfield at Woodstock.

A. C. EWALD.

A Pastoral Meditation.

PERHAPS there is no professional work in which the "public" takes so much direct and personal interest as that of the clergyman. It is supposed to be intelligible, easy, and open. Almost everyone thinks himself or herself able to criticise, direct, or share its performance. This is far from being the case in respect to the work of other professions. The doctor, indeed, is probably brought into individual contact with a larger number of people than the parson, but his procedure is concealed and guarded by the use of directions which few beside the chemist can interpret. His patients, however inquisitive, seldom penetrate his methods. These are not patent to the public eye. The clients of a lawyer, moreover, are checked in their judgment of his processes by the professional language which he employs, and by a vague dread lest their interference should mar the issue they desire. They state wants which are presently translated into terms bewildering to the simple mind, and the business soon passes into a phase which leaves them with a mere "hope that it is all right." They generally "put themselves into the hands of their legal advisers." Take other professions, such as those of the soldier or sailor. Criticism of these by the public, however free or fierce, as when obviously soldiers do not shoot well, is of the most general and distant sort. Not one man in a hundred knows anything about the routine and discipline of a ship or a regiment. The daily familiar life and business of an officer, except, to some extent, in garrison towns and seaports, is very dimly apprehended by the ordinary civilian.

Meanwhile the parson lives in a state of public and chronic vivisection. Everyone knows all about him, and what he does and says. His whole procedure, involving his "views" and method of work, down to the smallest details of parochial routine, is laid bare, or accessible, to each of his parishioners, and anyone else who cares to enquire about it. He is surrounded by witnesses, critics, and advisers, All know his business, and many think that they know the best way in which it should be done. They are deterred from expressing an opinion about it by no such exclusive hedge of professional terms and abstruse processes as keep the patients of a physician, or the clients of a lawyer, from entering the charmed inner circle of medical and legal practice. The parson is often associated in its discharge with those who have had no training in, and possess no special information about, the duties of the pastoral office. While men of other professions, however popular and confidential, would disallow the aid, or, as they might call it, the interference, of

nd promotion of working men's clubs and the establishment of coffee ouses. He is advised that nothing leavens the "poor" with a religious one more than the co-operation of sisterhoods, fraternities, and guilds. He is pressed to struggle and beg on for the support of a national school which is dying of depletion rather than turn his thoughts to a "Board," unless he would be faithless to the children in his cure. He is urged to have a "mission" in his parish, unless he is contented to let it lie in the slough of religious indifference. He receives kind proposals of various orts from philanthropical societies that they should give lectures and he like in his schoolroom for the refining entertainment and instruction f his fellow parishioners.

All those who are interested in some special phase of popular improvement, secular or religious, and who naturally think that they have hit upon an excellent way of benefiting the "people," put themselves nto communication with the parson and invite his adoption of their lans.

Truly he ought to think himself fortunate in being reckoned as the bject and channel of so much righteous sympathy and concern. Divers f the proposals made to him are valuable and deserve his attentive onsideration. And, if he is wise, he will gladly make use of some of hese honest offers to help him in his work.

But he cannot accept and adopt them all. And yet—here comes in he crux of the whole matter—he is sometimes so impressed with assurances of the success which has followed the acceptance of a particular uggestion, and by the arguments advanced in its favour, that he is empted to commit himself to the trial of some scheme in which, after ll, he somehow cannot feel sufficient confidence. And thus the result s generally an access of failure and disappointment.

There is no doubt that, as in the conduct of all leaders in any business, he work of a parish would frequently be more successful if the parson had oftener the courage of his own convictions. Let him decline any dvice, however tempting and weightily supported, which would lead o a pastoral experiment in which he cannot heartily join. He must not suppose that because it succeeds in another place and with another man it will be of use to himself and forward his own work. This is a truism, but one frequently forgotten. A man must work on his own ines if he is to do good in his generation. Should these lines lead him nto obstinately repellent eccentricities he must take the consequences f them, however unpleasant. If he runs his head against a stone wall he will probably have his skull cracked. No profession is safe from he commission of mischievous blunders by the freaks of crotchety, self-willed officers. Nevertheless the officer, if he is to be useful, must not be denied the benefit of his individuality. And specially the parson must prophesy according to the proportion of his faith. He can no more necessarily enter with buoyancy on an enterprise because it has driven in other hands than a man who loathes the sea can enjoy a sail

in which another rejoices. Such a one is not beguiled by the assurance that nothing is more pleasant and invigorating than a trip in a yacht. He knows that it will make him sick; so he wishes "bon voyage" to his nautical friends and remains wisely on shore. But a clergyman sometimes timidly yields to the persuasion that if he will adopt this or that course in his pastoral procedure it will bring a blessing. He steps with half-hesitating foot on board the inviting boat, and begins to suffer when it is too late for him to get back to the land he has left.

Thus divers parsons become the sport of experiments, and miss the result of radical work which can come only to those who dare to judge for themselves amid the multiplicity of promising suggestions that are made to them, and who adopt only such as they feel themselves to be in accord with. No doubt it requires some moral courage to decline pressure which is backed by weighty evidence; but without some of this moral courage the parson, above all men, is likely to become distressingly encumbered, if not smothered. He wastes his strength in half-hearted toil. He presents to those who have urged the adoption of a particular course a spectacle of timidity which brings discredit on their scheme. After shoving him into deep water they rate him for being drowned. He is finally conscious of increased impotence when, poor man, he hoped that he had allied himself with fresh though—to him—speculative sources of force.

Suppose, however, that, after due consideration, he plainly sees good sense in the arguments advanced for the adoption of any special line in the conduct of his pastoral work; he must still dare to judge for himself how far he will adopt it. He does not go head over heels into the inviting tide of reformation.

I pity the man who so commits himself to the severe details—formulated in committee—of any society to which he belongs as to let his soul be continually vexed in his scrupulous anxiety to observe them. Why should he submit himself to all these minute directions? He is not bound to eat periwinkles because he professes to like fish. But there are men who think that they are not acting conscientiously unless they accept all the fiddling bye-laws of any association to which they belong. Thus they miss the enjoyment of feeling that they get wholesome help from the aid which it gives them, or, for fear lest they should find themselves unable to comply with every detail of its regulations, decline the co-operation of a society which might greatly assist them in their work. I will illustrate this by an example. Take the Charity Organisation Society, which has done immense good, not merely in the local stemming of sheer thriftless beggary, but in clearing the eyes of those who look with sadness at the great problem of pauperism. Now, the most ardent advocates of this useful society are eager in their condemnation of "doles," as they are called, involving the petty help given in the vestry of the church to parochial applicants for relief. The sensible parson knows well enough that these little presents have no appreciable effect in lessening the pov

of his people, *i.e.* when their money value is realised and compared with the necessities of the sufferers. He knows that he might just as well hope to cure a death rattle with a lozenge as raise the pauperised to sound social life with his halfcrowns and packets of tea. No one knows it better than himself. And yet he will not always deny the palliative lozenge. In very many cases he simply shunts the applicant under the microscope of the Charity Organisation Society, and makes use of their valuable machinery in forming a diagnosis of the case and in supporting his purpose to refuse help where it would surely leave the sheer hardened beggar in his chronic condition. But nevertheless, if so minded, he risks the frown of some prominent advocates of Charity Organisation principles by persisting in his custom of cheering the lot of some who are not lifted out of semi-pauperism by his gifts. He discriminates. He knows very well that these gifts are slight, but that they are material, and, however cheap, effective signs of the kindliness which he feels. He contrives, moreover, so to make them that they shall not be reckoned by the recipient as mere official relief professing to alter the condition of the sufferer. He showeth the small mercy with cheerfulness. He knows too that there is really no fear, except in a few specially rich parishes choked with alms, lest thriftless people who waste their wages should look to "charity" as a means of support in time of want. These improvident people, who abound in large poor districts, are foolish, but they are not such fools as to believe that the parson will keep them afloat when they begin to sink. They know very well the slenderness of most clerical alms. In a vague sort of way they suppose that the "parish" will look to them when they are wholly helpless. They are surely not influenced by an expectation of sufficient assistance from the parson and his colleagues. And thus, in despite of some severe Charity Organisation dogmas, he gladly uses the Society when he perceives that its co-operation is valuable, and at the same time individually takes the points off some of the thorns which prick his poor friends without sending them to be vivisected. Perhaps some of his Charity Organisation friends shake their heads and say that he is "unsound." He simply snaps his fingers with a smile and judges for himself.

There is another matter about which the minds of some clergymen are needlessly exercised. I refer to what are called "missions," when the parish is deliberately whipped up to an attendance at a series of services conducted by an expert in the art of touching men's minds with a sentiment of spiritual concern. No doubt in divers places such a procedure has been attended by that which is not unjustly described as an "awakening of souls." Nevertheless it is quite possible for a man to feel in his mind an indefinable aversion to the process of detailed domestic visitation and importunate religious pressure which precedes a "mission," and to the exceptional strain which inevitably accompanies daily presence at services which are intended to excite the feelings of those who attend them. He allows that a religious atmosphere may

have been promoted in some places where these missions have been conducted. He recognises the genuine earnestness of those who believe in and conduct them. But yet—in his secret heart—he cannot perceive a belief that he could honestly join in them himself. He desires the spread and influence of the spirit of righteousness among his people as cordially as anyone. And yet the mission and its methods stick in his throat. What shall he do? Shall he shut his eyes, and, like one who steps into a shower bath conscious of doubting acquiescence, yield himself and his people to the missioner, hoping that somehow some of them will be the better for the influence which may descend? Shall he, in short, play the part of a pious hypocrite and pretend to enjoy what he dislikes? I take it that a mission conducted under these conditions rightly deserves to fail. Let the parson have the courage of his convictions, and respectfully decline the experiment, however well it may seem to have succeeded elsewhere. If he cannot wear Saul's armour comfortably he refuses to put it on and is content with his own sling and stone.

There is other, generally postal, advice which sometimes sorely exercises a good and anxious man. He is, *e.g.*, warmly invited to give up his pew rents, make the seats in his church free and unappropriated, and adopt the offertory system. Whether they have all deliberately examined and given their adhesion to the arguments, and adopted the tone of the tract which comes after the column of their names, is another matter, but the hesitating parson is not unlikely to be staggered by the list of right reverend, reverend, and weighty names of those who are set down as supposed supporters of the system recommended. Perhaps, indeed, he is more influenced than he imagines by his recollection of the disagreeable comments made by "seat-holders" when there has been some dislocation of unpaid appropriated sittings, or when the collector calls upon "sitters" for pew rent. These comments have surely found their way to his ears. He thinks that it would be very pleasant to be relieved from this petty criticism, and be no longer subject to the small tyranny of some who hint at their dissatisfaction about some detail in the conduct of the worship in his church, and fear that it may lead to a "vacation" of their "sittings." Why should he not free himself from the sting of this recurrent irritation, and take the wind out of his critics' sails by ceasing to appropriate any seats whatever? To some, possibly, this is a tempting prospect, however selfish it might be shown to be.

The advocates of the free system, however—though they might recollect that pew rents are, in most cases, really as voluntary as any offerings—know nothing of this motive. They base their advice on other grounds. They take a very positive and grave attitude. They even go so far as to suggest, if not to affirm, that a clergyman is under the deepest and most sacred obligation to adopt their plan, and that he runs the risk of disregarding the plainest Divine injunction if he declines to do so. Some men are staggered by these demands, backed as they are by Scriptural texts, which presently are seen to be, in some instances

ly irrelevant. The advocates of the free and open church move-
seem to me, I confess, to overstate their case, and to pronounce
ments which are too sweeping. Let the clergyman dare to realise
the matter is one which belongs to the ceremonial and not the
l law. No doubt it is often desirable, especially in the use of new
ches, that the seats should be unappropriated. But there are old
lings so constructed and equipped that such a course would be
mely inconvenient. And, moreover, there are, especially in towns,
ict churches, well and devoutly frequented by worshippers of various
s who are not merely contented with, but attached to, the system
propriation. A full and devout congregation is not so common
it can always be treated roughly and have its old associations dis-
ded. Are the advocates of the free plan so convinced of the
quity" of "pews" as to say that, in any case, a long-accepted
m should be abruptly broken, and the risk be run of disturbing,
perhaps dispersing, a compact and reverent congregation? If not
admit that the question is one of expediency, and there is little
to be said. If it is radically wrong to let a pew, no pew should
t anywhere; but if it is simply desirable and practicable to make
he seats in a church free, those who have the arrangement of the
er in their hands must judge for themselves. And they may be
times pardoned for saying, "Let well alone." I, for one, when the
gement of a building allows it, think it most generally expedient
its "sittings" should not be permanently appropriated, especially
e case of a parish church, but I also think that it is allowable to
st against the assumption that the question comes under the moral
not the ceremonial law.

n making these remarks of course I do not confine myself to any
al associations. There are, indeed, some which not only seem in-
ble of expressing themselves with moderation, but use a vehemently
rative tone in their tracts. That of those who write about the
agious Diseases Act is perhaps the most strident and peremptory.
mend me, too, to the promoters of the Antivaccination League, or
ever it is called, for abusive language. The worst of it is that
y people really do attach importance to sheer vehemence, and
gh they will not listen to sense are found to be impressed by
ms. And few sounds are more catching than these. Thus the
er of some even professedly religious societies is apt to become
d, and they put their points with as keen an edge as they can
d them to. The missives which the parson receives seem to me to
grown hotter and sharper in these last years, and the feverish
t of the day to have so touched them that he is not without danger
fection himself. Perhaps, however, their number mitigates their
ence, and he is the more likely to drop them calmly into his
e basket, when they come thick, along with the wine merchant's
ars.

Anyhow the wise man will look with coolness at manifold postal advice about his work, and use that common sense without which he is unfit for his place. Should any change in his pastoral economy, or the conduct of the worship in his church, appear to be desirable, he will not act with a sense of irresponsible authority. He will consider the character and condition of his parish and congregation. If the occasion should demand it he will consult with his colleagues and the most judicious of his neighbours and fellow worshippers. He will not, indeed, be always running to them when his standing knowledge of the place and its circumstances enables him clearly to form a just opinion of the course to be pursued, but in any exceptional crisis he will gladly learn and act upon what they think before he comes to a decision.

I use the words "exceptional crisis" designedly. It is possible to be too confidential. A man who has served for several years in a parish finds many opportunities of ascertaining the needs and wishes of his people without a formal summoning of them to a discussion. If he keeps his eyes and ears open he will know pretty well what they think. There are some men, however, so fond of committees that they would form one to decide how the church bell should be tolled. If a man continually calls his parishioners together, in some representative shape, in order to ask their advice about the small details of his work, he will often find himself in the possession of more advice than he knows what to do with. Let him use the experience which his daily conversation with them enables him to accumulate, and they will be glad enough for him to accept the responsibility of many things which they do not want to be troubled about. If he is perpetually summoning them to talk over the ordinary conduct of the church he will, moreover, discover that the leading men in his parish, whose time is most valuable, do not care to attend; and he may be left with those who come possibly because they like to hear their own voices, and whose position in the place is the least representative and is accompanied by the smallest influence—simply because they have not so much sense as the rest.

Let the formation of a committee, or the calling together of a "council," be reserved for exceptional occasions, and the parson quietly accept the responsibilities of his position in the routine of his work. His parishioners will respect him the more, and not be tempted to smile at being asked formally to talk over matters which it is his business, along with the churchwardens, to attend to for them.

To leave the consideration of the attitude to be taken in regard to the manifold advice, and occasionally urgent pressure, to which the clergyman is sometimes exposed, both from home critics and from outside counsellors, from which, indeed, I have somewhat diverged in the last few paragraphs, I must say a few words on two or three other phases of pastoral economy and organisation. The wise man will show his sympathy with all wholesome efforts to benefit his neighbours, and yet be in no hurry to associate himself with those who promote them. H

will not meddle. Let them do their work in their own way. Some men are too fond of centralisation. When they notice a local society doing good among the people, they are not satisfied till they have tried to take it in tow or bring it within the circle of their own procedure, so that they may reckon it openly among the institutions of the Church. This busy professional greediness will very possibly give them much needless trouble and cause needless offence. A man who is content to work with his own tools, and hammer on his own anvil, may, indeed, be seen to do it so well that independent local associations ask him to join in some of their doings, or invite his advice. These advances, as far as is practicable, he will gladly meet, but he will be very cautious not to put his fingers into the pie of another. Much mischief has been done by the parson trying to mix himself up in proceedings to which he has not been invited; and when a man gets the character of being meddlesome some bees will always be flying out of the swarm to sting him. Let him be glad to see honey made, though it be not hived within the hedge of his own garden. He only multiplies his worries if he goes out of his way to meddle with the philanthropical and other business of local committees and associations with which he has no official connexion, though they exist in his own parish. Again, a wise parson is shy of statistics. There are, of course, some continuous records which he will carefully keep. For instance, the list of sick to be visited will not be written on scraps of paper, which are afterwards lost, but entered in a solid book, with weekly dated columns. Suppose he meets his colleagues, Bible or mission women, &c., on some week-day morning to go through this list. As each name is read information about the "case" is contributed, and it is arranged who shall visit the sick person during the week, and what course shall be adopted concerning him. When the demand for special visitation ceases a line will be drawn across the last entry, showing that the "case" is, so far, done with. Thus a view is given of all those who need special care, and a valuable amount of information is recorded for reference. Then, too, if, say at Christmas, a certain number of poor people have some little present made to them, their names, addresses, and what they receive should be entered in a book. As Christmas comes round this list is turned to; some names are struck out, others are added, and even in town parishes with a large population the business of settling this small pastoral matter is completed in an hour or two. The book should be ruled in columns, with the dates of the successive years at top.

I mention these two examples of pastoral record as illustrations of the sort of written memorials which may profitably be kept without any trouble. But there is an atmosphere of greediness for statistics in these days which a clergyman will do well to keep clear of. Nothing looks neater and more suggestive of work done or in progress than a carefully analysed entry of the details of parochial facts, figures, and procedure. This may, however, easily become a record of more bustle than business.

The constant inspection of a reference to a growing multiple of statistics is likely to mar that elastic adaptation of himself to manifold and varied duties which is inevitably required of a clergyman. Devotion to tabulated rules and processes is apt to stiffen his action and induce a pedantry of method which makes him a slave to his own apparatus.

In connexion with this thought I will remark that the judicious parson is slow to commit himself to the creation of new pastoral machinery. When there is a call for any fresh or special action it will frequently be found capable of discharge by some that already exists.

May I illustrate this by an example? Two or three years ago there was, in my late parish, an access of material distress, from which it seemed that children were likely to suffer most. I had official connexion with several Board schools attended by the poorest among these. One day a little girl fainted in her class. The mistress kindly brought her some water. The child presently said, "Please, ma'am, I want some bread." It was obviously time to do something, and yet meet only the necessities of those most in want. There were altogether about 5,000 children in daily attendance at the several schools with which I was associated. I might have opened a soup kitchen to feed the hungriest, but this would have involved the difficulty of deciding publicly and fairly which these were. Many children not in "distress" would have appreciated a nice hot meal on a cold day. Moreover the opening of a special soup kitchen would have proclaimed the inviting provision of a source of relief to which the oldest beggars and "casuals" would have gravitated. So I called at three or four cook shops, conveniently situated for the different groups of schools, and arranged that any child presenting a certain ticket should be provided with a penny meal of soup and bread—which fills a good-sized basin and a small-sized scholar, and could be eaten at the shop counter. I had then the necessary cards printed, and took a store of them to every head teacher in the various groups of schools, with a request—which was scrupulously acted on—to give them quietly only to children obviously in want of food. The plan worked excellently. The cook shops provided the food every day from noon till night. A child could go in at any time within these hours, take up its spoon, and quench its hunger. As soon as the need ceased there was no machinery to be pulled to pieces and there were no assistants to be disbanded. No strain, moreover, was meanwhile put upon the working powers of our ordinary staff.

Indeed, such a method is capable of being used with advantage in the case of adults, each recipient having the choice of several cook shops. The food provided there is such as the poor buy themselves, and, the shops being open all day, the gathering of a crowd at a fixed feeding-hour is prevented. It is well known that when a special soup kitchen is opened it is likely to be beset by persons amongst whom it is unkind to thrust decent poor people who may be in exceptional want. But by the use of existing cook shops the required distribution of food is spread over

whole day, and made at separate places, so that a recipient can ately, as it were, get what you desire to give. And in this case too e is no construction or taking to pieces of a special machine. The ness quietly dies out or stops as the need ceases. It may be added by the adoption of this method the keepers of the cook shops them-es—who are often struggling people—are benefited, to some extent, at a time when custom is likely to be slack and when the opening n amateur soup kitchen would further diminish their lessened re-ts. I am sure that there are divers occasions in which the clergyman save himself the trouble and expense of providing fresh apparatus imply looking about and seeing how he can use some that is already orking order. I have referred to the cook shops only as an example hat may be done on these lines.

As to the general character and conduct of a parson's work, I venture xpress my belief that he, of all professional men, is tempted to spend much of his time on little things. Not that he is at liberty to despise n, very far from it, but his surroundings and the multiplicity of or pastoral details which continually present themselves sometimes ost insensibly fill up his days. He is in one sense a parish servant, he is justified in requiring that he shall not be expected to potter rom morning to night in the discharge of this service. He should fixed hours when, if possible in the vestry of his church, he should the smaller business of his parish swept up to him, and dare to be orable in his rule that petty matters, mostly of a semi-secular sort, ld be brought to him then. Some people look on him as a kind of cal waiter, to be rung for at any moment. If he yields to this as-ption his door bell will sound from morning to night, and he is likely ass unconsciously into such a normal state of fuss from these calls he hardly has power enough of abstraction left to give his mind to important work of his profession which must be discharged at home. fer especially to the preparation of his sermons. After all the two ods of twenty minutes or half an hour on Sundays spent in preaching uch further than he sometimes thinks to determine his success and ence in his parish. The work done in these two periods, however t they may be, should represent seasons of uninterrupted careful s. If he muddles away the whole week in a kindly intermittent harge of the lesser duties of his post the chances are that his sermons be muddled too; and, especially in a town district, the result will en in the number and attentiveness of his congregation. It is true there are churches in "respectable" neighbourhoods where the seats always be fairly filled, however slight and dry the weekly provender lied there; and there are others, with perhaps a solitary jangling so surrounded by repellent social atmosphere and, through stress of rty, so meanly equipped within, as to deter worshippers, let the on be ever so painstaking. But, as a rule, the attendance of the le at Divine service is regulated by the preaching they hear. It is

the fashion for some to say that the sacred message delivered is, or should be, unaffected by the language in which it is clothed. This is nonsense. The preacher can hardly give too much pains to the preparation of his sermons. Let him dismiss from his mind the canting temptation to imagine that he renders himself liable to the charge of egotism if he makes much of the business in which he is the sole actor, or that sacred influences, timed to fit his presence in the pulpit, will—if he is earnest in the main—save him the necessity of previous human trouble. Let him rather encourage the thought that when he preaches the interest and influence of his sermon depend upon the serious and honest pains he has taken in its preparation. A gardener who wants a good crop is not content with reliance on the beneficent aid of nature. He chooses the best seed he can get. He takes the utmost care to see that it is sown under the most promising conditions. He feels that his personal credit is at stake in the matter, and that blame for failure cannot be altogether thrown upon the weather and the soil. And, in like manner, the preacher who desires his seed to grow and bring forth well will neglect nothing which is likely to make it wholesomely acceptable. And he cannot do this in a hurry. He cannot do it when he has allowed his power of application to be frittered away by a multitude of petty interruptions. He must sit down to his work, whether he preaches what is called "extempore" or not, with a reserve of force. He must have a good head of steam in his boiler, which is hardly possible if he has been whistling and shunting himself about in sidings all day. Look at an engine waiting to drag a train. See how it glows and bubbles with suppressed energy as it stands ready in the shed. We may be sure that the preacher will acquit himself best, and make the best impression upon his people, who deliberately assists the accumulation of his power before he settles himself down to the preparation of his sermon, and who dares to resent the pressure of other less important business that he may seat himself at his desk with a clear head and a warm interest in the work to be done. He never approaches that work without secret prayer; but he locks his door, and does his utmost to put his message into a shape most likely to invite healthy attention and leave a wholesome result. Whether he preaches with or without book he uses his pen. He arranges his subject, he chooses his words with care, and patiently reconstructs clumsy or dull sentences, until he feels that, according to his abilities, he has created a fresh and original fabric. He will then go into his pulpit with the encouraging reflection that he has something to say, and that he is prepared to say it in the best way within his power. And I would ask whether a higher influence is not then most likely to accompany his work.

He owes this careful preparation to himself, to his own conscience. He owes it to his congregation. His chief work, indeed, towards them is discharged by this sedulous care in the creation of his Sunday sermons which then react upon all his intercourse with and influence among

ple. They are sure to appreciate, respect, and be touched by his ns, if heartily and honestly taken. Careful, earnest, and, I will add, eresting sermons, sermons which are not scamped or slovenly, but ne of genuine righteous work on the parson's part, win the hearts and p the lives of those to whom he speaks after a fashion which he netimes hardly realises. There is some latent fallacy or deceptiveness the saying that a house-going parson makes a church-going people. is by no means always so. Visiting—especially in town parishes—l not inevitably draw people to church when there is small attraction re. Indeed, it might fairly be questioned whether, in respect to the hering and holding of a congregation, the sedulous preacher—supsing him to have, which all have not, some measure of preaching wer—would not succeed better than the sedulous visitor who took no cial pains with his sermons, but trusted most to his week-day luence. It is difficult for a man who is always going about among people to avoid slipping into a tone of familiarity, which does not lically raise the respect in which he is held. He should mostly have ne object in view beside even the exchange of salutations. If that ject involves something for the good of the parish so much the better.

People like to feel on Sunday that the preacher somehow moves on ine a little above the dry routine of the week. He may be as plainly perienced in homely life as possible; he may be perceived to have npathy with the most commonplace trouble and toil; but he speaks, ssibly, with more freshness if he has not been conspicuously knocking people's doors and chatting with them, however kindly, all the week fore.

He certainly has, or ought to have, a message to them from on high, d to them he may seem to be almost too incessantly interested in lower ncerns if they never lose sight of him. Let the parson "visit" by all ans, and sedulously; but let him see to it that he does not lower the itimate estimate of his office. People may call him a "nice" gentlen, with "no pride about him," as he pats the baby, strokes the cat, d talks with some radical want of perception or expression—politely rlooked—about "unions," "baths and washhouses," "stock," or oots;" but possibly somehow on Sundays his proper message is fairly discounted by his ignorance in those matters which are most niliar to the least learned in his congregation.

I must add a word about the conduct of Divine service. This viously does not require previous preparation of the same nature as t demanded by sermons; and yet it has to be carefully prepared for. will not here risk my fingers with handling the burning question of ual in respect to vestments. The day must inevitably come when a *dus vivendi* having been decided on between the minister and people, s matter of dress and gesture may be left to their own good taste or d taste. The best solution of present difficulties in this respect will last be found by realising that the removal of an "ornaments rubric"

will naturally remove disputes about it. I do not pursue this thought in the present paper. I confine myself to the inevitable preparation needed in the conduct of any Divine service. Few men can say the prayers devoutly in church if they are haunted by the suspicion that some ceremonial may be found to be out of order during the service. It is of great importance to know that every detail for the due conduct of Divine worship has been coolly arranged beforehand. The finding out of the lessons to be read, the final choice of the hymns to be sung, the needful equipment of the Communion table, the provision of alms bags or plates if a collection or offertory is to be made, and the like, are all matters not to be overlooked, or hurriedly attended to, just before the clock strikes, if the minister is to say, lead, and heartily join in the service which follows. He wants to pray and not merely to recite the prayers. There is a subtle relationship between the minister and the people. If he is inevitably inattentive by reason of some previous omission which he seeks to repair in a parenthesis, or has his eye on some hitch in the service which might have been prevented by a little precaution, the contagion of inattentiveness is sure to spread, and a service which might have been sweet and wholesome is undefinably marred. Let the minister not be above looking personally to the details of this part of his sacred business well before it begins. Let him be like the vigilant captain of a ship who sees that every rope is in its place, every sail drawing, and every man at his post, when special work has to be done. Let him wholly depute none of this minute supervision, hurrying into church a minute before he puts on his surplice and walks out of the vestry. Let him come in good time, and look round to see that everything is in order. This does not take long for him to do. It is the matter of a few experienced glances, but upon the doing of it often depends whether the service shall go ill or well, whether the congregation shall feel that he is really joining with them in their worship or not; whether, in short, there shall prevail an atmosphere of wholesome, uninterrupted devotion, or they shall catch the spirit of disquiet and unreadiness which the minister feels himself. No doubt it may be said that these are commonplace details, but their due recognition goes far to determine the nature or tone of the worship held, and its consequent comfort and benefit to the minister who leads it and to the worshippers themselves.

Before ending my meditation I must say two words about some points of contrast between the position of the clergyman in the country and in the town. The former labours under certain conditions from which the latter is freed. In the first place the town parson may be, in a sense, successful, and yet he may fail as a parish priest. He is surrounded by such multitudes that his church may be full and yet very few of his parishioners be found there. The reply to this is that they suit their tastes and go elsewhere. No doubt this is true, and there is much to be said for the liberty involved in such a procedure. Now

theless the town parson is not so severely tested as his country brother, who has no outside store of souls to draw from, but must make the best of the residents in his own parish.

Then, again, in some rural districts the clergyman, who is generally a man of University education, is frequently embarrassed on account of the paucity of words in use by his rustic flock. This, however, tries his literary powers, and especially his knowledge of our English Bible, whence the countryman gets his stock of religious and ecclesiastical language.

In the country, moreover, the parson is more likely to be haunted by the sense of work undone than in town. We are all worried not by what we do, but by what we don't do. In London the clergyman can wash his hands after a fair stroke of work and disappear. He has only to step into the nearest station or mount the next passing omnibus, and he vanishes like a bubble in a stream. Thus he can get that rest which comes from a certainty that for awhile, if he chooses, he shall not be interrupted. It is not so in the country. There the work seems as if it could be done, and neglected ends vex the honest soul. Moreover the parson is mostly in full view of his parishioners. He can seldom slip away and be at rest.

Then, too, he is exposed to a minuteness of criticism from which his town brother is exempt, even when moving about among his people. Perhaps this gives greater opportunity for the exercise of direct pastoral influence, but certainly it is likely to weary some with the thought of continually living in a glass house. I am inclined to think that all clergymen should have a turn at both town and country work. Then the country minister would better realise the usefulness of representative action and public opinion even in a small parish, and the town parson might better perceive the value of the parochial unit which is likely to be lost sight of in a crowd of other social fabrics and interests.

HARRY JONES.

Italian Peasant Life.*

UNTIL quite recently the path trodden by Auerbach in Germany and the brothers Erckmann-Chatrian in France has been seldom followed in Italy, and Italian writers have usually neglected the wealth of material to be found in peasant life. Manzoni, it is true, touched the golden vein in his one great romance, and astonished his readers by compelling their interest in the trials of simple mountaineers. But, after all, his Renzo and Lucia were idyllic types exalted to sublimity by extraordinary adventures and abnormal pains, and were mainly chosen for the sake of contrasting rustic virtue with the corruption of the higher classes. No one then thought of filling in the outline and calling public attention to the daily struggles of a Renzo and Lucia in their normal village life. Manzoni's imitators adopted historical romance as the best vehicle for patriotic aspirations that could not otherwise be expressed, and the fine novels of Grossi, Guerrazzi, and minor writers were in fact nothing but war-cries against the tyrants of the land.

Then came the years of revolution, and one writer arose—Ippolito Nievo—who broke new ground in his vivid pictures of Venetian life in the eighteenth century. But he was too ardent a patriot to use the pen when there was a use for his sword; and Death claimed him in his youth, with his best novel unrevised.†

By that time, the need for printed protests being happily past, and battles and treaties having given Italy freedom, Italian fiction drooped for lack of themes. Its muse, accustomed to trumpet blasts, disdained to fit its lips to a reed-pipe, and rashly borrowed a fiddle from the banks of the Seine. But, *non tutto il male viene per nuocere*—some mischief does no harm—says the Italian proverb; and much of the evil wrought upon Italian literature by the realism of Flaubert and Zola seems in a fair way to be neutralised by the discovery, also imported from France, that the vicissitudes of the poorer classes afford a worthy field for the novelist's powers. Here the question might naturally arise whether the enormous light literature of England has had no influence upon Italian contemporary romance. Strange to say, with the exception of Salvatore Farina, whose novels have a certain savour of Charles Dickens, I can call to mind no Italian writer whose inspiration can clearly be traced across the Channel; and even in Farina's case it is probable that he is

* *Vita dei Campi*, by G. Verga. *I Malavoglia*, by G. Verga. (Milan: Treves 1881.)

† *Memorie di un Ottuagenario*. (Florence: Le Monnier.)

rather a follower of Alphonse Daudet, in Daudet's lighter moments, than of that novelist's English prototype. But, whatever its source, a sounder spirit is awake at last, and Italian fiction is rapidly acquiring a distinctive character of its own. Three or four years ago, a powerful tale, called *In Risaia*, by Marchesa Colombi, gave a tragic picture of the hardships of rural life in the rice fields of Piedmont. The witty poet, Signor Fucini, has recently published some admirable prose sketches of the Tuscan peasantry; and the popular novelist, Signor Giuseppe Verga, has wisely deserted society tales and drawing-room intrigues for pathetic descriptions of Sicilian manners and customs. Some years ago, in his terribly vivid *Nedda*, he proved his power of working this new vein and his complete acquaintance with the scenery and people of that curious isle where, both as regards nature and mankind, good and evil seem more strongly marked, more strangely blended, than on the mainland.

And now, in *Vita dei Campi*, he has produced a genuine masterpiece in the recital of the trials of *Zeli il Pastore*. We are first introduced to the lonely little herdboy when he is "as happy as a king," and contentedly driving his colts and fillies from one pasture to another, with the help of the steady old mare that leads the way. This little Zeli is a very fresh and delightful character. He has been dependent on his own resources ever since his head reached the tail-tips of the animals in his charge; he can mend his own clothes, weave cunning baskets of reeds and rushes in return for neighbourly gifts of eggs and loaves; he knows the ways of birds and beasts, and is an expert in weather signs and natural omens. His gentleness and ignorance, his simple wonder at new things, and his slow reception of new ideas, are very artistically rendered.

One day, while quite a child, he meets a little village girl, and comes to blows with her over some ripe blackberries. This is the stormy prelude of a warm friendship, and Zeli and Mara have many happy hours together, feasting on Indian figs, bird-nesting, and so on. Time passes, and Zeli, now a tall lad, is devoted to his pretty playmate. Whether scouring the burnt-up plains in search of pasture for his herd, or resting by his blazing fire on frosty nights, when the horses are all huddled close together for warmth, his thoughts are always running on Mara. He gets a lettered friend to write her name on a scrap of paper, and treasures it like a talisman in his bundle. But soon Mara's father removes to a distant farm, and the lad and lass lose sight of each other for a time.

Mara develops into a village beauty and coquette, and when Zeli at last finds his way to her new home, he is awestruck by her charms and grown-up airs and graces. Then troubles come upon him in quick succession. His father dies of malaria fever; his mother marries again; and he is dismissed from his place as herdsman in consequence of an unlucky accident. On the way to the great midsummer fair at a neighbouring town, his drove took fright, and in the stampede one of the

most valuable animals fell down a precipice and broke its back. Zeli comes to the fair to seek employment, and, though penniless and homeless, almost forgets his calamities in the joy of being with Mara, and the novel splendours of shows, brass bands, fireworks, illuminations, and a greater crowd of "Cristiani" than he had ever before seen. But suddenly his contentment is poisoned by witnessing the hot flirtation carried on by Mara with the fine young man, son of rich Farmer Neri, who has contributed so many candles and rockets to the fête.

At last Zeli gets a place as shepherd on the farm of this very Neri, and here, as everywhere, gains general favour by his goodness and industry. But he is very wretched; for he cannot forget the beautiful Mara, who is now betrothed to fine young Neri. Then one day he hears his fellow-labourers cutting coarse jests at the girl's expense, and relating how the match has been broken off on account of her behaviour with a Signore named Don Alfonso. But this Don Alfonso had often played with Zeli and Mara when all three were small children, and so Zeli's honest heart refuses to credit the evil things whispered of his old friend.

A month later Mara and her family come to gather their bean crop on a plot of ground owned by them close to the pastures of Zeli's new master.

So the shepherd sees his sweetheart again, and at evening she comes to sit on the low wall by the sheepfold and chats with Zeli while he is counting over his flock.

"This reminds me of the days at Tebidi," said Mara, "when we were both children and used to play on the little bridge."

Zeli had not forgotten these things; nevertheless he made no reply, for he was always a sensible lad, and not apt to talk much.

When all the beans had been picked Mara came to bid Zeli farewell, and found him making *ricotta* and carefully straining off the whey.

"I've come to say good-bye, for we go back to Vizzini to-morrow morning," she said.

"What sort of a crop have you had?"

"Very bad. The wolf* (*la lupa*) has eaten the best of it this year."

"It's a bad crop, because there has been so little rain," replied Zeli. "We have had to slaughter our lambs, because there was no food for them; the grass isn't three fingers high anywhere on the farm."

"That can't signify to you. You get your wages all the same, good years and bad."

"So I do," he replied; "but it goes against me to carry the poor little things to the butcher."

"Do you remember coming to that midsummer fair when you were out of work?"

"Yes; of course I remember it."

"It was father that got you this place with Farmer Neri."

"And how is it that you have not married Farmer Neri's son?"

"Because it was not God's will. Father has had troubles," she added after a little pause. "Ever since we have been at Marinea things have gone ill with us. Beans and corn, and even our little strip of vineyard up there. Then, brother has gone for a soldier, and we've lost a mule worth forty crowns."

"I know," said Zeli; "your bay mule."

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* In the sense of a witch or evil spirit.

"And now that we are so poor no one would ever think of marrying me."

Mara was twiddling a plum sprig between her fingers while she spoke, her eyes were cast down, her chin rested on her bosom, and, just by chance, her elbow touched Zeli's. But his eyes were fixed on his *ricotta* pan; he said nothing, and she went on—

"Don't you remember at Tebidi folks used to say we two should be man and wife?"

"Yes," said Zeli; and he rested his ladle on the edge of the pan. "But I am only a poor shepherd, and couldn't hope to marry a farmer's daughter like you."

Mara was silent for a while, and then said, "If you want me I'm quite ready to have you."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do mean it."

"But what would Farmer Agrippino say?"

"Father says that you know your business, that you are not one of the young fellows that throw their money away, for you make one *soldo* go as far as two; that you eat little not to waste your bread, and so you will have sheep of your own one day, and be a rich man."

"If that's it," replied Zeli, "I am quite ready to take you."

"Look here," said Mara presently, when the sky was dark, and the sheep settling down, "if you'd like a kiss now I'll give you one, as we are to be man and wife."

Zeli placidly accepted the salute, and, not knowing what to say next, remarked:—

"I have always loved you, Mara, even when you wanted to turn me off for Farmer Neri's son."

But he hadn't the heart to say a word about the other man.

"Don't you see we were meant for each other?" said Mara in conclusion.

This bald little dialogue is very true to nature, and serves to mark the difference of the speakers' characters.

All went well. Farmer Agrippino gave a willing consent, and Mother Lia soon stitched together a new waistcoat and velveteen breeches for her future son-in-law. Mara was as pretty and fresh as a rose, with her little mantle that was as white as the paschal lamb, and wearing the amber beads that made her throat look so fair. As for Zeli, he walked by her side as stiff as a hedge-stake in his brand new attire of velvet and cloth, and felt afraid even to blow his nose with his red silk handkerchief, for fear of being stared at. Meanwhile the neighbours, and all who knew of the affair with Don Alfonso, were laughing at him to his face.

When Mara said "Sissignore," and the priest, with a great sign of the cross, gave her to him for his wedded wife, Zeli took her home, and thought he had all the wealth of the Madonna, and owned all the land he had ever set eyes on.

"Now that we are really husband and wife," said he, when they were safely indoors and he was seated opposite to her—"now that we are husband and wife, I can tell you it seems too good to be true that you should love me, when you might have had your pick of better men—such a pretty sweet thing as you are!"

The poor fellow could find no other words in which to express his devotion, and was ready to jump out of his new clothes for joy on seeing his Mara set the house to rights and play the mistress so daintily. It was hard when Monday morning came and he had to go off to the pastures, knowing that he should not see his wife again for a whole fortnight. It took him much longer than usual to strap his knapsack and cloak and oil-cloth umbrella on to his donkey's back.

"You ought to go to Salonia too: you ought to come with me," he said to his wife, as she stood watching him from the threshold. But Mara laughed, and said she was not born to be a shepherdess, and had nothing to do at Salonia.

Alas for poor Zeli! For a time he was happy enough. When scorched by the sun, or frozen by the snow-laden wind; when munching his mouldy bread, or driving his flocks over the arid, silent plains through the long, lonely days, he comforted himself by the thought that his Mara was sleeping comfortably in her warm bed, or spinning with her gossips by the fireside, or basking in the sun on her little terrace. And then, when the day came for going home, he was sure to find her waiting for him at the door, distaff in hand; and she would help him to unbutton his gaiters, and hang up his cloak, and put wine before him, and prepare the soup, chatting to him the while in her soft voice of this thing and that—of the hen that was sitting, of the calf that was being reared, and so on. And when at home Zeli felt himself a greater man than the Pope.

Even when, chancing to return unexpectedly one night, he was kept knocking at the door for half an hour in the pouring rain before his wife came to let him in, no suspicion was awakened in his simple soul, and he little guessed what the neighbours said of the business.

And one day, when a shepherd boy he was scolding cast his shame in his teeth, Zeli only looked stupefied, and did not believe a word of it.

Nevertheless, despite his unbelief, the idea gradually worked its way into his mind; and the first time he met Don Alfonso he felt a sudden pang at his heart. For he had always thought of his playmate as the fair, curly-headed boy of past days, and here he was, changed into a full-grown man with a curly beard and a velvet coat, and a fine gold chain across his waistcoat.

Don Alfonso had come to the farm to picnic with a party of friends, and all at once Mara appeared there with the excuse that she was longing for a taste of fresh-made *ricotta*.

There was a mighty bustle going on, and a great roasting of kids and lambs and poultry, for Don Alfonso was one who always did everything on a grand scale.

Zeli looked and pondered; his knees trembled, and the fleece he was shearing and the turf around seemed to be red as blood.

Then the dancing began, and Don Alfonso's voice was heard inviting Mara to join in it.

"Don't you go, Mara!" cried Zeli.

"Why not?"

"I won't have it. Don't go, I tell you!"

"But listen! they are calling me!"

He muttered some indistinct words, and bent down over the sheep he was shearing. Mara shrugged her pretty shoulders, and ran off to dance. She was flushed and excited, her eyes shone like stars, her white teeth glistened as she laughed, and her gold trinkets flashed on her throat and neck so that she glittered like the Madonna. Zeli rose to his feet, shears in hand, and his face was as white as when he had seen his father stricken by fever years before.

All at once he saw Don Alfonso with the curly beard, velvet coat, and fine gold chain, take Mara's hand and lead her into the dance; and instantly he rushed upon him and severed his throat at one blow as easily as he would have slaughtered a kid.

He offered no resistance when seized, and all that he said before the judge was:

"Why, hadn't I the right to kill him? He had stolen my Mara!"

The other tales in the volume are all very good and full of local colour, particularly *La Guerra de' Santi*, but none can bear comparison with the simple tragedy of Zeli il Pastore.

The *Malavoglia* is a work of much higher pretension, for it is the first volume of a projected series of psychological studies on the evolution of human ambition, representing the various phases of the passion in different classes of society. In the *Malavoglia* we are shown its first stirrings in the struggle for material prosperity. The author has merged himself in his subject, conceals the hand that guides his puppets, and allows them to tell their own tale in their own rustic speech. The result is a powerful but decidedly gloomy and repulsive work. As a disciple of the ultra-realistic school, Signor Verga declines to enliven his story by any imaginative or idyllic touches. He gives us a plain history of the gradual ruin of a family of fisherfolk in a seaside village near Catania. And after the opening chapter, with its graphic portraits of the sturdy, masterful grandfather, 'Ntoni Malavoglia, his big, industrious son Bastianazzo, with a thrifty wife and flourishing group of children, every page becomes sadder and darker, until at last all is black as the dreary *sciara* or lava waste that desolates so wide a track of country on that side of Mount Etna.

Fine old 'Ntoni is a splendid embodiment of vigorous, contented industry. At the beginning of the book we see him exulting in his well-earned competence, and his roomy house by the medlar-tree; and he is especially proud of his good bark, "La Provvidenza." He is the head of the family, knows how to assert his authority, and has a stock of homely saws and proverbs at the tip of his tongue. "Men are like our five fingers," he says; "the forefinger must always stand first, the little finger be content to come last."

Accordingly his docile son makes no remonstrance—although his girl's wedding-portion hangs on the success of the venture—when the old man decides to buy a cargo of beans on credit, and ship them to a distant port. It is a big speculation for the prudent Malavoglia family, and the weather shows signs of breaking.

Now begins the tragedy: A sudden storm comes on, the bark is wrecked, the good son drowned. Debts and difficulties accumulate, troubles thicken; the eldest boy is drawn for the conscription, and all things go from bad to worse. There is a grimly graphic scene in the house by the medlar-tree after the shipwreck. The widow sits petrified with grief at the foot of the empty bed; the unwashed children are crying in the doorway, their elder sister Mena is sobbing as though her heart would break, with her apron thrown over her head; the distracted grandfather is wandering from room to room as if vainly searching for his lost Bastianazzo. There is a perpetual stream of sympathising and inquisitive neighbours, nearly all bearing gifts, according to the Sicilian custom. These funeral offerings consist chiefly of maccaroni, eggs, and wine, but the poor donkey-driver, Mosca, brings his best possession, a

[illegible]

[illegible] Mena [illegible] Mazuta. The two latter indeed [illegible] come to fruition: [illegible] prosperity for the last survivors [illegible]

LINDA VIL[illegible]

Bath and Tunbridge Wells a Century Ago.

Brilliant, a century ago, must have been the scene presented in the ball-room of what Acres, in the *Rivals*, styles the "new rooms" at Bath. The lustre was more subdued in those days of candles; but there were few black coats to deaden the effect of the radiance. The cut-steel buttons and buckles of the men, or the silver and paste of the more elderly beaux, must have everywhere sparkled about the room. The effect of the general aspect of a fine gentleman of the period must have been precisely as suggested in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, glittering—

> The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
> A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight beau.

Then the variegated tints of plumes or flowers adorning the snowy locks of the fair sex, the heightened tone imparted to the complexion by powder, patches, and perhaps more than a *soupçon* of rouge, the many hues displayed in the costumes of both sexes, must altogether have given the scene a charm of colour in which our modern balls are deficient. Even the black of the clergy who might be present, was relieved by frills, ruffles, and the silver buckles on the instep. A description is given in the *Westminster Magazine* of the fashions worn on the Queen's birthday, January 18, 1781; and those of Bath in the height of the season would not have materially differed, except that the men wore no swords, under the wise regulation formerly made by Beau Nash. The King was habited in dark-coloured velvet, richly embroidered, with a star and shoulder-knot of diamonds. His sword-hilt was enriched with jewels. The Queen was in pink satin, trimmed with black fur. The Prince of Wales was dressed in pearl-coloured silk, embroidered with gold; and his black hat was ornamented with a white feather, and rows of steel beads. The ladies were usually costumed in satins, trimmed with fur, lace, or crape, and ornamented with fanciful flounces of gauze, fringed with gold and silver. The three most general satins were rose-colour, white, and orange-colour; the former being predominant. The Duchess of Devonshire wore a rose-coloured vest and train, with a white satin petticoat, and small chains of silver, partly gilt, hanging around her dress. The ladies' head-dresses were decorated with a few artificial flowers airily placed; and they generally wore large bouquets of the same. The gentlemen's suits were mostly embroidered velvets and rich silks trimmed with fur. "Sir Thomas Irvine's coat was reckoned the most elegant at court, being black velvet with satin waistcoat and cuffs *couleur de feu*, and embroidered with gold and pearls." When the com-

pany was seated around the handsome and spacious ball-room at Bath (105 feet by 42), with its classical adornments and sufficiency of colour on the walls, and belles were led forth by beaux to the stately minuet, with a gleaming of rich satin and golden embroideries, an aspect of great courtliness must have pervaded the place. If their apparel, however, was gorgeous, their habits were simple. In hints for etiquette it is suggested that a gentleman should always offer his partner an orange at the termination of the dance. Two guineas entitle a subscriber, during the season, to admissions for two ladies, to dress balls, fancy balls, and promenades; but all persons are expected to pay sixpence for tea. The dress and fancy balls are to commence at seven, and terminate at eleven precisely, even in the middle of a dance.

Ladies who intend dancing minuets are requested, in the regulations for the rooms, to wear lappets. It is hoped that gentlemen will accommodate their dress to that of the ladies; and they are not to wear boots. It seems to have been the custom, in the minuets, for one gentleman to dance with two ladies consecutively; leading forth the second after he had handed the first to her place. Presumably it was not easy to secure os many beaux as belles, to face the ordeal of the eyes of the company who were probably seated around the room, several benches deep. It is ordered that three benches are to be reserved, at the upper end of the room, for ladies of precedence, of the rank of peeress.

When the country dances commenced, in which the *beau monde* threw off its statelier graces, and bobbed, capered, jigged, and grinned, as may be seen in illustrations of the period, it was ordained that these ladies of precedence should have the right to take the upper places. They might not, however, assume these positions after the dance had once commenced.

Besides the "new rooms," now only opened for occasional balls, concerts, &c., Bath was then also able to support regular assemblies in the old rooms, established by Beau Nash, near the abbey, on the site of the present museum. Both sets of rooms were opened for balls and assemblies, and a fancy ball weekly. Our great-grandparents appear to have been excessively enamoured of masquerades, in which they seem to have endeavoured to act up to their characters; though intrigues beneath the shelter of the masks were probably an important element in their *raison d'être*. There is an account of a masquerade in the *Westminster Review* of December, 1785, which was held at Carlisle House, under the direction of Mrs. Corneby, tickets of admission being twenty-six shillings.

Nearly a thousand persons met on the occasion, and though much the greater number were in dominos, there were nevertheless many humorous and characteristic masks; among the best of which we reckon a travelling fiddler; a native of Otaheite; an English toper swelled to a most immoderate size; a bellman; a Turk; Sir Dilberry Diddle, *parfaitement un petit maître*; a bad Bobadil; a Cyrus; a Mercury, who could neither fly nor skip; a brilliant Night; a Laplander melting with heat; two harlequins, the one short and thick, like a Dutch dumpling, but exceedingly agile; a whimsical

harlequiness; a girl with a fool's cap on and a rattle in her hand, led by her governess; flower girls, orange girls, milk girls, and female haymakers, and a devil resembling neither human, mythological, nor hellish being. There were fancy and old English dresses in abundance, and the usual *quantum* of nuns, friars, sailors, witches, &c. There were bands of music in several apartments. Before the collation saloon was opened tea and orgeat were distributed. In the apartment where the sideboards were set out, there were cold fowls, tongues, &c., with Madeira, Vidonia, Port, Lisbon, Mountain, and Rhenish wines.

In this year the winter costume of ladies is given as follows :—

DRESS OF THE MONTH AS ESTABLISHED IN ST. JAMES'S AND AT TAVISTOCK STREET.

Full Dress.—The ladies in general still wear their hair dressed high, broad at top, with large flys, and a feather on the left side. *Negligées* of rich, plain-coloured silks or satins, very much trimmed with chenille and gauze fancy trimmings, and ornamented with tassels of different colours—hoops and drop earrings—coloured shoes and small rose buckles.

Undress.—French jackets or Jesuit dresses, with short gauze or silk aprons—or night-gowns with round cuffs and double robings—flat hat-bonnets with half handkerchief and lappet to hang behind—cloaks of a middling length behind and very long before, of white or coloured satin, lined with skin, with muffs to match, or of black mode, lined with white and trimmed with broad laces—coloured slippers, small roses.

The master of the ceremonies at Bath, about the year 1780, publishes an apology in which he states that the great extension of the city has put it out of his power to keep himself regularly informed of arrivals. He requests that they will cause their names and addresses to be inserted in the book kept in the Pump Room.

On Sunday evenings non-subscribers were admitted to promenade in the Assembly Rooms; gentlemen paying one shilling and ladies sixpence, tea included. No cards were allowed on Sundays, and no hazard or unlawful game at any time.

Of the bath we get a delightful picture in Anstey's *New Bath Guide*, in Mr. Simkin's letter to his mother :—

> 'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
> All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,
> And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
> In a great smoking kettle as big as our hall;
> And to-day many persons of rank and condition
> Were boiled by command of an able physician.

It should be observed that the fair patients were attired in flannels during their boiling.

He subsequently sketches the minuet graphically.

> At the sound of the hautboy, the bass, and the fiddle,
> Sir Boreas Blubber steps forth in the middle,
> Like a hollyhock, noble, majestic, and tall.
> Sir Boreas Blubber first opens the ball—
> How he puts on his hat with a smile on his face,
> And delivers his hand with an exquisite grace!

How gratefully he offers Miss Carrot before us,
Miss Carrot Fitz Ouzer, a niece of Lord Porus!
How nimbly he paces, how active and light!
One never can judge of a man at first sight,
But as near as I guess, from the size of his calf,
He may weigh about twenty-three stone and a half.

At a public breakfast given by my Lord Ragamuffin—

The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance;
All the chocolate, too, that my lord set before 'em,
The ladies despatched with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns' and the clarions' echoing sound.

It is recorded that, at public breakfasts of this description, the company were regaled with hot buttered rolls. Beau Nash appears to have ruled very ably at Bath during the first half of the century, and to have done much to benefit the place in aiding the architects in those works which have rendered Bath one of the most perfect classical cities in the world; and his charity seems to have been unbounded. It is rather painful to read Smollett's anecdote concerning him in *Roderick Random*. When Roderick enters the Assembly Room with the deformed, though not altogether ill looking, Miss Snapper, the eyes of all present were turned upon them with many contemptuous smiles and tittering observations. The Beau took it upon himself to gratify their ill nature still further by exposing the lady to the edge of his wit. Approaching with many bows and grimaces, he welcomed her to Bath, and then, in the hearing of all present, asked her if she could inform him of the name of Tobit's dog.

She replied with the utmost vivacity that his name was Nash, and an impudent dog he was. Roderick says that the Beau endeavoured to compose himself by taking snuff and forcing a smile; but that he was obliged to sneak off in a very ludicrous attitude. Roderick's Dulcinea was applauded to the skies for the brilliancy of her wit, and her acquaintance immediately courted by the best people of both sexes in the room.

Nash usually seems, however, to have been supreme; for he once desired the Duchess of Queensberry to remove an apron of rich lace which she wore, and he himself threw it to an attendant. And he would not suffer the Princess Amelia to have a single dance after the conclusion of the ball.

In the summer he proceeded to Tunbridge Wells in a chariot drawn by six grey horses, and preceded by outriders blowing French horns. His three-cornered cocked hat was invariably white, and gold laced. He and Richardson, Dr. Johnson, Colley Cibber, the Earl of Chatham, and Garrick are represented in a well-known old picture of the Parade, or pantiles. A century ago, Lord North, Cumberland (the Sir Fretful Plagiary), Lord Mansfield, Erskine, as we learn from Rogers's *Memorials*,

and Michael Kelly (the singer) had taken their places. "Miss Peggy Banks," says Richardson, "was the belle when I first came down to Tunbridge Wells, yet she had been so many seasons here that she obtained but a faint and languid attention; so that the smarts began to put her down in their list of 'had beens.' The 'sweet tempered' Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, was the next triumphant toast." These ladies and their great hoops had given place to the Duchess of Leinster, who accidentally meets on Mount Ephraim and welcomes Kelly when he comes to stay with Cumberland. Judging from Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture, Miss Cumberland must have been one of the beauties of the Wells.

Kelly relates that Cumberland promised him and Bannister a great treat on the evening before their departure. When the cloth was laid for supper, in the middle of the table was a large dish with a cover on it. The two actors' appetites were very properly prepared for the mysterious dainty by the bracing air of Tunbridge Wells. But when the cover was removed a manuscript play lay upon the dish. "There, my boys," said Cumberland; "there is the treat which I promised you; that, sirs, is my *Tiberius*, in five acts; and after we have had our sandwich and wine and water, I will read you every word of it. I am not vain, but I do think it by far the best play I ever wrote."

"Will the reader believe," writes Kelly, in his *Reminiscences*, "that it was no joke, but all in earnest, and that he actually fulfilled his horrid promise, and read the first three acts; but seeing violent symptoms of sleep coming over us, he proposed that we should go to bed, and that in the morning he would treat us before we started, by reading the fourth and fifth acts; but we saved him the trouble, for we were off before he was out of his bed!"

Kelly writes of the evening of his arrival, that he dined pleasantly with Cumberland and his wife, an agreeable old lady, and Bannister; but the wine was scarce, though excellent in quality. Cumberland sent him to sleep afterwards by reading one of his own comedies. After supper upon a cold mutton bone and red wine and water, he says that "the bard conducted us to our bedrooms. The apartment in which I was to sleep was his study; he paid me the compliment to say that he had a little tent bed put up there which he always appropriated to his favourite guest. 'The book-case at the side,' he added, 'was filled with his own writings.'

"I bowed and said, 'I daresay, sir, I shall sleep very soundly.'

"'Ah! very good,' said he; 'I understand you—a hit, a palpable hit; you mean, being so close to my writings they will act as a soporific! Well, God bless you—you are a kind creature to come into the country and listen to my nonsense. *Buenos noches*, as we say in Spain. I hope it will be fine weather for you to walk about in the morning, for I think with Lord Falkland, who said that he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.'"

In suggestiveness of the appearance of the old Assembly Rooms at Tunbridge Wells, the summer fashions of 1781 may be quoted from the descriptions of the King's birthday ball on June 4.

The King wore a stone-coloured silk coat with diamond epaulet and star. The Queen was in white, with silver tissue, ornamented with bows bordered with brilliants. The Princess Royal's dress was a fawn-coloured silver tissue, ornamented with festoons of white silver tissue, bordered by green. The Prince of Wales wore a bright-coloured pink silk coat, richly embroidered with silver, and a waistcoat of silver tissue. The gentlemen's dresses were, for the greater part, spring silks with flowered borders. Those of the ladies were of white, straw colour, and green lustring, most beautifully trimmed with gauze and tiffany, and interspersed with natural and artificial flowers.

At Tunbridge Wells the company met early *en déshabille*, to drink the waters to the music of hautboys and fiddles in the orchestra in the centre of the Parade. Both ladies and men wore light dimity suits, but at eleven o'clock they met in the episcopal chapel in full dress. After the daily prayers they again resorted to the Parade for cards or coquetry. The newspapers were to be seen in the coffee house, and ladies made a favourite resort of the pastry-cooks'. In the library a book was kept for the effusions of poetasters, which were usually of the China shepherdess order of verse. This book has been printed and published under the title of *Tunbrigalia*.

The following is an average specimen of the muse of the *macaroni* of this period :—

Cupid and Venus one day strove
To warm Amintor's heart,
And give him all the joys of love,
The joys without the smart.
Says Venus, "Then let ev'ry maid
Bestow a fav'rite grace."
"No, mama," Cupid, smiling, said,
"Let's show him Celia's face."

After dining at the Ordinary many of the gentlemen played a game at bowls in the garden behind Pottinger's—the Sussex Inn—or smoked their pipes and looked on. In about the year 1780 donkeys were introduced, and became fashionable for ladies. Previously, those who had been ordered equestrian exercise for their health were accustomed to ride over the common on pillions behind their cavaliers. In the evenings whist, picquet, quadrilles, &c., entertained the visitors four times a week, and ball assemblies twice. It is related that while the gentlefolk were performing their minuets or country dances inside the Assembly Rooms, it was customary for the tradespeople and servants to dance to the music, outside the rooms, on the Pantiles. Three shops now stand on the site of the old Assembly Rooms in the centre of the Parade.

Contrasting with the pleasures or frivolities of Bath a century ago the fashionable evangelicalism must not be forgotten. The Countess

Huntingdon had founded there the first chapel of her "connexion," a structure of Gothic design, with three eagles at the upper end for pulpit and reading desks. Herein the lively, though earnest, advocate and Chancellor Erskine, between the periods of his naval and military service, in 1768, became associated with a very serious display of the liveries of woe. His father, the Earl of Buchan, had been a regular attendant at the chapel. Of his obsequies Whitfield says:—"All has been awful, and more than awful. On Saturday the corpse was taken from Buchan House, a word of exhortation was given, and a hymn sung in the room where it lay; the young earl, with his hand on the head of the coffin, the Countess Dowager on his right, Lady Anne and Lady Isabel on his left, and their brother Thomas next to their mother with a few friends. On Sunday morning all attended in mourning at the early sacrament. They were seated by themselves at the foot of the corpse, and, with their servants, received first, and a particular address made to them." At the funeral service, preached by Whitfield, at eleven o'clock on the same day:—

> The coffin being deposited on a space railed in for the purpose, the bereaved relations sat in order within, and their domestics outside, the rail. Three hundred tickets of admission, signed by the present earl, were given to the nobility and gentry. Ever since there hath been public service and preaching twice a day. This is to be continued till Friday next—then all is to be removed to Bristol, in order to be shipped to Scotland.

Tunbridge Wells appears to have rejoiced in an exemplary clergyman, the Rev. Martin Benson, according to Cumberland's *Autobiography*. This "Sir Fretful Plagiary" settled at Tunbridge Wells after he had been, as he conceives, extremely ungratefully treated by the Ministry under Lord North; as they would not reimburse him for expenses connected with his mission to Spain during the period of the American war. He consequently retired to Tunbridge Wells and continued to write voluminously—plays, a poem after Milton, and a novel called *Henry*, &c. But he says that he can forgive the Ministry for the sake of Lord North; when he calls to mind "the hours he passed with that nobleman in the darkness of his latter days." There was a charm in his genius. His house was in the Grove, and he would take Cumberland's arm, to be conducted to the Pantiles, and endeavour to recollect the situation of the steps, &c. "He enjoyed a vivid recollection of the pictures of men and books which he had seen."

Cumberland relates that he held a conversation with Primate Robinson respecting the number of seceders who, in times of past laxity, had fallen off from the established mode of worship, and gone astray after strange and whimsical teachers. The Primate remarked:—"If you wish to get these people back again, you must sing them in. They won't come to your preaching; but they have itching ears, and will listen to a hymn or an anthem; and you have an organ."

"Our rural choir," Cumberland continues, "soon became conspicuous for its merits. Mr. Benson's admonitions, backed up by our melodies, thinned the ranks of the seceders; and a certain female apostle was deserted by her closet congregation, and thenceforth devoted herself to a favourite monkey, who profited more by her caresses."

Cumberland says that Tunbridge Wells had a certain number of residents throughout the year in his days; and that the morning papers reached them by dinner-time, and the evening papers by breakfast next morning. He seems to have derived much gratification from the society of Lord Sackville, whose house of Stonelands, also known as Buckhurst Park, is at about five miles' distance from the Wells. He relates that Lord Sackville took his last leave of Lord Mansfield at Stonelands in 1785. The latter, who was then about eighty years of age, was much disturbed and affected by the death-like character of the countenance of his friend. Cumberland observes that his manner had more of horror in it than a firm man ought to have shown.

Five years previously Lord Mansfield had appeared to great advantage in his refusal to accept recompense for the loss of his valuable library, &c., in the Gordon riots.

He wrote, in answer to an official request for a statement:—"Besides what is irreparable, my pecuniary loss is great. But how great soever that loss may be, I think it does not become me to claim or expect reparation from the State. I have made up my mind to bear my misfortune as I ought; with this consolation that it came from those whose object manifestly was general confusion and destruction at home, in addition to a dangerous and complicated war abroad."

Although the hours of the public rooms at Bath were so uncompromisingly regular, it by no means follows that there were no later private dissipations. A Windsor correspondent of the *Westminster Review* for August, 1781, writes that, on the Prince's birthday—

> There was a grand ball at the Castle, which did not break up till five the next morning, and was remarkably brilliant and crowded.
>
> The entertainment was upon the same plan as those given by his Majesty at the Queen's palace; with this difference, that the three tables were in one room, viz. St. George's Hall. Their Majesties, Prince Edward, Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth; Duchess of Argyll, Ladies Effingham, Egremont, and Weymouth supped at a small table facing the company, under a canopy. . . . The Prince of Wales danced with Lady Augusta Campbell, &c., &c. . . . Their Majesties, &c., supped at twelve o'clock, and retired at five.

The general habits of the period suggest agreeable suppers after the assemblies at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, with perhaps china bowls of punch or silver jugs of bishop to render the evening festive. Cards in private as well as public are indicated when Mr. Simkin writes:—

> A sum, my dear mother, far heavier yet
> Captain Cormorant won, when I played lansquenet:
> Two hundred I paid him, and five am in debt.

Late hours are suggested in the description of the ladies.

> For indeed they look very much like apparitions
> When they come in the morning to hear the musicians,
> And some I am apt to mistake at first sight
> For the mothers of those I have seen over night.
> —I'm griev'd to the heart when I go to the pump.

The idea appears to exist that it is only of late years that ladies have dined in public rooms, and that *tables d'hôte* are a recent institution in England so far as the admission thereto of ladies is concerned; but the *New Bath Guide* shows that this is a delusion. Mr. Simkin writes:—

> For persons of taste and true spirit, I find,
> Are fond of attracting the eyes of mankind.
> —'Tis this that provokes Mrs. Shenkin Ap-Leek
> To dine at the ord'nary twice in a week,
> Though at home she might eat a good dinner in comfort,
> Nor pay such a cursed extravagant sum for 't;
> But then her acquaintance would never have known
> Mrs. Shenkin Ap-Leek had acquired the *bon ton*.

In dirty weather the ladies clattered about on pattens. A sedan-chair appears in a picture of the bath in about 1728; in which year the Princess Amelia journeyed all the way from London in a sedan-chair. At this date the bath and the statue of Prince Bladud were quite open to the street. In a picture of the North Parade of about 1780 a gouty gentleman is represented in the "bath-chair" upon wheels.

A "patent" was obtained for the theatre in 1768. The Rev. E. Palmer writes that Bath boasts of having given to the world, amongst a constellation of lesser stars, old Edwin, King, Henderson, Dimond, Abingdon, and Siddons. Amongst the pieces performed in 1782–83, *The Fashionable Lover*, *The Mysterious Husband*, and *Love in a Village* eminently suggest the comedy and opera of the period.

No New Thing.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Honours Divided.

THE ways of deceit are seldom ways of pleasantness; and Edith Winnington soon found that the part which she had set herself to play was so full of difficulty and discomfort as to be very nearly insupportable. In the first place, Mr. Stanniforth, who abhorred crooked dealing above all things, was as clumsy a fellow-conspirator as ever a poor girl was afflicted with. If he would have simply turned and fled whenever Mrs. Winnington entered the room, the maintenance of the plot would have been less hopeless; but this he would not do. He seemed to think that, having taken upon himself to delude a fellow-creature, it behoved him to make believe a great deal; and, instead of chatting naturally about vivisection, as of yore, he took to paying wild and improbable compliments, to jerking out pretty phrases too evidently learnt by heart, and to suggesting agreeable projects with an indescribably sheepish air, while Mrs. Winnington sat staring at him, as if she had some faint idea that he was going out of his mind.

Nor was this exasperating conduct the worst of what Edith had to endure at the hands of her well-meaning friend. From the moment of that meeting with Walter Brune at the Botanical Gardens, Tom had made up his mind to bring about the happy union of Miss Winnington with the young man whom he hoped some day to call his brother-in-law. This end, no doubt, might be achieved in many ways, it being evidently only a question of money; but it was important to ascertain, before proceeding to action, what Walter's tastes were, what career he considered himself best fitted for, and how a comfortable income could be provided for him without wearing too much the appearance of a gift.

"You said 'No' that day —" "Very well?"

Mr. Stanniforth would have been very glad, therefore, if Miss Winnington would kindly have taken him into her full confidence, and the nods and winks and oracular speeches in which he indulged, by way of encouraging her thereto, were indeed enough to have tried the patience of Job. Edith could not tell him that she had broken off all relations with Walter; neither could she by any means make him understand that the subject was painful to her; and, what with Tom's provoking stupidity upon the one hand and her mother's suspicious acuteness upon the other, she began at length to ask herself whether it would not be a great deal better to hasten the inevitable hour, to sever the hair which sustained the impending sword, and have done with it.

The courage of despair came to Edith's aid one morning, when her mother had been subjecting her to a more than usually severe course of interrogation, and, with a calmness which astonished herself, she said:

"I think I had better tell you that I have refused Mr. Stanniforth."

Mrs. Winnington immediately went through a sort of pantomime of dropping down dead. Verbal comment would, she felt, be absurdly inadequate to the occasion, and for some minutes she would do nothing but gasp and groan. When, however, she did recover the use of her tongue, she employed it with all that vigour of which she was a mistress. She scolded, she entreated, she wept copiously; finally she declared that Edith was a silly girl who did not know her own mind, and that she herself would make it her business to console poor Mr. Stanniforth, and to let him know that his rejection was not meant to be taken seriously.

Thus there was nothing for it but to explain that Mr. Stanniforth stood in no need of consolation; and so, by degrees, the whole truth came out, and Mrs. Winnington received the crushing intelligence that not only was another to bear away the prize, but that that other's chance of doing so was the result of Edith's officiousness in enlightening the wretched man as to the state of his own affections.

There is no saying what might not have happened to the offender after this, if a ring at the door-bell had not caused an abrupt suspension of hostilities.

"Not at home!" gasped Mrs. Winnington from the sofa. "Go and tell them, not at home!"

But either Edith was too late, or she thought only of effecting her own escape; for the next moment Colonel Kenyon was announced, and, striding into the room, beheld the foe with whom he had come to wage war prostrate upon her sofa, dishevelled as to her hair, and very red and swollen as to her eyes and nose.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Winnington. "I don't know why they let you come up. I am not in a state to receive visitors. I am very ill indeed."

"Oh!" said Hugh, a good deal disconcerted; for he felt that the

force of his attack must now be greatly weakened. "What is the matter with you? Gout again?"

"I believe," answered Mrs. Winnington impressively, "that I am about to die."

"Oh, I don't think so; you don't look like it all," said Hugh, with conspicuous lack of sympathy.

"I do not know," rejoined Mrs. Winnington, "what I may look like; but I know what I feel. However, I have no wish to weary you with my complaints. I have never talked about my health, nor taken care of it, as you are aware. Perhaps, if I had thought less of others and more of myself, as Cardinal Wolsey said, I should not be in the condition that I am in now."

"I didn't know that Cardinal Wolsey had said that," remarked Hugh; "but to the best of my belief you have no reason to reproach yourself on that score, Mrs. Winnington. You haven't thought too much about Margaret of late, it seems to me."

"Really, Hugh," cried Mrs. Winnington, "I am not prepared to be lectured by you. Margaret and I perfectly understand one another, and we do not require to be taught our duty by anybody. Dear Margaret would be the first person to protest against an insinuation that she had been neglected."

"That may be; but her protesting wouldn't alter the fact that she is neglected. Why, you don't even know where she is!"

"I don't quite understand what you mean by taking up this tone, Hugh, and, if we were not such very old friends, I should be inclined to put a stop to it. I certainly do not know dear Margaret's address; but that is only because she has thought fit to conceal it from me. I must say that I think Margaret has behaved with some want of consideration for me; but I have never hinted that I felt this in writing to her, nor have I attempted in any way to interfere with her plans. To speak of my not having thought about her is nonsense. I suppose that no one but you would have brought such a ridiculous accusation as that against me. The truth is that I have been, and am, most anxious to know where she has been all this time."

"Well," said Hugh, conscious that the case for the defence was being conducted with some ability, "I can give you the information that you are so anxious for. She has been in a Nurses' Institution; and I am sorry to say that she has made herself rather seriously ill. Yesterday, by a fortunate chance, I happened to meet her, and I was able to persuade her to leave the place at once. It was not a day too soon, I can tell you."

"A Nurses' Institution! you don't mean to say so! How very extraordinary poor dear Margaret is! Of course you were quite right to take her away—especially if she is going to be ill. It is nothing catching, I hope."

"No; you need not be afraid of going to see her. It is the old

trouble again. At least, it is partly that and partly nervous prostration, the doctor says."

"Dear me! Well, I don't wonder, I'm sure. What can you expect, if people will do such absurd and uncalled-for things?"

"She had her reasons," answered Hugh, shortly. He was dying to say what those reasons were; but he remembered his promise to repeat nothing of Philip's iniquities, and though, for his own part, he thought there was not a pin to choose between Mrs. Winnington and the other delinquent, he could not conscientiously assert that the cost of the establishment in Park Street was the direct cause of Margaret's retrenchment.

"As for my going to see her," Mrs. Winnington went on, "I don't know how long it may be before I am able to manage that; I have not been out of the house for three weeks. But I will send Edith. Where is dear Margaret now?"

Deliberately and at some length, as his habit was, Hugh stated the provisional arrangements which he had made on Margaret's behalf, gave an account of the condition in which he had found her, and reported the course of treatment recommended by the doctor. The interview was not passing off at all in the manner which he had anticipated. His firm intention had been to tell Mrs. Winnington plainly that she was an old monster of selfishness and, if possible, to make her thoroughly ashamed of herself for once; but now he did not quite see his way to doing this. Mrs. Winnington was not in the least ashamed of herself, and spoke with so much affection and sympathy of poor dear Margaret that it seemed as if all hope of plain speaking must be abandoned.

"Of course you will prepare to take her abroad directly," said he in conclusion, half hoping that the old lady would make some objection. And in this she did not disappoint him.

"I don't know about directly," she answered. "I meant to have gone to Homburg as soon as I was able to travel; but things have happened which may oblige me to change my plans. As for remaining a whole winter out of England, that I certainly cannot do; and I am quite certain that dear Margaret will not be so unreasonable as to expect it of me."

Already Mrs. Winnington had realised the necessity of discovering a successor for the faithless Stanniforth, and she felt that it would never do to waste the best part of a year in wandering through foreign lands. "You must remember," she continued, "that Margaret is not my only daughter, and that I cannot always be with her. I have tried to leave her as little alone as I could; but it is impossible that I should be altogether at her disposal, and I have made some engagements for the autumn which I must fulfil. That is, if I live so long," she added, remembering that she had just predicted her speedy dissolution.

"In other words, rather than give up a few visits, you would leave

Margaret to the tender mercies of a doctor and a lady's-maid, hundreds of miles away from all her friends."

"What your object can be in saying rude and false things about me, Hugh, I cannot imagine. Of course dear Margaret must have some one with her, and if she were really ill I should go to her at once. But I don't think it likely that matters are as bad as you make out, and there would be no difficulty in finding some one to take my place. Why should not *you* go with her?"

This suggestion caused a slight flush to mount into Hugh's sunburnt cheeks. "I am afraid," said he, "that would hardly do. Aged as I am, Margaret and I could not very well travel about together alone."

"I really don't know why you should not; you are almost like her guardian. But it would be quite easy to discover a third person; or Margaret might even engage a companion if necessary. However, all these matters can be discussed later; just now I do not feel up to talking any more. Will you give my best love to dear Margaret, please, and tell her that if she will come and see me, I shall be so glad! Edith will go to her as soon as she has a spare moment."

"Very well; I will give her that message," answered Hugh, getting up; and as he went downstairs, he tried to console himself by reflecting that he would probably have done more harm than good if he had succeeded in picking a quarrel with Mrs. Winnington.

"But the other," thought he, "is different. He is a man. I can deal with him, I think."

Hugh did not ask himself whether any good purpose would be served by his quarrelling with "the other." His feeling was that these two people ought really to be made to see themselves in their true colours, and that, if he didn't do them this service, nobody would. So, in full confidence of the righteousness of his purpose, he marched off to Berkeley Square, and, on hearing that Mr. Marescalchi was at home, declined to send in his card, saying that he would go straight upstairs. Philip, he thought, should not have the chance of refusing to receive him. He was not asked to mount any higher than the first floor, and it added fuel to the flames of his indignation to be shown into a spacious sitting-room adorned with much gilding and crimson damask and many mirrors.

"You have dropped into pretty comfortable quarters here," he remarked, almost before Philip had had time to say "How do you do?"

Mr. Marescalchi, who had been lying on the sofa, smoking a cigarette, resumed his recumbent attitude, and blew a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling. "They wouldn't be bad," he replied, "if they were not so execrably furnished. It is pain and grief to have to sit in such a gaudy room as this. But one can't have everything; and the hotel is tolerably comfortable in other respects."

"I have no doubt it is. Tolerably expensive too, I should think."

"Oh, of course. You can't live in a London hotel during the season for nothing; and from what I hear, I should say that this was about the most ruinous establishment of the lot. Still, when one has the means, you know——"

Hugh exploded like a bomb. "The means! Deuce take it all, Marescalchi, this is rather too good a joke! Do you think I don't know where your means come from? Are you aware, sir, that Margaret has had to pinch and screw, and put down her establishment, and reduce herself to—to positive indigence, by George! in order to provide you with the means of lying on your back on that sofa and smoking your beastly cigarettes all day?"

"They aren't beastly, really," said Philip mildly; "they're the best I can get. Won't you try one? These are not my rooms, by the way; they are occupied by Signora Tommasini, who kindly allows me to make use of them. I myself am lodged in a humble little apartment looking out upon the leads, where the cats sit and howl at me all night. You would feel quite sorry for me, if you saw it."

Hugh was conscious that, in his haste, he had brought matters to something very like an anticlimax; but he didn't care much about that. "I don't know about being sorry for you," he said; "I can assure you that it would rejoice me greatly to think that you were suffering a little discomfort."

"You don't say so!—how very odd! There's no accounting for tastes; but, for my own part, I dislike nothing more than to see people uncomfortable. It is very nearly as bad as being uncomfortable oneself."

"Is that why you have taken care not to see Margaret lately? She has been in discomfort, and something more than discomfort, through you. Well; I don't wonder that you have kept out of her way. It can't be very pleasant, I should think, to know that your extravagance has brought her to such straits that she has had to take to learning nursing in a sisterhood, by way of saving money, and that she has sacrificed her health by it. For anything that I know, she may have sacrificed her life too; for she is not in a state to do such things with impunity."

Whether Philip was touched, or conscience-stricken, or alarmed, or whether he was perfectly indifferent, there was nothing in his face or voice to indicate. "Don't you think you are just the least bit in the world unreasonable, Colonel Kenyon?" he asked. "I knew that Longbourne was let; but I knew nothing more, for the simple reason tha Meg did not choose to tell me anything more."

"I wish to God you wouldn't call her by that name!" exclaimed Hugh, with a sudden outburst of impatience.

"I am sorry that it should have the effect of irritating you so much; but, as I have never called her anything else all my life, I am afraid I must continue to do so, at the risk of being run through the body with your umbrella. I was saying that Meg kept me completely in the dark

as to her movements. She gave me to understand that she didn't wish me to ask questions, and, naturally, I could only respect her wishes."

"Oh, yes; that is Mrs. Winnington's excuse; but you'll allow me to tell you that, in my opinion, it is no excuse at all. It is just possible that Mrs. Winnington may not have known that Margaret had been exceeding her income; but you, at all events, were well aware of the demands that have been made upon her, and you cannot have had much doubt about the reason of her giving up her home. The very least that you could have done would have been to find out what had become of her. I shall not appeal to you to leave her in peace for the future, for I know that would not be of the slightest use; but you may as well understand that, after this, you will have to keep your expenditure within the limits of a fixed annual sum. I have determined to take matters into my own hands, and to put a stop to this system of wholesale robbery."

"Colonel Kenyon," said Philip, in a rather graver tone, "you have always had the worst possible opinion of me, and you are heartily welcome to it. Pray believe that your opinion is a matter of the most absolute indifference to me. More than once you have taken upon yourself to interfere in my affairs in a helter-skelter, blundering sort of way, and I haven't complained. It is your nature to be like that, I suppose, and I don't quarrel with you for it any more than one quarrels with dogs for delighting to bark and bite. Perhaps, however, it would be pushing forbearance too far to allow oneself to be called a wholesale robber; and therefore I must respectfully invite you to retract that expression."

Hugh was stroking his moustache with lean brown fingers which trembled a little. At this direct throwing down of the gauntlet his eyes glistened. "I won't retract a single word that I have said," he replied shortly.

"You won't?" returned Philip, deliberately swinging his legs off the sofa, and assuming a sitting posture, while he looked his visitor straight in the eyes. "You won't retract the expression? Then we must proceed to extremities, I'm afraid. I thought perhaps you might have insulted me without quite meaning it, for your temper seems to have got rather out of hand; but, since you choose to stick to your words, I can only ask you to give me your address, so that I may send a friend to call upon you to-morrow."

"You young jackanapes!" called out Hugh, "do you suppose I am going to fight a duel with you? I'll see you hanged first!"

Philip raised his eyebrows. "You won't fight, and you won't retract! I suppose you know what is generally said of a man who acts in that way."

"I'll tell you what," said Hugh, getting up; "I won't fight a duel, because it's ridiculous, and nobody ever does fight duels in this country; but if you would like to call me a coward, you had better do it—and I'll give you such a hammering that you won't do it again for a year."

Philip did not take advantage of this handsome offer. He looked

at his angry antagonist for a minute with a certain amused curiosity, and then burst out laughing.

"What a ludicrous position we have got into!" he exclaimed. "We both look rather foolish; but, vanity apart, I must say I think you look the more foolish of the two. My height is five foot nine; yours, I suppose, is about six foot two or three; and in weight and length of reach there is probably an even greater disproportion between us. Therefore I see nothing to be ashamed of in acknowledging that if it came to a regular ding-dong tussle between us, you could thrash me. But I think it is just possible that there may be something to be ashamed of in insulting a man whom you know you can thrash, and declining to meet him upon equal terms."

The sight of Kenyon's face, as he gradually took in this terse summing up of the situation, was enough to compensate Philip for worse things than having been called a wholesale robber. Longer and longer it grew, till, as Philip afterwards said, "it almost reached the lowest button of his waistcoat," and finally assumed an expression of the most woebegone penitence. It had not occurred to Hugh to look at the matter in that light before; but now it seemed clear enough that he had been acting the part of a bully; and what was left for him to do but to eat humble pie? It made him very miserable to recognise this duty; but it would have made him still more so to have shirked it.

"You were right, Marescalchi," he said; "I allowed my temper to get the better of me, and—I forgot myself. When duelling was done away with it was understood, I suppose, that a man would have to be more careful than ever in future about what he said, and I was certainly wrong in saying what I did. I withdraw the words that offended you, and I beg your pardon for having used them."

Philip nodded. "It is a pity that you dislike me so extremely, Colonel Kenyon," he said; "for I really have a sincere admiration for you. But we can never be friends, I am afraid."

"I am afraid not. The fact is that I ought not to have come here at all, and the sooner I take myself off the better. Good morning to you."

"I don't want to detain you against your will," said Philip; "but as you are here, and as you will most likely be seeing Meg in the course of the day, I think I might as well tell you something about myself which I should have had to let her know before long. I wonder whether you could be persuaded to sit down for a few minutes and behave like a rational being."

Perhaps Philip did not know how very offensive this impertinent tone was to the elder man. Hugh was too crestfallen to resent it. He sat down resignedly, and said "Well?"

"I only wish to tell you that I am going to be married shortly. My future bride is Signora Tommasini, of whom I dare say you have often heard."

Hugh could not repress a low whistle. "You don't mean the—the singing woman!" he ejaculated.

"I do. And she is fat, and you remember her when you were a boy, and all that. But she isn't a bad sort of old woman, all the same."

Probably Philip felt a good deal ashamed of himself; but it is not probable that he realised the intensity of his hearer's contempt for him. Hugh, however, had had enough of making personal criticisms for one day: he only remarked, in a low voice, "This will be a blow to poor Margaret."

"I suppose," observed Philip, "you wouldn't believe me if I were to say that it is partly on Meg's account that I have decided to take this step; but it will, at all events, be a satisfaction to you to know that I am off her hands. I shall always be a burden upon somebody; but I shall never be a burden upon her any more."

Something in the speaker's voice found its way to a soft place in Colonel Kenyon's heart. "I say, Marescalchi," he exclaimed abruptly, "can't you get out of this? Are you irrevocably committed to it?"

"Oh, dear me, yes!" answered Philip; "I am not sure that the banns haven't been put up already. Anyhow, I'm in for it; and, really, do you know, I don't mind it nearly as much as I expected to do. You'll just mention it to Meg, will you?"

"I will tell her," said Hugh reluctantly. "In fact I shall hardly be able to avoid telling her. But surely you must see that you ought to go to her yourself."

"Very well," answered Philip; "it will be painful for both of us; but what must be must. You might also mention to her that I didn't know the reason of her leaving Longbourne. Or, rather, no; don't say anything about that—what does it signify? No use asking you to stop and have some lunch, I suppose? Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye," said Hugh. He hesitated for a moment whether to hold out his hand or not; but finally decided that he would not. And so the two men parted, and have never exchanged words since. Their paths in life diverged from that day, and when they meet now—which does not often happen—they look the other way.

Hugh, walking sadly homewards, thought to himself, "So that is the end of him! As selfish and cynical a young scoundrel as ever breathed; and yet, somehow, I am sorry for the beggar."

But Philip, when he described the Colonel's visit, a few hours later, to the Signora, from whom he had now no secrets, said, "There never was a more dear old high-minded, thick-headed ass! It was a case of honours divided, and I don't think either of us cared much who won the game. He is a gentleman, that long, thin gunner, if he isn't exactly a man of the world. I think Mrs. Stanniforth will end by marrying him. Which is a pity; for he will never understand her."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Rewards and Punishments.

It never rains but it pours. Hardly had Mrs. Winnington got rid of the visitor who had intruded upon her as related in the last chapter before another, and an even less welcome one, was announced. When she heard the name of Mr. Brune, she not unnaturally concluded that it was Walter who had pushed audacity to the point of bearding the lioness in her den, and she was so mightily stirred by this fancied outrage that she had much ado to restrain herself from hurling at the head of the father the denunciation intended for the son.

"You did not expect to see me," observed Mr. Brune, who had marked the lady's evident discomposure.

"One does not expect to see anybody at this hour of the day," answered Mrs. Winnington, with somewhat discourteous emphasis.

"I apologise. I have no doubt I have been guilty of a frightful breach of etiquette. Please set it down to my rustic breeding, and also to the great desire that I had to find you at home."

Mrs. Winnington replied that she was always at home now, the state of her health not being such as to allow of her leaving the house. She added that she was not well enough to see any one, and that she wished servants would not be so stupid.

"I see," said Mr. Brune, "that I have been most indiscreet; and I would go away at once, if I had not a matter of real importance to us both to talk over with you. I daresay you may remember, Mrs. Winnington, a conversation which I had with you just before Walter left home."

"I do," answered Mrs. Winnington. "I am not likely to forget it, I can assure you. And, since you have introduced the subject, Mr. Brune, I think it as well that you should know that my daughter and I have been put to the most serious annoyance by your son's conduct during the last few weeks."

"I am grieved to hear it, but perhaps it would save time and clear the air if I were to finish what I have to say. When I have done, we will sit in judgment upon Walter, if you feel inclined that way. You say you have not forgotten our interview at Longbourne; so you will recollect my telling you at the time that I should not be disposed to look favourably upon my son's marriage with a penniless girl."

"Mr. Brune!" exclaimed Mrs. Winnington, red and wrathful, "if you have forced your way into my drawing-room merely in order to say impertinent things——"

"Now, my dear lady, why will you be in such a desperate hurry to condemn a man before the words are out of his mouth? What I was going to say was not impertinent; on the contrary, it was as pertinent as

anything could be. I was about to remark that circumstances have caused me to alter my mind upon that point. I am now ready to withdraw all opposition to my son's marriage with your daughter."

It is to be feared that that unworthy delight which Philip took in stirring up the causeless wrath of his neighbours must have been hereditary in the Brune family. Mrs. Winnington was so nearly choked by anger that she could get out no more articulate reply than a sort of crow; and Mr. Brune, who was enjoying himself greatly, went on.

"You see, at that time there was really no prospect of an engagement resulting in anything, except disappointment. I remember to have mentioned to you that I should not feel justified in absolutely forbidding such a thing, but that I did not think it desirable; and then, you know, you saw Walter himself, and sent him to the right-about very quickly. All that was quite as it should be; but since then a change has taken place in the condition of affairs. Walter is now better off than he was; indeed I may say that he is in a position to support a wife and family comfortably; and there is no reason why your daughter and he should not be married as soon as you please."

"Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Winnington; "no, never in all my life have I—— But perhaps I had better say no more. Mr. Brune, I must request you to leave me."

"Directly, Mrs. Winnington; but before I go, may I ask whether you have any objection to Walter as an individual?"

"The strongest! The very strongest!"

"Dear, dear! how unfortunate! I was hoping that it might have been only his poverty that repelled you; and, as he will now be in receipt of an income of from six to eight thousand a year—— However, there is no use in talking about what cannot be; and, much as I like and admire Miss Winnington, I am fully alive to the fact that Walter might do better for himself in a pecuniary sense. Well; it only remains for me to express my sincere regret and wish you good morning."

"Please sit down again, Mr. Brune; I don't know why you should decide things in such an offhand way. You must allow me a few minutes to think over this very unexpected news."

"As many as you like, my dear Mrs. Winnington. To make things quite clear to you, let me say that my brother-in-law, William Boulger, is dead, and has left 150,000*l.* to Walter. By living quietly in the country and exercising strict economy, I think a young couple might be able to manage upon that."

Mrs. Winnington thought so too. The prospect thus thrown open to Edith was a humble one in comparison with that which had lately seemed to lie before her; but, with the false Stannifurth lost for ever, and with no one at hand to put in his place, seven thousand a year was by no means to be lightly rejected, and, to do Mrs. Winnington justice, the fact that Walter was the man of Edith's own choice counted for something with her.

"I never allow myself to be influenced by feelings of personal prejudice," she began.

"I have noticed that you never do."

"And although, after the manner in which your son has behaved of late, I cannot truly say that I think well of him, still——"

"Still, a rich man may do things which are not permissible to a poor one, and a handsome income covers a multitude of sins. I quite enter into your feelings."

"Excuse me, Mr. Brune," said Mrs. Winnington, not without dignity, "but I very much doubt whether you do enter into my feelings. You are so very plain spoken with me that I need not hesitate to speak plainly to you, and to tell you that, if I were choosing a husband for Edith, I should not choose your son. I think him a loud and unrefined young man, and it seems to me that he is not likely to find himself in that position in society in which I should like Edith to move. But I have always maintained that a parent's interference ought to be kept within certain limits. One has a right to insist upon birth, adequate means, and good character."

"It would be impossible to carry moderation further."

"But beyond that one is perhaps hardly entitled to go; and, as I believe that there is nothing against your son's moral character, I feel that I ought not any longer to oppose Edith's choice."

"I am delighted to hear you speak of Edith's choice as being made. Might I be allowed to see her before I go?"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it!" answered Mrs. Winnington. "I will ring and send for her."

Accordingly Edith was summoned, and presently made her appearance, looking very pale and frightened. This was not quite what Mr. Brune wanted. He would have been glad to have had a few minutes' conversation in private with his future daughter-in law, but evidently Mrs. Winnington did not think it necessary to accord him that privilege; so he revealed the nature of his errand in a few plain and direct words, said as many pleasant things as it was possible to say in the freezing presence of the lady upon the sofa, and took his leave, having obtained permission for Walter to call later in the day.

The latter, who had been awaiting his father's return with no little impatience, was so overjoyed when he heard of his good fortune that Mr. Brune felt constrained to remind him that there was no rose without a thorn.

"Mrs. Winnington is your thorn," said he. "Don't attempt to sit upon her; it wouldn't be a success. If you will be advised by me, you will make up your mind at once to regard her as one of those inevitable evils which time alone can remove, and which it is not of the slightest use to fight against. Don't fight against her this afternoon if she insults you, as she probably will do. You have won the game, and you can afford to be magnanimous, or, if you prefer it, contemptuous."

Walter declared that he was neither going to quarrel with Mrs. Winnington, nor to treat her with contempt. He was determined to make friends with the old lady, he said; whereat Mr. Brune laughed.

And yet the task did not prove so difficult a one as might have been anticipated. The fact was that Mrs. Winnington was not ill-pleased at the turn which matters had taken; and though it would have been unreasonable to expect of her that she should have acknowledged as much to Mr. Brune, she did not mind saying so to Walter. Full well she knew that Tom Stanniforths did not grow on every bush, and if there was any humiliation in the position of having to welcome to-day the man whom she would have turned out of her house yesterday, she was not conscious of it. Her own view of the case was that she had done her duty throughout, and had now been rewarded—not fully, still, as sufficiently as could be hoped for in a world where rewards and punishments have no direct connection with desert. She received Walter graciously and patronisingly, and after a time walked upstairs without assistance, leaving him and Edith in possession of the drawing-room. The dialogue which ensued between these happy lovers may be left to be filled up by such readers as care to exercise their imagination in that way.

From thenceforth Mrs. Winnington talked no more about dying. Her health and spirits returned with surprising rapidity, and in a day or two she was able to go and see Margaret, who was by no means in so good a case either as regarded one or the other. The cough which had so alarmed Hugh was indeed better, but the patient's general condition was far from being satisfactory. She was languid and nervous, and when her mother scolded her affectionately for her "really too preposterous escapade," she began to cry.

"I cannot understand dear Margaret," Mrs. Winnington complained to Hugh. "I suppose she is glad to see me; but really one would never imagine it from her manner. A short time ago she would have been delighted to hear of dear Edith's engagement, but now it scarcely seems to interest her. I cannot get her to talk at all. Has she anything on her mind, do you think?"

"It takes a little time to recover from a severe nervous shock," Hugh answered. "She ought to have a complete change as soon as it can be managed."

"Well," said Mrs. Winnington, "I am quite ready to take her to Homburg as soon as she likes now. Of course, if dear Edith's wedding is to take place in the autumn, I cannot say how long I may be able to remain abroad; but dear Margaret may certainly count upon me for three weeks or a month."

Hugh, however, had found out that Margaret did not wish to go abroad with her mother; so he answered evasively that he was afraid Homburg would not exactly do. Switzerland, perhaps, would be a more

suitable place. Upon the whole, he thought that Margaret should make her plans irrespectively of Mrs. Winnington's. He did not care to tell that lady of the other wedding which was imminent; nor did he think it necessary to mention what he believed to be the true cause of Margaret's depression. He himself found it difficult to sympathise with his friend in this trouble. He was very sorry, but he could not say much. The fellow was so absolutely worthless! He had broken the news as gently as he could; he had dwelt as little as possible upon Signora Tommasini's age, and he had carefully abstained from saying a word about sordid motives; but he had not found himself able to make excuses for Philip. "He'll make them for himself a deal better than I should for him," the Colonel had thought with a rather bitter laugh. "If anybody can persuade Margaret that black is white, he is the man to do it."

Perhaps Philip's confidence in his persuasive powers was not so great: certain it is that he never came to make those excuses. For three long days Margaret waited impatiently, expecting every hour to hear his step upon the stairs; but he failed to redeem his promise, and upon the fourth morning a note arrived from him in which he stated plainly that he "could not bring himself to face it."

"What would be the use," he wrote, "of my coming to be forgiven—for of course I should be forgiven—and of our trying to persuade ourselves that things can ever be the same again as they used to be? It is wiser to make an end and finish of it at once, Meg; and if you can get yourself to think of me as if I were dead, that will be best. For a great many years I have been your lap-dog, and you have been wonderfully good and kind to me—only unfortunately you didn't know that all lap-dogs require whipping—and now I am going to be Signora Tommasini's lap-dog. I don't think you would care about the divided ownership, and I am quite sure that I couldn't endure it. You will set me down as ungrateful and heartless; and Colonel Kenyon will confirm your opinion, I have no doubt. So be it; only I think you will see, some day, that the best proof of gratitude that I could give you was to take myself off your hands and out of your life."

In her distress, Margaret showed these words to Colonel Kenyon, who read them, and shook his head.

"I don't know what Philip means," she said. "Why should he talk about forgiveness? He has a right to marry whom he pleases, and he has done me no wrong, however sorry he may have made me. Why should he mind seeing me?"

"I don't want to hit a man when he is down," answered Hugh; "but it seems to me that all that is nothing but tall talk, and that he only refuses to meet you because he shrinks from the humiliation of it. I know nothing about Signora Tommasini; but one cannot suppose that she would be a person whom you could receive upon terms of equality; and I presume that he understands that. It sounds a hard thing to say;

but I can't help agreeing with him that it would be best if you could look upon him as dead."

Margaret said very little more. It was not in her power to do as she was advised, though doubtless it might be expedient to make a pretence at doing so. The total failure of her life was very evident to her; but that did not make it any easier to forget the past and start afresh. "What am I to do now?" she ejaculated to herself, after Hugh had left her; and all day long this question kept echoing and re-echoing itself in a tired brain. What was she to do?—what was she to do?

By way of practical answer came a kind letter from Tom Stanniforth, who had heard something of her projects, entreating her to come down to Longbourne, and start a poor bachelor in the way of housekeeping and dealing with the tyrannical Mrs. Prosser, who remained in charge of the establishment. It might be a convenience to Margaret, he said, to be in her own house for a time before going abroad, and it would be a true charity to him if she would give him a few directions.

A somewhat similar invitation reached Colonel Kenyon, who was begged to understand that his right to make himself at home at Longbourne remained the same, although the house had passed out of the hands of one member of the Stanniforth family into the temporary occupancy of another.

It thus came to pass that, in the early days of August, very nearly the same party assembled round the Longbourne dinner-table as had met there a year before; for Mrs. Winnington and Edith had been induced, without much pressing, to avail themselves of Mr. Stanniforth's hospitality. There was only one absentee, and probably only one person missed him. Walter did say one evening that he wished poor old Philip could be there to keep them alive; but this remark was received with such emphatic silence that it was not repeated; and in truth, so far as he himself was concerned, Walter did not feel that the society in which he spent the greater part of his time left anything to be desired.

As the result of many family conclaves, it had been finally decided that Margaret was to engage a companion to accompany her to Switzerland, whither Hugh, whom a step in rank had deprived of the command of his battery and of all present employment, was likewise to travel with her. An advertisement was accordingly put in the papers, which had the effect of bringing numerous singular-looking persons down to Crayminster to be interviewed by Mrs. Winnington, and promptly dismissed as altogether unsuitable. Margaret was beginning to despair, when an excellent and unexpected substitute for a companion presented herself in the person of Miss Brune.

Nellie had been anything but pleased by Mr. Stanniforth's appearance as tenant of Longbourne; and she had thought fit to give him a very cool reception the first time that he walked over to Broom Leas. This, however, had not prevented him from calling again the next day, and the next, and every day; and his manner had been such as to leave

her in no doubt that it was his intention to repeat ere long the offer which he had made without success upon a previous occasion. Now, Nellie was not ignorant of what had been taking place in London during the past few months, and her belief was that she understood Mr. Stanniforth thoroughly. He would have been glad to marry Edith if Walter had not interfered. Failing Edith, he would now be willing enough to marry her; and, failing her, he would have no objection, she supposed, to marrying somebody else. One could not be exactly angry with the man, since it was evident that he really meant no offence; but at the same time it was very disagreeable to be annoyed by the preliminary courtship in which he chose to indulge; and as there was apparently no hope of making him understand the futility of that process, the only thing to be done seemed to be to run away from him. Nellie, therefore, had decided upon paying a long visit to her aunt Elizabeth, an ancient dame who dwelt far away in the west of England, and it was without any idea of being taken at her word that she remarked one morning to Mrs. Stanniforth, "Ah! I wish you would carry me off to foreign parts with you as your companion. I shouldn't ask for any salary."

Margaret jumped at the suggestion. Probably she was the only person at Longbourne or Broom Leas who was still in the dark as to Mr. Stanniforth's purpose, and she was under the impression that Nellie needed change of scene almost as much as she did herself. Had not her clay-footed idol once been Nellie's idol too? The whole matter was arranged, Mr. Brune's consent had been obtained, and the travellers were off almost before the astounded Tom Stanniforth could draw his breath.

"Looked at in the light of a practical joke, I must acknowledge that this is a great success," he said, in rueful accents, to Edith, who could not help laughing at his discomfiture. "Here am I with a big house on my hands that I don't know what to do with, and I daren't shut it up and go away now. I feel exactly like a man who has taken a moor for the season, and finds, on the morning after his arrival, that all the birds are dead."

"Your bird will come back," said Edith consolingly.

"Yes, but when? And when she does come back, what chance will there be for me? What am I to think of her going off like this the moment that I appear?"

"I know what I think," answered Edith; "I think you have scared her away. You made too sure of her, and I dare say you let her see it; which is not at all the sort of thing that Nellie would like. But never mind. If she had meant to refuse you again, she would not have gone away."

In happy ignorance of the unwarrantable deduction that was being drawn from her retreat, Nellie was at that moment seated in the corner of a French railway carriage, enjoying that exhilaration and sense of freedom which we alone among all nations experience when we leave

our native land. We are generally very glad to get home again, and we complain with much bitterness of our discomforts during our absence; but who does not know the feeling of exultation with which that strip of tumbling grey sea, on the other side of which are all manner of worries and fetters, is left behind? Besides, some of us like to feel the warm sun on our backs for once in a while.

The small party which travelled in a leisurely way from Paris to Dijon, and from Dijon to Bâle, and so up to the regions of purer air, which it was considered desirable that Margaret should breathe, grumbled at nothing—not even at the antiquated French railway system, which delights to throw stumbling-blocks in the path of leisurely travellers, nor at the horde of objectionable compatriots who jostled them at every halting-place. Nor did any of them express a wish to return home. The subject of home was, indeed, but little touched upon between them, and the names of those whom they had left there were seldom on their lips. It would not have been easy to speak of one without mentioning others, whose recent proceedings, it was felt, were best not alluded to. Letters reached them from time to time—letters from Longbourne and from Homburg; and one morning there came a newspaper containing an account of the nuptials of Signora Tommasini and an elaborate description of the bride's dress. Over this Margaret shed a few tears; but she was careful to conceal both the tears and the newspaper from her companions. They left her a good deal to herself, having discovered that that was what she liked best; and on sunny mornings, when Hugh was stretching his long legs in rambles over the hills and far away, and when Nellie had started on an excursion with some of the acquaintances who are quite sure to be met with in every hole and corner of Switzerland in the month of August, she would sit for hours in the shade, gazing at white threads of distant waterfalls, at slopes shaggy with the dark pines, at silver mists curling among the rocks and snow-fields above them—and thinking, thinking.

In that silence and peace and solitude her wounds were gradually healing over—or so she believed. Long before, in London, she had realised the mistakes of her life; but these were no longer so painful to her that she could not bear to face them. It was best to recognise the truth. She supposed that her mother and Philip were rather selfish people. Hugh evidently thought so; and Hugh, who was much better and wiser than she, was always right. But when this was admitted, what more was there to be said, except that she might have spared herself some pain if she had admitted it a little sooner? To one of them, at least, she could not accuse herself of having done any harm; while she had so greatly injured the other by her foolish fondness that she had assuredly no right whatever to complain of him for turning away from her now. And if there was not much comfort in the latter reflection, she persuaded herself that there was—which is very nearly the same thing. Some comfort also she derived from the conviction that

her troubles had taught her to appreciate the one faithful friend whose faithfulness and friendship she had always accepted too much as a matter of course, and whose gentle attempts to open her eyes she had so often resented. Poor Hugh! she had never liked hitherto to think of that offer of marriage that he had made her a year before, but now she did not mind looking back upon it. Could it be true, she wondered, that he had loved her, as he said, before Jack had come? Probably it was not quite true; for men always said that sort of thing, and Hugh had evidently put all thought of the subject away from him. She was half sorry that he should be consoled so soon; and yet she could hardly have wished it to be otherwise, for she was very certain that she could never have married him.

Hugh, meanwhile, was biding his time. He understood, to some extent, the gradual awakening process through which Margaret was passing; and, like a sensible man, he took long walks, and allowed Nature to do her own work in her own way. One day he took it into his head that he would like to go up the Finsteraarhorn; and during the night of his absence a terrific thunderstorm broke over the higher peaks, insomuch that Margaret, who could get no sleep for thinking of the perils to which the adventurous climber might be exposed, knocked up Nellie at one o'clock in the morning to take her opinion as to the advisability of despatching a search party across the glacier. On the following evening, however, Hugh came limping back, having triumphantly achieved his object, and having met with no worse disaster than a smart blow on the shin from a falling stone; which little inconvenience was more than compensated for by Margaret's expressions of compassion and concern.

"You must not go up any more mountains," she said decisively; "it is too dangerous, and you ought not to risk your life in that foolish way. What would become of me if you were to tumble over a precipice and break your neck?"

"Are you beginning to think of yourself at last?" asked Hugh with a smile.

"Hush!" she answered; "you know very well that I have always thought of myself. But you will take care, won't you? I haven't so many friends that I can afford to lose one."

Hugh promised that he would be caution itself for the future; but after that day Mrs. Stanniforth became restless and anxious to descend to a lower level of habitation. She had had enough of the mountains, she said; they were far more beautiful when seen from a distance. And it was getting too late in the year to linger in such high quarters; and the food was bad; and it was so miserably uncomfortable when it rained—and in short she would give her companions no peace until they had consented to go down into the heat and civilisation of Geneva.

But Geneva evidently would not do for more than a day or two, and it was soon agreed that a move should be made to Ouchy. This

resolution was arrived at on the quay, whither our three friends had strolled out one evening after dinner; and while Hugh was pointing to the place where Mont Blanc ought to have been visible, a cheery and familiar voice called out behind them, "So here you are! What a happy chance that I should have thought of taking a walk this evening! I meant to have started for the Aeggischhorn, the first thing in the morning, after you."

"Tom!" exclaimed Margaret in accents of extreme surprise. "What in the world has brought you to Switzerland?"

"The Paris and Lyons Railway and the habits of a lifetime," answered Mr. Stanniforth; and he might have added, "the friendly counsels of Edith Winnington." "I almost always do go abroad at this time of year, you know," he said.

This might or might not be true; but Margaret could not help concluding, from a certain hilarious self-consciousness on Tom Stanniforth's part, that there was more in this sudden appearance of his than met the eye.

"I do wonder," she said to Hugh, later in the evening, when Nellie had gone to bed and Mr. Stanniforth had likewise retired, after in the most matter-of-course way declaring his intention of accompanying the party to Ouchy—"I do wonder what can have made Tom think of joining us."

"Ah!" said Hugh, "what could it have been?"

"You don't mean to say——"

Colonel Kenyon began to laugh. "Isn't it an extraordinary thing," said he, "that I, an innocent old bachelor, should always be the one to enlighten a person of your experience as to the love-making that is going on under your nose? Didn't I tell you about young Brune and Edith long ago? And now you see that there was another little affair in progress to which you were blind."

"Oh, but," answered Margaret, anxious to vindicate her character for insight, "I was not altogether blind! That is, I thought at one time that he admired her a good deal; only——"

"Only you were determined at that time that Miss Brune's affections were to be otherwise engaged—not to speak of his. People have a troublesome way of choosing for themselves, though."

"I am not sure that Nellie has chosen," said Margaret.

"Well, we shall see. We may get some amusement out of watching them—you and I."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Yes and No.

The amusement which Colonel Kenyon had anticipated from watching the progress of Tom's suit was furnished to him in as liberal a measure

he could have wished on the following day, when the whole party ok steamer for Ouchy. They all knew so perfectly well what Mr. tanniforth was there for, they were all so determined to behave as if they idn't know, and were so conscious withal of their total inability to de-ive one another, that their conversation throughout the voyage down e lake was of a most polite, formal, and unnatural kind. The two okers-on were more than once upon the brink of an outburst of ntimely laughter.

As for the principals, one of them was a great deal too much in arnest, and the other was a great deal too angry, to laugh. Nellie hought that Mr. Stanniforth had taken a decided liberty in joining hem without having even troubled himself to find out first whether he as wanted or not; but what angered her far more than this free-and-asy conduct was the good-humoured satisfaction of his face, which emed to say, as plainly as if the words had been spoken, that he was uite confident of obtaining what he came to Switzerland to seek. She as also much displeased with Mrs. Stanniforth and Colonel Kenyon, ho, after the first hour, kept on making the most desperate efforts to ave her alone with her persecutor. These efforts she was determined defeat, and indeed did defeat; though at the cost of some personal ss of dignity, and of a considerable increase in the general absurdity of he situation. Nothing, she resolved, should induce her to quit Mrs. tanniforth's side for a moment. If Margaret expressed a wish to go rward and enjoy the view which was partly hidden from the first-class assengers by an awning, Nellie at once became fired by a similar mbition; in the same manner she shifted about a dozen times from the unshine to the shade and back again; and when at last Margaret, in espair, said that she was tired, and would go and lie down in the cabin or a little, Nellie immediately discovered that she also was tired, and ould like to lie down. The other passengers must have thought that hese four people were playing a game of follow-my-leader when they aw the elder lady perpetually starting up and walking quickly away, llowed in hot haste by the younger, who, in her turn, was pursued by he two men.

But such tactics were, at best, but a sorry makeshift, and evidently ould not be persevered in for long. They were so far successful that Mr. Stanniforth did not get a single opportunity for private conversation ith Miss Brune on board the steamer; but once on shore it was easier or him to achieve his purpose, aided as he was by two unsolicited onfederates, and before the day was over Nellie had walked unsuspect-ngly into a trap which was laid for her without any collusion on the art of her ensnarers. Margaret went into her own room to rest mmediately on arriving at the hotel, and Miss Brune thought there ould be no danger in assenting to Colonel Kenyon's proposition that hey should stroll up and have a look at Lausanne before dinner. It as, of course, inevitable that Mr. Stanniforth should accompany them;

but that she did not mind, so long as there was a third person present. What she had omitted to take into account was the malevolence of Colonel Kenyon, who, as soon as they had reached the top of the hill, said suddenly:

"By the bye, I have got to go to the bankers', and I am afraid they may keep me some time. You had better not wait for me; I'll follow you down, when I've finished my business."

"Oh, but we would much rather wait!" objected Nellie; "it can't take more than five minutes to change a few circular notes. Or, perhaps," she added, "if Mr. Stanniforth is in a hurry, he would walk on, and *I* might wait."

"I'll do anything I'm told, except walk back alone," said Mr. Stanniforth accommodatingly.

"Oh, you must really both of you go! Couldn't think of keeping you," cried the perfidious Hugh, hurrying away to avoid further argument.

Thus brought to bay, Nellie recovered her courage. She reflected that it should be quite within her power to hold Mr. Stanniforth at a distance, and perhaps, after all, he would have the good taste not to seize this very early occasion of saying what she was afraid he meant to say sooner or later. Nevertheless, his first remark disconcerted her a little.

"You must all have been rather surprised at my coming abroad after having taken Longbourne with the express intention of spending the summer there."

"Did you express an intention of spending the summer there?" she asked. "But of course you were not bound to do so, unless you liked."

"Well, no. And, under the circumstances, as you may imagine, I did not like."

"I suppose it must have been rather dull after Mrs. Winnington and Edith went away."

"Just so—after Mrs. Winnington and her daughter went away. Do you know, I never was more mistaken about anybody in my life than I was about your future sister-in-law. This time last year I was inclined to set her down as a rather insipid sort of girl, with a pretty face and no brains to speak of; but now I have quite changed my opinion of her, and I think her as clever as she is pretty. She and I struck up a great friendship in London."

"So I heard," Nellie could not help saying, in a tone which implied that she had heard of something more than friendship.

"Oh!" answered Tom; "I know what you mean, and I am not going to make any secret of it to you. I proposed to Miss Winnington, and she refused me; and then it was that we made friends."

"I thought," said Nellie, with her nose in the air, "that one was supposed never to talk about things of that kind."

"One is surely entitled to say that one has been refused. And,

besides, I had a reason for mentioning it to you, Miss Brune. I wanted to explain to you how it was that I ever came to make that proposal at all. For, after what I said to you in November last, you must have thought it rather extraordinary in me to do so."

"I did not know that you had done so," answered Nellie, who was now posting down the hill at a great pace; "and if I had, I should not have thought it extraordinary—not in the least extraordinary. And I hate explanations."

"You will listen to mine, though, I hope. I won't make it long, and I should get through it so much more quickly if I might sit still instead of running. Here is a bench. Won't you sit down for a few minutes, Miss Brune, and let me say what I have to say?"

"As you please," said Nellie despairingly. She seated herself at one end of the bench pointed out to her, and laid down her sunshade lengthways beside her, so that only a small space was left at the opposite extremity for Mr. Stanniforth.

Of this he uncomplainingly availed himself, and began:

"I will confess at once that I acted very foolishly, and that, if I had been left to myself, I should have committed a mistake which I should have regretted for the rest of my life. My only excuse is that I had a sort of idea that it would be necessary for me to marry some time or other. My father went on bothering me about it, and I saw that it was a case of giving in then, or next year, or the year after, and I thought Miss Winnington was a very nice, amiable girl, and——"

"Really, Mr. Stanniforth," interrupted Nellie, half laughing, "you need not make all these excuses. I have no doubt that you and your father were quite right; but I can't see what concern this is of mine."

"Well, I wanted just to explain to you how it happened. The woman whom I loved was engaged to be married to another man, and I didn't much care whom I married myself, so long as she was not a termagant. So, as I told you, I proposed to Miss Winnington, who not only refused me, but in the kindest way pointed out to me what a fool I had been to ask her. She got the truth out of me (which was the more easy as she had guessed it all beforehand), and then she told me that your engagement to Marescalchi was at an end; after which she strongly advised me to try again. And so—here I am."

"You and Edith seem to have thought that what you call 'trying again' was a very simple matter," observed Nellie.

"No, indeed! I did not think that it would be a simple matter to succeed; but of course what I had to do was simple enough. What more *can* I do than come and ask you whether I may hope? I told you last November—and I am sure you don't think that I would tell a lie—that I had never loved any one but you. I have not changed since then."

"You seem to forget that you have been all but engaged to somebody else since then."

"No, I don't. And you have been quite engaged to somebody else."

"Mr. Stanniforth, I never met any one the least like you! You speak as if my case were the same as yours. I said to you that day, that—that——"

"You said 'No' that day—"

"Very well?"

"And are you going to say 'No' now? If you are, say it quickly, and I will promise never to persecute you again. I know you are too honest to trifle with me."

After all, it was Hugh who got down the hill first. He had been sitting for a long time in the garden of the hotel when Tom Stanniforth joined him with a radiant countenance, and said he had come to be congratulated.

"It's all right, my dear Kenyon, and I'm the happiest man in Europe. I can hardly believe it's true!"

"Oh!" said Hugh, with a calm smile, "I could have told you long ago that it was going to be all right."

Mr. Stanniforth stared. "The deuce you could!" said he. "Then you knew more than she did herself; for she assured me that she fully intended to refuse me up to the last moment."

"Ah, I dare say! Lookers-on, you know—I am condemned to be a looker-on all my days." And Hugh sighed, and shortly afterwards went into the house, where he found that Margaret had already been informed of the news.

It was perhaps a natural consequence of the society of two blissful lovers that the patient Colonel should have become eager to know his own fate once for all. He did not speak at once; but a certain change came over him which Margaret could not misunderstand, and, when he did speak, she was not only prepared for what he was going to say, but was prepared also with her answer.

They were sitting in a shady nook of that garden of the Hôtel Beau-Rivage, so well known to the British tourist. Tourists were away now, the afternoon being a cloudless one, and these two had the garden to themselves. Tom and Nellie had gone out on the lake: their boat could be seen from between the trees, a black, motionless speck upon an expanse of calm blue water.

"Dear old Hugh," said Margaret, "my dear old friend, it can't be. I love you more than I do anybody in the world—more than Philip, or anybody; and I have thought a great deal about it, and tried to persuade myself that it might be possible; and then—I found that it was *not* possible. I can't at all tell you how sorry I am, and there is not much use either in saying that one is sorry. I wish with all my heart that I could avoid giving you pain; but I can't help it, can I? It isn't my fault that—that I can't forget."

"I don't ask you to forget," cried Hugh, eagerly. "I don't expect

it; I don't wish it. You can't love me as I love you, or as you loved poor Jack: that, I know, is impossible. I don't say that I didn't hope it might be otherwise years ago; but as one grows older one looks at life in a very different way. Marriage isn't all romance, Margaret, and we know that boy and girl love can't last for ever. Think of all the happy middle-aged and old couples you know, and ask yourself whether it is possible that they can be 'in love' with one another. If I didn't feel certain that I could make you happy, do you suppose that I should wish you to marry me? You see, Margaret, I have watched you so long, and I have thought about you for so many years, that now, I believe, I know you better in some ways than you know yourself. You are not fit to live alone. Some women can do it; but you are not one of them. You need some one to look after you, and you need, just as much, some one to look after. I want to save you from the dreadful loneliness of your life. Try to think of it in that way."

"Ah!" she said, "I have thought of it in that way. You need not speak to me of the loneliness of my life; for you cannot realise it more clearly than I do. It frightens me to think of the future. Hitherto I have always had some one to think about; but that is all over now, and naturally, as time goes on, I shall be more and more alone. And I know, too, that I am not fit to live alone. Ever since I have been my own mistress I have been doing nothing but weak and foolish things, and I suppose it will always be the same. I am unstable as water—except, perhaps, in one thing," she added, recollecting herself. "I have always been true to Jack; and I could not be false now, if I would. Oh! I know all that there is to be said about second marriages. I have said it all to myself scores of times; but I can't bring myself to think about them in the way that people generally do. I must believe everything or nothing; and if I am to believe that we don't lose our identity when we die, and that we shall rise again at the last day with our bodies, then I must know for certain that it would make Jack sorry and angry to think that I belonged to another man as much as to him. You are laughing at me. It sounds ridiculous, I know, and I would not have said this to any one else; but I would rather tell you the truth, even if it does seem absurd."

"I was not laughing," said Hugh; and indeed there was little mirth in his smile.

He could not tell her what was passing through his mind. He had known Jack Stanniforth intimately—a jolly, light-hearted fellow, fond of sport, fond of a good dinner, fond of most of the good things of this world, and not at all given to troubling himself with thoughts of another. It was as certain as anything could be that Jack would have turned out a very good husband, as husbands go, but that he would not have been in love with his wife for a twelvemonth, and that his ways would not have been her ways, nor his pleasures her pleasures. Had he lived but for a few years after his marriage, it was probable that his

widow would have retained a very different impression of him and his wishes. But Jack had spoilt everything by dying before his honeymoon was well over; and it would be cruel as well as useless to tell Margaret now that her ideal had no existence and had never had any. So Hugh said nothing, but only pulled his moustache and looked broken-hearted.

"Oh, how sorry I am!" exclaimed Margaret; "it is so stupid to be obliged to be such a marplot! If I could only say Yes, we might all pair off, like the animals walking out of the ark, or the people at the end of a novel—you and I, and Tom and Nellie, and Walter and Edith—and live happily ever afterwards, and all would be well that ended well. But it won't end well; and I can't help it. I wonder whether you believe that I am sorry, Hugh."

Hugh nodded rather dolefully. "We can be friends, all the same," he said.

"Oh, I hope so! What should I do without your friendship now! You are not angry with me about this, are you, Hugh?"

"No, indeed. Last year," he added, looking up at her with a smile, "it was I who had to beg you not to be angry with me; and you said——"

"Oh, don't!—don't remind me of what I said last year; you don't know how ashamed I have been of it since. Oh, Hugh, how horrid and selfish and unjust I have been to you, and how patient you have been with me! I can't think how you have been able to go on caring for me at all. But you will forgive, won't you? and we shall not love each other the less because—because——"

"Because you don't love me enough to marry me?"

"No, not that; but because I am not free to marry you, or anybody. And surely there is nothing in this that need part us. You know, you said yourself that we were not like a girl and boy; the love that we have for each other is the love of friends; and we are old and grey-headed now. We can go on as we have always done, can't we, Hugh?"

She was so eager to insist upon this view of the case that Hugh would not disclaim the sober character of the passion attributed to him. "Neither this nor anything else shall part us, with my consent," he said, trying to put on a cheerful face; "and we may certainly be friends, although I am afraid you can hardly call yourself old yet."

"I am grey, at any rate, and I feel as old as Methuselah. I wonder whether we shall live to be quite old people. Sometimes I think that I shall die very soon."

"Nonsense! you are getting strong and well as fast as you can. You look a hundred per cent. better than when you left England. What made you say that?"

"I don't know. I don't feel as if I were getting stronger at all. We are not a long-lived family, you know. But there is not particular the matter with me that I am aware of."

Any allusion to the delicate state of Margaret's health was sure to alarm Hugh immoderately; and perhaps she may have known this, and been not unwilling to take advantage of so good an opportunity for changing the subject. She allowed him to wrap a thick shawl round her, though the afternoon was hot and airless, and presently yielded to his entreaties that she would go indoors and lie down till dinner-time.

It was just as well for Colonel Kenyon that he should have other things to think of, besides his great disappointment; and indeed Margaret's condition was such as to give some real cause for anxiety. For several days the poor Colonel was fidgety and miserable, and Tom Stanniforth unwittingly planted a dagger in his heart by saying, "Do you know, Kenyon, I don't like Margaret's looks at all. To me she has all the appearance of a woman going into a decline." It is true that Tom immediately ate his words, when he was asked savagely what he meant by that; but he could not do away with the sinister impression produced by them, and from that day forth Hugh's peace of mind was a thing of the past.

August passed into September with a rapidity quite unprecedented in the recollection of Mr. Stanniforth and Miss Brune, and before they knew where they were, September also was on the wane, and the formation of some sort of plan for the future became a matter the consideration of which could no longer be deferred. Tom's suggestion that Edith's wedding-day, which was fixed for the middle of the succeeding month might appropriately be made the occasion of another similar ceremony, was scouted as out of all reason; and he withdrew it, with suitable apologies, when its absurdity was made manifest to him. He pulled a rather long face, however, on hearing Nellie's alternative proposition, which dealt in vague terms with a possible date in the next spring or summer, by which time, it might be hoped, Mrs. Stanniforth would be back in England. Nellie was determined, she said, that Mrs. Stanniforth should be at her wedding, and she could decide upon nothing until she knew what Mrs. Stanniforth's movements were likely to be.

The course of Mrs. Stanniforth's movements was settled for her only too speedily; for, lingering out of doors one evening when the dew was falling, she caught cold; and this brought on a return of her cough, a week in bed, a visit from two doctors, and a peremptory command from Hugh to hold herself in readiness for an immediate departure for the Riviera. She objected feebly that there was no one to go with her; but Hugh had already disposed of that difficulty.

"*I* am going with you," he said, "and I have telegraphed to your mother to come out at once."

"My dear Hugh, how can you be so ridiculous? Have you forgotten that Edith is to be married in a few weeks?"

"They must put off the wedding," answered Hugh, who, it must be owned, was rather too prone to consider that everybody's convenience ought to give way to Margaret's.

He was brought to his bearings by the receipt of a telegram so terse and characteristic that he could almost hear Mrs. Winnington's voice in his ears as he read it. "Can't come. Most unreasonable. What are you thinking of? Get that girl to go. Will join you later."

In despair, Hugh carried the message to "that girl," and made so piteous an appeal to her friendship that she could only express her willingness to do all that might be required of her, even to the extent of absenting herself from her brother's wedding. Upon this, the wires were once more put into requisition, and, Mr. Brune's consent having been granted, Colonel Kenyon was able to give marching orders to the small party under his command, of which, it need hardly be said, Tom Stanniforth had decided to form one.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

At Bordighera.

The sunny, sheltered strip of coast where Doctor Antonio lived and loved, and where so many English people go every year to die, is hardly what it used to be. Few things are what they used to be. As for the Riviera, it is beautiful still, since the colour cannot be taken out of the sea and sky, nor the hills carted away; but whatever can be accomplished by man, in the shape of hideous railway embankments and monster hotels, towards lessening its beauty has been conscientiously and thoroughly done. The hotels are full too, and the railway brings many travellers—which circumstances are looked upon in the light of additional attractions by some people. Attractiveness is, after all, a term dependent entirely upon the beholder, not upon the thing beheld; and to Nellie Brune, for one, this rather dusty, overcrowded, and conventionalised region appeared a paradise.

Hugh secured a villa for Margaret on the outskirts of Bordighera (a spot which it may be hoped that the spirit of Doctor Antonio is debarred from revisiting), and there three of the party ensconced themselves for the winter, Mr. Stanniforth taking up his quarters in an hotel hard by. In the month of November Mrs. Winnington redeemed her promise, and appeared upon the scene, full of sympathy and maternal solicitude; but Mrs. Winnington did not like Bordighera and did not like the villa; and some of the inmates of the villa, as we know, did not like her. Nor, if the truth must be told, was her behaviour towards them of a nature to encourage forgiveness or forgetfulness of bygone passages of arms. Edith, to be sure, was married and settled, and the once-coveted Stanniforth might well be allowed to go his own way with the contempt and pity which he merited. Still it could not but be painful to a right-thinking person to witness the triumph of that Brune girl, whose wealth, alas! must soon be ten times as great as Edith's, and whose affectation of

being desperately enamoured of a man old enough to be her father was really in the worst possible taste. Mrs. Winnington, in short, snapped and snarled a good deal, and everybody breathed more freely when an event occurred which, in her opinion, called for her prompt return to England.

It was Hugh who, while reading his newspaper one morning, came upon a paragraph headed *Death of the Earl of Travers*, and he at once communicated the sad intelligence to Mrs. Winnington, who, in well-chosen language, expressed all the grief which neither she nor any one else felt. "Poor dear George!" she cried, taking the paper from Hugh's hands, and perusing the brief announcement with appropriate comments. "Ah, yes, just as I expected!—'a severe attack of gout, complicated by other complaints of long standing'—yes, indeed, poor fellow, such a constant sufferer for so many years! . . . 'cannot be surprised that an iron constitution should have at last succumbed'—no; one can't be surprised, and poor George's constitution was certainly something marvellous . . . 'sufferings borne with admirable cheerfulness and resignation'—h'm! yes. 'The deceased nobleman was in his usual health up to yesterday afternoon'—dear, dear! how terribly sudden! No doubt poor dear Kate was too overwhelmed to write. 'If his death cannot be said to leave a blank in political circles, the loss of so genial'——I hardly think this newspaper man can have known dear George; very proper though. . . . 'long and keenly felt in society.' Yes; well, I don't know that any more could have been said. I really think I ought to go to poor Kate. It is dreadful to think of her being quite alone; and I am sure she would wish me to come, though she might not quite like to ask it, which would account for her not having written, you know. It is difficult to see one's duty. Now, Hugh, tell me candidly: do you think dear Margaret would be hurt if I were to leave her?"

"I am quite sure she wouldn't," responded Hugh heartily.

"Well, I don't know that you need be so very positive about it. Of course nothing but a feeling that it was an imperative duty to be with Kate would induce me to go; and perhaps, after all, I am more wanted here."

"Oh, I think you ought to go," said Hugh, who knew perfectly well that Mrs. Winnington meant to go. "Think of poor Lady Travers all by herself. There are three of us here, you see, to take care of Margaret."

"Yes, that is very true; and you could telegraph for me at any moment, if it were necessary. But dear Margaret is so much better now that I hope she will soon be quite herself again."

"Quite herself again," Hugh echoed.

So Mrs. Winnington went; and it is to be hoped that Lady Travers was as eager to welcome her as some other people were to speed her on her way. Her last words to Hugh, who saw her into the railway carriage, were to the effect that, since dear Margaret was so much better, she thought she would not come back unless she was sent for.

That Margaret was much better was an article of faith with the three friends who watched her day by day. They declared this, indeed, so often and in such decided terms as to suggest a suspicion that they were trying to convince themselves and one another of the truth of their assertion. They did not convince Margaret, who knew that she would never be better; but she was resolved not to say so yet. The time would come, she thought, when, for a reason of her own, she would be obliged to tell the truth to Hugh; but that time might be many months distant, and for the present it was far better to wear a smiling face, to laugh at Hugh's old-womanish precautions, and to encourage the others with hopes which could never be fulfilled.

A very little encouragement of that kind will generally be found to suffice. Death, from the contemplation of which humanity has always shrunk, has become a somewhat specially repugnant subject to a generation penetrated with more or less conscious agnosticism; and, besides, no sensible person wishes to meet trouble half way. Tom and Nellie were easily persuaded to look on the brightest side of things, and even Hugh, who was more observant and less sanguine, would not admit to himself that anything worse than a rather prolonged period of anxiety was in store for him. So they went on saying she was better until it was impossible to say that any longer, and then they said she was no worse, and then that she would be better when the spring came.

It was after Hugh had made use of the latter formula, one rainy day in January, that Margaret at length spoke to him openly. "I don't think I shall be here when the spring comes," she said, "and I know you don't think so either, Hugh. Please don't contradict me: we must make up our minds to it, and it is no such great misfortune, after all. There is no need to say anything to the others; but I must say this to you, because there is something that I want you to do for me. I wonder whether you will mind?"

"Mind! As if you did not know that I would do anything for you! But, Margaret, I don't think you are any worse than you were a week ago—I don't really. The weather is bad now, and you are feeling down. When the sun comes out again, you will see! We shall be laughing at these dismal notions when the spring comes."

Poor Hugh's brave words were sadly belied by his face, which was not one trained to dissimulation. The tears do not come very easily at five-and-forty; but there were tears in Hugh's eyes now, and Margaret saw them.

"I can't—I can't give up hope," he gasped out half-involuntarily.

"Very well," she answered smiling; "we won't give up hope, then: but there is no harm in being prepared. And now for my request. I want you to write to Philip—here is his address—and ask him to come and say goodbye to me. I think, if you write, he will come; and, Hugh, if you have anything to forgive him, you will forgive, won't you—for my sake?"

Hugh nodded.

"I must tell you," Margaret went on, "that I did write to him some time ago, but——"

"Is it possible that he didn't answer you?" cried Hugh, firing up.

"He answered the second time. Don't be angry, please Hugh; I quite understand how he feels. He said it would be painful for us to meet again, and that it was much better that we should break off everything than see each other now and then, and be reminded of how completely our lives are separated. I don't agree with him, but I think it is very natural that he should have taken up that idea. He wishes to spare me pain, I fancy."

Hugh fancied that he knew Marescalchi a little better than that. To him it was as clear as daylight that, since Philip could no longer get anything out of his benefactress, he no longer cared to be troubled with her. But this, of course, he did not say. He merely observed, "You are not asking him to see you 'now and then' though; you are only asking him to come once. He could scarcely refuse to do that, I suppose."

"He will not believe that I am so ill. He says I have allowed myself to get depressed—just as you say, you know—and that I shall be all right again soon. I am afraid he might not be convinced even if I wrote a third time; but if you told him that I was—dying, I don't think he could doubt any more. And, Hugh, we must not put it off too long."

The task laid upon Colonel Kenyon was one which did not come very easily to that honest man; but he discharged himself of it to the best of his ability, trying to infuse a friendly tone into his letter, and to avoid all allusions which might seem to savour of reproach. He could not bring himself to say that Margaret was dying, but he did say that she believed herself to be dying—"and, whether this be so or no," he added, "there can be no question that you must comply with her wish, and come to her. Let me have a line by return of post to say when we may expect you; unless you decide to telegraph, and start at once, which would be better, I think."

Philip did not adopt the latter course; but the return post brought a somewhat lengthy reply from him. He said that Colonel Kenyon's letter had grieved him more than any words of his could express. Although, for everybody's sake, he had thought it best to break off all direct communication with Mrs. Stanniforth, he was sure that neither she nor Colonel Kenyon would suppose that he could ever forget her kindness to him, or that she was not constantly in his thoughts. He had quite hoped that the warm South would restore her to health again—"indeed, I hope this still, and so, as I am glad to see by your letter, do you. She has always fancied that she would not live long, and my own impression is that she is out of health and spirits, and has allowed this idea to get too much of a hold upon her. Now, as to my going out

to Bordighera. Of course, since she wishes it, I will try and manage to do so. It will be a trial to me, as you will easily understand, when you remember of whom your party consists; but that, as our dear Mrs. Winnington used to say, 'is not the question.' I have, however, a difficulty about leaving London at the present moment." And then followed a long and rather incoherent statement, the upshot of which appeared to be that Mr. Marescalchi had pledged himself to sing at more than one impending concert, and that he did not quite see how he was to break his engagements.

Hugh ground his teeth in impotent rage when he reached the end of this disingenuous composition. He had been sitting in Margaret's room when the letter had been brought to him, and she guessed its purport at once from his face.

"He is not coming!" she exclaimed; "I know he is not coming!"

"Yes, yes; he will come. Oh, yes; he will come," answered Hugh soothingly. He glanced at the fire, wondering whether he could venture to toss the letter into the flames before she asked to see it; but she was too quick for him.

"Give it to me!" she exclaimed excitedly; and he dared not refuse, lest he should increase her agitation.

A week had wrought a great change in Margaret. The little strength which she had had seemed suddenly to have deserted her, so that she could no longer even rise from her sofa without help, and she had become peevish and irritable for the first time in the course of her illness.

"He won't believe!" she cried despairingly, throwing down Philip's letter. "Oh, how dreadful it is! How could you be so cruel as to tell him there was hope, when you knew there was none?" And she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

Hugh dropped on his knees beside her, and began quieting her with loving words; but she would not listen to him.

"What shall I do!—oh, what shall I do!" she moaned. "It is too late now. I shall never see my boy again, and it is all your fault."

"Oh, hush, Margaret!" cried Hugh; "you don't think that."

"I do think it. You are cruel to me. You did not want him to come, because you knew I loved him best."

Poor Hugh got up without a word, walked to the writing-table, and scribbled off a telegram, which he presently brought to her to read. "See," said he; "I am going to send this at once, and he will be with you in a day or two."

Margaret glanced at the paper indifferently. "It is no use," she said; "he won't come. Please go away now, and I shall be better when you come back again."

Hugh went away and despatched his telegram; but it produced no result. Margaret was right. Philip never came. After a few days another letter arrived from him, in which he said plainly that, upon further consideration, he had decided not to comply with Margaret's

wish. He was sure she would agree with him that, under all the circumstances, he was better away. And then he repeated a good deal of what he had said before, and wound up by declaring that, while there was life, he, for his part, would never abandon hope.

It was in Margaret's presence, as before, that Hugh's daily batch of letters was delivered to him, and, as before, she asked to be shown the one which she knew was among them. Hugh handed it to her silently and not without trepidation; but he had no reason to fear any recurrence of her former outbreak, which indeed had been due as much to physical as to mental causes. She was calmer now, as well as more reduced in strength; and it was without any bitterness of intention that she said presently:

"After all, I think Philip is right; he is better away."

Hugh looked at her with inquiring eyes; and she went on, a little wistfully: "I should like to have seen him once more; but perhaps he knows best;—certainly it would have been uncomfortable both for him and for Nellie, if he had come. And it is always sad to say good-bye. Hugh, I am afraid I spoke very unkindly to you the other day."

"You didn't mean it, my dear. I quite understood. Don't trouble to think about that," answered Hugh, who, however, had been far more deeply wounded than he chose to show.

"No, I didn't mean it. Poor old Hugh! it was very hard upon you that you should have been worried for so many years with the vagaries of a woman; for you don't know how to treat women at all: you take them much too seriously. It is nearly over now, though. I wonder whether we shall ever meet again!"

"If I were not as certain of that as I am of my own existence, I would go and drown myself to-morrow!" cried Hugh, endeavouring, as many honest people do, to replace faith by vehemence of assertion.

"Ah, no! I have been a burden to you; and after a time you won't wish to have your burden back again. It has been a great blunder."

"What has been a blunder?" Hugh asked.

"My life, I mean. And yet, if it were all to do over again, I should be just as weak, just as blind, and just as obstinate."

"In all your life," said Hugh, "you have done nothing to be ashamed of; and surely there can be very few people who can say that."

"But of course I can't say that. Even if I had nothing else to be ashamed of, it would be bad enough to have murmured and grumbled as I have done. My life has not been an unhappy one really. I had a few months of perfect, absolute happiness, and I have been very happy during the last twelve years too; only I have always had a silly kind of feeling that I ought not to acknowledge it. All my misfortunes have come upon me through my own fault; and in a sort of way I foresaw them. Everybody knows the result of being too indulgent. It is no new thing that has happened to me."

"All that you have thought of has been how to please those whom

you loved," said Hugh; "and they have made use of you, and turned their backs upon you when they could make use of you no longer. That is no new thing, I suppose."

He knew that it grieved her to hear the absent spoken of in that tone; he knew that she reproached no one, except herself, and that among the results of over indulgence she had not meant to include ingratitude; but the pain and bitterness in his own heart were so great that he could not altogether conceal them.

He left her by-and-by, and went sadly downstairs into the brilliant sunshine outside; and, as he wandered among the orange-groves, he thought over his own life, which also seemed to have been something of a blunder. He had devoted the best years of it to the contemplation and pursuit of a vision; for the sake of this he had separated himself a good deal from other men; he had neglected to lay up resources for himself; he had become solitary; and now on the downhill path, which might be a very long one, he was to be more solitary still. And meantime Margaret, too, had had her vision. That wholly unreal Jack Stanniforth whom she worshipped had stood between him and her from first to last, and, at the end of all, he had not even the poor satisfaction of thinking that she at all realised what his love for her had been and was. Neither he nor she had seen the truth, or desired to see it; and so, in spite of all their friendship, they had remained at cross-purposes throughout. Perhaps there was nothing new in that either.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Last Words.

Longbourne is once more possessed and inhabited by a Brune. Tom Stanniforth, on succeeding to the property, would gladly have made a free gift of it to his brother-in-law; but to this the latter would in no wise agree, and eventually a compromise was arrived at, Tom consenting to accept as purchase-money the balance of the sum paid by his father, after deducting that obtained from the Crayminster and Craybridge Railway, which he said he had at length become convinced was fairly due to the original owner of the soil. Mr. Brune shook his head over this arrangement, which he considered a very one-sided bargain; but Mrs. Tom Stanniforth is extremely angry if any one hints that her husband displayed generosity in the matter or deserves any credit, beyond that small amount which may be claimed by one who repairs, somewhat tardily, an act of flagrant injustice. She boasts, not without reason, that she has held but one and the same opinion upon the subject all her life; "and," says she, "the proof that I was right is that Tom, who has the greatest contempt for my judgment in everything, has admitted it."

It may be that Mr. Stanniforth has a contempt for his wife's judg-

ment; but it is certain that he never commits himself to any enterprise nowadays without consulting her; and there are people who say that the member for Blackport has sadly deteriorated since his marriage. As, however, these people belong to the class which thrives upon the credulity of the benevolent, their verdict need not be taken as conclusive. Mr. Stanniforth is not less benevolent than of yore; but he is a little less keen about legislating for the benefit of aggrieved sections of the community; and he is so very rich, so hard-working, and has so large a store of varied information and experience, that Nellie, who is ambitious, thinks his benevolence ought to be devoted to the service of his countrymen at large, and is determined that he shall be a cabinet minister before he dies. In the meantime, he is very well satisfied with his lot as an independent member, and is in no great hurry to exchange it for the shackles of office.

Mrs. Winnington is still on the look-out for a house. Until she discovers one—and everybody knows the difficulty of finding a thoroughly suitable home, and how foolish it is to decide hastily in a matter of so much importance—she is compelled to yield reluctantly to the solicitations of her daughters, and to divide her time between Edith and Lady Travers. Longbourne, she says, is full of painful associations for her; but a sense of duty—which, after all, is your only true support in the midst of the trials and difficulties of life—enables her so far to overcome her feelings as to spend something very like six months out of the year there.

Prosser remains among the fixtures at Longbourne, and rules Edith as she ruled her predecessor. She is not ill-disposed towards her new mistress; though she is often heard to say, with a sigh, that "things is not what they was in poor dear Mrs. Stanniforth's time."

One day, not long ago, a travelling carriage, arriving from the direction of Genoa, drew up at the door of the principal hotel at Bordighera, and out of it stepped a stout, cheerful-looking lady and a remarkably handsome young man, who, while their luggage was being carried in, took occasion to inquire where the cemetery was situated. Presently they were seen to start on their way thither, the stout lady talking volubly, while the young man sauntered along beside her, smoking a cigarette, and not, apparently, paying much attention to her remarks.

"Poor thing!" the lady was saying; "I should like to have known her."

You wouldn't have cared about her. She was not in your style at all. She was a quiet woman, who never spoke much, and who didn't get on easily with strangers."

"I should have liked her, all the same," persisted Signora Tommasini (for by that name she is still known to the public, and her friends can never remember to call her anything else). "I should have liked her because she was so fond of you and so kind to you. I wish you had gone to see her before she died."

"So do I now. At least, I think I do. I remember that, at the time, my feeling was that I would rather die myself than go."

"I wish you had thought of coming here sooner," continued the Signora.

"Why didn't you tell me to come, then? You know I invariably do as I am told."

"Except when you are inclined to do something else. I shall always think that, if you would have persevered, I should have made a great singer out of you some day."

"I am afraid even you would never have done that. But perhaps, upon the whole, it is quite as amusing and less troublesome to be a little singer. And, after all, what's the odds, so long as you're happy?"

The Signora burst into one of her jolly laughs, and said "What indeed?"

Then they both became silent and serious; for they had reached the cemetery. They soon found the white marble monument of which they were in search, and stood for some minutes looking at it. The flat stone was almost hidden by masses of cut flowers which had evidently been placed there recently; and, as they went away, Philip had the curiosity to ask the old gravedigger at the gate who it was that had paid this graceful tribute to the memory of the English lady.

"Eh!" said he, with a jerk of his shoulders; "who should it be? There is only one to do it."

"And who is that?" Philip asked.

Upon which the old man replied vaguely that it was "*quel signore che viene sempre.*" "Do you not know him?" he went on. "He comes here once, and sometimes twice, every winter—a tall gentleman with a long nose, who walks like this." And the old fellow thrust his head forward, stuck his hands in his pockets, and took two or three exaggeratedly long strides.

"By Jove! it's old General Kenyon," said Philip. "What born actors these people are! I say—I don't think it's much good our stopping here till to-morrow. Suppose we take the train on to Monaco?"

So Signor and Signora Marescalchi slept at Monte Carlo that night, and the former enjoyed an exciting evening at *trente et quarante*; for his wife allows him to lose a certain sum at the public tables, it having been agreed between them that he shall forswear all forms of private gambling.

"Everybody has his little vices," says the Signora good-humouredly; "but I believe my husband has fewer than most men."

THE END.

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